

JOURNAL

April 24 to June 14, 1942

Contents

April 24: Left Berkeley

Days before Evacuation

Tulare Assembly Center

308 N. Adams Avenue
Sierra Madre, Calif.
April 24, 1942

Getting ready to leave Berkeley

April 23: Learned the evening before that Japanese who wanted to leave Berkeley had to get out by some time Friday or Saturday. Dean Hoyt said that it was 12 noon Friday. Tamotsu called up and said that the WCCA had told him that they had received instructions that it was 12 midnight. Later he verified with the Provost Marshall's office and found out that it was 12 noon. Someone else phoned in to Dr. D. Thomas and said that it was eight a.m. Saturday. Two other times that were heard were eight a.m. Friday, and eight p.m. Friday. Miss Christie told me that evening that she had received instructions saying that it was 12 noon, but that she had later verified with the Provost Marshall and learned it was officially 12 noon the day before registration began. Funny how they couldn't get those things clearer in the beginning.

The Dean's office, for instance, didn't seem to know too much about what was going on. I went in the morning to get a letter signed by Dr. Deutsch, which was said by Shiro Tokuno to be necessary to take to the S.F. office in order to leave Berkeley. The office girl had a great pile of names for whom she had to get out letters, and said that she ^{might} not be able to finish them until late in the afternoon. Someone else said that he had gotten his permit without any sort of letter at all and didn't have to go to S.F. I talked with the girl in the Dean's office to ask if these letters were useless, but the answer was that they were doing it on the instructions of Dr. Deutsch, and they didn't seem to want to verify anything for themselves. It was later learned that only those who were leaving Zone 1 and those traveling after curfew, as well as those desiring to join their family in reception centers, had to go to S. F. to get a permit from the Provost Marshall's office.

I was busy all day trying to get all of my business cleared up, and to get in my last moments of good time, too. In the morning I went to the Dean's office, and then went to say goodbye to Dr. Gundlach. He's been an awfully friendly teacher and would have been popular with the students if he had been here longer. He's been quite an encouragement in writing my paper on the impact of the war on the Japanese.

I ate lunch with Doris and spent an hour with her on the lawn. Then I went home and went to the bank, got my laundry, packed some of my books, got my tickets, and sent a telegram to May to meet me at the Sierra Madre station. Then I went to the gym, took my last shower, and checked in my equipment. I had to see Dr. Thomas and Miss Walne, but since I promised Doris to meet her at 4.30. Anyway, I had to make the WCCA office by 5. We got to the office just as they were closing it. Miss Christie is an awfully pleasant and friendly person.

Then we went on to our respective homes. I had to take two boxes of books to the Bukkyokai to have stored for the duration. By the time I had dressed and gone over to the Haste Street Haven, the kids had already gone to the China Tea. We had our last chop suey together. There were Kenny, Warren, Charlie, George Konoshima, Tamotsu, Doris, Yuki Kimura, Tomi, and Barry and Bill Himmel came later. I walked Doris home, and sat talking with her on the doorstep a few moments until nearly eight, but just shook hands and said goodbye.

This morning I had planned to get up at five to finish my packing, but I didn't get up till six. When I got my things tied up and went after Warren to help me carry them out to the sidewalk, it was already time to call the taxi. Warren didn't want to shake hands, because he thought it was too sentimental, I suppose. Hid and Roy brought their rattletrap around, and I gave them my cot and Mr. Nakagawa's army cot.

By the way, the night before I dropped in to see Mrs. Mizuta, to say goodbye. She was glad to see me, and was very friendly to me. We talked for a while, while Mr. Yamasaki was giving instructions to his daughter about collecting some money from his gardening client the next morning. The first place that she called up she said that she would like to call for the money because she couldn't go after noon the next day. The man said that he couldn't get the money ready by Friday morning. "Would he then send it on Monday?" "Well, he wasn't so sure." "They^{would} appreciate it because they didn't know whether they would be gone on Tuesday or Friday." "Well, he might." "All right, the address is...." "You needn't leave the address." "Why?" "Well, this is wartime. Remember Pearl Harbor." The girl's face was flushed. She hung up. The man's name was Smith, 1426 E. 23rd Street, Oakland. She called up another place, but she didn't seem to be able to get any cooperation.

Mrs. Mizuta said that she was going to leave her radio in the house when she left. I asked her if I could have it. Of course, she said. It wouldn't do if I took it free, I said, but then she said that she wouldn't give it to me then. So I decided to let her give it to me. She said that she might see me in Hiroshima. She thought that I should return to Japan after the war. I said that for Niseis it was no good wherever they went.

I got to the station on time to check my baggage. Over 7 or 8 Japanese got on the same train.

Looking back for the last time

Slowly the train steamed out of the little station in Berkeley. As I looked out of the window, I could see the green hills dotted with houses. Strange, but I had not noticed the soft greenness before. Well, it was too late, because I was looking back for the last time. I remembered that in the hurried retreat I had left my room in a turmoil. An Issei would have felt ashamed to leave a place in less than perfect order, in order not to betray any confusion in ^{his} their minds.

But it was too late now to think about the past, but I could not help reviewing the events of the last two years in college.

This was the last time to look back, because we had^a new life to face. Let the past bury its dead. We had our fun, we learned a few things, as well as some bad habits. But we're starting a new mode of life, where many things are going to be on a new basis.

April 24, 1942

Train

On the train played cards with Yeiji Kono, George Tajima, Mas Nakata, and Kikuo Ogawa. Yeiji and George are old hands at bridge, and here I was trying to tell George how to play his hand. Then later when I was playing my own, I had to ask Yeiji how to play it. Yeiji was very glad to show me how to play my hand.

College worth while?

I asked whether they thought college was worth while, and they seemed to agree that it was. Mas and I discussed psychology and poli-sci, and it was evident that we were proud of being able to discuss these things.

Hanford personalities

Mas was from Hanford, and we discussed some of the unique personalities. Ann Saito he didn't know much about. Yori Wada seems to have been another one of the crowd before he got to Cal. Tosh Magota, he says, has always gone around almost exclusively with Caucasians. He mentioned, when I asked, that her farm was in a district where there weren't too many Japanese. But her attitude toward the Japanese has become more receptive, he said.

Home

Everything went off right on schedule. Got to L.A., took the red car to Sierra Madre, and Kingo and Ruby were waiting for me.

There are ten people in the house, but I'll have to get to know them better before I begin discussing them. The house is rather in a mess with things sprawled all over. I tried to type an article, but they seemed to want to go to sleep early. It's about 10.30 or 11 now. I'd better knock off.

April 25, 1942
Saturday

Browsing around in Pasadena

George is working on a farm with Pete, and since today was his day off, we (George, Ruby, and I) went to see Duke. I hadn't seen Duke since he had left Massho in the fourth year. He wasn't changed very much, except that he was huskier. Three or four families were living in his home, and he was getting ready to evacuate to Manzanar. He didn't want to go there because he had heard how bad it was, but somebody had already signed his whole family up for it, and nothing could be done about it. We played ping-pong and then tried to play shogi, talking all the while.

Duke's life here in America has been quite after his personality. He's the active type who like to be doing things. Even while we sat around he wanted to play ping-pong more than just to sit around. He talks about his friends, and not about anything abstract. Most of all, he wanted to talk about his business dealings. He had landed in Seattle and worked as a clerk for a while. Then he drifted down to L.A., where he worked again as a clerk for Fred Kobayashi. He worked at another store as a manager, before he found a chance to run his own retail store. He went broke and into debt on that. Then he went into the wholesale business, because he had seen how futureless retail stores were. He got into a partnership, and ~~at-present~~ and was in his own [business?] until recently. He said that he could earn a lot more in the wholesale business by himself. He mentioned that....

Duke's naturally proud of the business he was able to set up for himself and the home and the furniture that he was able to get. After the war he said that he would change his philosophy of life and not try to make too much money, but just enjoy himself. His wife, he said, learned a few things....

We left Duke at one and went to see a show. At the Strand we saw "Paris Calling" and "Tuttles of Tahiti." The first picture was very adolescent and not worth seeing. The latter, with Charles Laughton, was a well-made picture for characterization of a carefree family in Tahiti. The plot was simple, but unified.

Yesterday Tomoe announced that she and her husband, Pete, had arranged for a job for me. They had asked me before, but I didn't exactly say that I wanted to work. I didn't say anything for some time, because I had wanted to rest for a while. Also, I had thought of going to the WCCA to ask for some expense money. Later I asked her what sort of work it was, and she said that it was the same as George's, which was cutting rhubarb.

So today I went out to the fields at Pete's former place and hoed onions all day. The weeds had been allowed to grow thick and tall because of the impending evacuation. It required a full half-day to complete a single row. There were about half a dozen others (Mexicans) working with us. In the morning it wasn't so bad, and in the afternoon I began to totter a little. Some times I was just crawling on all threes, having to wield a hoe with one hand. Even then, I leaned upon it when I could. But it really wasn't so bad as long as I didn't try to go too fast.

As I worked, I couldn't help thinking that more work could be gotten out of the men if they were made to work steadily, but given regular ~~rest~~ rest periods when they could smoke and drink water. About ten minutes every hour might increase their efficiency a great deal. At least it ought to be worth trying. We had to work till six, when usually it was only till five. I felt that it was unwise, because if the men thought that they might have to work another hour, they would

be less likely to put all they had into their last hour. It should be remembered that men space their energy so as to be able to stand the strain of a day's work and still be ready for the next day.

Today three boys from Pasadena were here to see May. They said that they had been to Pete's place to look for work. They are typical Niseis with a trace of rowdiness. They had a hopped-up car which zooms away as it picks up. One fellow said that now he couldn't go out at night, he worked on his car all night. However, the fellows aren't afraid of roaming the streets at night.

One fellow complimented May by saying that she looked and spoke like a Hakujin. And May considered it a compliment. Very significant of Nisei psychology. April 27, 1942
This morning I was stiff from working in the onion patch yesterday.... In fact, I was so stiff that I could hardly move around.

Today I took Ruby to Pasadena. First we went to the WCCA to see about some financial compensation. The man there didn't seem to know very much about it. It took him some time to find out on the phone ^hat to do. Finally, he sent me to the Welfare Office in the City Hall. When I got there they me that Sierra Madre was in the Alhambra County Welfare district. They said that they'd call me up, and even bothered to look up a neighbor's phone number. I was sorta perked up when they mentioned me as a "case." I suppose people on relief don't like to be referred to in that way. When I got home there was a phone call already, and in a few moments the Alhambra office called up to say that I should go to L.A. But I don't think that it's worth that much trouble.

We did some shopping here and there. At Sears we looked around at some of the things, besides buying a cord, pants, ropes, socks, handkerchief, and other things.

George brought home the news that Bobby Mimaki said that girls are refusing to dance at the centers because the boys are acting too rowdy. It's a very interesting development, and I wonder how they're going to settle the matter. Kingo

said that every Tom, Dick, and Harry from the slums should not be allowed to get in. He mentioned that a little dress here and there would help. It's a matter of raising barriers to keep out the "undesirables." It seems to be the whole story all over again. How to keep up standards without becoming snooty and raising unnecessary barriers. I guess it just can't be done.

Yesterday I noticed that when three boys were here to see Yae she looked so peppy. She's usually considerate, but sometimes when she's washing dishes or something, she seems to be a bit sad, or at least bored. Tonight she was dancing by herself as she listened to the radio. George offered to dance with her in his bath robe, but she didn't respond, so nothing came of it. I sat on the sofa smugly with my typewriter. What a life, what a life.

April 28, 1942

Work

This morning it was raining and I was feeling as stiff as a board and creaked every time I made a move. But George insisted that I go to work, and I decided it wasn't worth the fuss to oppose him. I had already given up looking up the WCCA about financial aid, if it meant going all the way over to L.A. At the ranch we protected ourselves well with boots and raincoats, but after we worked for a while, it ceased raining. We had to cut rhubarb and pack ^{it} them-into boxes, and I was helping George fill up his boxes. We were working on a piece-rate basis, getting ten cents a box. In the morning after four hours of work we had finished only 24. In the afternoon I packed my own boxes, and we finished 44 in all, working till only 4 p.m. Another fellow working with us completed 60.

City slicker

Last night something that Tomoye mentioned struck me as being significant. We were discussing some business of hers, and she said that she didn't trust these "city slickers." She's brought up here in Sierra Madre, but is willing to go out to the farm to help Pete pack rhubarb.

Dinner at the Booths'

As we were invited to dinner by the Booths of the Friends Church, we quit our work an hour earlier, and scrubbed ourselves before we went. The four of us and Kingo went together. We had enough to talk about because they had been very much interested in the evacuation question. Mr. Booth and I discussed some of the problems that came up and also the government officials. He said that Mr. Eisenhower was a man who was to be respected and trusted. Mr. E. had said that he wouldn't do anything to stick out his neck because that would give the reactionaries in Washington a chance to bring down the axe. But he was prepared to do all he could for the Japanese. When I mentioned that Mr. Neustadt was as good a man, he said that it was exhilarating to hear him sit and swear. He also said that he had thought that Dr. Blaisdell of the "I" House was a cold-blooded and calm man, but was surprised to hear him at the International Institute meeting raving about going to Washington and seeing Mr. Roosevelt. Then I related that at a meeting of the Students' Committee he was all heated up over the unfairness of it all, and we Japanese students were trying to calm him down.

At the dinner table we were saying that it would be very important that the person who went out to Caucasian communities be of the right sort, one who would make a good impression. We were thinking of the sort who has a good personality. Kingo mentioned that Japanese were too reserved. I said that it was the result of race-consciousness. Mr. Booth did not realize that the traditional reserve of the Japanese was partly due to race-consciousness.

Leaving camp for jobs

To leave the camp for jobs there seems to be a list of qualifications set by the Army: A job must be arranged for. Some influential person in the community must vouch for the good will of that community. The police must promise to protect the Japanese employed. At present there seems to be little

possibility of a mass movement of workers out of the camps. But there is still hope that, with the help of outsiders, a few can get out of the camps into jobs.

Test cases

Mr. Booth said that he thought that someone ought to start a test case for some of the things such as taking away property without due process of law. He thought that if a decision were rendered right away it would be adverse. However, if it were to drag through the courts till after the war, it would have a good chance of receiving favorable attention. Such a thing would be the basis for future action in favor of the Japanese.

After the War

Mr. Booth mentioned that what he feared most was the economic dislocation after the war which we would have to go through. How ^{we} were to do that, we didn't know. I suggested that some of the settlements should be permanent so that we'd have some place to stay. On the other hand, Kingo was afraid that places like Santa Anita would be used as a permanent residence. Mr. Booth said that that would occur only in places where the people wanted labor cheaply with little labor trouble. He mentioned that Mr. Eisenhower was aware of that problem.

Effect of Dinner

It was good to have spoken to Mr. and Mrs. Booth and their daughter, Jean, because it reaffirmed our faith in the American people. George, especially, who had been saying that he didn't trust any Hakuajins, thought that as long as such people were working hard for us, we couldn't let them down. He suggested that we take some rhubarb down to them tomorrow.

Wednesday, April 18, 1942

Work

Today George and I helped the Mexicans plant onions and pick cabbage seedlings in the morning, and plant cabbage all afternoon. All I did was to lay out the seedlings, so it wasn't so bad, but some of the men and George had to plant all of the time, and it was probably pretty tough.

Christians

Something that Mr. Booth said about Christians and Caucasians should be recorded. He seems to detest these Christians who try to do things only for their own group. I mentioned the Farm Cooperative Plan, which specified Christians. He mentioned that the Japanese heads of the churches were much more reasonable on that score, and it wouldn't have been a lot better if there had been no Caucasians mixed up in some of the affairs.

Kids from Pasadena

There were six kids from Pasadena cutting rhubarb. They were out of work because many of the fruit stands had shifted to American management. In the morning they picked 60 boxes.

Thursday, April 19

Work

Today George, Pete, and I were mixing fertilizer just about all day long. It was a dusty and smelly job, but tonight I don't feel stiff at all. The kids from Pasadena came again today. One of them did twenty in the morning and ten more in the afternoon, which is equal to a man's work.

Jews

Today the three of us were talking about evacuation, and both George and Pete seem to agree that the Jews were behind most of the dirty work. They seem to think that the Hakujiins were not so bad.

Fertilizer salesman turns farmer

The Hakujiin who took over Mimaki's farm used to be a fertilizer salesman. He doesn't seem to have much money on hand, but he seems to be getting along all right. He'll probably have to hire more men than the Mimakis did because he doesn't work very much, and both Mr. and Mrs. Mimaki did.

Pure Nisei

Recently both May and George mentioned that I would probably prefer the "pure" type of Nisei, meaning, I suppose, the kind that didn't have a lot of Japanese education. I used to feel that it was quite important that whomever I married should have been to Japan. But during the last year in college, I think I changed my mind. The fact that I was accepted by progressive girls might have accounted for it. The fact that I got along with Doris is a testimony of it.

Sex Education

Today my things came. The radio that Mrs. Mizuta gave me was in good condition. I'll have to write to her and to Mr. Nakagawa. I had told Yaye about my pamphlet on marriage and contraception, and she was eager to read it. She retreated to a bedroom to read it, and we were teasing her a while about it. She insisted that we were treating a sacred subject in a dirty way. She was as nonchalant as she could be, saying that she was modern. Tomoye thought that Pete ought to read it, too. When Pete said that he knew all that sort of thing, she retorted that he didn't. Might be, might be.

Friday, May 1, 1942

Rowdies

Today that fellow that picked 40 boxes of rhubarb came around after he was through with work, and talked to us as we were hoeing in the berry patch. He mentioned that he had gone to Santa Anita to speak to a friend, and that it was mentioned that a girl left a show alone and five boys pounced upon her.

I told it to Bobby, although George felt that I shouldn't tell it, and she said that she had heard from some friends not in the camp that they were disgusted with the socials.

At the dinner table it provided quite a steady flow of conversation. There was an insistence that rowdies were horrible people. We heard today that the rest

of the area was to be evacuated to Pomona between the tenth and the sixteenth, and both Bobby and those at home said that it would be awful because we would be going with the L.A. Boyle Heights bunch, Kingo, especially, seemed to have an aversion to "these Niseis," who, he believes, go around in gangs. That is, I suppose, an outsider's view of a Nisei group.

May and several of the others contributed incidents of men, especially middleaged married Japanese men, trying to "pet" girls. Doctors, too, they thought were awful. Such experiences when they were young men were also mentioned. I said that it was "natural," and there was a burst of protest. So I kept still.

May mentioned that a soldier with whom she had been corresponding and who came to visit her had told her of seeing Japanese soldiers rape women and even children. He attributed such cases to "dokata" (laborers) from the mines (they are supposed to be "tough" or "rowdy," as I would say it), whom the superior officers could not restrain because they had to stand in well with the men. He is supposed to have related that such incidents occurred even while the fighting went on. He picked up the body of a mistreated child, and felt extremely disgusted. Ruby thought, probably quite correctly, that such acts were the result of a bare minority, "scum of the earth," as Kingo might have described them. Kingo thought that American soldiers would never have done such a thing, even though they might have seduced a girl. Well, maybe he didn't hear of that case of rape of a small girl who bit the soldier's hand, and he was discovered that night.

Tom Uchiyama

That fellow mentioned T.U. and Yaye also alluded to him in connection with rowdyism. He seems to have made quite a name for himself. He said that Tom was a very strong boxer, and he had seen him knock out a Hakujin bigger than himself with two slugs. Kids didn't oppose him when he was around. His mix-up with George Furutani in connection with Mirio seems to be well known. George was

beaten up, I believe, and he sued Tom. Tom was fined \$15.00, the fellow said, and was warned to keep away from George. Tom eventually volunteered for the Army.

Rhubarb picker

For want of the real name I'm calling him this. He said that he used to get from \$30.00 to \$35.00 a week working at the Farmers' Market for a Hakujin. He used to take it too easy, he said. He used to stay up all night playing poker or something. Before that he seems to have been on good terms with some of the "tough" kids in L.A. and didn't have to be running away from them, as some of the other kids in Pasadena had to do. He had to train two other kids and was then fired. The place looks like a mess, he says. They cut the celery square, etc. Since he's come out to the country to work, he feels that he won't be able to spend the money as easily as he has been doing. He said that he wanted to get out of California. He was going to send his brother out if he could by enrolling him in school. His sister is already out in Idaho. He doesn't think that it's safe for the girls in camp. He's an easy fellow to get along with, it seems, in spite of his somewhat rowdy behavior.

Mongolian

There was one fellow hanging around after work who was interesting. Someone passed by and called several of the young kids Japs and called him Mongolian. He rushed at him, but only butted into him harmlessly. He tried to make a pretense of acting "tough," as if he would jab a knife into someone if he had one.

Saturday, May 2, 1942

Shopping and show

Today was Saturday and we went to Pasadena and to a show. In the morning we first went to get our pay. I made \$16.50 for the first week. For our shopping we went Woolworth and wandered about the store for some time. George and Ruby seemed to be anxious to get into a show, and so we saw King's Row and Honolulu Lu without doing any more shopping. King's Row was a very fine picture. It had unity and a mood all its own. The acting and characterization was good, I thought.

George

I was thinking of going to Santa Anita tomorrow with Ruby to see Georgia. But George hints around that I should go to work. So to work I must go, it seems.

Unfair

Yaye mentioned tonight that many of the Niseis thought that we were being treated unfairly. She said that we can stand so much, but that there's a limit, as when they try to take away our citizenship. Kingo thought that the JACL was right in taking the attitude of full cooperation -- "being so good that it's pitiful." May mentioned that Mr. Booth said that many Americans were feeling sheepish because the Japanese were taking it so well. I thought that we should start to stand up for our legal rights, but Kingo didn't agree. Mrs. T. said that the Americans were trying to take away the property of the Japanese, and wanted to know whether it was true.

Evacuation rumors

Bobby told us that a friend who had gone down to the WCCA office heard that the rest of the districts that have not been evacuated would be sent to Pomona between the tenth and the sixteenth. This seems to be true. This was partially confirmed today by one of May's friends who said that the evacuation orders for this district would come out in a few days.

Kaizoji

We went to see Kaizoji in his place of work today. He is cleaning vegetables at the same store he has been working in for several years. He is without pep, and seems to have lost interest in life.

Toshi Sato

Ruby has been worrying about Toshi because he is all alone. We spoke to Kaizoji and decided that he should come to Pasadena to the hotel owned by his relation so that Toshi can be with friends. Ruby was going to call him up, but she wasn't feeling very well tonight.

Sleepy

I have begun to read books till eleven, and I'm sleepy tonight. Maybe the load is too much for me. How to get work done and social life and my study, too! I'll have to work out a simple routine if I am going to cover the ground that I want to.

Sunday, May 3, 1942

A Day of Rest

I thought I was going to have to work today, but the morning newspaper brought news that changed the schedule of the day for me. New evacuation orders for two districts in Los Angeles came out, and we thought that Toshi Sato was included. George thought that we ought to go and get him to come to stay in Pasadena, where he would be with friends. I was, of course, glad to go, and Ruby and I took George's Ford on an all-day ride.

Toshi Sato

We got to L.A. safely. When we passed through Little Tokyo we found most of the stores closed, and hardly any people around. About noon there were some people on the streets, and several eating places seemed to be open. We bought some back copies of the Nichibei at the Taishusha.

Toshi was staying at the Yamato Hotel. The hotel seemed almost empty and barren. Toshi came out in his bathrobe. He said that he usually slept till noon because he stayed up late playing cards. When we told him that he might come to Pasadena, he said that he couldn't. We wanted to know whether he had anyone he could move with, and he said that he was not entirely with people who might take him in. Ruby felt that he was making a mistake, but he wouldn't budge.

Sadako Kaizoji

Ruby decided that we should go to see their friend Kaizoji, who lived on Wall Street near Fifth. When we went up to their room the father was in bed, taking some electrical treatment for prostate glands. He seemed to be an energetic and intelligent man. The mother was exotic looking, fat and quite jolly with a

with a wholesome laugh. Mr. Kaizoji thought that the war might be over in two or three years when Japan took Australia and India, and the new administration took over after Roosevelt. He saw no hope of peace while he was in office. He thought that the Japanese might have a good chance in Java after the war. The Japanese government might lend the Japanese some money and give them some land.

Sadako herself was a beauty of the Japanese type. She came in smiling and with a bright personality, talking away in Japanese. I was surprised because she spoke Japanese so well. It must have been because I had been to college so long and hadn't been around in Nihonjin-machi.

Ruby thinks that she is just the right type for George. As a type, probably yes. But she is probably a little too young and immature for him.

Ritsuko Hirooka

On the way to the Nakamuras' we stopped in at Ritsy's place for a few minutes. Most of the time Ruby and she were talking about Betty. Her husband had been taken, but came back again. Ruby had thought that Betty had gone to Seattle to her mother's place, but she hadn't. We would have gone to see her if we had known she was still in L.A. Ruby said that Ritsuko had been sick and had to take a rest cure. I noticed that she was thin.

Nakamura's

At the Nakamuras' the Mr. greeted us good-naturedly in his empty house. They had rented the place and were ready to move out the next day. They had several boxes of canned fruit packed up to take with them, because they had heard that the food situation was not so good. Mrs. Nakamura came back from church in time to talk to us. Her car could have been sold for \$800.00, but she decided to keep it. Her dog had been given away, but she got it back again. She intends to have one of the Maryknoll fathers take it in for them.

Nakajimas

At Tachan's place we found their furniture there yet, but boxes and trunks in the living room. Sam greeted me in a sheepish sort of way. We talked about the war. He was thinking of falling back on his mechanic's training, and was going to take his tools with him to camp in hope of a job. His home he had bought for \$5,000.00 and was able to sell for that amount. But one of his stores he had to sell on the day he left, and he only received \$350.00 or so for something which was worth \$1,000.00 to \$1200.00. His \$1300.00 truck he sold for \$800.00. He couldn't get much for his car because the tires were bad.

Mr. Nakajima was jolly as ever. He talked about going to Australia or Java. He mentioned that the Japanese Government had broadcasted that the Japanese in America only needed to keep their lives safe. After the war they would be furnished with capital and land to resettle in Asia. I said that then it would be a real vacation for us in the camps because all we had to do was to sit and wait for the end of the war -- if we could trust the offer of the Japanese Government. Tachan seemed to be of that mind, too, because she said that Niseis would have better chances than the people from Japan because the former would be able to get along with other nationalities. Ruby said that she was surprised that people who were so Americanized, as she said, should say such a thing. The last time she had visited them they had declared that they were going to live and die in America. She said that it was all because of the evacuation. Many people, she said, would have been willing to sacrifice for America if they had been treated equally, but they couldn't be expected to now, after the way they are being treated at present.

Tachan had another baby girl. She seems to be all right. Jolly and without too many worries, it seems. Compared to her, Sam seems more likely to brood.

Ichii came back from his last church service. He didn't seem to have much to say, but he's got a good grip on himself. He's calm and seems to take things in his stride.

Toshi, they said, had been drafted and had gone to a camp in Arkansas. At first he was in an infantry division, but was transferred to a Japanese unit in Missouri. Here he was fortunate in getting a job as an accountant.

Santa Anita

We were at Santa Anita at 2.30 to meet Georgia. We had bought a bag of oranges to give to her. At the outside gate there were a great number of Japanese clustered around, some inside and others outside of the gates. We looked around but could find no trace of Georgia. We looked at the instructions and learned that it required some trouble to get a permit to come to the outside gate to see friends. They required that you have business or that the visitor be a blood relative. And then it required about a week for the permit. And here we were, not even knowing in which unit Georgia lived.

Formerly they had allowed visitors freely, but they had put a stop to it because there were so many coming into see them. There was one couple that attracted our attention. The man was on the outside, definitely a Hakujin. Yaye, who was also there that day, thought that he was a Mexican. He had his arms over the fence and around a girl, a Japanese. One lady was saying, "Once you get in you feel relieved." It was a hot day, and there didn't seem to be much activity as we looked around.

Haruko Minami

By chance we came upon H.M. (now Kawachi, I thought she said), who greeted us. She had been there about a month, she said. "All we talk about is food," was one of the first things that she said. The food seemed to be all right, except that they craved more Japanese food. They had Okoko once, she said. She

also mentioned that the sauce they made didn't fit their taste. At first, also, it wasn't so good, and once they were made to eat fish that had been opened and left in the can for three days, and everybody had stomach poisoning. "It was terrible," she said.

Rose Shoda

Yaye said that she had seen Rose. She said that all she had to complain about was the food and that she wanted to stay there permanently. The socials, she said, weren't so bad now because as a result of decisions reached by the kids; they had eliminated stags. They posted guards to keep them out. One of her brothers was a policeman. Another was working in the Post Office, through "pull.")

Someone said that the Frisco girls were really "fast," and went in for street-walking. I couldn't pin Yaye down as to where she had heard it.

Franks

Ruby's friend, Franks, came to see her today. Evidently he had come in the morning, but we weren't home till late in the afternoon, when he came again. He's working in the WCCA office. He said that he hadn't been to college. He seemed to be very much interested in the Japanese, and wanted to do something for them. He spoke of a Mr. Nif who was working for the University of California, doing research, and he seemed to be interested in doing the same thing. He was in Fertig's group that turned out the report on Niseis, and he felt that he could be of help in some way. He thought that he might get a job as a WCCA worker in one of the camps.

We talked about the same old "Nisei Problem" and Ruby left us to ourselves. I let him read my report, and he was interested enough in it to take time to glance through it. We had dinner together, and Pete, George, and I discussed the method of picking rhubarb most of the time. It was a hot day today and George had picked only 32 after working two hours extra. He says that he's going to pick 40 tomorrow. After dinner he played the piano and all of the people seemed to enjoy

it. I was going to drive him to the station, but everybody discouraged me. I was going to walk him part of the way, and Yaye pulled me into a dark corner and told me that he wanted to see Ruby alone, and so I took off my coat and let them go out together.

Yaye

Yaye was discussing with Pete tonight whether he thought she should have read about contraception. Pete didn't think that a girl should know too early. Then I went into Yaye's bedroom and discussed some of her problems with her. She wanted to know whether she did the right thing in not becoming engaged to a fellow who didn't want to marry her right off because he wasn't ready to. I thought she had, because there was no telling how long the war would last, or whether they would ever be able to get together again. There had been several boys who had proposed to her casually, but she hadn't taken any of them seriously. She was worried a little because she wasn't madly in love as she had been when she was younger, and wanted to know whether it was due to her age, or whether she had lost the capacity to have passions. I said that it was due to her age. She wanted to know whether it was right that she should consider such things as height if she wanted taller children. The best I could do was to say that she had to make her own choice and that she would probably consider all such things in her choice. I brought up the example of George Eliot who had to choose between a brilliant mind and a handsome fellow.

Pete

Pete told Yaye not to worry because everything will come out all right after she is married. He said that they had to reform each other. Yaye insisted that you couldn't change a fellow. She wanted to make sure. I told her that she should wait until she found the right fellow, but not to wait after 25.

Monday, May 4, 1942

Work

Picked rhubarb today. Was able to pack 35 in about nine hours. That's just about 4 per hour, so that I'm getting about as much as if I worked by the hour.

Bobby on Rowdies

Some kids came around on a hopped-up car, and Bobby asked if we liked them. I asked her whether she did, and she said no. I asked why, and she tacitly said that they were "too nonki."

More on Rowdies

Yaye read a part of the description of a rowdy to several of her friends, and one of them thought that it was a description of him.

Yaye on Elite Socialite

One of the fellows asked her what E.S. was, and Yaye told him that it was "us." She thought that the title sounded pretty good.

Rowdies at socials in Santa Anita

Several weeks ago there was a report that the girls were disgusted with the socials because of some of the rowdy fellows. This week Rose Shoda is said to have said that it wasn't bad because it was for couples only. This was confirmed by the Santa Anita Pacemaker (no. 4), which announced incidentally that the dance would be open to couples only. It is reasonable to suppose that this measure was made necessary to protect the interests of the girls. Some questions that can be asked are, "How was such a situation avoided before, or how was it handled before?"

Mimachis on Times cartoons

At the dinner table today the Mimachis (old folks) for about the first time talked about something concerning other than their immediate interests. The mother said that the Times "uso o bakkari kaiteru." As an example, she mentioned the cartoon of a snake with a big belly with the flag of the Rising Sun, showing how greedy it was.

Tuesday, May 5, 1942

Work

George, Jack, Joe Eto, and the old man and I cut rhubarb in the morning. I did only 16. In the afternoon we went to the strawberry patch and picked strawberries for a change. McNight wanted us to do piecework if we didn't do enough, but we got just as much as the rest of them -- 40 cents an hour.

Rest

We quit at five, and George and I hung around till seven to wait for Pete. We sat down in a shade in the evening and talked about books and war and such things. Bobby came out and tossed us some oranges, saying that she didn't know that we were out there. One of the oranges dropped on my chest, and Bobby was gracious enough to pick it up apologetically....

Bobby on evacuation

Bobby hopes that the valley will be sent to Pomona, without any of the L.A. and Boyle Heights fellows there. She doesn't like them, she says.

Kingo

Kingo quit his work and is doing nothing now. Pete asked him tonight whether he wanted to do any work. Kingo said no. I was showing off my muscles to Ruby tonight at the dinner table, and she pinched Kingo's arm, too, and he said, "Don't, it's soft."

Doris (5/2/42)

Doris wrote. Her letter was chatty, and mentioned the doings of the "progressive" group. She herself was trying to get a job in personnel work. She mentioned the "socialites" as discussing such "trite" matters as the records they forgot to bring and the pretty girl in the bus. She has seen Tomi and Tom often. Charlie and Warren are in the same camp, but she hasn't seen much of them as yet. Ann and Mich seem to be working in the employment office. She also mentioned the Hoshiyamas and Nobu as leaders.

Wednesday, May 6, 1942

Evacuation orders

I predicted that we would be evacuated to Pomona (I heard it from someone else, of course) and that the order would come out today. This morning in the Times two orders came out sending the L.A. group around Vergil Street to Pomona, and I was disappointed because it wasn't our area. But this evening on coming home from work we were told that Monrovia and the rest of the valley were to be sent to Pomona, while Pasadena and Sierra Madre were to be evacuated on the 12, 13, and 14. But the place has not been decided yet.

At the dinner table there was a heated discussion as to where we should go, or rather with which group we should go. Yaye wanted to go with the Pasadena group because she had a great many friends there, while she knew very few of the valley people. Kingo wanted to go with the Sierra Madre group -- he didn't think much of the Pasadena group. Someone argued that Mama would like to go with the Sierra Madre people because it would be difficult for her to adjust herself anew to any other people. Ruby didn't care. May didn't say much. George and I argued for unity. Tomoye said that he had to go where Pete went, but of course she would be the one who would want to keep the two families together as much as possible. Pete says that he has to go with his folks. George and I were teased that we wanted to be with Bobbie. Actually the score is town versus country; friends versus relatives.

Yaye, May, Ruby, Tomoye and I, however, are willing to go to Manzanar. That would be the solution, probably, because in spite of all the disadvantages involved it is permanent and not so uncertain as some resettlement area in Arizona or further east.

Well, we'll have to go to work again tomorrow and find out how the Mimakis feel about the whole thing.

Nishimuras

Received a letter from Mrs. Nishimura. They are all at Manzanar because Shizu went out there first. Both Shizu and Fumi are working in the hospital unit doing clerical work. Joe is doing drafting work. Both Mr. and Mrs. Nishimura seem to be enjoying themselves. She says it's not so good when the wind blows, but otherwise the weather is just the same as in California.

Evacuation plans

The evacuation orders for the Monrovia and Sierra Madre areas came out definitely today. They posted placards in conspicuous places. We spoke to Bobbie today, and she said that she didn't want to leave now. She had bought clothes and things, but she didn't realize that she would really have to move out. She wanted to be with her friends, and also go to Pomona, but she also saw the wisdom of the two families staying together (Mimaki and Takasugi). "If the two areas were only together," she said, "There would not be any worries!" I sent out a feeler as to whether her family would be willing to come to Sierra, since the Takasugis would not want to leave the Sierra Madre group. Bobbie seemed to be willing to sacrifice her friends, if necessary. I pointed out that where we went was not the issue at present. She had applied for a job at Pomona, and therefore wants to go there if she can. Mr. and Mrs. Mimaki seemed to think that they'd go any place that was forced on them. Bobbie said that Helen, who was married to the oldest of the Munekios, wanted to go with the Mimakis no matter what. It seems that she doesn't get along with the Munekios. But the matter is complicated because her husband is the oldest in the Munekio family. He would have to stay with the family because the father is gone, according to Pete, and Helen should stay with her husband. Otherwise, it seems that the Mimakis can register with the Takasugis at Sierra Madre.

Work

We picked rhubarb most of the time today. I picked five an hour in the morning and 5.5 in the afternoon. George picked 6 an hour this morning, and 6.5 for the whole day.

Bob Kinoshita

Bob, I hear, is back at home. I thought that he had gone to New York. Yaye says that he's married, but she doesn't know to whom.

Friday, May 8, 1942

Last day of work

Today was the last day of work for us. George and I picked rhubarb again for about five hours, and then went off to Monrovia to do some shopping. I picked at the rate of six boxes an hour. Wednesday I was barely doing four, Thursday five, and today I made six. Received \$16.70 for the week's work.

Mimakis

Last night the Mimakis must have decided that it was best to go to Pomona by themselves. George went to register this morning in order to apply for a job. Pete was listed too, and will be going with them. Tomoye talked as if she really didn't care either way, but she must. Bobbie tactfully didn't say anything about their having made up their mind. She just said that she wished that Sierra Madre could go to Pomona, too.

Shopping

In one of the shops the man was very friendly. He said that he knew that most of the Japanese were loyal. He was kind enough to make a little souvenir calendar for me. There was a card which read: Made in Japan, caught in the Pacific, tanned in the U.S.A.... It showed the picture of a Jap and his hide. I asked him what it meant because I had thought that it had come with a merchandise. He said that he didn't believe in such a thing. When I asked him for it, however, he said that he didn't want to. I guess he was ashamed of it, and didn't want to have such a card circulated.

May 9, 1942, Saturday

Registration

This morning we were to wake up at five, but we didn't till six. The Sierra Madre people decided to go together early, and somebody came around, I think it was Shiz, to tell us that we should be ready by seven. George was supposed to go for him, Ruby, and me, but May thought that it would be better if I went. Kingo, Yaye and I went. I was in such a rush that I had to eat a sandwich in the car. Kingo was all dressed up, and May hinted that I should change my pants. Most of the girls were dressed up and looking their best, I suppose. Shiz came up in old clothes and a shock of hair, and wanted to know why everybody was dressed up. At the California Street office we had to stay in line for about an hour, I think, before we were able to get registered. We thought that we were early, but there were some people there already. The Sierra Madre bunch stayed quite closely together, and even decided to leave on the same day, Thursday.

Destination

Shiz heard from Dr. N. that we were to go to Pomona. I told Kingo and Yaye and was feeling rather glad about it. That afternoon, however, I met a Pasadena fellow at Sears and he told me that we were going to Tulare. This ^{was} confirmed by the evening paper which stated that "Alien and American-born Japanese in Pasadena area will be evacuated to Tulare instead of to Pomona, as previously announced, according to instructions received today at the Pasadena Civil Control Center, where registration of Japanese began at 8 a.m." (Pasadena Star News). I was disappointed, and so was the rest of the family. Yaye kept on hoping that we would be able to go to Pomona yet. We spread ^{out} the map of California and located Tulare. George was the only one, it seemed, who thought that Tulare was a good place.

Baggage

The instruction sheet stated that we should take only as much as we could carry. The two Japanese clerks as I went out said, "No food." When I asked for extra baggage tags and told them that I had six myself, the fellow thought that I had too

much and that I should cut it down. It stated that there should be no household goods, but we are planning to take a card table, camp chairs, and washtub. Also radios.

Ayako M., Masaji, Mary Shimazu

Ayako came by and talked to Kingo for some time. She seemed to get along with him all right. She didn't notice me until the second time she came around. I saw Masaji, too. He's still a good fellow, although on the conservative side. He said that he didn't get to go to U.C.L.A. because of the war. Since he was planning to go on to college, I gave him Joe Conrad's address. Mary was there, too, and I nodded to her.

Sierra Madre kids

There were a bunch of S.M. kids around, but neither Kingo nor Yaye bothered to introduce me to them. I guess they didn't consider it a fitting occasion. I caught only three names -- Kimiko, Toshi, and Shizu. These S.M. people are surely sticking together closely.

Ruby's mood

Ruby washed my bathrobe this morning, and when she told me (she thought she had done it as a favor), and I had exclaimed: "What, you washed my bathrobe!" She felt insulted and was quite sulky about it. She hinted around that I was not appreciative. All day long as Ruby, George, and I went shopping, she held a grudge against me. As we were coming home and discussing how we would feel if we found a pile of treasure as the men in Jungle Book had, she said, "If it's Jimmy, he'll get greedy like those men." I could only ask if money meant so much to me. George laughed it off by saying that none of us cared too much for money.

Jungle Book

Jungle Book was an enjoyable picture, although on the adventurous and eerie side, as many of the English pictures seem to be. I don't think that it was quite as beautiful or enjoyable as the Thief of Bagdad.

More on Rowdies at Manzanar

Kubo F. came around tonight as did Toshi, and they stayed till a little past eight. K. related that someone had written to him that the Harbor City gang, composed

200 kids, and the Kanakas were on bad terms. They lined up on opposite sides of the dance hall, just waiting for someone to start something. One fellow was threatened by both groups to join their gang or else, and he joined up with the larger one.

Frank peeved

Whoever Frank is, both Toshi and Yaye are afraid that he is very mad at them. They turned down a date because Toshi had something else to do, and Yaye wasn't home yet when he came around. K. says that he was peeved because Yaye had discussed Rowdy with him, and hinted that he used to be that way. He says that he has a better definition of a R. than I have. K. said that you couldn't have fun unless you were a rowdy. I guess Yaye is afraid of Frank, even though she says that he's very polite, as many Nisei fellows aren't.

Toshi

Toshi was here this morning, as well as this evening. She came sailing into the house, and when she saw me she said, "Hello, you're Jimmy, aren't you?" I didn't know much about her, and when we were talking about what's going to become of her, I asked, "Are you all alone?" Then without blinking an eyelash and before anyone could say "Jack Robinson," she said in rapid succession, "Yes, do you want to marry me?!" Of course I was surprised, and my comeback was pretty lame and trite. I said, "This is so sudden," but I must have hesitated and blushed, and she laughed at me. She acts rather familiar with us, as if we had known her for ages. She said, "Hello, George," when she saw him, and he wondered where he had met her, and had to admit that he didn't remember her.

Yaye reads diary

Tonight I let Yaye read most of the first part of my diary. She seemed to think that it was interesting. "Just like a story," she said. She thought it was pretty objective, too, I guess, for she mentioned ^{that} I wrote just as things happened. Toshi agreed with me that barriers were being set up against rowdies.

May 10, 1942, Sunday

Mothers' Day

Today was Mother's Day, but nothing happened except that some Caucasian neighbors gave us some cake. We took one up to Tomoye, who had moved into the Mimaki household with Pete and Diana, and we ate it at noon with strawberries.

Work

Although we had quit work last Friday, we decided to work a little more because we were not leaving till Thursday. We picked rhubarb again. Mr. and Mrs. Mimaki kindly came out and showed us the place where it was easiest to pick. George picked 43, while I did 42. My rate was slightly less than six an hour.

Mr. McNight had fired the Texan because, as he said to George, "He's even dumber than I am." "I don't see how he's going to get along for the next several months."

Evacuation a ship voyage

Last night Toshi suggested that evacuation would be like a ship voyage. But, she added, there won't be any port to reach. I said that there would be in about five years. This was too long, she thought.

Warren T.

Last week Bobbie told me something about W. which I think is worth noting. She said that she thought that he was sort of queer. She described him curtly as "thinks he can get along with Haku-jins." He was one of the editors of the high school annual, but she didn't think much of his tastes.

Tomoye

Today Tomoye looked dejected as she said, "Too bad you kids aren't going to Pomona, too." May mentioned her as being very "hito ga ii," although she rather hinted that she was too good in that way. Yaye said that she was too nonki. She related that she insisted always on serving something to guests, something that she would not have thought of.

Mexicans on evacuation

Friday, I think it was, we had occasion to exchange a few words with a Mexican. We said that this was our last day of work, and that we had to go away. "A long vacation," we said. "By gosh," he said, "I wish I were in your place."

FBI anecdotes

George tonight related two anecdotes that he heard while working up north. One Kibei fellow was found with the picture of the emperor in his room, and was asked who was that. He answered, "He my brother."

There was one man who was not so brave, who had a wife sick in bed. When an FBI man came to the house, the man was shivering. The wife, knowing the character of her husband, called from her bedroom as he was talking to the FBI agent: "Papa, shikkari yan'nasai!"

Kingo

Tonight we were talking about palmistry, and Kingo brought up the sort of tests used by companies in selecting men. This lead me to ask May what test she had taken for the family relations counseling, and it ended up by my going out and getting a copy of the Bernreuter Personality test. May was enthusiastic about discussing it, but Kingo seemed to feel rather left out. Kingo admitted that his score had come out very "depressed" and that May had come out the opposite. May and I tried to talk, but Kingo kept changing the subject, so that we didn't get very far. May wanted to do a little more packing, while Kingo seemed in a hurry to get back to their little cottage.

Yaye in competition with Sierra Madre girls

Yaye has been talking to Ruby, and she just said that competition among the girls for popularity and being neat, etc., makes them more attractive than, say, Pasadena girls. Of course, they're not all the same, she tried to explain, but she felt that S.M. girls were different.

Monday, May 11, 1942

Yaye's personality

Last night Yaye looked over some of the questions of the Bernreuter Personality test that I had brought out. She looked at a few of the items, and mentioned that she answered them in the "wrong." We tried to explain that there wasn't any wrong way, but she said that it was wrong to day dream frequently, and to cross the street to avoid people, be afraid to be different, etc.

P. Franks

Yesterday was Sunday, and F. seems to have come again to see Ruby. If I had known that he was interested in Ruby, I wouldn't have monopolized him the last time. Ruby wanted to pack, and related how she managed to send him home. She hinted that the other girls found it hard to work around the house if he were there, and so he went home, much to Ruby's relief.

At the dinner table May mentioned that she was afraid when he was around because someone might say something detrimental to the Japanese. Ruby and the others wondered whether he weren't an FBI spy. Ruby asked him whether he felt pity for the Japanese, wanting, as she did, to find out whether he was treating the Japanese as inferior. He said that he felt just as the Japanese did. When he went to Santa Anita the other day, he felt, he said, as miserable as the Japanese must have felt.

Rumor from Monrovia; Japanese with sword shot.

This was related tonight by Tomoye. She said that she had heard it from a girl in Monrovia, who had it from a Hancock service station man. A box of oranges was sent into the camp (probably Santa Anita). On inspection a sword was found inside. A Japanese, however, grabbed the sword, ran off, and a soldier shot him dead.

Farewell, Pete, Tomoye, and Diana

The three of them came this evening from the Mimaki farm and spent the

earlier part of the evening here. We ate together. Mama was crying part of the time. She had written a letter for Tomoye, telling her, for one thing, to write to her father. She thought that it contained money, and didn't want to take it from her poor mother. Pete seemed tearful, too. Tomoye tried to say as cheerfully as she could, "Well, let's go." Tomoye finally took the letter and put it in the compartment of the Oldsmobile, and Mama ran after her to tell her to carry it, so that she would be sure to read it. Diana's only two years old, and May's probably right when she said that Diana would forget us all. Yaye mentioned that Diana would be grown up the next time we saw her.

Work

We left a little earlier than usual this morning for work, but still we didn't get started till 7.20. By three I picked 40 and George 42. Since the truck wasn't anywhere to be found, we had to carry out all of the boxes from the field to the edge of the road. We carried two boxes to save time, but even then it took close to an hour to finish the task.

Physical examination

We rushed to the WCCA station for our physical exam, only to find out that we should have been there by one, and that the doctors had all gone home. The people in charge, however, were nice, and Miss Popper told us that we could see the doctor Thursday before we left.

300 sent to Santa Anita

We found out that 300 out of the Pasadena area were to be sent to Santa Anita. They were taking sign-ups for volunteers.

Doris' picture

Doris' picture came today. Everybody was eager to see it. I opened the picture, saying she wasn't really so cute, half afraid that the picture would be a poor one. But she looked pretty enough. Kingo said that she looked sleepy. Ruby merely laughed, Yaye said that she was cute. "Vanity, all is vanity."

Tuesday, May 12, 1942

Work

We thought that we were going to work all day today, but Kingo wanted us to come home early to do some cleaning up around the house. We started work at seven and quit at noon. Since there were no more boxes we had to pick strawberries with Japanese ladies, men and Mexicans.

Cleaning up the house was something. There were so many scraps of wood and things lying around. George remarked that mama would have kept the place clean. Mrs. Takasugi went around picking things up even when we had thrown it away.

Shopping

We still had a little more shopping to do. It's funny how there's no limit to the number of things to take. I was wondering whether Hinin material would allowed to be sent by mail, and I stopped in at a store in Monrovia to find out. The man in charge thought not. I asked him how much one made of skin cost, and he said \$3.00. We took one and a half. I felt that it would be good to have for others, if we didn't find occasion to use it ourselves. George said that he had never shopped for it before, and I said that I hadn't either. The man at the store was very matter-of-fact about it.

[Written at Tulare Assembly Center)
Wednesday, May 13, 1942

I know that I wrote ⁱⁿ this diary before today, but I don't seem to be able to locate it.

Ruby on Concentration camps

Ruby speaks of the camps as concentration camps. It seems as though she's trying to make it sound worse than it really is.

Y. on American flags

Y. didn't think much of the people who were carrying American flags, the day she went to see some Pasadena people off to Tulare.

Shizu N. on marriage and romance

Shizu N. was quoted as saying long ago that married life would not be worth while without love and romance. This was brought up in connection with a discussion on romance. May thought that love was something that didn't die, and that a girl desired it. George said that he couldn't be expected always to make love to a wife, because of his background and training. May said that Kingo felt self-conscious when with his family. Even when May had his head on her lap, when his mother came by he would say, "I think that I'd better get up."

Mr. Mimaki's verse

[In Japanese only]

Show

We didn't do any work today, but we went to a show in the afternoon. We saw "Woman of the Year," with Spencer Tracy and Katherine Hepburn at the United Artists. We could see no other Japanese around. I couldn't help chuckling as we came out because it reminded me of Shanghai and Doris.

Food in Tulare

One of George's friends writes that the food in the Tulare Assembly Center is terrible, most of it coming from cans. The dwelling places, some of them formerly stables, come in for their share of adverse criticism.

Pasadena Socialites

This was brought up when we were discussing how the Pasadena Niseis got together at a table next to the Negroes. Kingo didn't approve of it at all, and May thought it was a waste of time to hear the girls talk incessantly of boys and dances.

Mimakis

We went to the Mimakis in the morning and in the afternoon in order to get our money. We said goodbye for the last time. Pete had brought a truck for \$75.00 in order to take their things. Pete wanted to take a great many things, including

a bureau, but the girls wanted to leave some things out. They stood around for Pete to load the truck, but he seemed to be in no particular rush. We helped them load on two trunks.

Money

I have exactly \$6.98 to start life in camp. It isn't much, but I've bought just about what I wanted.

Thursday, May 14, 1942

EVACUATION DAY

Woke up at three o'clock in the morning. Put our blankets away and took our baggage down to the van at the gakuen by five in the morning. Kingo's mother spent the greater part of the morning trying to clean up the house which she had never bothered to keep very clean. Mr. Booth came after us for breakfast at his place, and we drove down to his place.

Breakfast at Booths

We had an enjoyable breakfast with the Booths. We felt perfectly at home with them and enjoyed every moment of it. Mr. Booth felt rather resentful of the treatment the Japanese were getting, and it seemed strange to me to be cheerful about it all. It might have been slightly exaggerated, but as things turned out, I don't think so.

Soldiers sniffing

Mr. (Booth?) related of a soldier who was sniffing when the first groups were being sent out to Tulare from Pasadena. The soldier thought it was the devil, but that perhaps it was for the best. He knew how conditions would be if there were an air raid by Japan on the Coast.

Christian preachers

Christian leaders came in for more than their share, it seemed, of criticism from Mr. Booth. He thought that they did not act in a wise way during this evacuation. For instance, he said that there were very few preachers out to see the Japanese off.

Are you a Christian?

And this idea of Christians asking Japanese whether they were Christians or not was not approved of by the Booths. They prided themselves on the fact that they did not limit their work to members of their own group.

Student Relocation and the Friends Service Committee

Mr. Booth mentioned that the WRA had asked the Friends Service Committee to take over the work of relocating students. One school had already offered to take on a minimum of six students on a working scholarship. He wanted to know whether I would like to go on to school, probably with a scholarship for me in mind, but I told him that I want to work inside the camps. He thought that the Student Relocation Committee would either dissolve or become a part of the work done by the Friends.

Church breakfast at the train

For the others the church got together to provide hot coffee, buns, milk, and oranges to the Japanese leaving that morning.

Negroes at the train

There were several Negroes, probably neighbors, at the station to see some Japanese off. I heard one say, "I'll be waiting for you to come back."

Kissed by the Booths

Both George and I, as well as Kingo, were kissed by Mrs. Booth and Jean before we boarded the train. Both of us were surprised because that was the first time we had been kissed.

Waving to People

As the train sped on its way, I waved to people on the wayside. Some of them were standing and watching us. Others only happened to be there. But most of them were glad to wave their hands back when they saw us wave. Only one lady made a wry face and thumbed her nose at us. I had a good time waving to whomever I could find.

Crying

As the train pulled out, there didn't seem to be much crying. Many were bored because there were none to see them off. Ruby seemed to be crying, I don't know why. Everybody seemed to take it all in a matter-of-fact manner.

Booths

The Booths came ahead of the train for a little ways and got off to wave to us once more before we left them behind for good.

Yoshimi and her 15-day baby

May found Yoshimi on the train with a 15-day baby. She had been in the hospital when her husband was sent to Tulare several weeks before. She didn't want to be left behind all by herself again, so she packed her things and came with the last Pasadena group. She seemed to be doing fine. The nurse and doctor on the train were by her most of the time, giving her as much care as she could have.

Chubby smoking a pipeMay and Kingo

May and Kingo looked happy on the train, sitting together.

Orange trees

We saw many orange trees as we sped by. It was probably the last time in a long while.

Make-up

Ruby says that there are three girls on the train making up. This sort of thing has always been going on, and will probably continue to go on.

Lunch

We had box lunches and milk for lunch. Butter and jam sandwich, meat sandwich, cake, and an apple.

Sameshima

Spoke to Mr. and Mrs. Sameshima on the train. Mr. S. thought that there would be more chances for us if we went back to the Asiatic continent or Java or some place. Mrs. S. wasn't so sure about that. I think she is much

the more intelligent of the two. Mrs. Yuge, the eldest girl, looked charming. Fumiko was sort of shy.

Merchant at Manzanar

A man was allowed to go out to buy some buckets at Lone Pine. He bought all he could and then came back to the camp and sold them for three times their original price. The people complained to the authorities. They in turn wanted to know what they wanted done about it. Mr. Booth thought that the enterprising man was made to "cough it up."

Tulare at last

We arrived at Tulare at 8.30 p.m. The trip had taken twice as long as it should have because we circled around the Bakersfield hills instead of cutting through them, as the S.P. train would have done. We marched down to the camp a few blocks, as soldiers stood watching with rifles and tommy guns. There were some Hakujiins out too, watching the strange procession. May and Ruby were indignant because of both. We were fortunate in being able to get off the train first. I helped Yoshimi in to a car, because she had a baby in her arms. The whole camp seemed to be out to watch us come in. As we filed into the office I saw Kaizoji and Tub. Fusako N. was working at one of the desks. The seven of us were assigned to a room presumably designed for six. I protested but, as it turned out, we were put in a room which would hold eight easily. We were issued blankets, one apiece, and then a guide took us out to our barrack. It was at the farthest end from the center. There were grasses growing up through the asphalt floor, and it filled the room about a foot or more high. We picked out our baggage as the truck brought it from the train. Many boys worked fast and furious to get it off. We had to open most of the packages to have them inspected. The Hakujiin fellow that inspected mine was very good about the whole thing.

We talked as he looked into my things. He kept asking whether I had sharp tools, cameras, or flash lights. I asked him whether a chisel was all right, and I hinted at the same time that I had brought along other tools. He must have thought that I was a carpenter, because he didn't object. In fact, he advised me to sign up as a carpenter.

George and I carried a load of bundles to the room on a wheelbarrow, but I decided to wait for a truck for the rest of the things. I was out by our baggage till past one. Yaye and Toshi were out there till quite late. The truck finally came around to our baggage and loaded it up and took it to our room. That night I only took a shower and went to sleep.

Friday, May 15, 1942

I was reluctant to get up in the morning. I dawdled in bed, but got up in time for breakfast. They had grapefruit, boiled eggs, cold meat, toast, jam, butter, coffee, and milk.

First complaint

Mama brought in the first complaint. She said that the toilet was impossible. There was no partition, and the seat was not always clean. The front border was too broad.

Kingo

Kingo dawdled in bed till nearly noon.

Fixing up room

We spent the morning fixing up our room. I put up my two shelves made of tri-ply wood that I had brought from home, and a closet to hang my clothes.

Lunch

Room trouble

Some Sierra Madre people were put into the stables way at the other end of

the field. The old folks seemed to have complained terribly last night. This morning Mrs. T. came back, painting a pitiful picture of them. Said that the Hoshinos and the Nakagawas wanted to move over here with us. The Nakagawas, she said, had done a lot for their family. She mentioned that she was deaf and couldn't do much. We tried to tell her that we'd take in one person, but she seemed allupset because we didn't seem more enthusiastic. We wanted to wait a few days before any steps were taken. They moved over here into a separate room, I believe. But last evening we met one fellow who wanted to go back to his original room, and was taking a lot of boys to move his things back again.

George A. Matsuura

Saw George Aranani and George Matsuura. George Matsuura has a job painting signs. His sister and Rev. Imamura are also here.

Rumor

There have been rumors that 1000 people from Fresno are moving in. There has also been a rumor, according to Tub, that all those Pasadena people who went to Santa Anita couldn't find room and were coming here. Yaye says that they're coming next week.

More Rumors

They're saying that we're going out to the Rocky Mountain region in 1 1/2 months, perhaps 2. According to Tub, no one at the office seems to know.

Haircut

Ruby cut George's hair and mine. She did a better job on George, but it wasn't so bad.

Mental case

Just as the train was going to leave Pasadena, an old lady, whom I thought at first was a Mexican, was brought to the train. She found her group, but she was sitting apart from them in the corridor all by herself.

May went to find out why she was sitting alone. She suspected that the lady had T.B. But she thinks that she is a mental case.

Otsuya

There was Otsuya tonight for a Pasadena man who had died in the hospital, the day his family left. They wanted to stay behind a little while longer, I suppose, but it was too late to get them off the train, since he died an hour before the train left. They could have gotten off, but they did not press the matter. We didn't get to go to the Otsuya because we met Tub, Kaz, and Harry on the way and stood talking to them.

Sho Kitahata

Met Sho playing ball. He said that he wanted to get into drafting class, but was not admitted. When he asked how he liked it, he said it was lousy. Lousy food, no shows, and no ball field, was about the way that he put it. But one of his friends thought that it wasn't so bad.

Peace

As George, Ruby and I walked around the center in the evening after supper (cold meat -- no more stew -- hominy, cole slaw, fruit) we felt in a peaceful mood, which I felt was never felt by most of the people here in camp. There were two groups of volley ball games while many sat on the dry grass to watch them play. In spite of the game in progress, there seemed to be hardly a movement. No running around, no loud talking, just sitting and relaxing. A few were in couples, but not many. I felt as if I were at a resort, taking a vacation.

Dance practice

There was dance practice going on in the K recreation hall. The girls there seemed to be only about 14 or 15.

Four boys and girls

According to Tub, there were four boys from the country, only about 16 or 17, who were in an empty room during lunch hour. They heard girls in the next room talking and thought that they were the only ones there. They talked to the girls, and finally started to cross over the partition to get into their room. An old man was sleeping in a corner behind a curtain. He reported the boys to the police, saying that it wouldn't be safe for girls with them around. The police called in the boys, and I believe they were let off with a light reprimand, perhaps K.P. duty.

However, Tub said, they are now drawing up regulations to have offenses committed inside the camp taken care of by the local police department, locking necessary culprits in the Tulare, or even sending them to San Quentin.

Saturday, May 16, 1942

(I am writing this the next morning)

Kimi and Yaye

Kimi came into the room in the morning. When asked how she spent her time, she said that she did "nothing but walk around."

Bulbs for dance stolen

Three bulbs were stolen from the recreation hall, which were to be used tonight for the dance. There was a warning that there would be no dance unless they were returned by noon. I don't think that they were returned, but the dance was held just the same.

Saltpeter in food

Kobu says that saltpeter is put in the coffee and other foods in order to relieve the strain between the sexes. He says that this is done in the Army and in the CCC camps.

Sleepiness

George, May and I complain of the sleepiness that we feel in the afternoon, when everything is drowsy and warm. We all took a nap in the afternoon, and slept well at night, too. May didn't feel so well today, and she thought that she might have gotten a slight case of sun stroke. "Naze konnani nemutai no desho," she said. And Ruby remarked, "Hayaku okinasai. Baka ni naru yo." When I was asleep, I had a feeling that we were being drugged into sleep, connecting sleepiness with what I had heard from Kobu about saltpeter. But it was all right after I was awake again.

A Nisei educated in Japan speaks

He said that he couldn't believe that this thing was happening to him. He had thought that it would be impossible for such a thing to happen to a citizen. He had concluded that this was a matter of race (iro no mondai). He thought that no matter how much time went by, whether in the time of the Sansei or Shisei, it would remain the same.

He saw the irony of the stand of the Nisei. Even if they went back to Japan, he said that Niseis were treated as foreigners (gaikokujin atsukai no sareru.). Niseis have no place to go. They are really in a hard (kurushii) position.

He went on to rationalize that perhaps because of the suffering of the Nisei like himself, the future might be brighter for the Japanese. If we thought in that manner, he said, we Niseis ^{would} feel better.

Then he became philosophical. Maybe we'd be much happier if we lead the life of a Mexican, existing from day to day. He laughed and repeated that it might be better if we lived in that way.

Dinner

Roast pork, mashed potato, corn, applesauce.

Ate with Ayako M. Since the little they served me was not enough, I went to K with Ayako and ate again. They had about run out of food and said that I should have come earlier. Walked to Ayako's room in the E barrack (horse stable). Met Yoshiko Homma. Tub was around too and he let me use his newspapers. He was talking of the change in the routine in eating that was to be put in effect.

Imamura-Matsuura

Dropped in to see Rev. Imamura. He was living in the same room with the Matsuura. Mr. Matsuura had been taken because he was a priest. Jane was talking of the chorus that the Christians, mostly from Pasadena, under the guidance of Ayako M., had formed. Someone brought in the news that she was a very capable director, and that there had been 75 young people out for the practice. Jane talked of the Buddhist chorus, regretting that it was not as good as the Christian, and that they had to do better. She said that there were only ten or twelve of the original chorus of Guadalupe around. At the service the next day there were 25 present. This feeling of competition seems to be unavoidable. It was mentioned that the Christians were more "deshabari" and better at social things. The Buddhists were too backward and shy, a quality both good and bad.

George M.

George's mother is urging him to become a priest, just as his father. Rev. Matsuura was in middle school when one of his friends suddenly died. This lead him to think about life and death. Abandoning his school he entered the priesthood. George has never been enthusiastic about church work, even up at Berkeley. When he was small, he says, he was interested in becoming a priest and had intended to return to Japan to study for it, but now doubts have begun to creep into his mind as to what he should do. "Mayoitaku nai," he says, and has decided

for the present to go into something that he likes. Even here in the camp he does not want anything to do with the running of the Buddhist group, because he is afraid that too many things will be shoved on to him. Rev. Imamura says to his mother that she shouldn't urge George so much to go into a line that he does not want to go into. He cited his own example and said that his grandmother used to get him irritated to the extent that it brought a reaction against religion. ~~Not~~ Until quite recently, he says, he really didn't know what his grandmother had been driving at. He believes that George should be let alone.

George mentioned that we should go back to Japan. He thought that Buddhism would not be likely to survive here in the U.S., because it was not adapted to the condition here. His mother said that Buddhism was adapted to this country in many respects. George thought that it was not individualistic enough. Rev. Imamura agreed with the parent that Buddhism was more adapted to a scientific mind. He thought that there was not much sense in copying Christianity to a great extent, because if Buddhism is to survive it would have to be on grounds which the better organized religion here lacks.

Dance

Tonight we attended our first dance. George and Ruby left earlier in the evening together, but they came back because there ^{weren't} ~~wasn't~~ very many dancing when I went by the recreation room. Among the first three on the floor were Maggie and Hiroko. I took a shower and brushed my teeth and put on my suit pants and a sweater. I didn't want to dance with any girl and thought I was not dressed enough for it. Most of the other people seem to have thought that it would make them conspicuous if they were dressed up. So I chose to put on only a sweater without any tie. Yaye insisted that she would not go, but her mother urged her to go when she learned that we were going out too. I told Yaye what

I was going out for a walk, and asked her if she wanted to come with me or not. She said she had changed her mood and now felt like going. The four of us, including Ruby and George, leisurely walked out to the K area. Yaye kept insisting that she wasn't going to dance, and purposely (?) came out in low heels and a sweater. We looked in through the window, and saw the hall filled with dancers.

Most of the people there were not dressed up. Some wore just jeans as they did during the day. The floor was just pine wood one by sixes, so that shoes got caught on the cracks sometimes. But it did not interfere so much with the dancing. A record player with two radios were used to furnish the music selections for the crowd. The music ^{was} mostly slow, with a few fast ones, for which there were some jitterbugging going on. The music was limited to only foxtrots and a few waltzes. The dance was open to all. Only one incident marred the evening. A group of fellows seems to have become involved in a fight, and they left the recreation hall to have it out. Yaye says that it was the Gardena and Oxnard groups, who had differences that afternoon over a volley ball game.

Yaye

Yaye kept insisting that she wouldn't dance, and I even had a difficult time getting her near the entrance. I told her that I'd like to dance with her because I needed some practice. She said that she was no good at dancing and that she was scared. I couldn't see why she should be afraid of anything at all. She seemed to be afraid that she wouldn't be dancing with the people that she wanted to. I finally got her on the floor and after that it seemed to be all right. We got along fairly well even the first time. Later when I got into the stride we danced smoothly enough, and she even complimented me later by saying that I was a good dancer. Ruby said that on the first dance, too.

George and Ruby danced, and then we changed partners. When other people didn't cut in, we danced with each other. Joe Eto, Bill Morita, and one or two others seem to have cut in on Yaye. Hardly any of the Sierra Madre boys were around.

George danced mostly with people that he knew. Ruby did the same because nobody else cut in. George said that he could enjoy himself when he danced with someone he knew.

I mentioned that people were self-conscious and more worried than having fun when they thought about who they were dancing with, whether they were popular, etc. I have felt that way myself. As soon as I started to look around for someone whom I really wanted to dance with, I found myself feeling uncomfortable. Yaye probably felt that way when she kept insisting that she didn't want to dance. I danced mostly with Yaye and Ruby. Once with Ayako and Mrs. Yuge. The last dance I had with Yaye.

Seiji Morioka

Seiji and Midori were at the dance, and I was surprised to see them because I thought that I had left them behind in Berkeley. He had gone down to L.A. to his wife's place.

NICHIBEI

Oakland Youth Attempts Suicide following futile try to evade evacuation. Clarence Sadamune, Recovering, Escapes from Tanforan Center (Nichibei, May 14, 1942).

Wages for Evacuees' work set (May 15, 1942)

Unskilled labor \$8.00

Skilled labor \$12.00

Professional and technical service \$16.00

44 hour week.

Evacuees no solution to labor needs (May 15, 1942)

Army does not want to be following around small groups of evacuees.

Only a fourth of the Japanese have ever worked on a farm.

Till we meet again (May 15)

With tear-filled eyes we bid adieu

Our humble home, our coastal rendezvous.

Then into inland hills and plains we roam,

For some shacks we will call our "home."

We've made a sacrifice, which stood up to the test,

That we are loyal along with the best,

'T was sad, but then, what can we do,

To prove otherwise we're Americans, too?

But sadder yet was to depart from our pals

With whom we've had fun -- these guys and gals.

But we didn't say "goodbye" -- just "so long" to our friends

Till we meet again, when this all ends.

--Arthur Kumada
Brighton, Colorado

Race Prejudice problem involved in internment plan for Japanese (May 15).

Taken from the Pacific Weekly, now organ of the College of Pacific. Written
by Dr. George H. Colliver, head of the religious education department.

Sunday, May 17, 1942

Setsuko I

Saw S. in line at breakfast this morning. May said that she didn't like her because she was sort of stuck-up. There was sternness in her eyes which was not there before. I wondered whether the life she had left after I had last seen her two years ago had an ill effect on her personality. Her father had died last year, and she probably had to go out to work. She used

to go around steadily with Teddy Tajima, but I believe that he moved out of zone I, and that must have been a blow to her.

New eating system

A new system of eating was put in effect today. Instead of having a continuous stream of people pouring into the mess halls, they have decided to have the people eat in shifts. And instead of the individuals taking out his dishes, they have ordered that they be left on the table. This was tried out in the morning, but by afternoon and evening they seem to have reverted to the steady stream, although the dishes were still left on the table.

Breakfast

Fried eggs and canned meat, toast, jam, mush, milk, coffee (no butter).

Church

We were hoping to be able to attend both the Christian and Buddhist services, but they changed the time of the services so that this was made impossible. We went to the Buddhist service--George, Ruby, Yaye and I. Yaye wanted to go to the Christian service, too, but we didn't. May and Kingo went to the Christian service.

The recreation hall in which the service was held was filled with young and old people. A young fellow was in charge, and spoke in English. Some of the elders complained that they did not understand any of it. The service, of course, was for the young people, and there was to be a service for the elders on Tuesday night. A choir of 25 lead the songs sung, and sounded good enough. Rev. Imamura is the only Buddhist minister in this camp, and he gave his sermon in English. It was very well prepared. He spoke on the life of suffering and the real aspect of human life. This, he said, constituted the darker side of religion, which must first be understood before the brighter side of religion--salvation--can really take on meaning.

He spoke a few words to the elders who remained behind after the youngsters left. I met Mrs. Tana, who said that she wondered what had become of some of the people she had known, and wondered whether I was up here because she knew I had gone to Pasadena. She had a letter from Rev. Tana in New Mexico, who wrote a sermon for Mothers Day. She wanted to share it with others, and thought that she would at least share it with the Lompoc group. Rev. Tana's teachings are simple, but there is a warmth in them that cannot be denied.

Dinner

For lunch we got into line too late and had to wait almost an hour before we got it. For dinner we got into line as soon as it became long enough, because we wanted to get in on the first shift. We had a real Sunday dinner, of which any restaurant would have been proud: Swiss steak, stewed tomatoes, mashed potatoes, bread, jam, cocoa, pudding, canned peaches.

Tuny's success story

While we were in line Tuny told us his success story. We were talking about making enemies, and Tuny thought that there was no use in making enemies. He also thought that our lives were cut out for us. He had been working out in the country for several years, before he came home again. He didn't go around with his friends in Pasadena very much because he thought that they were not serious enough. He went into Los Angeles and made contacts there. He was doing gardening work, when one day a lady gave him a book called Unity to read. In this he read that there was a task for each person to do. Someone offered him a job, not too good, and advised him to stick to it. This he did, and gradually he advanced to the position of manager. His duty was to check goods as they were landed from boats and ship them off.

Tuny pointed to the kids around and said that they were not serious enough. They didn't look enough into the future. After the war, he said, what are they going to do? Until now they've worked in fruitstands and blown their pay over Saturday and Sunday. He pointed out one fellow and said that he was 29 already, but was still concerned over such things as dances.

Yaye asked me what I thought of him, and I said that he was an acceptable member of the community. I asked her whether girls liked him, but she wouldn't commit herself.

Cleaning assignment

A girl came around to assign us to work cleaning the toilet, the shower room, and the laundry room. The girls in our room have to do it on the 29th. Only one girl from each room is required to do it once every three weeks.

Toilet trouble

There are still complaints of the toilet condition. For one thing the facilities are much too large and high for young kids. I've seen one little boy brought in by his father because he wasn't tall enough to urinate. The fact that the drainage is incomplete and the place is attractive to flies and the awful smell--these are still open to criticism. However, the first shock seems to be over. The girls are still grumbling that there ought to be partitions put in.

Food

The food has been very good, although not always plentiful.

Weather

The weather has been quite warm in the afternoon, although they say it's cool compared to what it's going to be. We all took a nap in the afternoon.

Through the window in the shower room

I was out at E-6 this evening and talking with Tub, Ayako, and Yoshiko Homma. Through the window of the shower room for men in front of us a naked figure could be seen. The window was just high enough to come only to about the waistline, and Ayako seemed disgusted, and changed her seat in order not to look. Yaye came along and seemed rather curious. Someone went in to tell the boys that they could be seen, and the retort was that they didn't care. Eventually the fellow at the window became dried up and put on his pants....

Shodas

We saw Alice working in the mess room this afternoon and found out her barrack and room numbers. This evening we dropped in to talk to them. There were just three of them in a long narrow room, formerly used for stables. We talked for some time about the past and found out something very interesting. In the first place we didn't expect to see them at this camp. We saw them on the train and were surprised. The last time we had seen them was just before we went back to Japan in 1933. Since then we had heard that they had moved out to Los Angeles, but that was about all we knew.

During the depression things became very hard for the Shodas. The water got below the hundred feet mark, and better turbines were necessary to raise the water. This required more electricity and the motor broke down now and then because of the added strain. The price of alfalfa, which used to be as good as forty dollars a ton went down to six. They came out to L.A., but found it hard to find work even at 16 cents an hour. All of the family split up and worked in different homes for their living. Until evacuation they had lived in Sierra Madre. For a while they lived in San Gabriel where Alice went to school for some time.

Mr. S. talked most of the sake that he missed. He said that he used to spend about \$1.50 per day for sake, about one-third of his income. If he had smoked, too, he said that his wife and children would have starved. He didn't want to visit anybody else because he knew that there wouldn't be any ^{waiting} sake/for him. His teeth had begun to hurt, and he was afraid that they were all going to come off. He said that they were kept in place by alcohol. He thought that after the war we should all go back to Japan and find work in Java and the South Seas.

Alice

I remember Alice as a very shy girl who did not want to come out to see us when we visited them last. I thought that since she was brought up in a country town with very few Japanese that she would not be able to speak any Japanese at all, just like the Okimoto kids. I wondered how shy and naïve and perhaps charming such a girl would be. But my expectations were all upset. After she had come out to L.A. county she had to go to work as a school girl. Then she went out to work as a waitress at Terminal Island. Here she worked for almost four years, and came to know seamen from all over the country. She heard the living conditions in various countries and the interests and preferences of the sailors of various races. She knew almost all of the American merchant marine, and when a ship was sunk worried because she knew someone on board. She was treated well by the Caucasians, and was allowed to go on board ship with passes. I heard her speak Japanese to a lady, and realized that her mother had given her a very good Japanese training at home. All of my expectations were upset. She was neither shy nor naïve. She had bought an icebox, stove, and furniture already, as her father said, in readiness for her marriage. She was knitting a bed spread which would cost her twenty dollars in material alone.

Quarrel

I heard a little more about the quarrel that disturbed the dancing last night. At a volleyball game a Santa Maria fellow was on the Oxnard team. One of the Oxnard fellows got tough and shoved him out of the game. The Santa Maria fellows rallied around him and told him that he had a right to stay in the game just as much as anyone else. This quarrel was carried on to the dance floor, where both groups were represented. The Pasadena kids seemed to want to stop the fight. I don't think that there was any actual exchange of blows.

Canteen and store

At the canteen the only things they sell yet are soda pop, tobacco, and ice cream. Scrip books costing \$2.50 must be bought in order to buy anything at the canteen.

Necessary things are being ordered through the mail from Sears and Montgomery Ward's. I understand that the P.O. does not accept anything else but P.O. money orders. They have asked that no articles be bought C.O.D.

Tidying up the place

All of us have fixed up our beds and shelves, etc., so that the place looks livable. At night curtains are put up to afford privacy. So far the arrangement has worked out satisfactorily. Of course, we can't have privacy when we are studying or reading a book, but on the whole it's not so bad.

Gardens have already sprung up here and there. This morning George checked out some tools with which to make our little plot on the back (south) side of our room. Mrs. T. has cut long weeds and tied them together to make a mat. The Japanese are clever, and they are showing it. Kingo has made places for tools in our "closet," which is enclosed by a curtain at one corner of the room.

P. Franks

The day after we arrived, Ruby received a letter from Franks saying that his job with the WCCA was over and he had to look for another one. He says he wants to get into a camp and work with the Japanese. Ruby gives the impression that she doesn't want to write to him really, but that she's going to send a curt note.

Gardens

Yesterday a few people in our unit were making gardens and planting vegetables and flowers. Today, many more are at work, spading up the small plot of ground in front of and in back of their rooms. George became ambitious and dug the back to plant vegetables--celery, pepper and carrots. At one place they have cleverly lined the border with tin cans from the mess hall.

Mrs. T. cut some tall weeds and made a mat for the door.

Lunch

Corn, mixed salad, rice, apricots.

Yaye at church

May says that Yaye felt religious at the church service.

Helen Osaka, Superintendent of Education

Went to the main office to Helen about a teaching job. She had also sent for me on the same day to see whether I could teach junior business training and bookkeeping, which I couldn't. I asked about other teaching jobs, but most of them seemed filled. I could have taught Algebra, but didn't want to spend full time on it. I got some statistics from her on the number of school children. She sent me to the Social Welfare division for more data on the older groups.

Miura, Social Welfare Division

When I told Mr. M. that I was making a study of the camp and that I wanted some statistics, he was enthusiastic about helping me. He said that I should come to the office and stick around and hear the cases that came up. I suspected that he wanted my help in certain matters. He mentioned that he might be

able to get a job for me in the welfare office.

Typhoid shot

Shots were given between 7 and 9. We went to the hospital right after we ate, and were able to get into line early. Half an hour later the line was very long. We learned through waiting for the kitchen line that it pays to be there a little early rather than a little late.

Heat pills

I asked for some heat pills, but was told that there weren't any in stock. The nurse also said that if we felt bad that we should take aspirin and go to bed, but that if we wanted aspirin not to come to the hospital unless we absolutely couldn't get it from our friends.

Shodas

We stopped at the Shodas again. Mr. S. had bought a local newspaper and scanned it for news of the war. He said that the radio wasn't trustworthy because they didn't tell the truth because they had to sell goods. The newspaper, he said, didn't tell all on the front pages, but further inside gave the real news. He mentioned that the American fleet was practically wiped out around Australia, and there was very little chance of resupplying it from America. The Japanese fleet was destroyed, too, but was being supplemented from Japan. He thought that Germany would lose pretty soon and then the whole world would be against Japan. Japan, however, was prepared for it.

Tuesday, May 19, 1942

Typhoid effect

The night before I started to get the chills and had to jump into bed. All night long I tossed in bed, probably because of the fever. This morning I got up, feeling slightly dizzy and with a sore arm. I got up and washed my face and then stood in line to eat. But I felt so weak that I had to sit down on a box. The sun had already come out, and waiting for half an hour

did not make me feel any better. When I finally got my food, I didn't want to eat any longer. I brought it home, and lay on my bed. Before noon I got up and ate the breakfast, and then lay on the bed again. By this time the room was pretty hot and almost unbearable. I went out and stood in the shade with the Sameshimas for a while. I wasn't feeling so bad, but my head was slightly dizzy. For lunch we had beans and I could merely gulp a little of it down. Coming back I watered the floor and also around the door. George, Ruby, Yaye, May, and Mrs. T. were all feeling bad and lying in bed. I took out wet towels and handkerchiefs and wet them with ice water from the kitchen and put them on their heads. I kept changing them every so often, until I was called to the welfare office. All the rest of the day I felt slightly dizzy.

Social Welfare Office

Mr. Miura sent a messenger after me, and I went to see what it was all about. He wanted me to hang around the office, which I did. The work was carried on in a leisurely fashion, with the secretary doing most of the work typing letters to be sent. The work seemed to consist mostly of accepting complaints of various sorts, and solving those that were in their jurisdiction, and sending the others to the right authority. They allowed me to look through the files of the complaints registered. They were mostly of urgent nature, and nobody seems to have bothered to complain about such things as putting in partitions in the toilets, etc. The complaints were recognized as existing, and I believe they made a recommendation that toilet facilities be changed, but there are not enough complaints registered in proportion to the amount of discomfort felt by the camp members.

Gambling

Some kids were gambling right outside the office window. They were probably about 17 or 18 years of age. They were playing rummy for five cents a game.

Church collection

The problem of allowing church collection at services was on file, and seemed to have caused some controversy. Mr. Miura was against it entirely, saying that Church has always been tied up too closely with Capitalism. Helen was for it on the ground that funds were necessary. Rev. Tajima's argument seems to be that it is a necessary part of worship, a point of view which seems to me very hypocritical. The administration objected on the ground that it was "cash transaction." I argued that the church should be allowed to gather funds to carry on its work. But I didn't think that they should be allowed to accumulate an indefinite amount of money, which would result from passing around the collection plate. Last Sunday, Mr. Miura, said, the collection amounted to \$62.00. The idea of putting money into a plate seemed to me too significant of profiteering, which was not to be allowed in the resettlement camps. We have to get used to this idea. Helen recognized this and said that collections would be a temporary matter, but that it would be necessary for immediate use. They wanted three pianos, but are doubtful whether they'll even get one.

Eto Case

I helped Mr. Miura carry his books and we met Mr. Tajima on the way. He mentioned Joseph as being a very good boy, but that lately he had begun to act queer. He thought it might be because of unbalanced religious training or some other explicable cause. He wanted an expert to keep him under observation.

About the collection business, Mr. Miura told Rev. T. not to report it, but just to continue it until some protest arose.

First scribbling on the Toilet

Today I noticed for the first time a scribbling on the wall of the toilet.

An evening's jaunt with Yaye

In the evening we were lying outside because it was much cooler and soothing than in the room. After the rest had gone inside Yaye and I decided

to go out for a walk "down town." There was a Buddhist service in Japanese for the elders, and we peeked inside to find Toshi Haramoto there. We walked around and saw small groups sitting around. Nothing seemed to be happening. Pasadena kids were together, and Chubby was with a girl. We sat on the bleachers for a while, and watched a few boys do judo. Then we stopped by the service again and sang the final Ondokusan with the group and came home with Toshi and her father. Her father said that the content of the sermon was good, but that his speech was not very good.

We sat in front of Toshi's room. Onion offered to bring us some lemonade from the mess hall, and Yaye and I were able to share a bottle. It was good. Kubo was sitting in front of the mess hall with some Sierra Madre fellows, and Yaye and Toshi called him over. They sat around and talked about this and that. Kubo kept talking about "my boys," as if he were the head of a gang. He said that he ran around with the Oxnard kids. At the time of the fight Saturday he said that he was in both gangs and had to see what was going to happen. Actually they seem to have made up and shaken hands. He wanted to know whether I was writing a lot of Yogi stuff in my diary.

Yaye talked about how boring it was, with nothing to do. She used too many expletives, I thought, in talking about the quietness of the bleachers and the taste of the lemonade.

Thursday, May 20, 1942

Breakfast

Tomato juice, toast, creamed sausage, mush, milk-coffee, butter-jam.

Scaring kid with Hakuji

There was ^a kid who was hanging on to his father. He was 8 or 9 years of age, but didn't seem to be able to speak except in a queer sort of mumble. He looked at a magazine sideways and read it off in a haphazard manner. He grabbed at some of the things lying around, and somebody tried to quiet her by saying, "Hakuji no ojisan ga okoru kara!"

Hakujin farmers

We talked about the Hakujin farmers who had taken on the Japanese farms and agreed that they were making a flop of it. The market price didn't go up, possibly because the retail stores weren't selling as many vegetables since passing over into Caucasian hands. One person related that the land was full of weeds after the Hakujins had taken over. I said that I didn't know how the man who took over the 100 acres or so that I knew of would be able to get along with just Mexicans.

There was also talk about Hakujin farmers who wouldn't release his land because he knew that the Japanese would have to go out, and as a consequence the Japanese had to leave their ripe patch of strawberries behind without reaping any of the profits. He also said that the night before they had to leave neighbors came in and dug up all of the flowers on the premises.

Third generation preference

It is not necessarily true that ^{the} third generation all grow up to be more Americanized than Niseis. One mother relates that her children prefer ochazuke and okoko and sashimi.

Shorts

It's hot again today, and there has been an outburst of shorts today among the girls. There was a dance practice going on, and one of the leaders, with voluptuous legs, was leading with high heels and a tight short on....

Dinner

Beans, daikon and carrot salad, boiled onion, pumpkin pie.

Typing letter under the window

As it was too hot even in the evening, I put out George's lamp on the window sill, brought out the camp chair under the window and typed away there. It's rather conspicuous, but much cooler than inside.

Dance by Pasadena group

Someone came to tell Yaye that there was a dance going on tonight, but she was laid up with a splitting headache. She was eager to know who all of the boys there were there.

Eto case solution

In this case it seemed that the father was the cause of the family not getting along, and not Joe's fault, as Rev. T. seemed to think. Mr. Eto was declared to be a religious fanatic, and unable to get along with his family. F. was advised to be moved into a separate room, to which he acceded.

Thursday, May 21, 1942

Telegram to go to Tullake

COLONEL EVANS OFFERS TO ARRANGE TRANSFER OF WORKERS ON MY STUDY TO TULE LAKE AROUND JUNE FIRST. WOULD YOU CONSIDER TRANSFER DESIRABLE IN YOUR CASE? AM NOT SURE SITUATION RE FAMILY/ AIR MAIL YOUR REACTION: NAMES OF YOUR IMMEDIATE FAMILY: WHETHER YOU WOULD COME WITHOUT FAMILY.

DOROTHY S. THOMAS

I was practicing on Ruby's accordin when this telegram was delivered this morning. I was pleasantly surprised, but I didn't make much fuss about it. I asked those in the room what they thought about it. May thought that it would be good because if we went early we would have a good chance to get good jobs. George and Ruby also were enthusiastic about going to Tullake. We looked it up on a map and found it in Northern California near the Calif.-Oregon borderline. The fact that it's in the state of California was also in its favor. Kingo also wanted to go, and said that he didn't want to ^{it} be thought that he had deserted his Sierra Madre group. Yaye also said something like that, but said that she was thinking of her mother. I wrote mama a note explaining the situation to her. She said that she wasn't sure, but that if everyone wanted to go she'd have to. She really didn't have much against it, because it seemed to be the best place

of the five already selected.

I sent an airmail to Dr. Thomas saying that I would like to go with the whole family if possible. Or with Ruby and George, or alone if necessary.

Bottleneck in getting medical supplies.

There seems to be a bottleneck in getting supplies for the hospital as well as for other purposes. It seems that every requisition has to be sent to S.F., or further, before the Army releases the supply. There's a lack of supplies even now in the hospital, in spite of the fact that the camp is now 3 weeks old. The Mgr. of the camp is not an Army man, but a WPA man, I believe. Anyway, someone said that he thought that there was friction between the Army and the civilian elements in the WCCA set-up. Mr. Triggs, the Army man in charge at Manzanar, was cited as being able to get supplies because he was an army man. A letter from the Welfare office was sent to the division head, Mr. Stump, calling this situation to his attention. Cases of sickness were cited. There was also talk of measles, athlete's foot, and T.B.

Men in Women's toilets

There has been a report of men in women's toilets by Helen K. She said that the police had also advised women not to go out to the toilet alone. One couple had actually seen a man slip into a women's toilet. They waited for some time, but he did not come out. Pretty soon a lady or a girl went in from the other side, and quickly came out screaming. Still the man did not come out....

Athlete's foot in shower

Cases of athlete's foot are said to have developed. They have requisitioned for regular foot baths, but because they have not arrived they are supposed to put in temporary ones soon. Helen K. related that the mothers are now bathing the babies in the laundry room because they do not trust the sanitation of the shower rooms. She cited one child as not being able to walk because the foot was so badly diseased.

Dinner

The dinner tonight was simple and good. The mixed salad was especially delicious. Mixed salad bowl, hash, rice, jello with fruit.

Work

Worked with the welfare office again today. I'm practically an accepted member of the staff in the place. I finished the age, sex, and citizenship tabulation today. Tomorrow I'm going to start on the occupational tabulation. Many problems of a confidential sort are discussed at the desk.

Short wave reports

There are reports of a short wave broadcast that the American fleet around Australia has been destroyed.

Study of Attitudes

Mr. Miura suggested that I study the attitudes of the various people in the camps, and one girl thought that it was better not to do so because it would be dangerous. We discussed how the newspapers had distorted so much of the news.

Change of attitude

One man said that he had loved America, but that he had changed his mind when citizens were evacuated.

Yaye goes out to see a volley ball game

Yaye must have been feeling well tonight. There was to be a volley ball game between Englewood and Pasadena, and she was "primping up" to go out to see it with Toshi H. She wore her slacks for the first time. When asked how she felt in them, she said, "Funny." Because she looked poorly in them. And I agreed with her.

Stool for kids to urinate

The kiddies in the M section got a break today when someone put in a stool in one corner of the urinary trough for them to stand on.

Walk: weight-lifting, judo

George, Ruby, and I went out for a walk in the evening as usual. Instead of seeing anyone, we just walked around. First we stopped to see a volley ball game in the K section. A little kid, about 3 or 4 came by alone and tried to hang on the net. T took him off, and handed him to Ruby because he was so cute. He spoke Japanese just like a Japanese kid, and spoke a Tokyo dialect, too. He also wore kimono and geta just like someone in Japan. We found the mother and handed her the kid and then went on. I saw Shigetomi and Fumiko together. They were together the last time I saw them in Pasadena J.C. two years ago. There was ^a/weight-lifting contest or something going on in K-5, and a crowd gathered to watch. When we left they were lifting 150 lb'ers. By the playground we saw Toshi and Shiz, Yaye and Kubo, but they went off some place by themselves. Yaye didn't get in till 10.30. We sat and watched the judo ^a practice for/while. There were about seven practising. George wanted to get hold of a judogi to practise in. I said that I didn't think that I wanted to, because it would be too much strain, after not having practised for a long time.

Evening clouds

The sunset scenery tonight was lovely. The color changed from blue to red, and a row of trees darkly silhouetted against the colored background was beautiful.

Kingo misses a job

Kingo had applied for a job as teacher of algebra. He hasn't a college degree, but has been working along aeronautic lines for some time, and seems to be good at it. May was sputtering tonight because the job had gone to Michi, whom she says was a produce man for some years and without a degree, just like Kingo. She thought the girl in charge was dumb, and it was all unfair. She thought that she'd go and tell her that. Then we began to say that she must have chosen M. because Helen thought him cute and not married. Since he is a married man, we said that it would serve her right if she were disappointed.

Foot bath

There was a foot bath in a metal container tonight. There were so many people in the shower that the water was absolutely cold.

Joe Eto

We saw Joe out with a girl again tonight. Met him also in the shower room and he seemed quite happy.

Measles

Yaye reports two cases of measles in the M section.

Friday, May 22, 1942

Breakfast

Went to breakfast early as worker. I didn't have a tag, but no one stopped me. Bacon, French toast, mush, milk.

Death

Last night a paralytic man died about ten o'clock. He is reported to have been paralyzed by drinking too much alcoholic liquor. The wake service (otsuya) is to be held tonight by Rev. Imamura. The funeral takes place tomorrow morning in a cemetery nearby designated recently by the Army.

Office supplies from local store

The Welfare Office had requisitioned supplies long ago, but have had to borrow what they needed from the main office. When we ran out of paper, Bob would be sent out after it. Butch, heading Family Relations, seems to have asked the Police Chief to go out and get necessary supplies for him. The Chief came back on a bicycle with the things, and I believe that Butch paid for them personally. A ream of poor typing paper, not heavier than 14 lbs., was tagged \$1.25. I don't think that it should have sold in the store for more than 60 or 70 cents. There was a mark where the old tag might have been torn off. It

didn't have the Bond mark, and positively couldn't have been worth more than \$1.00. One thousand sheets of yellow copy paper was priced at \$1.50. A pack of mimeograph stencils cost Butch \$3.50.

Ladies' toilet inspected

Masami Takemoto, George's friend from Ventura, was appointed to inspect the sanitary conditions around the camp. He is supposed to look around and then make reports to the office. He insists that he is not telling people what to do, because he does not like that sort of work. He was going into a women's toilet to do some inspecting, and I followed him in. The toilet was built exactly the same as that for the men. It was not very clean, dust having gathered on the seat. He told a lady and a girl who came by that he was going to report it, when the girl remarked that she was one of those who were going to do it in the afternoon. For the boys there's a crew working to clean the toilets, and according to Masami only one person from each room (? or barrack) is required to help the crew clean the toilet each day. The girls, however, still clean their own toilets voluntarily on a cooperative basis.

The woman complained that they tried to keep the toilet clean, but found it difficult. The central trough was washed by the water only in the middle, and material piled near the edge. She suggested that a board be nailed in front on which their feet could be placed, thus enabling them to sit back farther. This was also necessary for little children. She also hinted at the danger of children falling through the hole.

The seat in the farthest corner was completely partitioned, and a curtain hung for the passageway. May says that this is done for the M toilet also, remarking that it was necessary. When I explained to the lady that these toilets were made for the Army, as we were to be here only temporarily, they were made according to Army specifications. She seemed to feel enlightened about the matter. No doubt it had puzzled her until then.

Geta making

I came back from the Welfare Office at noon, because I had my typhoid shot

in the morning. I didn't want to feel faint and then have to walk home in the heat. Last night I had picked up a piece of 2 x 4 in the old Welfare Office, where they were putting in partitions for the new educational classes to be begun soon. The earlier part of the afternoon I put into constructing my geta. I think I put the legs too far forward, after seeing some made by others, but on the whole I think that it's pretty good. It's too heavy and not wide enough, but it will serve the purpose of carrying me to the shower room and back. I used our hammer, saw, chisel, knife, and file to make it. Many of the neighbors have made them, too. One that I saw seemed exactly like a real one, and not homemade.

Old man

- Talked to an old man as I was making a geta. He said that he came from San Gabriel and that he was retired. His son was working in a Japanese bank, receiving about \$200.00 a month. He did not seem disturbed about the situation at all. He related that he came to Canada when he was about twenty. He worked at cutting lumber one season, but wasn't paid for it at all. He doesn't know whether it was the Japanese contractor or the Caucasians that used up the money.

Nosaka and kibe son

Met Mr. Nosaka today in the shower. For a moment I wasn't sure where I had seen him last. Then I remembered that he was the gardener who was trying to get his Kibe son into a school in Pasadena, but couldn't think of his name. He had to tell it to me. We spoke mostly of his son. He said that after that effort he made to get his son into a high school and finally into junior college, it became too difficult for him and he was forced to drop the class. After that for a while he was taking private lessons from Mr. Goto, at the same time going to a night class for foreigners, which was too easy for him. He even went out to Arcadia to try to get him into the school there, but failed. Then he put him to work, helping in the gardening work. He emphasized that he didn't want to do it, but there seemed very little else that could be done. Coming to the camp he

thought was a good opportunity to get some studying done. He had already enrolled for classes in high school to be conducted here. Mr. N. mentioned that his son was too quiet to go out and make friends. There's no use in trying to make money now, he also said.

Letter from Dr. Gundlach

In answer to my second report Dr. G. sent me a good critical letter. Evidently my writing was sloppy, both grammatically and as to reference to specific details. After he read the report there were many things in his mind that were not clear. He kindly offered to point out the grammatical errors to me. He wants to know about the growth and development of the organization of the new community. Organization.

Saltpeter a rumor

Dr. G. writes as if putting saltpeter in the food is merely a rumor.

Letter from Dr. Thomas

Received an airmail from Dr. T. via Sierra, dated May 13, saying that she wants me to be on her payroll "however small the pay may be." She sent an outline of the ground that is to be covered, although it's only tentative. I never realized how much there is to find out, and how little of it I've been able to unearth so far. I'll have to get busy a little more and dig around for more information.

Reverend Imamura visits

Reverend Imamura came to see me this afternoon. He wanted me to represent the Buddhists in a conference that is to be held between the Christians and the Buddhists. It was, as I understand it, arranged by the Religious Department. We agreed that we should share what equipment we have and use the same building. Rev. Imamura was willing to do things on a cooperative basis. I ridiculed the passing of the collection plate carried on by the Christians as being opposed to the spirit of the camp life here.

Looking up resettlement areas on map

We looked up the various locations for resettlement camps in George's soil map in his Soils and Men. We learned that Tululake was probably peat bog land, surrounded by dry land. The climate was good in the summer, but with a long cold winter, but sunny. Around Parker Dam it was red desert soil, but many things could be grown if water were available. There would be torrential showers in the summer, and the rest in the winter. The summers are long and very hot. Idaho was a little better, and was not extreme either way.

Dinner

Fried rice, celery, cake, stewed tomato, pea stew. It was good.

Mrs. Nishimura

Mrs. Nishimura was originally from Hawaii, and therefore speaks with an accent yet. She is a Buddhist. Her Sansai children, she relates, like sashimi, ochazuke and koko. When I told her that I was a Buddhist, she seemed to be glad. She talked about forming Sunday school classes as we had formerly.

Kimi Nakanushi

Kimi is the cute quiet secretary that is always working in the office. She smiles, but she says hardly anything, unless it is absolutely necessary. She's a Buddhist, too. Mrs. N. mentioned that she was quiet but was capable of teaching s.s. class. Went out to lunch with Mr. Miura and Bob, and Mr. M. said that Miss Nakanishi was a very good girl. She was quiet but efficient. Bob said that he knew that she was good.

Typhoid shot

We took our shot in the morning so that we'd be well by Saturday evening when the dance would be held. There was little effect on me, except that I had a little headache in the evening and went to sleep early. Yaye didn't feel too bad either. George and Ruby were asleep almost all day. Ruby's arm was still swollen the next day and George still complained of a headache.

Mieko Sugimachi

Mrs. Sameshima came to me in the evening as I was typing outside and told me something about Mieko. She had heard this from the Sakaguchi's who had received a letter from Mrs. S. Mieko is being put into a Catholic home, and it was speculated whether she could be called to the camp here and taken care of by the Pasadena neighbors. I think that they weren't willing to take the whole responsibility. I said that it would be difficult to get Mieko here because she wasn't anybody's relation. Mrs. S. seems worried about Mieko.

Sierra Madre's dancing history

In the evening I had a slight headache, but I lay on the bed and talked with Yaye, who was doing the same thing. She related that dancing had been begun by Tomoye's group, the oldest children in the community. It was when they were in junior high school. They got together for something at Japanese school and somebody suggested that they dance. That seems to have been the beginning. At that time Yaye was about 11 or 12. They held dances at Japanese school, inviting people from Pasadena, usually. When Tomoye was about in the 11th grade, the Sierra Madre group went to an outside dance in Burbank for the first time. Yaye says that three-quarters or two-thirds of the S.M. group take part in these dances.

Helen Nomura

Helen was also discussed. Yaye said that she had changed a lot since she came back from Japan. At the time she was only about 12, with straight hair, and very quiet. She couldn't get along with her folks very well because, I think, she had been away from them too long. She used to go around with Yaye quite a bit. She rather liked Kingo, but the feeling was not reciprocated. Then she began to go around with a Miss Hohri. She was reputed to kiss, etc., which was considered bad by Yaye and her group. After that Yaye didn't see her very much. She was surprised to see her later, vivacious and jolly. She thought that much of it was put on, because she couldn't help contrasting Helen with the quiet Helen that she knew.

May says that Helen gets along wonderfully with Makujins, and that they think that she is just wonderful. One reason for Helen's action is that her family is of the pariah class. They are reputed to be generous and impressive.

Helen went up north, Yaye says, because she didn't have a chance with the fellows here, who probably knew too much about her. She married an American, and this can be considered a solution that she worked out for herself.

Kimi

Yaye also discussed Kimi's change. When she was small she used to be vivacious and bold. She was pretty and popular with everyone. In her adolescence she was teased for her hairiness, around the lips, for instance, and this seems to have made her the quiet shy girl that she is today. Yaye says that Kimi tries to hide her mouth when she is in front of people.

Yaye

Yaye fumbled last night in putting on her pajamas. Her right arm hurt her, and she couldn't get into her night clothes easily. Her mother was away, and I offered to help her, and she said, "Don't you dare." If we were married, she said, she might let me, but no. Yaye says that she used to be funny looking and spindly when she was small, and was self-conscious about it. She used to tag around with her sister and her friends, and was teased by them when she became more bold (concerning boys, I believe).

May asked to sing

A neighbor came around to say that there was going to be an entertainment and that he wanted May to sing. As May wasn't home, we let it go at that. I advised classic songs that had been popularized so that people wouldn't go to sleep.

Another neighbor came to say that she wanted May to teach Mary to sing. May says she'll start her class and doesn't give a darn about Helen Osaka.

Jimmy Sakamoto

Jimmy S. came in while we were in bed and sat on Yaye's bed and talked to her. After he left, Yaye and I discussed him. She wanted to know what I thought of him. I thought that he was a pretty well rounded personality. He was an only child and a Christian and quite religious, according to Yaye. He was going to Cal Tech. His mother used to discourage his going out too much because she wanted him to study. If he's learned to dance, it's only recently. He used to go around with Yaye a great deal, and it used to be well-known in the community. He used to buy little things for her, in spite of her protests. She always used to go out with other fellows too, and had to avoid him when coming home from Japanese school sometimes. He always ^{used} to come after her in the morning. But he was younger than Yaye, and she did not want to get serious with him. She refused to go out with him about twice in a row, and he became angry and didn't see her for some time. He saw more of another family where there was a boy and a girl of Yaye's age, with whom he seems to have gotten along well. Yaye and Jimmy are now "good friends."

Lack of newspaper

The Tulare News doesn't seem to be coming out on schedule. So far we've received only one copy. There is no Japanese section in it, and any news that is spread must be carried by way of mouth. Births and deaths, for instance, are spread by this means.

Saturday, May 23, 1942

Food

Breakfast: scrambled eggs, 2 toast, mush, jam, milk. The sugar was slow in being distributed. It came just as breakfast was beginning to be served. Sho slipped me a bottle of milk, although I could have gotten some from the pitcher. Yaye and Ruby ate in bed.

Shower

Took a shower as soon as I got up this morning. Last night I hadn't taken it because I wasn't feeling any too well. The water was hot, and there was nobody else in the shower with me.

Ayako Matsumoto

We discussed how Ayako had changed. When she first came back from Japan (she must have been around 20 then), she is said to have been very shy. She was working for Mrs. Baker, and she was shy about saying things. Mrs. Baker didn't know, she told May, what Ayako thought when she was offered tea, for instance. Since then she has become quite expressive, saying just what she pleases a great deal of the time. She is talkative now, and seems to have very few inhibitions. From a psychologist's point of view she is very healthy mentally. Helen N. is said to have credited herself with the change that Ayako went through. But there are probably more important external or internal factors. The fact that she considered herself more cultured than most Niseis, that she didn't get along so well with her mother, all had some influence. Now that her mother is in a concentration camp by herself, she feels guilty that she didn't treat her better before and misses her because she has to do everything by herself now. She is said to have told her mother not to come out into the living room when she was having guests. She is now a capable song leader, and is said to have conducted the community sing last night quite successfully.

Work for George

George's friend, Masami Takemoto, came over yesterday to inform George that he had spoken to a man about a job for him. A gardening project is being planned, and George seemed to have a good chance for it. This morning George went to see the man, and he was assigned to work under a cranky man in charge of the seedlings and plants.

Supplies from Tulare

Yaye says that she heard that people in Tulare won't sell anything to the Japanese. Today a great number of circulars came into the camp for distribution to the occupants from a store in Tulare called Linder's. Tuny, who seemed to be in charge, said that the store had a special franchise on the camp business, or something. He thought that it was all politics.

Kumi, secretary

Kumi was dissatisfied with her job in the Welfare Office, because, she said, she wasn't given enough to do. She even applied for a permission to change her job. But she's staying on now, and seems to be satisfied. I told Yaye that she was being kept on because she has a good typewriter, which is only a half-truth.

Shortage of toilet paper

This morning there was no paper in the men's toilet in the M section. Later there was some, but I don't know how it was all day long. A sign was posted in the morning that there be no wasting of toilet paper.

Church conference

A conference was held this morning at 11 to determine how facilities would be arranged for the religious groups. Mr. Stump, head of the Service Division, Mr. Asakura, his assistant, the Religious Committee, representatives from the Buddhists and Christian groups were there. Mr. Miyake did most of the talking. The Christian group requested that they have rooms for the Sunday school in the morning on Sunday, a place for the young people's service in the evening, and a service for the elders in the morning. They said that they would be willing to use facilities when the Buddhists were not using them.

It was disclosed that the three recognized churches inside the camps were Protestants, Buddhists, and Catholics. Missionary work, it was said, could be done as a group, but not for different sects.

An observation was made that the Christian groups seemed more fully recognized. For every one request for facilities that the Buddhists made the Christians had ten, Asakura said. He wanted to see to it that the Buddhists were given equal treatment. Grace said that their group was fully organized and that there was nothing that they needed for the present. When questioned as to benches and chapels, they had to admit that they still needed them.

Facilities for church groups

The first discussion concerned the problem of having a chapel or not. It was agreed upon readily that any facility would be used cooperatively by all church groups. The desirability of a chapel where benches and a piano would be available was discussed. Both groups thought it was desirable, but Mr. Stump pointed out that it would be a waste of space to have the benches in the hall all of the time, as this would make it hard to use the room for other recreational purposes, which did not require the use of benches. And since the type of benches that could be stacked against the wall could not be made at present, due to lack of supplies, he discouraged the idea of a chapel.

He outlined the plan made for an open air gathering place, by bringing the bleachers into a U shape, and placing a platform in front of it. He thought that this could be used for the services and also for other types of entertainments and meetings. He thought that this could substitute for the chapel, when the school rooms were too small. He said that on Sundays all of the school rooms would be available, three barracks of them.

The religious committee wanted to know the number of children in Sunday school so that the school rooms and other facilities could be allocated fairly between the two groups.

Piano

The Christians brought in a piano from Pasadena. Mr. Stump thought that the Buddhists would be allowed to use it. Grace said that word had been sent to Jane that we could use it. They seemed anxious to be nice to us.

Collection Plate

The question of the collection plate came up. Free will offerings, Mr. Stump said, were allowed. Whether collections were free will or not should be determined by the religious committee, he said. He thought that the contention that offerings were a part of the worship should be considered. I said that the Buddhists did not want to take up a collection. The Christians said that they decided not to take up any collections.

Camp figures

I browsed around in the Tulare News office today and found some useful information on the bulletin board.

171 barracks

21 baths

11 mess halls

30 latrines

3 hospitals

5 laundries

Santa Barbara -- 80 families, 350 people plus 20 single

Santa Maria -- 375 people

Guadalupe -- 800 people

The above two together, 410 families

Arroyo Grande -- 35 families, 150 people

Lompoc -- 29 families, 138 people

Ventura -- 216 families, 969 people, 65 are single men.

Tulare News

Talked to the head of the Tulare News. He was griped because he couldn't get any supply from the office. All of the supplies, he says, they've had to furnish for themselves so far. They had sent for some supplies to L.A., but they hadn't arrived yet. They are behind schedule, and a whole newspaper is stenciled and all ready to be run off, but they haven't the paper yet.

The editor said that he had worked on a newspaper in Hawaii, L.A., and S.F.

He was also griped because some of the office men came into his department and told him what to print. Some of the articles that Mr. Stump had approved for printing he did not print, he said, though he probably had good reasons for it.

He spoke of the Hakuajins who went into the office and came out with a mahogany desk and a swivel chair, while ^{he} had to go out and get his equipment without the permission of others. He said that they didn't allow him to use the next room, which was necessary for him to do quiet work, even when the room remained idle.

Hawaii

He believes that Hawaii is better than America. "What can you do over anyway?" he says. I pointed out that most Hawaiians wanted to come to the mainland, and he couldn't deny that they did before they came over and found out how it was.

Crew

He said that his crew was made up of high school kids, and he had to teach them everything. Some of them could report, but could not write. Others could write, but could not report. Still others could only type. Therefore, he said, he had to have more people on the staff. However, only five were paid. The number on his staff was chosen without even consulting him, he said.

Canteen

Oranges are selling at the Canteen now for 18 cents a dozen. Butth treated Yaye, Mrs. Nishimura and me to soda pops. He also took out some osushi from his pocket and offered it to us. He said that it had come from Orosi. It tasted awfully good.

Dinner

Roast beef, mashed potato, peas, and raw onion.

Yaye

Yaye received a picture of Seichi Okazaki today, and she showed it to me, as if she were proud of it. She also went to show it to Toshi, I believe. She says that he's a good friend of Pete's.

Sunday, May 24, 1942

Student relocation (from Jeanne Booth, 5/21/42)

"The Service comm. is picking up steam regarding the student relocation from the camps -- and as you know the AFSC were asked by the Government to take it over. They are planning to act wisely and with an eye to future resettlement so this involves preparing the way in many cases -- thus the whole thing may move more slowly than some would wish, but it seems that in a matter as ticklish as this now that slowness at present may add up to more in the long run. I'm no authority on what, how, and the policy of the business. That's all Dad's line, but I do glean information here and there. For instance yesterday they let me attend the Japanese-American comm. of the Service comm. so I sat in on some policy-forming and future plans, Government reactions, etc., etc. The thing is definitely moving and friends feel that through wise student relocation may come the educating of the public to resettlement. Here's hoping!"

Jeanne's interest in camp conditions

"We're so glad you're writing us openly, honestly and naturally. Naturally we appreciate your courage, lack of complaint, and willingness to understand conditions -- it's a trait others can profitably copy -- but it is enlightening also to hear first-hand information re conditions and your reactions to them. We were afraid it would prove a terrific let-down, and we had hoped that some of the conditions would be remedied before your arrival -- but it wasn't so. In any case you know how we feel, how very much we miss you and all our Japanese-American friends, and that you are always in our thoughts. Enuf of that!"

"I would like to ask some very specific questions. This business of walking to mess and standing in line to get enuf to eat -- must old people or lame folk or very little children also do this? If so can you Nisei work out some plan to make it easier for them? What about special diets? -- are they allowed by Dr.'s orders? How is the health in camp -- any dysentery? Can food be sent in? -- it can't at Santa Anita, you know."

Letter from Santa Anita (Georgia, 4/20/42)

"I presume its hot over there. It was 98 degrees F. here yesterday (19th). We are all so sunburned you wouldn't recognize us. I'll bet."

New partitions

"We were so busy last week. You see these barracks were divided into 3 parts, but they halved every section and now it holds six families. We are so crowded, what with four beds and all the junk, including Ted's bike, wagon, and Larry's buggy that we just barely have room to walk around. The walls are made of pine, I think. Anyway, whatever it is, the pitch comes out, so it's terrible. We can't hang anything on the wall without covering it first. And besides the boards are full of notches, and they dry up and fall off. Therefore, there are plenty of airholes to make us shiver at night. Also for kids to peek in."

Food taken away

They are going to take our stove and all our provisions, perishable and non-perishable, away from us. I still can't understand why. I don't know how I'm going to keep my children's health because, as I wrote before, Teddy doesn't eat a darn thing at the mess hall besides milk. At first I thought it was Teddy's fault for being so particular, but everyone with children between the ages of about six and seven complains. I don't blame them; even I wouldn't eat it if I weren't so hungry.