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DEPARTMENT OF SOCIOLOGY

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA 93106

795

October 5, 1976

Prof. Edward Spicer
Department of Anthropology
University of Arizona
Tucson, Arizona

Dear Colleague:

I am presuming upon your long memory. Perhaps you will remember me from Washington days when you were in the WRA and I was fresh from Tule Lake. Some years ago when Norm Gabel died, I wrote you as acting chairman of the Department of Sociology and Anthropology offering you a position at U.C. S.B. Unfortunately for us, you felt you could not leave Arizona.

While working for Dorothy Thomas' study at Tule Lake, I gathered some essays and compositions written by high school students. The teachers in various high school classes assigned subjects for the students which they thought would give them the occasion to write about their experiences and to express their feelings and perspectives. In so far as they could do so, the teachers encouraged the growth of a trust and confidence on the part of students that would permit them to write frankly about their feelings and to discuss them further in class.

Approximately two hundred compositions and essays were given to me by teachers who were aware of my interest in the student expressions; my wife also taught in Tri-State High School. Over the years I have used these materials, making them available to graduate students primarily who were particularly interested in the relocation centers. This summer I have organized the collection topically, largely in sections corresponding to a particular class assignment. Being spurred on by interested students to do what I originally intended to do, I am preparing them, hopefully for publication. An introduction has been written for the collection and briefer introductions for the various chapters or sections. Most of the students' writings have been typed and most of the introductions completed. Soon all will be done.

In preparing introductions I have rereaded <u>Impounded People</u> and I am struck again with the extraordinary merit, really the brilliance, of the work; I say this sincerely. My conviction

leads me to be so bold as to ask if you would be willing to read over the manuscript and, if you believe it has substance, make some critical suggestions. I am convinced that there are valuable insights inbedded in the writings of the school-aged Nisei as they composed them in the first year of Tule Lake experience. At any rate, if you have the time and interest to do so I would be most grateful.

The contents include:

Sincerely,

Robert Billigmeier

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398 Stevens Road
Santa Barbara
California 93105

Prof. Edward H. Spicer
Department of Anthropology
University of Arizona
Tucson, Arizona 85721

Dear Prof. Spicer,

Or, as I was once privileged to call you, Ned. I am grateful for your willingness to read and criticize the manuscript on the Nisei at Tule Lake. I am very anxious and determined that it be made a good and useful book.

In the beginning of my work on this enterprise this summer it seemed as though the editing and the writing of introductions could be done with ease and dispatch--but that was not to be. It is hard to believe how long the writing and writing over can take--and how many things you realize you have to read and check over. And then there is the typing; there are many time that you are tempted to do the typing oneself, but that is a snare too because you can never just type without wanting to revise as you go along; for me that can be role conflict that brings disaster.

At any rate, I am finally sending the manuscript to you. We had thought that we would be off on sabbatical by now but we cannot leave until January. Because I am on sabbatical leave my mail isn't collected at the Department with the usual regularity and, if you don't mind, it would be best to write me at my home address above.

Until the last five or so years, maybe more now, we kept in touch with Marvin Opler and Charlotte; do you happen to know where they are?

With warmest wishes,

Bob

Robert Billigmeier

Robert Billigmeier
398 Stevens Road
Santa Barbara
Calif 93105

Dear Bob,

I have held the ms for so long because I kept thinking every week that I would get down to a real editing job. I just never did. And so with regrets I am zsending it back to you because I have not been able to undertake that burden and my time seems to be getting fuller rather than otherwise.

I have talked with the Press people here and find them interested. But I shall come back to that shortly.

In general I think the ms is an important one and that somehow it should be published. It gives as you say a view that comes from no other source and I think that it tells that view in a way that gives it great immediacy of feeling. It is indeed an important collection of material. As it stands it should be in the archives in Berkley or here or somewhere on the evacauation.

As it s ands however it is disappointing as a book that people will read and be interested in, I think. Its needs so much work still, although I realize that you have given it a lot. It is this editing that I seem never to get to.

To begin with the press says they will not consider it unless it is given broader significance, some framework that goes beyond the immediate local scene of Tule Lake. What is the significance of telling this story through young peoples eyes? What indeed is the significance of the evacuation at all. not the old old story; it is old by now--- not just the recounting of facts which have been recounted again. But why dwell on this? What insights does it give us, which you could summarize, into the impact of crisis on youth generally, on immigrant youth, on youthful resilience, on youthful capacity for compartmentalization, on youthful and adult relations under these circumstances. ? You of course do bits of this here and there through it. But couldn't you let yourself go a little more and give us a framework for seeing the general in the partucular here, for having the significance of all this flash on us with new light.

There is little need for recounting the detail of just what happened. You could refer us to many existing accounts from several different points of view. You know the literature now. But most of all you can let thesgcoounts speak for themselves, give us the concrete pictures and the emotions and even the psychological processes.

But you could give us more if you have ruminated on the whole thing. The Press thinks you can and will. Each introduction needs lookin at with this in mind. Go light on the factual stuff. Go heavy on the aspects of youthful ways of thought illustrated.

For instance as it stands more than half, past page 16, of the general introduction merely repeats well known and asily referred to material events. Give these a new meaning by putting them in the human framework which your essays finally tell.

The pictures are very interesting and should be ultimately included. Chapter III seems less good than the preceding 2 chapters. The introduction seesm frankly rather dull and there is a lack of unity in this chapter. Perhaps III and IV should be combined. IV is bet

unique on the face of the globe. This is just as much the case with the group as with the individual. The Essenes of the Dead Sea scrolls, the guilds of Chartres Cathedral—here personality is really fulfilled, and a group of personalities define one another. This is the real meaning of role playing, the psychodrama, the group dynamics of today, the group atmosphere, the leadership; the companionship, so to speak, with the other members of the group, and the unique individual potentials are merged in a unity. It is only this unity of one's various inner potentials, interacting with the rich rainbow of situational possibilities which can really be called personality. The principle of "membership character" applies just as much to the person as to the swatch of color or the tone in the melodic sequence, and no less, the colors and tones of the social environment. Context and entity are interdependent in their definition.

VI

What shall we say about the assets, the achievements, of the personality study of today? An *evaluation* of the achievements in today's personality research will, of course, also have "membership character" in our total conception of what today's psychology is all about. To define these achievements today I would say first—in negative terms—that they are inadequate relative to their potentials, chiefly because of the poor isolation of the pieces, the clinical poorly articulated with the experimental and the developmental poorly articulated with the cross-cultural. Personality has been fractionated by the narrowness of method. Few indeed of the experimental studies see the clinical realities, and few indeed of the clinical studies see the experimental possibilities. It was not at all accidental that a clinician of Harry Murray's stature saw, in the concluding chapter of *Explorations in Personality*, the vista of a program of experimental personality research. It is still unfulfilled. The separations and dislocations are largely the result of the estrangement of the clinical and the experimental, no less than the estrangement of the biological and the cross-cultural.

Secondly, there are the growing pains and the acute frustrations engendered by concepts bigger than the imagination of the methodologist. Our students are not taught, as a rule, to be creative in the search for methods. They are taught the methods that already exist. This has been true throughout the lifetime of experimental psychology and of the mathematical methods that have attended it. The reason why it was Pearson and Fisher rather than psychologists who introduced the great mathematical innovations was that the psychologists had been trained in genuflection before the standardized and ritualized methods of an age. One would think that perhaps the wisdom of the clinician would have saved us, but almost everywhere the clinician learns his trade in terms of standard practices. He learns "how to give the WISC"; "how to give the Rorschach." It is a gen-

Intro — 26 pp
Unnec. to p. 20

V is short and sweet and vivid and VI is specially interesting.

VI really brings us down to the vital details. The family life not permanently influenced. But it needs vutting judiciously. There is repetition that is finally boring. However, a certain amount of repetition judiciously left in is important for getting the feel of the what was emphssized by the young people in their expsrience of it. To find repeats is more convincing that this is it. Needs close editing, bu is fundamentally good one of the bestVIII needs cutting but there is muc interesting detail.

Chap IX should be cut Intro 10 pages out available elsewhere. More effective if short letting Bisei tell it. pp 417, 420 are very good and should be used.

Chap X cut extensively. Too many just the same cut by a third. Alth o a little reapeat is good.

XII school and society is geenerally weak and relatively uninterest ing--- at least one man's reaction for what it is worth.

XIII the intro is fairly good, one of the better ones, but the essays are really rather bad and some should perhaps all put in "Family" chapter.

XXIIV XV I feel the Ueno family saga should be put in family section.

The epilogue is not the imaginative insight that all this has inspired. It is too loaded with factual detail. It is in this that we should come out into the full light of insight and interperation which your immersio in these essays has given you. Of what youth in general is like, as seen in this crucial experience.

This is

point in the biological and social sciences, the preferred conceptual and mathematical methods which characterize the modern period, and the assurance that we are talking, in the name of science, about the same individuals who are definite personalities and who will not meet the requirements of personality as defined above. What kind of perverse masochism makes me offend you at this moment, offer you bread for a stone, and ask you to give up the enlightened vistas which I seemed, a few minutes ago, to offer as the best that modern science has given us?

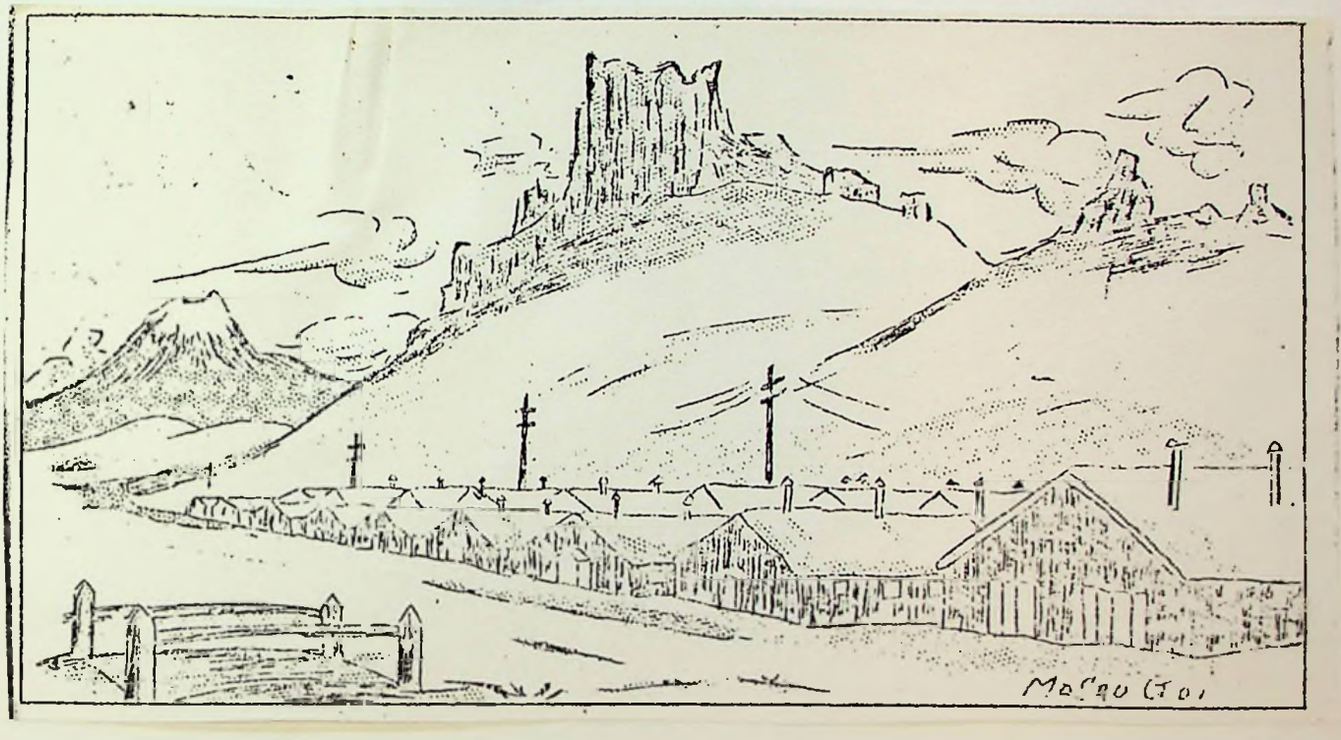
Well, I am afraid there is only one reason for doing all these perverse and inappropriate things; namely, that the conception of personality as a self-contained entity, an encapsulated whole, capable of being pinpointed and described by science, goes badly with the world of reality which it is our desire to describe, explain, and even occasionally predict or control. You never saw one of these self-contained organisms that the psychology books talk about, any more than you saw a cloud with a completely sharp edge, or a fire with flames sharply separated from the area around them. The air which you breathe in and out gets sorted out and part of it as oxygen combines with parts of your body; there is never, in the inspiration or the expiration, a sharp distinction between you and your environment. The body temperature similarly shows a gradient, and when you step outdoors on a cold winter night, the environment invades you just as your body invades it. As Henri Bergson pointed out, the furthest visible star gets into your eyes and brain. The situation around you makes a continuing impress upon you; changing, modulating, remaking you. We have never fully paid our respects to the natural world around us, partly because, the individualistic tradition has made us proud of everything that we can sharply separate from the rest. The dyadic, the ecological, the transactional aspects of human life have been regarded as too cheap, too poor to aspire to that magnificent individualism which stands forth in Caesar, in Mohammed, in Luther, in Michelangelo, in Tchaikovsky. But if it should happen to be true that personality is molded by, enclosed with, all that is there around the organism, and that it is knowable only in its commerce with the environment about it, then we shall make a pretty serious mistake in ignoring this fact for the sake of the rugged self-sufficiency of the self-contained self.

This idea about wholeness, this idea about the total integration, even this idea about the phenomenologically unified self, defies, draws away from empirical reality. Magnificent as are the Emersonian joys in self-sufficiency, they will work only for a kind of personality which is encysted, encapsulated from its life as a person in a social world.

Have I not implied that the picture on the wall is as much a part of you as the vital cells at the roots of your fingernails; have I not said that the chords of Beethoven's *Appassionata* sonata are as much *you* as is the true inwardness of *you*. I have said all this because I believe that there is an iso-

JAPANESE AMERICAN YOUTH AT THE TULE LAKE RELOCATION CENTER: NISEI SCHOOL ESSAYS FROM AUTUMN AND WINTER, 1942-43

Robert Henry Billigmeier



To the unforgettable Nisei students we came to know at Tri-State High School in Tule Lake, and to the teachers and administrators with whom we shared the anguish and gratification of working together, and to that extraordinary man, Elmer Shirrell, the first director of the Tule Lake Relocation Center.

C O N T E N T S

ILLUSTRATIONS

Preface

The Nisei youths from widely scattered West Coast communities, who entered the schools in relocation centers in autumn of 1942, experienced a school environment which, for all the disorder born of haste, was sufficiently similar to the educational environment they had known before to provide them some reassurance and sense of purpose. But there were some striking differences in the relocation center schools. The most significant was that the student bodies of these schools were entirely made up of Japanese-Americans. The Nisei accustomed to being small minorities in schools in their former communities found themselves inthe relocation center schools to be not only the majority but virtually the only children in the schools. The teachers and school administrators who came to the relocation centers, most of which were located in desolate parts of the intermontane region, found abundant challenge in providing facilities for educating their pupils at the level of the schools from which the pupils had come. If providing physical necessities for the schools was a problem, the instructional problems were not great. There were, however, special educational needs that arose from a certain measure of cultural marginality and from the circumstances of the evacuation and internment. These were acknowledged and in some measure recognized and understood. The students themselves showed a level of academic interest and ability that generally gratified teachers and further stimulated their interest and concern.

In autumn of 1942 we arrived at the Tule Lake Relocation Center. I was to be employed there as a field research assistant by the

Evacuation and Resettlement Study of the University of California. This Study, initiated by a group of Berkeley scholars, was under the direction of Prof. Dorothy Swaine Thomas. She supervised the group of field research assistants at Tule Lake. The other members were Japanese-Americans who had chosen to come to Tule Lake in order to take part in the Study.

When the esteemed director of the Tule Lake Project, Mr. Elmer Shirrell, became aware that my wife was a teacher, asked that she join the teaching staff of the Project high school. She accepted and became a member of an intensively interacting group of professional teachers; most of them remained highly sensitive to the personal and academic interests of their pupils under what seemed to be the most trying and threatening circumstances a youthful population could suffer.

Living at Tule Lake among the fifteen thousand impounded people of Japanese origin was the kind of experience that remains vivid during the remaining years of one's life. If that experience was less traumatic than for the evacuated population, it was for most other members of the community a period of great trauma. For the teachers and school administrators the travail of creating schools which could provide at least a tolerable education for the interned youths there were the complexities of working out solutions from problems without advantage of models and precedent, there was the omnipresent fear of what the evacuation would do to the Japanese-American population, there was the exhiliration of new challenges and doing something useful, there was also the discovery of one's own reservoir of insight and compassionate interest, and the sharing of efforts and interests with both stu-

dents and fellow teachers.

Attracted by the imaginative interest many teachers were demonstrating for the welfare of their students inside and outside of their classrooms, I learned of the variety of class assignments being given the students in the high schools; of particular interest were the compositions and essays that dealt with the experience of the evacuation and confinement in the Relocation Center. Understanding the nature of my interest, a number of teachers permitted me to keep materials of this kind.

In autumn and winter, 1942-43, several hundred compositions written by Japanese-American high school students at the Tule Lake Relocation Center were gathered so that they might be preserved for later reading and examination. In the years since the collection of these written materials, I have given occasional access to them to advanced studented who showed particular interest in the Japanese-American experience in relocation centers. Their urging and the interest of others as well have moved me finally to do what I had originally intended to do, that is, to arrange them in appropriate order and present them for publication. They have been arranged topically because the original assignments were made in these terms. The topical categories, moreover, have been largely arranged in an order that roughtly, at least, represents the actual sequence of time and experience. In addition to the mass of materials coming out of the high school class-room activity, several items have been included which were written by students for the high school yearbook and the Tulean Despatch Magazine.

The writings as a collection of individual contributions reveal much about the manner in which high-school Nisei perceived and responded to the circumstances of life in the relocation center. The experience of these Nisei in such communities has had an enduring effect upon them as they have moved through various stages of their adult lives after the end of the war-time internment. The ways in which relocation center experience have been viewed by Issei and Nisei retrospectively has been influenced, of course, by the circumstances and events of their later lives.

The Nisei authors of the compositions and essays here included became the parents of the Sansei, the third generation Japanese-Americans; they are now moving into grandparental roles. The Sansei and their children will find new insights into Nisei perceptions of the complex circumstances they found themselves in during the relocation experience. For all Americans, the Japanese experience in war-time confinement should have an enduring interest and meaning.

Robert H. Billigmeier
Santa Barbara, California
August 29, 1976

TULE LAKE

Out on the desert, storm swept
with wind and dust,
A new town in born.
Here we are forced to smile with
tears, for we must;
This is where we toil for the
duration, with our hearts all torn.

Dust clouds, like brown smoke,
rise and blow,
From distant hills, towering high.
Out yonder, Castle Rock stands
high and bold,
And stretches her arms to touch
the sky.

The thirsty hills are choken,
with the sun's hot rays.
The scent of sage, the wild rose
perfume rare.
Out to the distant horizon we gaze,
Wondering if our Caucasian friends
still care.

Hatsuye Miyamoto

from Scatterbrain Pieces: Year-Book
Carnival, Tri-State High School
Spring, 1943

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

When the Japanese air and naval forces attacked Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, the population of Japanese origin in the United States was filled with a profound apprehension about the days immediately before them and an anguished fear for their future in America. Despite the long years of political crises in the Pacific and continual rumors of impending war between the United States and Japan, the hope and even the expectation that open conflict would somehow be averted still prevailed among the Japanese-Americans. The War had begun with a spectacular, hostile act of the Japanese forces against American territory, and the Japanese-Americans were immediately aware of the likelihood that the nature of the War's beginning would have direct consequences for their position in American society during the period of conflict and, perhaps, for long years afterward.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt, immediately following the declaration of the existence of the state of War, issued proclamations which made enemy aliens subject to arrest and internment; their travel was immediately restricted and they were prohibited from possessing an extensive list of contraband goods. The Treasury Department promptly acted to freeze the assets and credits of enemy aliens and forced them to close down their enterprises and businesses. Although these war-time proclamations were directed against all enemy aliens, German, Italian, and Japanese, they fell with particular force upon the Japanese immigrants who by law were ineligible to become American citizens. With but extremely few exceptions, then, all persons born in Japan, the Issei, had not been allowed to become citizens and hence with the outbreak of hostilities all members of the Issei population were classified

as "enemy aliens." Their children, the Nisei or second generation, were American citizens by birth and their citizenship remained intact despite the sporadic efforts of various groups at the height of war-time hysteria to wrest their citizenship from them. The anger and hostility that had widely been manifest against people of German ancestry in the United States after its entry into the first World War, again appeared again in exaggerated form this time focused upon the Japanese. The distinction between Japanese enmy aliens and Japanese-American citizens, that is between Issei and Nisei, was often lost not only to people in the communities in which they lived but also to public authorities at various levels of government; this was particularly widespread in California, Washington, and Oregon. This gross indifference to the distinction between citizen and non-citizen or "enemy alien" led to numerous infringements of the constitutional guarantees of a vulnerable segment of America's citizenry.

From the beginning of the War, proclamations were more strenuously applied to the Japanese than to the German or Italian enemy aliens. Arrests for suspected--or anticipated--subversion multiplied in the weeks and months immediately following. The Japanese were more often placed under surveillance, stopped, searched, apprehended, questioned, and interned.

A number of strategic zones were defined and all enemy aliens were excluded. Japanese-Americans were allowed to move to other parts of the country. In the first months of the War, the Justice and War Departments had planned to resettle the Japanese population according to individual preference. Strong public opposition developed in the Rocky Mountain states and the decision was

made to intern the Japanese for the duration of the conflict. No distinction was made in defining policies or carrying them out between the Nisei, who were American citizens, and the Issei who were now regarded as "enemy aliens." Nisei suffered exclusion and internment along with the Issei. One rationale offered was that the Nisei were preponderantly composed of minors and that it would not be feasible to separate them from the parents on whom they were dependent. An atmosphere of hostility to the resident Japanese and suspicion of their loyalty to the United States pervaded the West Coast. The successes of the Japanese army and naval forces in Asia heightened the sense of fear and outrage against Japan and, by extension, against the people of Japanese origin in the United States. The persistence of old-world language, culture, and institutions especially among the immigrant generation persuaded many that the Japanese in America were disloyal and hence potentially dangerous. Where the general population had only limited knowledge of the Japanese in America and were instructed only by impressions, distortions, and rumors the conviction of their disloyalty and danger grew. The activities of groups who saw their economic interests conflict with those of the Japanese-Americans and the recrudescence of anti-Oriental sentiments on the West Coast gave impetus to movements to institute further restrictions on them.

General John L. DeWitt, commander of the Western Defense Command, recommended that the evacuation of enemy aliens be carried out immediately rather than in successive stages. Acting upon this recommendation, President Roosevelt on February 19, issued Executive Order 9066 authorizing the Secretary of War directly or through designated military commanders to define military areas "from which

any or all persons may be excluded." The following day the discretionary right was given General DeWitt to proscribe such an area. On March 2, General DeWitt issued Public Proclamation No. 1 defining western Washington, Oregon, and California and southern Arizona as Military Area 1 from which enemy aliens were to be excluded. Area 2 embraced the rest of the four states and a number of specific areas within this territory were disegnated but movement was otherwise not restricted. In a rapid succession of moves, General DeWitt provided for the evacuation of all Japanese from restricted areas; their free movement out of their place of residence to other parts of the United States was no longer permitted. Provisions were made to remove the Japanese from their homes and to house them temporarily in hastily modified quarters in race tracks and fairground structures in various parts of the Pacific coast states, until the completion of Relocation Centers. These Centers were constructed by the Army Corps of Engineers. The mass evacuation of a population including a large proportion of citizens was without precedent and presented grave logistical problems as well as moral and constitutional issues.[1] The evacuation and internment were effected not without protests by individuals and by church and other groups.

The population to be evacuated was large and, although the Japanese in the continental United States were highly concentrated in the Pacific coastal area of the country, they were widely scattered within that region. According to the census of 1940

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[1] See Morton Grodzins, Americans Betrayed: Politics and the Japanese Evacuation (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1949) and Jacobus tenBroek, Edward N. Barnhart, and Floyd W. Matson, Prejudice, War and the Constitution: Causes and Consequences of the Evacuation of the Japanese Americans in World War II (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1968).

there were more than 127,000 people of Japanese origin in the continental United Sates; 113,000 lived in the four western states; some 94,000 lived in California where the greatest concentration lay. A far larger number lived in Hawaii where they represented more than forty per cent of the total population; here, despite the numbers and the proportion as well as the strategic vulnerability of the Islands, the Japanese population was not evacuated or interned. The immigrant generation on the Mainland, the Issei, more than half of whom had arrived before the end of the first decade of the century, were by this time numerically inferior to their American-born children. There were in 1940, 47,000 Issei, half of whom were 50 years old or more; of the 80,000 Nisei, two-thirds were under 20 years of age. Although the Japanese had been introduced to the American economy largely as unskilled labor, they had made substantial progress in farming enterprises over the decades by the applications of the skills in intensive, specialized agriculture which they had learned in farming communities of Hiroshima, Fukuoka, Yamaguchi and other rural prefectures. By 1940 more than half of the Japanese were engaged in non-agricultural occupations. The remaining force of anti-Oriental feeling in the West Coast was still impeding the upward mobility of the Japanese including the second generation. Yet the vanguard of Nisei population now entering into the labor force in significant numbers was intent upon piercing the occupation ceiling that had thus far limited their advance.

By the end of the 1930s, the Nisei were acculturating into American society in ways not radically different from those of other

second generation groups. The Nisei were attending public schools in proportions much like those of the Caucasian population; their attendance at colleges and universities was proportionately almost identical with that of the Caucasian population and exceeding those of most other minorities. There was nevertheless a considerable variation in the progress of acculturation among Japanese-American young people. There were important variations in the extent of their acculturation according to the density of their settlement in the communities of residence, the extent of Japanese community organization, the breadth of educational opportunities, and the dimensions of contact with the general American population. Despite common cultural characteristics there were significant regional, class, occupational and urban-rural differences among the Japanese population of the western states.

The Nisei in most communities lived in a hybrid cultural environment which combined linguistic, cultural, and institutional patterns representing both Japan and the United States. Some Issei parents had sent one or more of their American-born children to live with relatives in Japan where they spent the formative years of their lives before returning to the United States to rejoin their parents and siblings. These Nisei who were given the special appellation Kibei, had lived in a Japan much changed from that in which their Issei parents had been raised. Thus although their Japanese language skills were better than those of the Nisei and although they shared more of the Japanese culture with their parents than did other Nisei, the Kibei were nonetheless set apart from both.

They were not an intermediate category; they were not generally able to act as a bridge across the gap between Issei and Nisei. Their return to their families in America after years of absence often brought difficult adjustment for them and for other members of the family as well. Some Kibei as young adults came more and more to associate with Nisei, others with Issei, but in many instances the Kibei found most ease in association with other Kibei. The Japanese-American population, which the surrounding Caucasians thought of as a homogeneous "they," was in truth characterized by internal contrasts and sharp divisions.

The Army constructed ten Relocation Centers with a capacity of 119,000 which were eventually utilized for the internment of the west coast Japanese. Poston (also known as the Colorado River Project) was the largest with a capacity of 20,000. The next largest was Tule Lake in northern California with a capacity of 16,000. Manzanar in California had a capacity of 10,000; Gila River, Arizona, 15,000; Minidoka, Idaho, 10,000; Heart Mountain, Wyoming, 10,000; Granada, Colorado, 8,000; Topaz,(Utah), Rohwer (Arkansas) and Jerome (Arkansas) each had a capacity of 10,000.

In five months in the summer of 1942, the largest city in the northernmost portion of California emerged out of the wind-swept, dusty terrain lying 7 miles south of the small town of Tulelake near the Oregon border. The fifteen thousand Japanese Americans who were brought to the Tule Lake Relocation Center had been evacuated from communities in central California and western Washington and Oregon; a few were evacuated from their homes and moved directly to the Tule Lake Relocation Center or, as it was also called, Project. Most were placed temporarily in what were called Assembly Centers in the three states. Most of the Tule Lake population came

from rural areas in the three states. Some urban groups, however, arrived from Sacramento, Stockton, Seattle and Tacoma. The composition of the population was generally representative of the population of Japanese ancestry in the west coast.

The first group of evacuees arrived at Tule Lake on May 27, 1942. This pioneer group included 447 volunteers from the Puyallup and Portland Assembly Centers in the northwest. On June 1 and 2, three hundred more arrived directly from evacuated areas in rural Oregon; on June 3 and 4 another group arrived from rural areas in western Washington again directly from their homes. These early arrivals, along with almost five hundred persons from the Clarksburg area in California were assigned quarters in Ward 1 of the barracks community. The tempo of the population movement slowed markedly between June 6 and 15. Small groups, perhaps no more than fifty persons in aggregate, arrived from Tulare, Sacramento, Marysville, Puyallup, and Tanforan Assembly Centers. In the last half of June the ingress was heavy. Each day additional groups were brought to the Center principally from the Asembly Centers in Sacramento and Marysville. By the first of July the population behind Tule Lake's barbed-wire fences had reached 9,038--an increase of approximately seven thousand in two weeks. In the first half of July the tempo of movement was much reduced. Groups evacuated directly from Military Area 2 of northern California, largely from Auburn, Lincoln, and Newcastle and from Chico and Gridley, were brought to Tule Lake. In late July, more than four thousand evacuees arrived from the Pinedale Assembly Center. By the first of August the Relocation Center Center's boom days came to an end. In a few days over two months more than fifteen thousand persons had been impounded in what had

been an uninhabited portion of a dry lake bed lying of a high mountain plateau. The families entering Tule Lake were assigned quarters by the housing officials of the Relocation Center largely according to time of arrival; row after row of barracks were filled, ward by ward. In early September the maximum population of 15,279 was recorded. Shortly thereafter, a change in policy permitted individuals to leave for non-restricted areas of the country initially to aid in agricultural harvesting.

The commanding general of the Western Defense Command retained the exclusive right to regulate the ingress or egress of any Japanese in the evacuated zone. The War Department on August 11 delegated to the War Relocation Authority, a civilian agency, the responsibility of administering the communities established in the various Relocation Centers. The Japanese American people, interned under the care of the War Relocation Authority, faced the task along with the staff of that agency of making an aggregation of uprooted people into something resembling a community. In the monumental task of achieving social reorganization there were limitations imposed by geographical conditions, the lack of needed physical facilities, military restrictions, policies of the federal government and regulations of the War Relocation Authority. The inexperience of most of the staff members with Japanese or Japanese Americans remained a serious problem for all the personnel except those who by immense good will, dedication and perceptiveness were able largely to overcome the limitations of inexperience. No one was more aware than men like Elmer Shirrell, the first director of Tule Lake, of the frightful dilemmas arising from efforts to renconcile professed democratic principles with the internment behind barbed wire of a minority people most of whom were American citizens. Efforts to

establish a broad base for political expression and activity and a substantial measure of participation in decision making were destined to meet only partial success. The heterogeneity of the Japanese-American population, the regional sub-cultural differences and rivalries, contrasts in class and occupational backgrounds, differences of interest and perspective among urban and rural populations, religious divisions, the gap between generational groups, and the conflict of ideologies all were made more divisive by the heightened emotions engendered by the evacuation. The disorganization, humiliation, economic loss, violation of constitutional rights of Nisei, the separation and isolation of people from friends and family, all produced a bitter resentment and pervasive suspicion that made the task of building a community under the conditions of confinement very difficult. Yet a community with some measure of stability did emerge out of the travail.

Perhaps the institution most like that of communities with which the Japanese-American "colonists" were familiar was the school system; nursery schools were established in various sections of the community; elementary schools and a high school were organized. Most of the 4,750 Nisei in Tule Lake from ages to 5 to 19 were enrolled in the schools.

On September 12, 1942, as the Japanese-American editors of the Tri-State High School yearbook, the Aquila, were later to record, 400 seniors and 2,000 other students "answered the call of the imaginary school bells which rang out from the newly organized school at Newell, California." Newell was the post-office address of the Relocation Center.

The superintendents of schools for the Relocation Centers of the Western Region met in San Francisco in the Summer of 1942 to formulate basic educational principles to be used in organizing and conducting schools for Japanese-American children. They adopted the educational philosophy associated with the term, "Community School"; such a school, they affirmed, not only teaches fundamental skills and knowledge of man's historical experience, "but it harnesses these to the present and gives training in the dynamics of social action."[1] To the assembled superintendents this clearly meant a closer and "more creative partnership between students and teachers" than normally existed; it also meant a more intensive and extensive utilization of "environmental resources as power tools to supplement and vitalize the learning that comes through text books, assignments, and recitations."[2] The Community School, they argued, not only trains the individual but serves community interests more broadly. This suggested an emphasis upon the particular needs of Japanese-American youths not only in terms of their immediate Relocation Center life but also in terms of the later "reabsorption" into general American society. It was agreed, then, that the students were to be given vocational training along with a strenuous presentation of academic subjects and, if possible, assigned work experience that would aid them later in securing productive employment in

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[1] San Francisco Regional Office, War Relocation Authority, "The Community School and its Curriculum in Relocation Centers," The Community School Forum, Vol. I, no. 1, November 20, 1942.

[2] Ibid.

areas where they would later settle. The school superintendents, reminding themselves of war-time obligations, affirmed the responsibility of Relocation Center schools, like schools elsewhere, to help meet the national emergency by training future contributors to the production of needed goods and services.[1]

The schools of Tule Lake were directed by Superintendent Kenneth Harkness who was to play an important role in educational reform in Japan in the years immediately following the end of the War. Martin Gunderson was appointed principal of the High School. Both men were vigorous and able people, sensitive to the special problems of the community; they were also aware of the practical problems they had to encounter but were impatient with impediments. Jeanette Smoyer, one of the high school teachers, wrote a humorous skit about the frustrating series of bureaucratic impediments encountered by Mr. Gunderson in getting some simple carpentry done in the school; he resolved the administrative blockages by taking saw and hammer in hand and doing the carpentry himself.

The administrative and teaching staffs were well chosen and carefully oriented. Approximately eighty teachers were chosen. Twenty or so of the high school teachers were young Nisei men and women. In addition there were a number of assistant teachers who received training and direction from Arthur Ramey, Supervisor of Colonist Teachers. The Caucasian teachers included some whose teaching credentials were relatively recently acquired as well as a few teachers nearing retirement age. On the whole, however, they were younger than would have been generally characteristic of schools "on the outside." At least seventeen held Master's degrees;

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[2] Ibid.

several had taught at the college level. At least a few of them had lived and taught in Asia. Many of the teachers had been attracted to the remote and desolate area with the personal and professional hardships associated with it by the nature of the task, most particularly by a genuine caring about the welfare of Japanese-American people. There was a considerable variation in the teaching ability of the members of the high school staff as is true of high schools generally, but a surprisingly large number of particularly talented teachers were drawn to Tule Lake by the need they were convinced existed there. In part, perhaps, because of self-selection of those applying and in part because of the screening done by school officials and their orientation as well as direction, the prevailing climate among high school teachers was one of remarkable dedication and general concern for their students. As the situation was generally defined by the school people, the Nisei school children were in a terrible predicament and the dangers they faced, not physical dangers generally, were grave. Isolation from the general American society and confinement in an almost completely Japanese environment threatened to magnify Japanese linguistic and cultural influences; peer group contacts with assimilated youths at home were completely severed. Teachers dreaded what they believed to be a pervasive potentiality for a reversal of the process of acculturation. Given the definition of the situation faced by their students, the teachers' own professional commitment and sense of challenge, as well as compassion, the need to counter the negative influences and conditions seemed clearly evident. There was also the matter of Nisei "loyalty" under the conditions of the general American antipathy and the impoundment alike of enemy aliens and American citi-

citizens based upon racial considerations. So the questions seemed naturally to arise: "What can we as their teachers do to preserve their faith in American institutions?" "How can we strengthen their willingness to return to general American society after their release and there to work out the problems they must inevitably face as a minority?" "How can we prepare them for eventual re-absorption into American communities?" The teachers and school administrators were aware that for the Nisei in their classes, they represented, more than any other group in the community, the American people generally. With their practical idealism, and some measure of self-righteousness, they were determined to represent the worthier traditions of American society. The problems seemed so tangible, so terrible, and so real, as well as obvious. With all the frustrations afforded by circumstances came a pervasive sense of common purpose and a determination to act constructively. The school directors provided a kind of atmosphere where teachers and administrators could work together without the impediments created by inherited bureaucratic structures. As one high school teacher later wrote, "there was the dreamed-of opportunity for teachers to sit down in a relaxed atmosphere, coffee pot on the pot-bellied stove and express every hope they had of teaching their specialty as they wanted to teach it. Together plans were drawn up, debated, changed but finally worked out to everyone's satsifaction. To a teacher this was not the customary procedure and yet all the basic requirements were met in ways worthy of the best preparatory schools in the nation."[1]

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[1] From collected notes and correspondence.

That some of the students were aware of the caring and responded to it is reflected in the personal associations that developed between individual students, student groups, and teachers; there is also the evidence of warm personal and professional associations from voluminous correspondence among them after either or both had left Tule Lake. "Informality and companionship between teachers and pupils is one of the greatest assets of which the school can justly boast."[1]

In the face of the obvious lack of many of the facilities and equipment considered standard in American schools, students and teachers were constantly reminded that they were pioneers and should respond to the challenges abundantly present with both fortitude and imagination. "In the informal setting, scattered chairs and tables," wrote William Marutani, "classes are conducted with the day's lesson scrawled out on wrapping paper and tacked upon the 2 x 4 wall supports. Over the plasterboard wall in the POD (Problems of Democracy) class drifts the singing of the Espanol class hailing with 'AY, AY, AY, AY, CANTA Y NO LLORES: PORQUE CANTANDO SE ALEGRAN, CIELITO LINDO, DOS CORAZONES.'"[2]

The beginning of the school year was hectic; there was no basic structure inherited from past administors and teachers, no accumulation of supplies and facilties to draw from; there were no well-established routines or conventionalized ways of doing things. Several Nisei social scientists recorded the criticisms of parents and students at what seemed to at least some of them

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[1] William Marutani, "School in the Barracks," Tulean Dispatch, Magazine Section, Vol. 1, No. 4, November 1942, 18.

[2] Ibid.

to be gross inefficiency and stupidity. Given the conditions of Relocation Center life, this perception was heightened by the existing feelings of frustration and bitterness and, indeed, further contributed to them. As long as the lack of facilities was only a temporary condition arising out of the existence of war-time shortages and the newness of the schools, many colonists perceived the situation more in terms of challenge than failure.

> Although the task of harvesting vegetables was a tremendous one, when the pupils returned to school a still bigger job faced them. For attending school without books, without desks and blackboards, with noise and confusion which come from classrooms without walls is like attending a western movie thriller without cowboys, cattle-rustlers, and gunplay. The advanced Typing III class is the extreme case: it has no typewriters, not one. Undaunted, the class is studying hyphenation, principal parts of letters, word study, and tabulation.[1]

The stoves, blackboards, wallboard, materials, the Rugg textbooks arrived and the school increasingly resembled the insitutions back home. Each step was duly noted and accepted as at least a minor triumph. The austerity of the beginnings provided the raw materials for a sense of shared hardships as reflected in the common expression, "remember when. . ?"

As new inhabitants were introduced into the community in the summer months (before the schools were established), a department of the Project administration was formed to plan for and develop social activities for Issei and Nisei, for males and females, for adults adolescents, and children as well as for groups with special needs and interests. From the beginning, the administration

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[1] Ibid.

acknowledged that the removal of people from home and accustomed patterns of daily existence would create a pervasive sense of emptiness and disorganization. It was also anticipated at least in some measure (and abundantly confirmed in actual experience) that a sense of community would not emerge quickly simply because the inhabitants of the Relocation Center shared the same national origins. The residents came from different regions; occupational and class backgrounds varied; there remained pronounced generational contrasts in interests and activities. The anticipation on the part of Project authorities of the need for diverse activities and their enlistment of colonists to help in planning was salutary but the actual development of programs was difficult. A considerable measure of confusion, friction, and group competitiveness characterized the early period. Nevertheless, during the summer months various areas of activity were developed by the people of the community in concert with employees of the community activities section. Various kinds of entertainment were provided: sports and games, arts and crafts (including dance, drama, music, creative writing, folk arts, sewing, crocheting, and others) as well as social activities and nursery programs. An extensive program of competitive team sports was organized. These and other activities absorbed time and provided for the release of sheer physical energy as well as for diversion. The widespread sense of disorganization and emptiness as well as uncertainly about the future was clearly not dispelled by the activities, but at least they served to reduce the consciousness of emptiness and pain; it is likely that they prevented in substantial measure the resort to other less desirable activities.

As one Nisei university student wrote:

> One of the most undermining habits to one's peace of mind is the constant preoccupation with oneself. If we could see our problem, not as being unique, but as a part of the greater American problem, it would help to shift the attention centered on ourselves. Better still, if we could lose ourselves in a movement or interest that absorbed all of our energies, we would have little time for self-pity. . . . It is important that those of us who are lonesome and bewildered seek the protection of some sympathetic group. We should find a group well-suited to our nature, possessing ideals and attitudes similar to ours.[1]

What was doubtlessly most important about the variety of activities provided during the summer was the contact they provided for youths with their peers from other regions of the west coast. Some progress was made in breaking down the barriers to friendly communication in this period, but the differences in regional subcultures and acculturation patterns remained clearly evident. To the Nisei from the northwest, the Sacramento Nisei with their jitterbugging, strange haircuts, and informal ways (and also their dark skin color) seemed strange; to the Sacramento youth the northwestern Nisei often seemed strange and inhibited. But at least the the process of making friendships began and many expressions may be found of the excitement and thrill that many youths experienced in discovering shared interests and ideas.

When the school term began in autumn, most of the social and recreational activities designed for school-aged children were absorbed by the schools.

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[1] James Sakoda, "Nisei Personality Adjustment," Tulean Dispatch Magazine, No. 11, July, 1943.

The sketch of "School History" in the yearbook Aquila begins, "Out in a desolate sand plateau in Northern California stands a row of 20 tar papered barracks, our Tri-State High School, which opened its doors to 2400 students on September 14, 1942." These included about 400 seniors and similar numbers each of juniors, sophomores, freshmen, eighth graders and seventh graders. The whole structure of student organization and activities had to be organized quickly and this was done very much according to the models students and teachers were familiar with from their experience "on the outside." Classes were organized, class officers elected and activities planned with class advisers. Student body officers were elected and ceremoniously installed in January, 1943; student government began to function. The school administrators and faculty set about to provide as wide a variety of activities as possible, building upon the activities developed during the summer by the Project administration. Students saw in such activities the means of identifying peers with similar interests and cooperating with them to their individual and collective advantage. Among the organizations were the Student Forum (with 89 members listed in Aquila), Knights of Honor (23), Rally Committee (38), Tri-State Angels (31), Photography Club (43), Aquila Staff and Advisory Board (62), Tri-Stater school newspaper staff (46), Thespians (32), Red Cross (40), Speakers' Bureau (22), Art Club (15), Commercial Club (41), Music Club (29) Home Economics Club (28), Scholarship Society, the various glee clubs, band and orchestra were also large organizations. Smaller groups were the Tri-State Strutters, Senior Speech Club, Needle Art Club, Zoology Club, Chemistry Club, Horizon Girls, Junior Hi-Y, Junior Campfire Girls, Tri-State Slammers, Cosmetology Club, Ex-

calibur Club, Nature Guides, Orcalington, Senior Girls Reserves. League of football teams and later basketball teams were formed and became active. In the Spring, track activities began. There were the class days, dances, and a variety of school activities familiar in schools generally, but the event of the school year was the Kanaka Carnival held on April 30 to raise money for the school yearbook.

High school students were engaged in the universally recognized and approved task of completing their basic education. What they were doing at Tri-State High School had to be done in any case, wherever they might be living. Not so with many of the Nisei who had passed that mark and were, unless they had been assigned suitable employment by the WRA in the Project, simply marking time. The university careers of many Nisei had been interrupted by the evacuation; similarly other young men and women had to abandon the employment they had secured or the careers they had just started. For some, especially, the interruption of the kind of employment they had at that time, was not in itself much lamented. It was not just the frustrating consequences of interruption that was most disturbing, but the uncertainty about what was to come next. The wait, the uncertainty about what things would be like on the outside when they left and after the war, was the crucial matter.

High-school Nisei lived in a more familiar milieu. Students teachers, and administrators were bound into some kind of symbiotic relationship by pedagogical traditions. The schools, for all the problems school life presented, inevitably represented an island of familiar, conventional, and important activity.

Students, teachers, and administrators all well acquainted with their institutional roles, fell into established routines and that provided stability; of course, the lack of supplies and equipment as well as all the quick improvisations remained frustrating but these were recognized to be temporary.

The Nisei in the schools were not unaware or unaffected by the general climate of the Center community, but they were not as fully involved in the specific issues as were the Nisei and Issei adults. School children are not generally as aware as adults of the community problems which are removed from their direct personal involvement. The issues that stirred the Issei seemed in general to stir the Nisei young adults somewhat less and move the Nisei school population even less than that. One does not find in the writings of the students nor in their recitations an image in balanced proportions of general community concerns or perspectives or meanings attached to experience. The Nisei school children had a different set of activities in which they necessarily had to engage themselves; and upon their success in these tasks, much of their future as individuals seemed to depend.

On the one hand it is clear that as part of family units, high school youths were affected by the attitudes and behavior of older members of the family with whom they shared the vicissitudes of internment. On the other hand, attending school engaged them in milieux that brought other interests and activities into prominence in their lives as well as contacts with teachers and school administrators that represented the American world beyond the barbed-wire fences.

To the teachers and administrators, generally, what mattered most at Tule Lake was what happened to the Nisei in their care. The rest of community life they saw largely as a somewhat vague projection of what they learned from their communication with students and their teaching aids. Although the teachers had social relationships with Caucasian administrative personnel who were sympathetic to the interests of the evacuees, their perspectives and interests remained centered upon the Nisei in school. In some measure this resulted in some simplistic notions about life in the Japanese-American community and particularly about issues between the adults and the WRA administration and about internal divisions among the various groups of Issei, Nisei, and Kibei in their pursuit of interests and power. These limitations on the part of teachers, however, proved to be harmless; they produced no grave weakness in this period. The talents and energies they possessed were focused upon the Nisei needs as they understood them. There were indeed no serious issues created by teachers or administrators in the schools of the magnitude of those created by certain of the Caucasian and Japanese personnel in other parts of the Project administration. The teachers on the whole proved not only competent and effective but morally committed as well.

Teachers in the high school frequently made comment upon what they regarded as the extraordinary attentiveness, discipline, and sense of responsibility of Nisei in their classes; some expressed the observation, with respect and amusement, that they could give assingments in class and leave for a faculty meeting with the comforting assurance that when they returned the students

would be seriously engaged in carrying out the assignment. This seemed novel to them. Academic requirements were seen as equally applicable here as in other high schools and students accepted that position without question. Oral recitations and written assignments were a vital part of student activity. Special attention was often provided Nisei and more especially to Kibei when it was perceived that language problems existed. In keeping with the philosophy of the "Community School" efforts were made to address student needs as members of the community. A number of high school teachers believed that the students should be given an opportunity, indeed be encouraged, to express the feelings of tension, frustration, and confinement produced by the evacuation and their internment openly and fra nkly; it was hoped and expected that this would help relieve the intensity of feelings. Students were often instructed to treat subjects that concerned themselves and the community and to "write as you think and feel." Teachers encouraged them to give first thought to the feelings and, as one added, "if you cannot express yourself adequately, I'll even help you find the words to express your feelings."[1] It was not easy for the students to respond as quickly and as fully as the teachers would have desired; the necessary trust had to be engendered and tested before it could be relied upon. The students spoke with increasing frankness and eventually some were able to express resentment and bitterness in the confidence that this would not be made to count against them in any way. Bitterness and resentment of course were not the only kinds of feelings they had to express.

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[1] Personal notes.

After considerable preparation for this practice, some teachers had the students read their compositions and essays to the class as a whole and, according to my field notes, frank discussions of the evacuation and relocation experience often followed. Expressions of deeply rooted feelings were indeed encouraged whether they were critical of the country, the evacuation, the WRA, the schools or whatever; they were encouraged whether they showed balanced judgments or not, whether they seemed subjective or objective in the personal judgment of the instructors. When instructors invited students to write about personal feelings, they generally gave specific topics to help the students achieve direction and form in their writing. Some of the assignments touched upon aspects of their experience that seem of modest importance, even trivial, in terms of what they reveal about any single individual. Even in such cases, the essays may reveal much in terms of what they represent in aggregate, as a group expression. Some of the asignments were obviously designed to provoke more serious essays. The papers, to illustrate this point, that were written on "Family Life in Tule Lake" reveal much serious thought in preparation for the writing.

In some instances the students were not able to write with any apparent depth of feeling or insight. It is easy for a later generation to forget that high-school-aged youths even when they are in the midst of serious, decisive life experiences may not order their perspectives immediately with the profoundity and maturity the nature of the experiences seem to call for. They were not always able to put order to the confusion of conflicting feelings; santiments of excitement with novelty, new circumstances and new friendships seem strangely intermeshed with a depressing

sense of the drabness of the environment and the blandness of life in the "Colony;" in the individual consciousness one senses in their writings a shifting balance between the fears and doubts about the future, especially that longer part which would lie beyond the War, and the hopes and sense of promise they still nurtured.

Sometimes the expectations that teachers had of their students seems excessive. One teacher who had spent a number of years in Japan and who had worked for the cooperative movement led by Kagawa was particularly zealous in her attention to the Nisei and especially the Kibei. She believed that many Japanese-American youths could, with encouragement, respond to the need to bridge of gap between the cultures of the warring nations of the East and West. She sought to provide encouragement to individuals to devote themselves to that purpose. As warmly sympathetic and generally effective as she was in her teaching and personal relationships, she faced the limitations of the youthfulness of her students and the impact of the circumstances which they were then experiencing.

The Nisei who wrote these compositions and essays many years ago may read them and recall their writing. Hopefully they will also recall the trying circumstances under which they were written. Many Nisei having experienced great changes in circumstances and perspectives in the interveing years may well look with both interest and pride at the response of Nisei high school students; they may also look with dismay at what was said or left unsaid.

For the third generation, the Sansei, there will be no remembrance of their own experience, no direct familiarity with the circumstances as they existed. The social climate of a nation in such crises as war and the social mini-climate of a group with its own distinctive crisis are difficult to reconstruct or understand when the critical times have past Because the civil rights movements have so greatly altered national and minority perspectives, it may be tempting to judge the students' response by standards that are not appropriate to their actual time. It is easy to fall victim to the tyranny of the present in viewing past experience--and to make unwarranted judgments for or against.

What is indeed revealed in the collection of compositions and essays is a rich treasure of responses by youths to circumstances of potentially tragic proportions for them individually and collectively. The purpose of publishing the collection is to permit people to learn from them what they can reveal about human response to great crises in their lives.

C H A P T E R I I

THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR AND THE EVACUATION OF JAPANESE-AMERICANS FROM HOME AND COMMUNITY: Nisei Compositions Written Retrospectively in Diary Form, November. 1942

Introduction to Chapter II

In early November, 1942, students in some of the High School English classes were assigned the task of recording their remembrances of the outbreak of the War, their preparations for evacuation, the actual removal to Assembly Centers, and finally the transfer to the Tule Lake Relocation Center. The young people were directed to write about their own personal experiences in diary form as though they were making notations in their diaries at the time the events were occurring.

The written responses are highly varied in length, form, and content. At least few members of the class, perhaps even many of them, were able to base their written work on actual diary entries which they had recorded in that period of disruption and uncertainty. Some students not only describe events but also present their remembrances of feelings of distress, fear, and excitement. Largely perhaps because of the form in which they were to cast their thoughts, there seems to be in some instances a certain casualness in describing events that had momentous importance in their lives. One has to bear in mind that the assignment came early in the school year, after the close of a recess to allow the youths to help in the Project's potato harvest which had interrupted the school year barely started. Nisei students were generally serious students and much disposed to take assignments seriously as well as to honor the responsibilities they felt they owed the teachers and their own educational advancement. There were, despite the general seriousness of intent, extensive

contrasts in the quality of written and oral expressions. In evaluating their work in terms of what the individual expressions might reveal that is of sociological and psychological significance, one has to bear in mind widespread differences in linguistic skills reflecting a variable patterning of acculturation among this second generation population. There were as well other cultural and personal factors which militated against a full expression of feelings about these serious events in their lives.

The dominant element in the Nisei diary entries in this section is the sadness and despair at leaving friends for what appeared would be a long time and perhaps for ever. Over and over one notes, in various forms of expression, the painful lament of the young evacuee at "leaving all my best friends that were very nice to us even after the war broke open." The numerous references make clear that the Nisei writers were referring not merely to the interruption of the web of social relationships at home that bound them together with other Nisei but also to the hakujin friends, the Caucasian neighbors and school mates. Repeatedly one finds references to the last visit to their school to visit friends and teachers; many were also seen off at the depot by friends and leaders, a fact which was bound to impress them: "Some even wept and told us how much they wanted us to stay." A number of the girls were able to admit, as boys would not, that tears came at the moment of separation: "I tried to hold back my tears but couldn't. I didn't think life could ever do that to me."

In many of the notations, Nisei writers remind themselves or are reminded by others that "we are at war" and that the lives

of millions of people in the country are being dislocated by the call to military services or employment in war industries. Some note that whether the evacuation was right or wrong, the evacuation is the sacrifice required of us. Bitterness and resentness is there too: "why are we being evacuated and not Germans and Italians?" or "All my learnings of Democracy seem shattered. After careful consideration, I realized that it was for my benefit as well as the nation's." How general this kind of resolution to the humiliation of national distrust and to the travail of being uprooted can best be gauged only after a careful reading of all the essays in this volume. One should note at this point, however, what is so widely reflected throughout the whole collection: the widespread Nisei impulse to be constructive; the impulse is at times subordinated to other conclusions and emotions, but it nevertheless remains strong throughout this first year of internment.

In most human crises, even in combat, illness or bereavement, in competitive struggles or civil turbulence, the prevailing emotions of the moment may for a time at least be set aside. Despite the sadness and regret at departure from home and the feelings of uncertainty as to what was to come, there was also the welling up of excitement at new scenes and the anticipation of new experiences one could hardly even guess at.

Many Nisei were able to see during their transfer from home to Assembly Center and from there to the Relocation Center things they had never before experienced.

> When I was in Washington we worked on a farm and we were unable to travel. When this mass evacuation came and we rode on train, I was scared to death because I never rode on a train before. I heard much stories

> where the train collided, tipped over a bridge into a river or other scary stories. After the train started moving I wasn't scared one bit. I forgot all about my uneasiness because I was interested in the scenery. When on a farm, only things we saw were corn, peas, patches of berries, etc., but on a train it was different. The vast areas of grain glided past, new cities past by- - - oh, it was interesting to look at things change from one to another. I suppose even the Tule Lake W.R.A. is nothing but dust and sand [but] other California cities are beautiful. I could see it in my mind's eye.
>
> I have some studies to do and am quite busy so that I'll close now. . .[1]

Tired as they might be after a long trip to Tule Lake and however uninspiring the community and surrounding terrain might appear, many Nisei noted how anxious they had been "to explore around our new homes." "After eating lunch," a student recalls, "I felt buoyant and full of pep. We clambered about like goats..."

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[1] F. Y. to Hanny Billigmeier, June 14, 1943.

(Female)
Period 4

Dear Diary,

December 7th, 1941

I have one of the most shocking news to tell you, Diary. Pearl Harbor in Hawaii has been bombed by the Japanese! I can't actually believe it yet. I wonder if it really is true? I guess it must be or Mom's face never would have turned as pale as hers did when she heard the news. It was so strange at lunch this afternoon. We were all eating away when our neighbors came over and exclaimed. "Pearl Harbor has been bombed!" We were abruptly silenced and for a moment no one could speak. Then the tense air was at last broken by a pooh-poohing from Sis.

What are we going to do? What will happen to us? I've never encountered such obstacles as this, but Mom will know. She's sleeping beside me now and I really want to ask her what this is all about now but I know she isn't really sleeping. I know her mind is filled with all kinds of thoughts and on top of that she must bear all of these thoughts all by herself for Pop's isn't here any more. I think I'll wait for few days until her mind is a little easier before I ask anything about this war.

December 8, 1941

Oh, Diary, how I dreaded to go to school today! Mom forced me to go because she said it was better if I go.

The atmosphere of the school was filled with nothing but talks of about Pearl Harbor and those "darn Japs!" I didn't know what to do or say.

Reminiscing

(My reminiscence of June 19, 1942 in diary form)

Friday, June 19, 1942--11:00 p.m.

Today--I can't describe the misery of today. Is this what we call "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?" I didn't know democracy was like this!

It was only a little over twenty-four hours ago when we received a notice stating that we were to pack all of our belongings that we had with us in the Assembly Center and be ready to leave by 9:30 the next evening for Tule Lake. I was eating my supper in the huge mess hall seating 2,000 people, when I first heard this news from my older sister. We were having some kind of roast that evening. But after hearing the news, I dropped my fork and just sat there thinking--I won't be seeing Spanky and Teddy anymore for a while, or will I be seeing Tsug or Joe. But I'll be seeing them soon because we were told that the Assembly Center was going down to Tule Lake, too. Then, I thought that: but now, I know different, because here I am in Tule Lake and they are in Idaho: I sat there at the mess table waiting for the first group of people to get up to leave the mess hall. Finally the people started to leave, so I also got up and hurried my way toward the recreation hall where I waited for my buddies. They wouldn't believe me when I first told them that I was leaving, so I continued on to my room, where my parents and sisters had already started packing and crating our belongings. That night was a nightmare! Many of our friends came over to bid us farewell, while we were running around excitedly and confusedly trying to assemble our clothes. It was a little after 10:00 p.m. before we realized that our adjoining neighbors were

(continued)

trying to sleep. That night! What a miserable night! I lay there on the upset bed trying to sleep, at the same time thinking--of all the families that wanted to go to Tule Lake, it had to be our family who did not want to go, but would rather stay there and be with our friends. That night seemed like days, but finally the breakfast bugle blew. The hall was full of footsteps walking toward the mess hall. I hadn't planned on going for I wasn't hungry, but it was going to be my last breakfast in the center. I went, although I was a little late. After breakfast I came right back to my room and continued to pack my things, but was interrupted often by my friends. I continued packing after lunch until about 3:00. Many of our friends came over about that time. Among them were my buddies, who by then realized that I wasn't joking, and with whom I took my last walk around the Assembly Center. That evening instead of going to supper, as usual, I had my supper at a surprise banquet, which my fellow scouts had planned for me. It wasn't long before it was 9:00 p.m., and I was bidding my last "good-by" to my friends. I didn't realize then, that it was the last time that I would be seeing them in a long time. We were finally asked to get into the cars that were waiting for us outside of the gates. As I walked through the gates, I looked to my right, and there was our scout troop, fully dressed, giving me a formal send-off by their drum and bugle corps. I'll never forget that departure, and I always will be grateful. After about a twenty minute ride, we arrived at the Union Station where we boarded a train. Until now I always enjoyed train trips, but this one wasn't so enjoyable. The train started about 10:20 p.m. and we've been riding steadily ever since toward Tule Lake, to our new home--or would you call a home, "a home", without any friends?

(Male)

My Diary

May 7, 1942. Today is Thursday. I got out of bed about seven, thinking that today would be just another school day. But I was wrong, because we got our notice this morning to evacuate to Walerga Assembly Center tomorrow at nine. I knew we were going to be evacuated soon, but didn't know what day till now. We packed everything that we weren't going to take to camp with us and stored it away in the back room and basement of our house, weeks ago. We also had our house which was to be taken care of by our neighbor at any time. I didn't like the idea of evacuating to camp because of our race and color. "Why didn't the Germans and Italians have to evacuate too?" I asked myself. I think the main reason was because of their color and race. I couldn't say anything about it, because I was just another guy in the world. I checked out of school this morning and said goodby to all of my friends, knowing that I wouldn't see them for the duration of the war. I went home as soon as possible, then started to pack things the rest of the morning. As soon as I got home, and started to pack things again. We finished packing everything but our bedding by twelve midnight. I went to sleep about one in the morning.

May 8, 1942. Today is the day that we are to go to Walerga Assembly Center. I got up at five in the morning and packed the bedding. I didn't know we could do so much in the twenty-four hours they gave us to get ready. This was a sad day to leave home to go to camp, a place called home. I said goodby to my neighbor. Then some friends who were coming to camp later took us to the W.C C.A. office, where we are to leave for camp. We all got inspected by a doctor, then started to get on the bus. I didn't like the way they counted us as we got on and off the bus, just

(continued)

like sheep. They made us go in a barrack where they searched us. Then gave us our barrack numbers. I just had a few friends, but I made friends right away. It took all afternoon to get all of our baggage. They inspected every little bit of our baggage, then we had to carry it to our barracks. I went to bed early for I didn't sleep much the night before.

(Male)

My Life in a Relocation Center

November 7, 1942

The order has come! At last we are bound for Tule lake. It was July 11, 1942. I cannot ever forget the preparation that we made to evacuate from the city of Marysville. My memory will always remain with me of that city. This day was the turning point of many a Japanese life. In comparison with the world population, there are very few that had been living in a Relocation Center in America.

But now, while the war rages, we are the victims of circumstances; we are living a new life, that life will be remembered for a long time.

As I vaguely realized, I've never seen so many Japanese in all my life although I am an offspring of one myself. Mass eating in the Mess Halls and living together with other families in the same barracks are new customs to me. During the first few weeks of the project school, (as never before) I realized that a book was so important to a student. I could imagine how much we are benefited by Gutenberg's Printing Press.

Should there not be any war today, there would be no relocation projects, no concentrations camps, no killing nor destruction of our civilization. That storm cloud that has been so long thundering and rearing will be some day pushed away and from across the oceans, over the mountains, everywhere on earth, the beautiful pure white wafting clouds will take its place.

(Male)
English III

EVACUATION

Dear Diary,

It was on the morning of May 13, 1942 when our time came to depart with our most loved friends. It was the last time we were to see them for how long nobody knows. As much as we hated to leave our best friends behind we had to say "So Long" but not "Good Bye" because in the pit of my stomach there was a feeling that I was going to see them all again.

After boarding the train I kept looking back toward the little town which I never will forget, no matter what happens. By the end of that dreadful day we were informed that it was about a third of the journey. I sat still thinking of what I would be doing if I were back home.

After two days and one night on the train we reached our so-called new home. I first got off the train in a daze and I saw what seemed to be an endless number of barracks. In which one we were going to live, nobody knows. It was about 1:30 a.m., so I was both tired and sleepy. As soon as we got our house, I went to sleep with a thought.

Corrected

Literature

Charles Tsuji

Evacuation

Many weeks before we evacuated, our nearby city people were evacuating. I've seen many buses and frieght trucks going toward the Camp Harmony Assembly Center. As we watched them go by, the evacuating people all seemed to be happy as they waved at us with a smile. But as I stood their, it made me feel like I wanted to go with them.

Few days later I went to see some of my friends in the camp. The little children were playing joyfully not knowing what is really happening. The older people were gathered around the fence waiting for their friends to come with a sorrowful look in their face.

Then after I came home from the camp, to my biggest surprise, I saw a notice pasted on the fence & telephone poles. This notice was to notify all Japanese to register for evacuation. From the first day I saw the notice until we evacuated I felt empty down my heart. Leaving all my best friends that were very nice to us even after the war broke open.

When we left our home on May 22nd many of our teachers and friends were their to see all of us off. Soon as we left our home town I forgot all that was going on and were all excited to see what we can from the train. Every one seemed happy as we were on our way to Fresno, California.

After I came into camp I got to know more people from all over the three states. From Pinedale we came to this War Relocation Center on July 16th. On my first glimpse of this camp I wondered how I'll ever get to walk around the camp.

The thought it was a days work to go to Post Office and back. After living in this camp for four month it doesn't seem as far as it did at first.

(continued)

Charles Tsuji

All most all of us have some thing to do to keep us out of many mischief. I think the government is really treating us as best as he can and is doing a swell work.

(Male)

Thursday--May 7

I'll never forget today, for today we received our exclusion orders to evacuate on the 11th, this Monday morning. I just can't believe it. We have been reading in the papers that there was going to be an evacuation. I didn't realize it was going to be so soon. It left me in a melancholy mood.

Friday--May 8

I went to school this morning to drop out and bid good bye to all my classmates. I'll never forget what Bill said to me. He said, "You are helping win this war by leaving your home. Imagine all the young soldier leaving their families and home, not because they want to but because they have to. Remember, you are an American." To say good bye was really hard. I can't express in words how much I hate to leave my friends.

Monday--May 11

Today was a start of new life for me. We arrived 9:30 A.M. into the Assembly Center. Seeing hundreds and hundreds of barracks, I said, "Are they to be our home?" Yes, today it is a reality.

Saturday--June 27

I am bounded for the Tule Lake Relocation Center away up in Northern California. People on our coach are talking of what Tule Lake will be like. Tired--better get some sleep.

Sunday--June 28

Woke up early in the morning in time to see the beautiful snow-clad Mt. Shasta. We have been riding the train at least 12 hours with 500 evacuees. This was the fourth contingent of five leaving the assembly center. Arrived in front of the Relocation Center at 8:15 A.M. Around

(continued)

9 A.M. we were taken to our apartments. The apartments were bare without any inner walls or ceiling. We received iron cots, blankets, and mattresses. I am glad we received iron cots, for the group which arrived yesterday received canvas cots. By the way, I heard we were the first group to receive iron cots. I went without breakfast and ate lunch at 1:30. My first lunch consisted of rice, salad, stew and an apple. First decent food since leaving home.

I am amazed at how large this center is. I heard it is made to accomodate at least 20,000 people.

Seeing thousands and thousands of Japanese in one place makes one feel as though he lives in another country. It makes me feel like saying "When do we go back to our home in America."

Wednesday--July 1

I realized for the first time that etiquette was necessary, for in this colony we eat in groups of from 250-300 people.

I don't know much about etiquette myself.

Saturday--Oct. 31

I went to the Harvest Dance, since I received an invitation to the dance sponsored by the Community Activities. Just a beginner yet. Back home, I never did go to dances; in fact, nobody went in our town.

As each day passes I learn new and more interesting things. Life is gradually becoming easier in our new way of life. P.S. I miss the movies.

Nov. 9, 1942

(Male)
English III

Taken from the daily report of Tom's Diary

July 9, 1942.

Dear Diary,

I have plenty to write today 'cause today was the big day. Yes, we left Palerma about 2:00 P.M. The "hakugin" friends were very kind. Some even wept and told us how much they wanted us to stay. All this was in vain though, because what are their words against the order of the government. Anyway they brought us to the depot, here we boarded a bus for Chico. Reached Chico about 3:00 P.M. Took a walk with Ted to the college campus because we were informed that it would be several hours before the train would come. The train pulled around about 7:00 P.M. All boarded it, some for the first time. Had box lunches about 8:00 P.M. consisting of two ham sandwich, a doughnut, an orange, and a pint of milk. With the thunderous roar of the rail and all the excitement and commotion, I couldn't sleep a wink. Lights were turned off about 9:30 P.M., except one which gave off very little light. All window shades were ordered shut, too. We are nearing Tule all the time it seems.

July 10, 1942

Dear Diary,

Two o'clock in the morning didn't find me asleep. Little by little we got rid of our fear and drew up the window shade about a quarter. About 4:30 A.M. I slept for about 15 minutes when a slight tap from Alice awakened me. We stuck our heads out the soot-blackened window to take in the scenery. Oh, it was just too beautiful to put into words; the moon shining across the silvery lake, the snow-covered mountain, and the desert with abandoned farms and the half-eaten-away fences. Then all this was

(continued)

changed as I looked out at the row of black barracks. "So this is going to be our home," I thought. We were taken in the army cargo truck to be examined and also to have the hand bags checked. With all that finished we were lead by a guide to our home. Had lunch at block 40, and what do you know? Beans! Had chicken which we brought from home for supper. Boy, this camp is surely large. 7:00 P.M.--guess I'll go to sleep to find a new and exciting day tomorrow.

July 11, 1942

Dear Diary,

Don't think I'm writing a novel but the days are so full of different things that I just can't help but write these unusual events.

Woke up at 9 A.M. and missed breakfast. I went down to the Placement Office with a bunch of fellows who came down with us. After waiting for quite some time, we found out that wasn't any good job. The family had the house partly cleaned in the afternoon. The baggage are still scattered about. Went over to Uchida's. Mary was there too. Boy, camp is like a jungle--full of adventure because you don't know what will happen next. 8 P.M. Getting sleepy.

July 14, 1942

Dear Diary,

I was told that their was a job opening at Mess 48. Went with K. Nakamura and was introduced to Mrs. Itow. Seems like she's real nice. Got a job as a waiter. I was told to report at six in the morning tomorrow. Gee, I'm getting pretty used to camp life now. The black barracks don't bother me so much now. Oh yes, had roast for supper. It was "OK," but a little tough.

(continued)

July 15, 1942

Dear Diary,

Reported to work at 6 A.M. sharp. It was quite cold, too. I helped set the table, serve, and clean up the place. Working in the mess hall is pretty good. I like it immensely. At least we get enough to eat. An incidentally, I have an eye on a cute number. 9 P.M. Just finished listening to the radio. Guess I'll throw the cover over me.

July 16, 1942.

Dear Diary,

Woke up at 6 A.M. and went though the same work routine as yesterday, getting to know the other waiters and waitresses. They're all quite friendly with the exception of two. Oh yes, was informed by a reliable source that the so-called cute number is a few years my senior. I was quite disappointed. Here I solemnly swear that I will have nothing to do with girls for a month. Going to sleep early tonight.

Literature 3
Period 3
(Male)

Tulean Life

May 27. The rumbling of the train was distinctly audible, and people were stirring uneasily in their cramped sleeping positions. Since the edge of a torn seat was jabbing mercilessly into my back, I turned to ease the tingling pain, and I noticed a faint ray of light gradually creep over the barren mountain tops. Its serene beauty seemed to penetrate to the very core of my disappointed soul. Disappointed because after having so much undaunted faith in this beautiful Democratic Nation of ours, I was ordered to evacuate, and all my learnings of Democracy seems to be shattered. After careful consideration I realized that it was for my benefit as well as the nations.

May 28. With the memories of the tearful farewells still warm in our hearts we arrived at our cold and dusty Relocation Center. Since we are a minority group, I was expecting to be treated harshly, but to my amazement the administration was sincere and helpful in every way they could be. I shall always cherish those moments of helpfulness and their genuine character. During the day everyone was hustling around with busy meditative minds, wondering what would happen next in the uncertain future.

Sept 14. With an imaginary bell sending wave after wave of beautiful chimes across the clear blue sky, many children started their familiar trek back to the little black school house.

Sept. 17. Today is another day where farewells are exchanged, for my friends have gone to Idaho to answer the urgent call of the fall session.

(Female)

My Evacuation to Tulelake

Friday, June 6, 1942. Dear Diary. The time has come, for this is the day we are to leave our homes and go to a relocation center. Everyone was up early and the remaining things put away. All our baggage was sent to the West Sacramento Grammar School. We were ready early and spent the long waiting hours reading, eating, etc. to "kill the time" till 6:00 o'clock. As the time was nearing, everyone was in an uproar for my brother had not as yet come home with the car, and we didn't have any other way to get to the West Sacramento School. The only thing we could do was to wait and hope. He finally came home at five minutes to six. Everyone scrambled for the car. It was really some sight. The baggage and lunch boxes were squashed in between us for we were in such a hurry we didn't take the time to organize ourselves. When we reached there the first bus load was about to pull out. We managed to get out of the car, and the new owner was waiting to claim his car--or what was left of it. As we were in the No. eight group we were in the last bunch to leave. The bus finally came after us at about 8:30 p.m. It was the same routine again, pick up the baggage, get on the bus and ride for a few miles, pick them up again and transfer to the train. We finally got aboard the train and I was certainly glad to rest my weary "dogs." As we were waiting for the train to start on its journey, we spotted many of our schoolmates and teachers waving to us. We finally started about 8:30 and I caught a glimpse of Sacramento on our way to Tulelake. We were instructed to pull down the shades at 9:00 o'clock. Many of us spent the night very restlessly for it was hard to sleep in such an awkward and uncomfortable position. I spent the night walking up and down the train, eating, and chatting with anyone that was awake. We went

through tunnel after tunnel and as it was still quite dark, there was very little scenery to see. Daybreak finally came. Lunch boxes were passed at 10:30. Lunch consisted of sandwiches, an orange, a cupcake, and milk. The next few hours were spent walking from one end of the car to the other. As we were anxious to see what our new home would look like, everyone was on a keen lookout for any sign of a lake. Every now and then when we saw a pond or a lake we would shout, "This is Tulelake!" We reached Tulelake sometime between 12:20 and 12:30. The sight of this camp was very disappointing for there it was, bare and dry, the black buildings. The lake was missing. Many of us had brought fishing hooks with us for we imagined Tulelake to be a large lake surrounded by many trees. I guess we must have carried our imaginations a little too far. The first few days here were somewhat cold but the following days are not mentionable. It was very hard to get used to the new environment. I certainly miss Cisco Grove, the movies, roller skating, my usual Saturday shopping downtown, my home town friends, and above all the Ice Palace, and ice-skating rink. After five months of this camp life I find it somewhat boring. Dear diary, as I write this I wonder if I will be able to stand it for at least three more years. (That's what the ouiji board says.)

(Female)
English III-7

June 16, 1942--Walerga, Calif. Got up at 6:30 this morning to have our blankets rolled up and ready to freight. Our apartment was bare except for our overnight baggage and a few newspapers scattered on the floor. Camp was like an isolated island, far away from civilization, for the people in our block had already left the night before and a few families were left. Leaving Walerga is just as sad as leaving Sacramento because we were leaving our friends outside the fence who often came to visit us. Anyway we're on the train headed for Tule Lake. The soldier said he's going to turn the light off in a second so I'd better get ready to sleep, but I don't see how that's possible in this hard chair and especially with the man in front of us snoring already.

June 17, 1942--Tule Lake, Calif. We arrived here at 6:50 this morning. The wind was brisk and icy cold. Pinching myself I found that I was numb. The mist was just rising and a beautiful mountain came into view. At about 8:30 we were guided to our apartment. It's identically with the barracks we had at Walerga. I don't think I'll like this place at all. The blocks are numbered so confusingly, I can't even tell where we are. We went to the canteen which seems as if it were miles from home. They had most everything in general. The mess halls are twice as large as those of Walerga, and all the food they gave us today was stew. Just hoping we won't have to live on it. I'm so happy the ground isn't as dusty as it was at Walerga, but the whirl wind we saw today was big. Gee! I wonder what are beyond those mountains. There must be a lake somewhere near here because there are a lot of seagulls.

October 15, 1942--We were all excited today, for it was our first day out at the farm. We all sang on the trucks on our way. We filled

(continued)

(Female)
English III-7

22 sacks of beets and by that time we were all exhausted. At 12:30 the lunch wagon brought our lunch. We had baloney and jam sandwiches, but anything was all right so long as we ate. Came home on the first truck, in through the gates back home. Went to Margaret's place tonight. A group of us played ouiji board. Gee! I don't know whether to believe it or not. It's really amazing that it moved, and it's silly to believe in those things, but I wouldn't know.

(Female)
November 12, 1942

DIARIES

June 20, 1942

It is the morning of the departure of the 4th group evacuating to the so called "dried up lake camp." Yes, Tulelake, W.R.A. I, the rest of the family and some 500 people were drafted to leave at 3:00 p.m. that day. As we got ready, time seemed shorter every minute. And yet when the time did come for us to leave we dreaded to go for there we had to leave our yesterday's memories and the few friends who still remained until their draft called.

Well, we passed through the gate which we once came in and there at the foot of another gate awaited the Greyhound Bus. Though the ride was short on the unique, luxurious line, it was thrilling to think of telling my pals in another center about the wonderful ride. Safe and sound on the train, we made ourselves at home on one of the many allotted cars. Finally after waiting over an hour the train decided to move at 7:00 p.m. on the dot. "About time," I said, "What's keeping us, anyway?" "Well, just because you got on the first car don't mean we start. The remaining 499 must get on, too," my kid brother shouted. Long before I knew it we were well off to our new destination. It was pretty tough going through the night although chatting with the handsome MP was quite interesting. Louis caught two of the boys passing through the aisle with whom (we wanted to play) a game of bridge but it was too late, as the blackout signal came too soon.

All night long the atmosphere of the room was chilly, especially toward dawn. Tossing back and forth on the seat and pulling the coat over to my side I finally dozed off for a short relaxation.

(continued)

(Female)
November 12, 1942

June 21, 1942

The noisy rumbling of the wheels and the disturbance of the people woke me up early this morning. Although it was quite early I dared not go back to sleep for I wanted to be the first to see my home for the duration. I have a pretty wild idea of what it looked like through news I heard from the first group of convoys.

When the (seemingly) endless trip came to its conclusion, I looked out of the window and surely enough there it was, just as I imagined. To tell you the truth, I didn't like it. My enthusiastic face turned pale like the pale looking misty camp beyond. "So this is the whacha-ma-callit dried up camp, eh?" I said to myself. Well, it didn't take me very long to find out for as I looked out the window from the army truck, I saw the ground flat to the earth and wild grass growing between the countless barracks.

Slowly but surely the truck finally came around the corner where people gathered to welcome us in. Never before had I seen a crowd as I did then. I admit it was a nice reception but I was so doggone tired from the merciless trip it wasn't then funny.

As usual we went through the same routine, checking in our names and signing up for a room. It was long after noon (when) we got through but did not dare go to eat, for the trip was too much, and we had to grab a cot instead of hot dish. So as the day was done, I looked forward to another day.

(Female)
Literature L-11
November 8, 1942

June 21, 1942

Sunday--Today was a very unlucky day. As I write on the train heading for Tule Lake, I keep thinking about my poor father, who was injured in the eye while cleaning our apartment so that the army didn't have to do it afterwards. He was tugging at a string which was tied to a nail, when the nail came out and hit his right eye. He was rushed to the county hospital in Sacramento, and we (haven't) heard anything about him all day. My, but I feel sad. The whole day was spent inquiring about father. They are starting to pass the sandwiches out, so I shall write again tomorrow.

June 22, 1942

Monday--It was very cold when I woke up this morning. We were nearing Shasta Mountain, and the air was very cold. Most of the people were sleeping peacefully, but another family, my mother, and I were so honest or unselfish (I don't know what you'd call it), that two of us sat in one seat while the others took one seat each. It was tiring, and I only slept about an hour because of the crowded space. We reaching around 7:30 A.M. I was feeling all right then, but in the afternoon I was so sick that I couldn't do anything. Our group (that is, our family and two others) were the only ones in this block. My mother is at the showere two blocks away, and I feel very scared writing from this bed. I hope I feel better by tomorrow so that I can help mother get the baggage.

June 23, 1942

Tuesday--As I woke up this morning, I felt very sick. In spite of it I went out to meet my friends who came in this morning. In the afternoon we spent our time going after our baggage in the hot summer sun. I felt

ill, but I didn't want to worry my mother about it when she was worrying about my father. I must stop writing and go to bed, for my mother looks very pale and tired from the hard day's work.

June 24, 1942

Wednesday--I woke up early again this morning to go meet my friends, who came in this morning. After meeting them I went home to help my mother with the housecleaning. I feel all right now, so I think I shall go take a shower.

Most of this diary was taken from my five-year diary.

American Literature
Period III

(Male)
November 12, 1942

DIARY

Left Pinedale Assembly Center and after a long and tiresome ride on the train reached Tulelake.

July 24. The feeling of new camp life came to me after breakfast on the train. We saw the cliffs of Castle Rock and immediately thought we must be approaching camp. All of a sudden, the evacuees opposite us were looking out of the windows. All of us on the side of Castle Rock wondered what was over there so we looked. I couldn't believe it, but (we were) already at Tulelake!

A sad feeling (of getting) up our suitcases and getting off the train went through the car as we waited the order to get off the train.

About ten minutes later we were called off, taken to the trucks and were on our way into camp. I had a feeling that I was lost in some strange land. Everywhere I looked were curious people extending their heads from windows and doors.

I met a few of my friends as I got off the truck, but was disappointed to hear they lived at the other end of camp. Immediately after putting my baggage down in our assigned apartment, I went to see some of my friends. Of course, they lived at the other end. It was a long walk then.

That morning I started to look for a job. With one of my friends I went to mess forty-nine. This is where I got my first job with orders to go to work at six the next morning. I may have been, as people say in slang today, a "sucker" to go to the other end to work, but I couldn't help it because I didn't know a single person where I was quartered.

That night as I was on my way home I kept going to the various barracks and looking at the numbers. Well, if you know what I mean. The

(continued)

first day I felt lonely, lost and helpless, and it was almost too pitiful.

Sept. 3. Woke up, got everything together and prepared to go to work. Just as I was leaving the barrack about four-thirty A.M., it just dawned on me that I quit my job the day before. Boy! was I mad! I went back to sleep and didn't get up until the noon gong rang.

J.C. (male)
English IV
November 12, 1942

MY DIARY

June 23, 1942. Arrived in Tulelake with bags under my eyes for I couldn't sleep in the train. I staged awake practically the whole trip and counted around eighteen long tunnels we went through during the night. The most embarrassing thing happened during the trip. There was not enough room for our family so I had to sit with another family. To my embarrassment I had to sit the whole trip with a girl. It wasn't bad till night fell. Since I was sitting with another family, I didn't fall asleep because I was kind of scared and it seems that the girl felt the same way too. As the time flew by, the girl finally fell asleep and to my embarrassment she fell asleep on my shoulder. I didn't mind it at first but I felt that I would be teased so I shoved her away. The next thing I knew I fell asleep, and to my greatest embarrassment, when I woke up, I found myself sleeping on her shoulders. She had her eyes opened and she gave me the the dirtiest look which I cannot erase off my mind. I had a mind to tell her what she had done during the time she was asleep, but remembering my New Year's resolution, I remained a gentleman.

June 24, 1942. After unpacking my things, the first thing on my mind was to explore the camp. I set out alone to see what the camp was like. Everything seemed the same and soon I gradually became lost. There were many girls around, but since I'm a women hater, I said to myself that the last thing I'll ever do is to ask them where my apartment was. Finally after walking back and forth I gave up and asked them where my home was, and to my embarrassment I was only a few houses away. Thinking to myself (as I) walked home disgustedly, I came to a conclusion that girls are useful after all, once in a while.

(Female)

June 3, 1942

Dear Diary,

Today was torture for me. Evacuation! I never dreamed it would ever happen to me. I feel all choked up and I want to cry, but I can't because there aren't any more tears left in me. I guess a person would be all cried out if he cried twenty five miles straight. The conductor on the train was very nice and when I got off the regular train to get on the evacuation train, he smiled at me assuringly and said, "Chin up." Just two words but they were the most comforting words in the world to me today.

June 4, 1942

Gosh, diary, I feel so miserable. I only slept two hours last night and the rest of the time I just sat awake watching the soldier who was on guard, trying hard to keep awake. We arrived in this camp this morning. It was so hot and so big! Everything is so dry and brown that the thought of our weedy lawn and the stinky old Bellingham Bay seems like something simply out of this world. I guess you never appreciate those simple things until the're taken away from you. Perhaps after a good night's rest this place will seem a little better. I'll try awfully hard to like it, but it'll never seem like home. I'll have to say goodnight now, diary, because I've had only four hours of sleep during the last two nights.

June 5, 1942

Dear Diary,

I went to work today in the mess hall. Goodness, but it's hard work! It wouldn't be so bad if it weren't so hot. Imagine diary, this is the first time I've ever worked to earn my own money. I really don't

(continued)

know if I like it though. I suppose everyone must work in this camp to help out. I know a lot of other people do harder work, so I shouldn't complain

(Female)
English III

This was in the month of June when we were very busy with our belonging and getting ready to go to our new destination.

On June 5th we left for the station to get on the train and leave for our new destination.

It was kind of sad to leave our home and specially my friends, with whom I went to school and played.

I could see my home standing there with the green fields, and around the house the garden was full of flowers.

Although it seems like yesterday that I had left my home, it has already been five months since I left home.

After one night on the train the next morning I saw the pretty sceneries of mountains and streams running so quietly.

It was about eleven or twelve o'clock at noon on June 6th when we reached our new destination which was Tulelake.

Now I am in Tulelake where I see so many Japanese people. I did not think there were that many Japanese people.

I am going to a new High School, which we have named it "Tri-State High School." I think that is a nice name for our Hi School.

I hope that we all can go back to our own homes, and everything will be like the way it used to be.

D.S. (male)
November 11, Period 3

MY DIARY

Friday, Sept. 3, 1942. I awoke at three A.M. to pack the baggage. Friends came over to say goodby because we got a transfer to go Tule Lake instead of going to Colorado like the rest of the people. We were very noisy in saying goodby, so the neighbors started to bang on the wall. Oh, well, since it was my last day there and as I didn't like the neighbors anyway, I banged back.

At 5 A.M. we went on the train. Boy, I surely felt out of place because we were the only Japanese on the train. I felt like something in the zoo, the way people stared at us.

Sat., Sept. 4. Reached camp about 2 A.M. Went to my oldest sister's home and went to sleep. Did not wake up until about 10 A.M., because I was tired from the long ride.

Our baggage had not arrived so I borrowed my brother-in-law's shirt. I thought it was going to slip off my back every time a "Tule Lake special" blew hard, but I managed to keep it on.

(Female)
Third Period

July 24, 1942. The rows of barracks, the mess hall smoke-stack and its smoke, and a lone chimney reaching out to the sky in the background of early gay morning was the sight caught by passengers of the trains. Not believing it to be our future home, I thought it to be a lumber mill or something similar, until I caught a glimpse of people running toward the fence. (As we) came nearer to the camp, our only conclusion was that we had ended our last run. Along the railroad track were lines of army trucks waiting to take us into the camp. People filed off the train and filed into the trucks, (and) away they went. Behind the lines of moving trucks was nothing but a cloud of dust. In a short while, we were getting on the trucks. We were jostled, rolled, swayed, bumped, choked and jerked as the truck went along the seemingly never ending road. Gasping and laughing, we alighted among the surprised and welcoming friends who were behind the roped area. However, we were hustled along with our baggage, pushed among thousands of people, tugged and pulled by countless of people doing their respective duties, finally ending in a place like a barn. Later found it to a mess hall. Here we were asked many questions, hurried out the building into another, examined by a doctor, escorted to the housing department, guided to our baggage, jostled and pushed. We finally came upon the cinder road which led to our new home, 7401-B. Upon entering we found five folded cots in one corner, heaps of mattresses in the other, and the floor covered with black dust. Disgusted and tired, I was ready to cry, however, many friends who had arrived days before, came to help us get settled. In the short while, in the cleaned room with cots put up and with mattresses dusted and laid, I was ready to sink into them. But, no, my friends insisted that I take a tour of camp.

(Male)
Period III

DIARY

May 26, 1942

Today we started on our way to Tule Lake Project from North Portland, Oregon. All day we were busy packing and getting ready to leave. About an hour before we were to start I helped take the baggage, suitcases, etc., on the train.

About 8 o'clock we bid good-by to everybody and got on the train. It was my first ride on a train. There was a big bump, then the train started to move. We moved way up the track and thought we were off to the city of Portland. Then we stopped, and then we went all the way back to the camp again. The reason was the train was hitching on more cars. This time we went about 2 miles and then stopped and waited at a cross track for the train from Puyallup, Washington, to come. It came after about 20 minutes and we started on to Portland. Just before we got to Portland we stopped for something, I don't know what, about mid-way on a bridge. The girls would look and see the water and would yell. When we got to Portland we waited on our real journey to Tule Lake about 11 o'clock. It was dark then and we couldn't see outside. About 12 o'clock some friends and I went from one end of the train to another. We were on the second car from the end. It is getting late and I'm getting pretty sleepy, so I'd better quit writing now.

May 26, 1942

This morning I woke up and looked out the window, and was I surprised to see it snowing. No wonder for we were just going over the Cascade Mountains. It was very cold in the morning. When it was light we were passing a sort of a prairie land with just shrubs. We had break-

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fast around 8 o'clock and we had milk, scrambled eggs and toast, and tomato juice.

Around 9:30 o'clock we reached Klamath Falls, Oregon. And we stopped for about 10 or 15 minutes and started out for Tule Lake. On the way we saw a large lake and lots of pelicans and ducks swimming around in the lake. We reached Tule Lake around 10 o'clock, and everybody was disappointed. We thought there was going to be a lake in the camp. This was the first time I was ever in California. We got off the train and got on a truck to where we were to find our apartments. Everything on the ground looked bare compared to where I lived, no trees, not hardly any grass. The water is white right now, but I guess it will get to be natural water color as we use it. That afternoon a friend and I got a job as messenger boys, but we quit the jobs and the next morning we both worked as waiters in the mess hall. Tonight it is raining very hard, and it makes me feel as if I am at home, because it rained a lot at home.

(Male)

July 20, 1942

Arrived at the W.R.A. Project in Tulelake. It was a large sprawling camp capable to hold 15,000 person. The barracks were simlar to those in Pinedale. As soon as we were off the train, a cargo truck whisked us to the induction barrack where we relieved ourselves of our baggage and went through the formalities, etc. We soon had our luggage in the apartment assigned to us. A group of us boys started strolling around the camp. Soon we found the canteen where we refreshed ourselves with bottle of pop.

I learned that our block was in "Alaska," which is across the canal. We visited our friends and played football with them until dark.

July 21, 1942

Awoke early after a good night's sleep. Rob and I decided that we should see some of our friends who were coming in today. The rest of the day was spent in helping our friends carry their baggages. Arrived home when it was dark.

(Male)
English III
Period I

DIARY

May 17, 1942. Sunday--bright and warm.

Ah, evacuation day and almost my last Sunday in Tacoma. Right after breakfast I went to Baptist church on Fawcett Ave. Approximately 470 are scheduled to leave this afternoon. Didn't expect any students to be there, however there were some. In class we didn't pick up any special lesson, but had a discussion about "What makes the people fight." We all agreed on the point "money, crowded population, land greed of the leaders." Bid fare-well to everyone. Afterward, went to Washington Hotel. Mr. Matsumoto took us to the Chinese Garden and treated us Chinese dishes. I guess that was the last Chinese dish for the duration. Then my next destination was the Music Box to see "Tuttles of Tahiti." I was very glad I have an opportunity to see the picture before I left.

May 18, 1942. Monday--sunny.

Eventually evacuation day for me. After breakfast I went to school to get my credit from Mr. Daniel. (World History). I changed my mind. I thought I might just as well get my voice recorded in my Oral Interpretation class in Room 221. I went to class without being prepared; I was supposed to be prepared with a poem and prose. I got hold of a book from a neighbor and selected a story, a short one, of course, and read it before a "mike." As I read on, the needle was recording my voice little by little. Teacher said I made a 100 per cent improvement in comparison with the beginning of the semester. Mrs. Hicks took my baggage down to the Union Depot. I was at the station by 3:00 P.M. Just before I shoved off, I was so thirsty I went to the soda fountain. I enjoyed myself with

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a bottle of nice cold coco cola. This bottle made me sad when I thought, "This might be the last bottle I'll ever have for the duration." Train pulled out at 6:00 P.M., 2 hours behind schedule. But anyhow we are off for a new community. Night fell upon us in the train. Thanks Heaven, I think I can be away from all the excitement and retire.

May 20, 1942. Wednesday--hot.

Woke up at 4:30 A.M. this morning. By 5:30 our train pulled in Fresno, California. A nice streamlined bus was waiting for us to take us to Pinedale reception center which was eight miles away. The whole view was different from the one in Washington. I saw the sign "U.S. Gov't" on the fence. First I felt like a inducted soldier. But with all the young and old, and boys and girls round about me I realized I was in a WCCA camp. The trouble was there was no green grass nor trees. At about 10 it became hot, hot as hell: it just made me sick. This is my first time I've been in a place like this.

(Female)

DIARY

Somewhere on the train heading for Tule
June 3, 1942

Dear Diary,

The alarm clock rang at 6:00 a.m. this morning. It was a hard battle, but the alarm clock finally won and I awoke. Then I remembered that I had slept in my own bed for the last time, as this was the morning we were to leave. After a snappy breakfast, which I didn't feel like eating, I began helping with the last minute packing. It was really a blue morning and it made me nervous to have everyone so quiet--Dad especially. At about 8:00 I started writing a letter, and it must have been rather uncheerful because I was in a melancholy mood. At 8:30 I laid my writing equipment in my suitcase. Two more hours and gee, I felt I had to do something in that time or I'd go bugs. I decided to visit Tags and see how they were coming along. They were very busy so I returned home by 9:00. It began to sprinkle lightly. It soon stopped, though the sky remained dull and gray. One hour and a half slowly dragged by. It was finally time to start out for the train station.

Besides evacuees from Arlington, Conway, Blanchard, Bellingham, Anacortes, Burlington and a few other places, many friends were waiting there to see us off. It was difficult saying goodbye to everyone. My first tears came when dad's friend to whom we gave my dog was telling us that he'd take good care of "Pret." From then on I was all tears. By 12:00 we were on the train and off for Tule Lake.

I sat with Key, Miyo and Cal. Munching on chocolates and fruit while conversing, we passed the time away.

Everett was our first stop for more evacuees. West Tinino was our next and last for that purpose.

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Several times during the trip I wondered if all this was really happening to me. Was I just having a nightmare, or was I really leaving my home and all my friends? I had Ikey pinch me. Ouch! I quickly came to the conclusion that these things were actually happening.

Later in the day we were given box lunches. Hayanos passed around a large box full of fried chicken. Hmmmmm! It certainly was delicious. The milk, however, tasted very peculiar, and the first sip was also my last.

Now it's time to catch a little sleep. Ikey, Jeanne, Emma, Asako, Pauline, and I have laid out about 8 of the seats. Maybe we'll get a little rest. I have my doubts. Anyway goodnight for now.

Nancy.

Tule Lake Dust Bowl
June 4, 1942

Nancy.

Tule Lake Dust Bowl
June 4, 1942

Dear Diary,

Excuse me a minute while I rub the dust out of my eyes. Ach, now maybe I'll be able to write through the dust covering you.

To begin with, I had a sleepless night and morning. The kids played cards or talked from 1:00 a.m. to 11:00 with the soldiers on duty. Two of the older men had "one too many" and yelled all night and morning. They kept many a sleepy passenger awake.

From early morning until we arrived at our destination we sang school and popular songs.

It was shortly before 12 when we had registered and were guided to our barracks on block 13. Is it to be a lucky or unlucky number for me? Even our building is numbered 13, and furthermore the apartment letter "B" is in the shape of a 13.

We had lunch at a mess hall. I almost died. The menu was as follows: boiled cabbage, bologna, rice and burnt scalloped potatoes. Ach! One thing I'm sure of is that if the Tule Lake water remains as icky tasting as it was today I won't drink another drop of it. Ah! gee whiz! Burlington had the best and most wonderful water, and I never realized that fact until I came here.

Oh! glory, but it was hot today!. I don't think I'll ever be able to stand such weather. What I wouldn't give to be back in good old Burlington. The dust here is terrific! I'm still wondering where that lake is. Someone told me I was in it.

The block had a meeting. The gentleman that spoke told the girls that it was their duty to help out in the block mess hall. Mom gave me the eye, so had to sign up. Oh, well. Ikey signed up, too. The speaker

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also asked for volunteers to cook the meals. Gads, Dad, of all people volunteered, and he hasn't cooked for over 30 years.

After supper I went over to Tags, who live two barracks over. It was dark by the time I left there, so I rushed over towards our apartment, opened the door, and started to enter. "Oh! Oh!" I exclaimed. I was in 1314-B--the wrong apartment. Hurriedly I made an exit.

I finished the letter I started writing yesterday morning. Now I'm so tired I'd better hit the hay.

Nancy

Dear Diary

I have been neglecting you lately and I'm sorry. I have a reason for writing in here today. This is one day I'll never forget! Shortly before it was time for me to leave for mess Dad came in and informed me that Hi, Helen, and GG had arrived from Puyallup. Right at this minute they were down on block 18. Oh, glory! What could be more wonderful? Before you could say "Jack Robinson" I was down there. I saw Hi first and started bawling like a two year old, I was so happy. Hi. Helen, GG. Oliver, Grandma Neji, Fumi, Betty, Herbie, and Arlene had come with four others--totaling 13. Yes! indeed. Thirteen was my lucky number. I was late to work at noon but golly it was worth being late a hundred times.

The mess hall work is certainly getting boring, and at times most embarrassing. I was waiting for knives to set out on the tables. One of the older ladies was wiping them. She asked me in Japanese, "Will you

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please excuse me for wiping the knives so slowly?" Since my Japanese vocabulary is limited to a couple or so phrases I was really in a predicament as I was unable to understand her. If I very (a hem) sweetly answered, "I don't know," I was sure I'd get by with my ignorance. I did it. Oh gads! Ikey told me what the lady had really asked me, and Honest Injun! I felt like two cents.

Oh! How I hate this old camp! It wouldn't be so bad if I knew some kids my own age to chum around with, but golly! my only real acquaintances are Ikey who's engaged to Harvey, Emma, who is engaged to George, and Jeanne, a drizzle. It would certainly be perfect if I could be back in Burlington with my old pals again.

Gee, but I miss tennis, roller skating, swimming and bowling. Playing baseball and dancing are the only things to do here. Our baseball team, the Skawhas, are really crummy with a capital C. Lands! but it's disgusting.

I was so excited to see Hi, Helen and GG this evening that I ran over right after I'd finished supper work. In my hurry I was unaware of which apartment I was entering. Naturally for me it had to be the wrong number again, 1805-C when it should have been 1805-B. Something inside me let loose and I let out a scream, running out of there without even explaining or excusing myself. When I got to Helen's I could hear the neighbors still laughing about my mistake. The partitions weren't in at the top.

June 19, 1942

Dear Diary.

Today I transferred from mess 13 to the personnel dining hall. It seems like a swell change. Finally I had a chance to meet some girls my

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age. Huggie, Sy, Mutt, Afton and Sally certainly are nice and just oodles of fun. The cooks feed us quite well there. Oh, my! The ice cream cabinet is the most wonderful part of the whole place.

------bye for awhile.

July 4, 1942

Dear Diary,

The Fourth Of July brings back memories of the good times we had back home on this holiday. Remember the carnival, rodeo, and parade at Sedro? or picnics and swimming at Lake Samish? roller skating, bowling and the movies at Bellingham or Mount Vernon? or the Pacific league baseball game at Seattle? or our own fireworks at the end of the day? Oh, gosh! Oh, gee! These were the days.

I'll remember the Fourth I had here at Tule because of my first chicken dinner since coming to camp. Hmmmm! I had a leg. I'll try and forget the Fourth because of that baseball game we Skawhas lost to the Isleton girls. The score? Yes, that's the part I'm trying to forget. Let's blame it on the dust. I'll remember the day because of the parade held this morning, and because it was the first time I'd ever seen "sumo." I'll remember the odori held on the fire break this evening. Fun? Yes, but nothing in comparison to the good old days back home.

July 26, 1942

Dear Diary,

I'm still working. I went to Sunday School this morning with Pauline, Yude, and Rosie. This afternoon Jeanne's secret marriage to Tuke was announced. Golly sakes, of all the surprises this was the most extreme.

The Skawha's team broke up so I'm playing for the Fighting Recs. Wrecks? No lie. We're almost as bad as the Skawhas.

(continued)

August 17, 1942

Dear Diary,

Today Ikey left for Columbus, Ohio to Marry Harvey. Oh jeepers! Now there's hardly anyone here. It was sad to see her leave, but yet I'm glad she was able to join Harvey. She's been waiting for this opportunity for such a long time. Funny to say this, but my loss is Harvey's gain.

Yesterday the girls had a farewell party for her. It was just gobs of fun.

I still think Harv ought to pay me a commission for taking care of her these last few months. For keeping an eye on her back home I don't deserve one little word of thanks as there wasn't anyone else around anyway. but here in camp, hmmmmmmm! that's a different story. At one glance I'd scare all the many interested persons away for life, and she remained aloof. But then still serious, I'll miss all the fun we both had at those dances and private parties here and at home. Sweet memories.

September 16, 1942

Dear Diary,

After this third day of school I'm still wondering if I'm going to like Tule Lake Project High. Nothing could ever compare with good old B.H.S. and ah shucks! I'm homesick again. We haven't any books, blackboards, enough tables, chairs, or typewriters. It's always the same old story, they expect them soon. I do know that chemistry will be the death of me. How silly it is for me to be taking such a course, for I'll never benefit by it. Well, I guess I just have to take it, so that's that. What I wouldn't do to be a senior and 18 years of age or out of school with my diploma.

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Last night Emma's secret marriage to George was revealed. They were married in March when he was home on furlough. Kay's engagement to Ethel was also announced, but who didn't already know about that one? Yoneko's engagement was announced September 6, and Honest Injun! that was a knock-out surprise.

October 12, 1942

Dear Diary,

I'm a hardworking farm girl now (with a question mark after the hard-working). School was dismissed for a week or maybe more, so that the students could volunteer for farm work. Mom is so worried that I won't be able to stand such hard work. She doesn't know that it's just oodles of fun combining, ahem, a little play with work.

I'm getting to like school slightly better now. It's not because of the studies though. A person comes in contact with more people and is therefore able to become acquainted with them.

November 2, 1942

Dear Diary,

Thanksgiving usually comes around the latter part of November, but I might easily have mistaken yesterday for that day of feasting. Edna wanted me to help her out at the dining hall for a couple banquets. The first one was given in honor of a Caucasian Buddhist preacher by the Buddhist organization. The other was a private party for some warehouse workers. The menu was as follows: turkey, gravy, dressing, mashed potatoes, creamed peas and carrots, hot dinner rolls, cranberry sauce, fruit salad with whipping cream, ice cold milk, cake, cookies and strawberry ice cream, plus, of course, the minor trimmings. We ate after the

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first party had left. Following the second group's dinner the cooks were ready to feed us again. We just couldn't take it since we were still stuffed by the first meal. My diet (ah yes, my diet) was just a minor detail for the day.

Last Sunday I had my first tennis game since coming to camp. The foundations of some new buildings are cement so somebody marked them off, set up nets and presto! Tennis court. There was quite a crowd waiting to play, but I had two hours of it anyway. Such fun!

Yesterday morning I attended Sunday School services and in the evening I went to the fellowship meeting.

(Female)

May 16, 1942

The day is finally here, the day we have been anticipating for several months, evacuation day. I would classify this day as one of the most eventful and certainly one that I shall never forget.

We assembled at the union depot around 3:00 P.M.; the train finally leaving Tacoma at 5:00 P.M. for Pinedale, California.

It was hard leaving our friends, realizing that we are leaving Tacoma with its Puget Sound drizzles, and the "heavenly fragrance" of its pulp mills. At least for the duration of the war anyway.

May 19

Of what I observed from the train windows, the scenery was both picturesque and enjoyable, especially Mt. Shasta and the Sacramento River. I haven't been able to master the task of opening train windows yet, and I wonder if I ever will!

May 20

After a restless night we reached Fresno this morning and from there rode a bus to Pinedale Assembly Center. My first impression of the camp is probably equal to how some of the colonists felt when they first set foot to America. The environment being so diverse from what it had been, my conceptions was that I'd never get used to adapting myself to it. I have found that anyone with a few resources within himself can make himself happy wherever they are.

May 21

The dust is thick as mud, at least to my estimation, and I thought I was on Sahara Desert itself. The heat is unbearable; we arrived on one of the hottest days the summer had to offer. I remember well how abused

(continued)

we felt when it reached 95° in Tacoma. The ice company profited well with all the ice we bought daily to cool our drinking water in turn to cool us off.

June 11

The center's first baby was born at the Fresno General Hospital--Baby June, who is my second cousin.

Lieutenant General John DeWitt of San Francisco has ordered a daily count of all the residents here. I find it very inconvenient and rather stupid.

It was also General MacArthur day, there was a flag raising ceremony and program during the morning.

July 4

This is our first Fourth of July in camp, and although it's been different than any other Fourth, it proved to be an interesting day with a well planned out program. We had a little picnic party of our own which helped to give the day a holiday atmosphere.

July 20

We have evacuated again to our relocation center, Tule Lake. I notice it isn't as dusty here as it was in Pinedale and the dust is more or less gray, whereas it was brownish-red down there.

August

My first few months here were unpleasant, as I proceeded to get pneumonia and was in the hospital for quite some time.

September 3

My nephew was born and after much debating he was named Ken Norman. At any rate, I'm an aunt now.

(continued)

September 15

School has commenced and we have our classes in regular barracks. It reminds me of the first log cabin schools, although we have the advantage of much better facilities than they did in those days.

October

School has been suspended for a few weeks since the students are helping with the harvesting of crops. During this time I am working in the hospital. It keeps me busy but it's also fascinatingly educational.

November

I have often wondered why I haven't kept a written diary before, but the answer is obviously simple--it makes dull reading!

(Male)
Per. I

July 21

Today I helped my dad and mom pack all our belongings together so that we will be ready to start on our way to Tulelake. I heard that it is a lot colder there than here at Pinedale. Anyway, I also heard that you can play tennis or go swimming or hiking. The elevation is also high; and if they also go hiking I suppose there will probably be a lot of fir trees to remind me of home.

July 22

I awoke up at 4:30 a.m. this morning and ate breakfast a lot earlier than usual, so that we can leave on time. We were brought from the Assembly Center to the train on school busses, and in about an hour we were on our way to Tulelake. At first we weren't allowed to go from one car to another, but after a few hours they told us that it was all right, so some of us started for the other end of the train. When about 5 or 10 of us went charging through the diner, I didn't like the look that the chef gave us.

July 23

Didn't go to sleep until about 11:30 last night, because the train swayed and rattled so much. The seat I slept on is the hardest seat I ever sat on. I guess I must have slept in about a dozen different positions. When I woke up at about 4:30 I found that it was cold and that I was shivering all over. I wondered where we were and why it was so cold, as I hunted around for my coat. When the shades were finally raised everybody could see the reason why it was so cold, for there was Mt. Shasta on the right side of the train standing so tall and lofty. It reminded me of Oregon and Mt. Hood with which I had been so familiar all my life.

(continued)

In the hour we were at Klamath Falls, where we switched tracks. About 3 hours after that we had just arrived at Tulelake, where we were whisked away on cargo trucks to our new home.

(Female)
Period IV
November 11, 1942

Dear Diary,

Tomorrow, June the eighteenth, is a red letter day for me because tomorrow at about 6:30 I and 500 other people are to leave Walerga Assembly Center by bus, by train to a destination called Tule Lake War Relocation Center.

Diary, now I am so excited with the realization of what lays before me that I can hardly write or think, so I will close and get a good rest on my long trip.

Dear Diary,

Well, right now I'm aboard the train and almost the time the guards are to turn off the light so I'll snatch these few minutes and tell you about what happened today. About 6:00 our family and I boarded a Greyhound bus and there for the first time after a month's stay in Walerga I rode and on a smooth ride too! After going about a 2 miles along the smooth highway, the bus stopped, then we got into the train. My girl friend and I shared the same seat. The train finally moved along after half hour's waiting. The city of Sacramento grew smaller and smaller as the train roared away into the night. Gosh! what a sleepless night I had with my girl friend taking all the space and also the blanket. The scenery was very pretty with the moon just coming out from behind the mountain. Words cannot express the beauty of nature. I'm so tired, diary, with all the excitement of today, so I better close now. Oh! oh! the guards just came in so it's almost time to turn off the light. Gee! but this seat is sure uncomfortable. I wish my girl friend wouldn't breathe so loud and stop resting her head on my shoulder. Diary, I hope I can have a good rest tonight. Tell you more tomorrow.

(continued)

Dear Diary,

Oh! What a night. I didn't sleep a wink. Gosh, its getting very cold, so I guess we are nearing the camp. I heard that it snows up here. I hope so, for Sacramento (home town) hardly ever snows. Oh! I just saw the snow-capped Mt. Shasta. Gosh, how pretty! Oh--oh! the guard is coming in. He just said to get ready for we are nearly at the camp. I'm so excited that you can hear my heart beating fast. I wonder how my home looks like? I wonder what awaits us, diary?

(Female)

June 20, 1942 Dear Diary,

I washed four sheets this morning, and my sister the remaining two. Tomorrow is our evacuation day. Tonight the most embarrassing thing happened. Since we are going to evacuate tomorrow, some of my sister's friends came to see her.

I came home after taking shower and threw back my blankets to sleep. To my embarrassment there were no sheets nor pillow cases on the mattress. My friends pretended not as if they didn't see it but my sister burst out laughing, so we all joined her. Good night, diary.

June 21, 1942 Dear Diary,

Woke up at 5:00 A.M. We had to have our bedding and overnight bags packed, tagged and ready to pick up by eight. We had them ready to be picked up by eight but they came at 10:30. (Was I angry!)

We ate our supper at 4:00 P.M. and were ready to travel at 5:00. We said goodby to our friends and went to the bus line. Presently the Greyhound came. I thought "Oh what a beauty, I bet she's smooth." There was not enough space for us for it held only 33 people and there were 31 inside the bus. We have five in the family so we had to wait for the next bus. But to my great disappointment the next bus was a chuck chuck with an extra chuck for the people sitting in the last row of the bus. That was my family because they filled the bus from the back. There were seats for only four but all five of us crowded in, carrying some bundles and packages besides. The bus must have been a 1930 model but to me it looked and ran like a 1912 gasoline eater.

June 22, 1942 Dear Diary,

Woke up at four A.M. and kept my eyes open, hoping to see the beautiful scenery they talk about in story books and moving pictures. I saw

(continued)

nothing but dreary surroundings. However, I saw the morning star Venus, and made a wish. Funny, I still didn't get my million dollars.

At 5:00 A.M. I saw the beautiful Mt. Shasta half covered with snow. That was the first time I ever saw it. Gee! it was beautiful.

At 7:00 we ate our breakfast. All I ate was an apple. I remembered the saying "an apple a day keeps the doctor away," and brother! was I sick.

We reached Tule Lake at 8:00 A.M. and were immediately hustled into the army truck. My mother asked the driver, "Does this truck always bump and sway like this?" "No, ma'am," he answered, "only when it is moving."

Presently we saw rows and rows of green barracks. My sister pointed and said, "Gee! it's painted green. At least it doesn't look like a jail, like the barrack we occupied before." But she spoke too soon, for when we reached our destination, we discovered that the barracks were the same as they were in Walerga.

Well, dear diary, I could write a book of my adventures for the day but I'm so sleepy and so confused I'd rather tumble into dreamland. Oh, hum! Good night, dear diary.

(Female)
Period I

Dear Diary,

The moment we've been dreading came today. We must evacuate! We all knew it would touch us eventually, but when it did we had a sort of cringing feeling in our hearts. I wondered what our new life was going to be like. Maybe the change of environment will help us forget the emptiness mother's death in April left. I hope so. I'll have to leave you now. The excitement has made me sleepy.

July 11. Last night I did not sleep so soundly because I kept on thinking of leaving our house, our town, and everything we'd grown to love. We had all our packing done days ago, so I went visiting until noon. The afternoon flew by because I went around trying to impress on my mind the civilization about me. The train left the station about eight p.m. and everyone was looking out the windows with misty eyes.

July 12. I awoke this morning around two so that I could see the Shasta Mountain. The trip ended too quickly. Though my body was cramped by the train ride I didn't want to reach the place, knowing that we would never be free again for the duration. We had to reach there some day, and so we did. After all the routine in registering we found our barrack. I opened the door and my heart sank--a dirty room and three spring beds. True, I was not expecting a mansion, but this was way below my expectation. Well, diary, I can't write too much more, but I know this country is giving us protection, and it is for the better, so I will try to alter my pessimistic feelings. Well, good night, diary.

(Male)
Period III

Evacuation to Tule Lake

July 14, 1942--Having heard of the evacuation to Tule Lake, I had helped my mother in packing our goods for three consecutive days. It was a tremendous task. After everything was packed, our goods were transported to the railroad station.

July 15, 1942--We boarded the train and left Pinedale about ten o'clock in the morning. I was very glad to leave Pinedale because of the extremely high temperature there. A lot of times the temperature would be around 120°F. I was also eager to get to Tule Lake, for I heard that the kids there got to go swimming once a week. I pictured in my mind Tule Lake, a large camp at the edge of a large lake, with tall green trees surrounding the lake. I thought that it would be just like a mountainous region in Washington, where everything was so green.

July 16, 1942--Having ridden the train for one day and one night, I was very restless. About eight o'clock in the morning I heard the conductor say that we were very near the camp. This good news brought a lot of excitement to the people. Not more than twenty minutes had passed, when I saw the camp in the distant, but it was not at the edge of a lake, nor were there large trees surrounding the camp. I was very disappointed.

(Female)
Period 7

Diary

June 15, 1942. I had to wake up early or else my brother would have folded me up with the blankets. Yes, we were getting ready to move to Tulelake. By nine o'clock the trucks came by to pick up the baggage. As I had nothing to do all afternoon I took a last glimpse at the camp. At five o'clock we checked out at the administration building and boarded a train. We left Walerga about seven thirty and was informed that we will reach our new destination at nine tomorrow morning. As we were not allowed to travel from coach to coach we had to entertain ourselves some other way. Some people played cards while others talked, but Mary and I turned on the radio and spent our time gazing outside the window. After it became dark we were told to lower the shade so Mary and I chatted all night. Approximately at eleven the lights were turned off, but we were not in the mood to sleep so we decided to talk. At about midnight I thought Tad was coming down the aisle so I stuck my leg out to trip him. He fell hard all right, but to my surprise it wasn't Tad. It was the Captain, who accompanied us on the trip, as I made believe that I was sound asleep. Thank God. I'll never do it again.

June 16, 1942. I couldn't sleep because I kept on thinking that the Captain might come and throw me out the window, but I finally went to sleep about two-thirty. I woke up at five-thirty. When I awakened we were just passing the snow covered mountain, the beautiful Mt. Shasta. We went through Kalamath Falls and reached here at eight-thirty. The trucks were waiting for us and we were hauled to the registration building where we registered and were assigned to a room. We did not have anything to do until five o'clock because our baggage were not here. I was busy all evening making beds and then I hopped off to dreamland.

(Female)
Period III

May 19

We pulled out of Tacoma for Pinedale, California at 5 p.m. on the 18th of May, and today is the second day we're spending on the train. We have gone up, around, and down the majestic Mt. Shasta and are now traveling well on our way to Sacramento.

It's been an uncomfortable, sweltering, hot day, hot as I never knew (it to be) before. I had just enough energy to wonder about the other people's endless energy.

This being the first train trip that I can remember, it seemed a novelty but that soon wore off as the time progressed. The movements of the train were so jerky that at times I was nearly jolted out of my seat. Another thing that added to the annoyance of the hot atmosphere was the everlasting bawling of a baby.

However, the meals are good and the soldiers who are escorting us down are very friendly. The scenery has been agreeable, but I was disappointed at finding pine trees instead of the famous redwoods.

Oh, yes! I was enthusiastic about the whole trip when we started, but tonight I have a very different conception of it.

July 20

The first look at this camp was one of disappointment. I don't know exactly what I expected, but I guess the black and green buildings looked pretty drab from the train window. The trip up here from Pinedale was much more pleasant than the first one. I liked one thing I noticed, however, which was the peculiar shaped mountains or hills that surrounded the camp.

(continued)

August 30

At last my wish for a "mess hall crew hike" to Castle Rock mountain came true. Our block manager got volunteers to take over for the noon meal to make it possible.

The going up was tough and hot in spots especially one bump. Nevertheless, I took care to see that I (wasn't at) the tail end of our party, but nearly exhausted myself. When I finally reached the top I was all winded out, but my feeling was one of satisfaction. Standing on one of the peaks and looking at the lake, I felt more or less like Balboa.

After eating lunch, I felt bouyant and full of pep. We clambered about like goats among the peaks, then started homeward by running down the slope towards the water tanks. It surely felt good to be away from the barracks and in the fresh open air for a while.

(Male)

In May, 1942, a little town in Tule Lake was being settled by Japanese from parts of Washington, Oregon, and California. Each day, at least two hundred people were seen settling down here. By August approximately fifteen thousand colonist were settled here, surrounded by mountains all around.

I have always wished to go to the mountains during vacations. I like the sceneries around here.

Throughout my whole life I have never seen snow until I came here. Now I'm waiting for the day when the mountains will be white with snow, like the "White Cliffs of Dover." The sea gulls flying around make things look nice, too.

We learned that this part of the country used to be an Indian village. Many interesting discoveried has been made that prove it.

(Male)

It was a warm summer morning, that June 3rd; we had just come some 500 miles on a train, crossing the Cascades.

All we could first see was barracks and more barracks, hundreds of them, and immediately I knew I would be lost at least three times a day.

We were all registered in 1408 and were shown our new home for the duration. Our leader stated "Now, Mrs. Saito, this is 1414-D."

A few days later, S.M., J.M., and I were roaming out near block 36 and the fence when a soldier came all the way from the tower to tell us we weren't to cross the road; well, it happened that he had a new Thompson sub-machine gun.

Jack wandered up to him and said, "Gee, that's a swell gun."

Came the prompt reply, "You're not suppose to come any closer to me!"

Well, at that time wards V, VI, and VII weren't constructed yet, and V and Alaska was a swamp like place with lizards, etc. Those days will never come again, but will never be forgotten.

(Female)
Period VII

July 12, 1942 Sunday--A memorable day. We, the Japanese from Marysville, reached the project at 9:30 and after having baggage checked and our barrack assigned we decided to start a new life in the colony of Tule Lake. The new things were quite hard to get used but gradually the hostile feeling wore off. When evening drew her curtains I went to my new home and lay on my nice bed and thought of the life in a new world.

September 2, 1942 Wednesday--Today as I look at the aspects of life in the colony there are a few good advantages over the majority of bad one. I had the opportunity to get the acquaintance of many friends. Friends from California, Oregon, and Washington. Now that I have met many new friends in various spots of the colony, my time will be quite well taken care of.

September 14, 1942 Monday--School bells beckon me. As I hurried with my girl friend to school I was taken back by the mere sight of school students hurrying to classes. Here again I met more new friends. There were a few handicaps as, no books, no desk, not enough chairs, but aside from that it was quite all right.

October 31, 1942 Saturday--Harvest Festival is in full swing. With a gay Mardi Gras Parade to begin the crisp morning on a good start. Then on to the bazaar. Much entertainment was in store for the throng of people who attended. Although it was a lot of fun the dust and wind had a bad effect on it. To complete a perfect day I went to the Halloween Dance at night. The evening turned out to be a most perfect one and with satisfaction in my heart I turned off the light and snuggled into bed and on to dreamland.

(Female)
Period 7

June 26. Friday

I was scheduled to leave our assembly center at 5:00 P.M. for Tule Lake. This day, the day which I thought would be exciting was the least exciting of all the days in camp. Our final supper which was supposed to be a steak dinner had to be that Friday fish because they had run out of steak. This made my last day in camp all the more unpleasant. At 5:00 P.M. we were sent off by our friends who were to follow us in a day or so. I left the center on a bus and later was transferred to a train which awaited us. (As this was) the first time I had ridden in a train for over 5 years I was rather excited. But as we rode on my attitude toward train riding changed, for my head began to feel a little dizzy. We had a midnight lunch on the train.

June 27, Saturday

When I awoke this morning the beautiful Mt. Shasta was in sight. Then about 10:30 the Tulelake Relocation Center was sighted. I was glad. We had reached our destination. The trip was over. A while later we were being greeted by many of our friends. We were then taken through the administration in which we were assigned a room. A guide took us to our room. Then it all started again. The sweeping of the floor, the making of beds, the unpacking of packages. Whew! Do I like that first day in camp routine. I'd give anything to have someone else go through that routine. Well, I don't know how, but I went through with it. I went to bed very tired after all that work out.

(Male)

May 26, 1942

Dear Diary,

After a hard thirteen hours ride in the chairs of our train we finally (reached) our destination, Tulelake. I was famished as only sandwiches and milk were served us by army soldiers for supper. We were taken on army trucks from the train to our respective blocks. I felt strange inside when I looked around for the first time. I thought again as many times before, of our large cozy home in town with its small friendly lawn, and I compared it to what I beheld this afternoon. I was homesick.

But as the day wore on, seeing my old and some new friends and upon hearing that things I enjoyed such as Boy Scouts were to continue, I felt much better about things. Perhaps I shall get to like this place.

May 29, 1942.

It rained last night, and it's a bit cloudy today. A hole in the tar paper covering our roof I fixed by myself with a piece of adhesive tape after a dangerous climb to the roof.

Unwittingly, we did many things that were natural habits in town, such as leaving our toothbrushes in the wash room. It was quite embarrassing to have the boiler man announce in the mess hall about coming after the many toothbrushes that were forrotten by block people.

The day being cloudy, I couldn't explore the place yet, but I helped mother unpack our things, and listened to the radio. Disappointed, I got only one station (Klamath Falls). I'm going to sleep early, so goodnight, diary.

(Male)

June 19. Many people had already left the Assembly Center for Tule Lake. Today we received a notice saying to be ready to leave on the 21st. We started packing early for we had many things to pack.

June 20. This morning they came to get our trunks. I noticed there were not many people left in the camp. When I was in the canteen, I heard people talking about Tule Lake, saying that there were no trees, no grass, and how cold it would get in the winter, and many other things.

That night I did not sleep much, thinking of how it would be in Tule Lake.

June 21. Today being the late day in this camp, I began to think of the days we spent in here. It (has been) exactly 1 month and 1 week. At about 6 o'clock we were on the train and started to move. At last we were off for Tule Lake. We passed many small towns before it was dark. At about 9 o'clock all the lights were turned off. The night was cold and I didn't sleep much thinking of the friends who had to stay.

June 22. When I awoke it was morning. The weather was clear and I saw the Shasta Mountain clearly against the sky. When it was about 7 o'clock sandwiches were passed, and were eaten in the train. We arrived at Tule Lake at about 8 o'clock. Trucks and cars were waiting to bring us into the camp.

That day we had a hard time trying to get our things together.

June 23. Today we put our things in place, and got some lumbers for some of the furnitures we had to make. We also had a hard time trying to eat, for our mess hall was not organized yet. I went to see my friends and had a hard time finding my way home.

June 24. I began to know the place and knew here I was. I still had a hard time finding my friend's house. That day I got a job in the mess with couple of other boys.

I went to sleep like a log that night, for I had no worry.

July 23, 1942

We were among the last five hundred to leave the Pinedale Assembly Center. We were left behind, since my brother was working in the warehouse. Those who worked there had to help with the packing of baggage onto the train. Even if the five hundred were left behind they were scattered all over the center so it was very peaceful. Our neighbors left the center on the eighteenth. At last our day had arrived when we would leave the center. At 7:00 A.M. on the twenty-third we were all ready. By 9:00 o'clock we were aboard the train which was taking us nearer to Tulelake, and getting farther away from Pinedale.

July 24, 1942

We arrived here when we were having breakfast on the train. As soon as we finished, the conductor told us to get our suitcases together. When we got out, the army trucks were waiting for us. It seems as if the driver was taking us for a long ride. When we stopped, it was in front of a large building. Later I found out that it was the Mess Hall. After I registered, I rushed to the door and as I glanced around the crowd, the same old familiar faces had a welcome look. One of my best friends came to me and she said she would take me to the canteen. It was such a long walk that I thought it was about half a mile from the registration room. It was nearly noon-time when we left the canteen. She asked me if I could go back by myself. First thing that I noticed was that I didn't know which direction to go. It was a lot of trouble but she took me back again.

July 25-27, 1942

I still was a little uneasy about leaving home. I once forgot to count each barrack after leaving the Mess Hall and I entered the wrong apartment. It wouldn't have been so bad if I had known them but we were just strangers. The next few days, I never missed a day counting barracks.

(Female)
Period 4

June 1, 1942

I packed my belongings in one suitcase and helped mother with her packing, knowing that tomorrow we will leave our home to somewhere called Tule Lake, California.

By noon the packing was nearly done. The house seemed so empty. At night mother, dad, sisters, brothers and I slept on the floor.

June 2, 1942

Woke up very early in the morning with an aching body, having slept hardly a wink. Did our last minute packing.

During the morning and afternoon many friends came to say their last words.

We were told to be ready around 3:30 p.m., but I was ready to leave sooner. Our dog looked so gloomy, for he had not eaten food for a couple of days. Somehow he knew that we were leaving.

At last the time came for us to leave. My mother, dad, sisters, and brothers were way up in front of me walking toward the bus which was waiting to take us to Vaneoun Station. I walked slowly with one suitcase in one of my hands and a pot of flower in my other hand. Looked back at the house and saw our dog whining and heard a cry from him. Tears rolled down my face as I would wave goodbye at some ten real friends of mine.

After a fifteen-mile ride, arrived at the Vancover Station. We were to leave the station at 6:00 p m. but something happened to delay the train.

The train arrived and got on at 8:55 p.m., and pulled away at 9:10 p.m. from the station. I knew then it was to be my last glance of my home town.

(Female)

A Day Before and After the Evacuation

June 15, 1942

This morning we had to get up early and pack up our luggage in order to get ready to move out of this camp (Sacramento Assembly Center). We worked till noon and rested the afternoon until supper time, and later went to the bus station where we got on and were taken to the train. It was still about 6:30 when we got on the train. But by the time all the other evacuees got on, it was around 7:30.

As we traveled on at first we saw nothing but hay ranches until it became dark and could not visualize the scenery very well. Although the outside was pretty dark, I still kept on looking outside for quite a while until we were told to shut the window shade which made a complete blackout for us.

That night we were very uncomfortable for we had no place to stretch our body, and the train made so many stops and jerks that I never slept more than an hour.

June 16, 1942

Toward morning around 5:00, for the first time in my life I saw Mt. Shasta which was a very beautiful sight compared to the hay ranch which I saw before nightfall, yesterday.

At last, about eight o'clock, we reached this camp. When we got off there were trucks waiting to take us into the camp where we were to register and have our apartment assigned. From there we walked 3 blocks away. When I looked into the apartment I found one small stove, six mattresses and six cot beds of which two were broken. I immediately set up the other four beds in order to have something to sit on. Our bedding and baggage which was to come immediately did not come so I lay down on a

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mattress to rest a moment, but as I soon closed my tired eyes. I fell in a deep slumber and slept until my father shook me awoke and told me that it was time for dinner.

After eating I worked till night trying to fix up the apartment, and that night I flopped myself in bed and slept like a sawmill. Boy, did I sleep!

(Hale)

July 20

The day was rather warm as we got off the evacuation train here at Tule Lake, at about 8:30. We were driven on trucks to Block 70 mess hall, where we were assigned to our block and barrack. I was greatly surprised at the immense size of this camp. Late in the afternoon our baggage was brought to us so we spent the rest of the preparing to retire for the day. All in all a very well spent day.

July 21

I arose about 9 o'clock, sleeping late for a good rest after the long train ride. At night I still felt the sway of the train. The day was warm and sunny, so I found what boards I could find and made a shelf. The water still tasted rather funny, and the food wasn't too good due to the disorganization of the mess halls. I spoke to some Bellevue people who were situated in the same block as me.

July 22

The day was slightly cooler than yesterday. I made a couple of trips to "Alaska" on foot to see some of boys I know, so I could play around. I watched the next bunch of evacuees come to this camp and greeted some friends. I went to bed rather early, because I was tired due to walking to "Alaska" and back.

July 23

The weather continued to be fair, warm in the day time, and getting cooler at night. I went to the canteen now and then and made another trip to "Alaska", after which I thought I had a very good idea of the camp. Today I volunteered to work in a mess hall at the hot sweaty work of washing dishes. The cots are very hard to get used to, compared to the steel spring beds at Pinedale. But now I feel like a regular resident of this colony.

(Female)
November 9, 1942

My Arrival at Tule Lake

May 27, 1942

This morning at 10:00 a.m. we pulled into Tule Lake Relocation Center. Before reaching our destination we were all more than worried thinking what kind of a place we were to be brought to, especially because we had heard rumors that this place was only half finished and such. So when we stopped before this camp many people said tears came to their eyes just to see what a large and nice-looking place it was, although the weather was rain, wind, and snow put together.

After getting off of the train we got into the awaiting cars driven by the Caucasians and went to a recreation hall for a physical examination and the registration.

After we were assigned to our rooms and saw how good it was we were more than ever grateful and happy to see such a nice place. This was especially caused because the place we were before coming here had such small rooms. We had a lot of places to walk around because it was in the fair grounds. During our ten days' stay at the Assembly Center the weather was so wet that the roads were always muddy, so I was hoping to see sunshine for a while here.

Around 12:00 o'clock we were served lunch by Caucasians, and it was so good compared to the food before we came here that we all ate heartily.

As I write this now, I think we are very lucky for coming here.

(Male)

June 18. Today we are to leave this camp of Walerga after a short stay of one month. This morning our neighbors were up around four o'clock in the morning. but we got up around 6 o'clock. We packed up and took the baggage to the front of the barrack. We ate our supper early and we went to the main entrance, after an hour or so of waiting we were led to the bus. After a few miles ride we reached the train and were led to the coach; around 8 o'clock the train started with a bang and we were off to Tule Lake.

June 19. I was expecting the camp to be around a lake, as did everybody else, but to my surprise we reached the dry sandy camp of Tule Lake at 7:30 A.M. The barracks were just like one we left at Walerga, big and bare.

June 20. Friends and I went out to explore the great camp. After visiting the canteen, we started for home. We walked and walked but we didn't get anywhere. Every barrack looked the same and after several hours, the exhausted trio staggered home.

This is getting boring as I will call it quits now.

(Female)

Diary

May 27/42--cold

Dear Diary,

Our room was just a jumble today! With all the packing and tearing down things. I guess it would be. Well, this our last day here. After this our home will be in Tulelake! Gee whiz, diary. I sure didn't want to go to Tulelake. I don't know whether I should be complaining or not because it was my mother who signed up to go and not I. You see, diary, we were in an assembly center until now, and my mother thought it would be best for us to move to a relocation center. So I guess she's really to blame.

Gee! diary. I can't remember anything that happened today, because my mind is so haywire, but I'll try to remember, as I ride on this train that's bound for Tulelake.

I can still recall the breakfast--mush (ugh), scrambled eggs, cold toast and coffee with no sugar. But that wasn't bad compared to what we had every morning.

Our luggage was packed and brought to the station right after dinner. The dinner was the same old thing. I guess you know what I mean, diary. The supper wasn't bad. I thought to myself as I ate that meal, "I guess this is my "last supper" here."

All that day I spent my time biding my friends farewell. I tried to be cheerful but somehow I just couldn't help feeling sad.

The time finally came. We rode on the train. "We'll see each other again," I told my friend but down in my heart I knew this was the last time. It took about one hour before everybody was on, but to me it seemed only a minute. From the train window I waved goodbye to my friends and

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tried to send messages by hand motion. The train moved little by little. I waved to my friends until I could see them no more. I tried to hold back my tears but I couldn't. I didn't think life could ever do that to me. Well, diary. I might as will try to get some sleep. I know I won't be able to but I can try. Night.

May 27/42--chilly

Dear Diary,

We finally reached our destination at 10:30 a.m. From the window of the train I could see that it was going to be a much better place than it was at the assembly center. Everyone was overjoyed. Some army trucks came to take us from our train to our new homes. We were all gathered in a mess hall and each family was given a room. A physical exam for everyone of us, too. Our room had 5 beds with nice mattresses, blankets and also a stove. We gathered small pieces of lumber here and there for firewood, as it was quite chilly.

We ate at 12:30. It was the most delicious meal I had eaten since evacuation. There were already colonists working as waiters and waitresses although the chief cook was Caucasian.

We prepared our beds and took our necessary goods from our luggage. With the permission of some carpenters, who were still working on some houses, we got some lumber to make chairs, tables, etc.

Had a delicious supper at 6. Spent a couple hours at a friend's house discussing some problems of our own. Well, it's 9 o'clock now and I'm very tired so I think I'll get some "shut-eye." Goodnight, Diary.

May 28-42--warm

Dear Diary,

Didn't do much today except to look for a job. The placement room was full of people looking for jobs. Disappointment was awaiting me. I couldn't get any since I was under age.

(continued)

Wrote some letters back home. Canteen opened. There wasn't much since it's the first day but eventually it will grow to be like a regular store. Nothing else to write except that there's going to be a dance tomorrow. Public invited. Good night. 9:30.

May 29--warm

Dear Diary,

Went to get some lumber. Our house is pretty well organized now. Rumors are that some more people are coming. I hope so. Anything to make the colony livelier.

Library opened today. A couple of us went and took out some books for amusements. Nothing new so I'll close. Good night. 9:30.

(Male)

July 21

After a very uncomfortable night on the train, we ate our breakfast on the train and reached Tule Lake about about 9 A.M. and saw a camp three times as large as Pinedale. Very disgusted, we piled off the train and on to the waiting trucks, which took us to the mess hall where we went through examination and received our room number. Half an hour later we walked into our room very disappointed, for it was smaller than the room we had at Pinedale.

We waited all day for our baggage, which arrived about 4:30 P.M.

After we ate our supper, we made our bed and retired early for we were all very tired.

July 22

After breakfast, started cleaning, unpacking and started putting up our shelves and etc.

After a day cleaning and everything else, I went for a nice long walk and breathed the cool air full of pestering mosquitoes.

July 23

Most of the jobs around home were through, so I went down to the Placement Office for a job, but on reaching there saw a crowd too large for comfort, so came home to fool around all day.

(Female)
English III
November 11. 1942

Sunday, June 28, 1942

We boarded the train about five o'clock in the evening. All of us were very glad to leave that hot and dusty camp.

The trip wasn't very comfortable, as I expected because we didn't have enough room to stretch our bodies. But it was lots of fun to watch the scenery. Mountains, houses, and trees seemed to go backward with a tremendous speed. I kept watching them until the night shadow fell upon them. The lights went on and we had to close the shade. Later they turned the lights, and let us put up the shades as we preferred.

I felt so sleepy after a while, and fell asleep. After a little while, I heard people shouting "Mt. Shasta! Mt. Shasta!" I opened my tight closed eyes and looked out from the window. I saw a most beautiful mountain, which was covered with snow. But before I knew anything, I fell asleep again.

Monday, June 29, 1942

About six o'clock in the morning, Mom woke me up. She said, "You better get ready, and eat your breakfast. I think we're near the camp now." Because I wasn't used to the train, I didn't feel hungry.

In a short while we finally reached our destination, Tule Lake camp. But to our greatest disappointment, we didn't find a single tree nor a sign of a lake.

After we were assigned to an apartment, a man took us there. That was the room which we are going to live for the duration. When we went to the room, there were five beds and mattresses on the floor by the wall. The first thing I did was to make the bed, and lie down to make up for the last night, but I was soon disturbed by the people, who came to see us.

(Female)

April 1942

Today we Japanese in Petersburg first heard about the Japanese Evacuation. It really hit us hard. Alaska is in the military area, and we have to leave the place where we have been all our lives. All the Japanese families are in an uproar trying to gather their belongings. Since our baggage is limited we have to be choosy and think of what we need urgently.

April 26th, 1942--Evacuation day.

It was today that we twenty six Japanese from Petersburg, Alaska, boarded the Northland Transportation Steamer "North Sea" headed for an assembly center. In our minds everything is vague. Our destination is unknown but heard rumors of our going to the assembly center in Puyallup, Washington so we take that for granted.

We were the last ones to evacuate from Alaska. The rest had already been evacuated. We missed a boat so we were left behind. Today we are going to leave Petersburg for a long journey to the states. The anchor was pulled up about nine in the evening and we are on our way leaving behind all Caucasian friends.

April 27th, 1942

We arrived in Wrangell about two in the morning but didn't stop for long. This town is the nearest to Petersburg being only forty-five miles away. We didn't go aboard since we docked there so early in the morning and by the next morning we were well on our way to Ketchikan, the second largest city in Alaska. We got off there around one in the afternoon and we got rooms at various hotels. We didn't intend to stay there for long. An Army Transport was supposed to come after us. It came six days later and during our stay there we really enjoyed ourselves. We weren't

(continued)

under military order so we really went to town. We were wishing the boat would hurry because our money seemed to slip out of our fingers.

May 1st, 1942

Today we were informed that the Army Transport would come in. From early in the morning we were packed and waiting patiently for it. Still, no boat. To our disgust it came at eleven in the evening. It was rainy and dark when we boarded the boat. Again we would be headed for new adventures and excitement since we are on a transport and not a steamer.

May 2nd, 1942

We arrived at Annette Island, an air base, located some miles from Ketchikan. Here's where I got my first streak of seasickness. We docked for what seemed like days instead of a few hours. We watched the soldiers guard their posts, man their guns, etc. There was another boat docked there, too, with a lot of the R.C.A.F. men aboard.

May 4th, 1942

My sister, girl friend and I were sitting on a lifeboat when all of a sudden I felt kind of funny and then fainted. I certainly aroused everyone there. Yes, I was seasick again and felt very miserable.

May 5th, 1942

We were still sailing when we entered Queen Charlotte Sound. This is the reoughest spot between Seattle, Canada, and Alaska. We were out on deck when we hit it so the soldier told us we'd better go in because the water would splash all over the deck of the boat. We've heard so much about it that we were scared. Boy! you should have seen us run in and jump into our beds. It was about 6:30 in the evening then and we got through it by 10:30. It was a terrible experience. That was the fourth

(continued)

time I got seasick. If you've ever been through such an experience you'll know how terrible it feels. A lot of the people fell asleep before they felt it but me, no! I stayed up all during that time and I'm telling you I really suffered. Hearing the water rushing over the side of the boat was enough, but we also had to listen to the others moan. The boat was rocking back and forth as if it was going to tip over. I thought surely we'd never get through it alive. Thank gosh we did.

May 6th, 1942

Once again the water was at its calmest. Porpoises and whales were jumping both in front and in back of the boat. Some were in large groups and others alone.

May 7th, 1942

Docked at the Port of Seattle. Our baggage was being inspected and as soon as that was completed we got on a bus heading for our new home, the Puyallup Assembly Center. We arrived there at eleven in the morning. Everyone was gathered about the gate watching us come and it was the first time in my life that I ever saw more than twenty-six Japanese at one time.

(Female)

Diary

June 4. We arrived here, our destination, after a long twenty one hour journey from northwestern Washington, at ten thirty this morning. We were greeted and guided by part of the five hundred volunteers from the Puyallup and Portland Assembly Centers. Tired as we were, we were very anxious to explore around our new homes. Disappointed? No one could have been taken by a greater surprise. The name Tule Lake made us all picture such things as green grass, trees, refreshing air and all the other things that one pictures with a lake. What did we find here but dry sand, hardly any living plants, and above all no lake. After a partial recovery from this shock we went to the mess hall and had our first meal in the Newell Project. After mess we met our block manager, who gave us some useful information. The afternoon was spent straightening our apartment. At the evening meal, we were informed that all those over sixteen, capable and desiring work, should report to the placement office in the next few days, and also that there was going to be a dance in one of the recreation halls. Although the dance was only a few blocks away, it seemed to us as if we walked from one end of town to another because our block was at one end of the then populated area and the dance at the other. The music was furnished by records. The hall was too small to accommodate those attending so we returned home. After a game of cards and little talking I took a shower and retired with thoughts of the forecoming day, but soon my thoughts drifted to my old home.

June 5. I awoke early this morning and dropped a few lines to some of my friends before I went to mess. After we finished breakfast and straightened our rooms up a group of us went to the placement office to apply for a job. After several hours of patient waiting we were finally

(continued)

assigned to the mess hall. We began work immediately, finding it quite interesting and not too hard. After finishing work, I got acquainted with our neighbors who are from a different part of Washington. After finishing work this evening I wrote several letters.

June 6. Not much happened today. Yolo county and West Sacramento came in to bring the population up to approximately two thousand. This noon and evening we were very busy as the new arrivals have not yet set up mess halls in their respective blocks. We fed in about three shifts. A group of us went to the dance at mess hall 720. We stayed until about ten. The crowd was just the right size for a good time. It was really a nice dance. Music, of course, was by records. Everyone here seems to be quite homesick. We still are drinking boiled water as the water tastes funny due to the new pipes. It is hard but we are trying to adjust our lives to this new method.

(Female)

My Diary

Dear diary, when we first arrived here at Tule Lake from Marysville Assembly Center, June the 29th. Before we came to Tule Lake, we heard rumors that this camp was divided into three. So they were saying that we were going to be separated from friends. We left Marysville Assembly Center about 6 P.M., June 28. We were told farewell by the people who were at the station. One thing, it surely gave me a shock to see unhappy people standing with tears in their eyes. I cannot ever forget these day of sadness. The sadness was forgotten after we had left the station, and I was kind of tired, so I retired to get some sleep. The next day we reached here at Tule Lake at 8 A.M. We got off the train, and loaded in the truck to here. We got off the truck, and the first thing I saw was lots of people who were here greeting us. Then I was feeling a little better, but not like good old home days. Any place I turned around I saw nothing but same kinds of barracks, and this camp was bigger than I thought it was. The water which I first drank wasn't tasteful, because it was much different from the water we used to drink. The surroundings of this camp were one of the most beautiful scenery. I think that this camp was better than I first thought it was.

(Female)
English 3
Period 3

July 12. 1942--Evacuation day

I got up from a weary night's sleep on the floor because all the furniture was stored away. In the morning everyone was all in a dither about leaving for camp, and in the afternoon I went to the show for the last time and saw "Playmates." I thought it was an interesting show. After the show I got some delicious high adored hamburgers to eat on the way to the W.R.A. in Tule Lake.

At five we went to the station and saw about five hundred people, "bag n' baggage" from head to foot, standing around "gaping" at each other, wondering when we were to leave. The train pulled out of Marysville about seven-thirty, and everyone went from one end of the train to the other to see if anyone was left behind.

July 13, 1942--First day in camp

Before noon we were assigned to our little bungalows without any ceilings, where my business was to be everyone else's business. By the end of the day, I was so "fagged out" that I really "hit the hay" early.

July 14-21, 1942

In the next few "doze" I went on explorations of the camp and would get quite confused on the way back to my own barrack that I sometimes went to the wrong barracks with the same expression, "Oops, my mistake, wrong place," and besides all the barracks being alike, the people all seemed to have black hair and brown eyes.

One thing that amazed me was that I slept so well every night, just as though I were home.

(Male)

Tuesday July 21, 1942

Arrived here at 8:30 A.M. on a train with 500 others from Pinedale, California, our Assembly Center. We were greeted by friends who also came from Pinedale, but before us. Leaving the train we were herded into a truck which took us to a checking mess hall. There we received our barrack and apartment number. Unpacking our belongings, we made ourselves at home. Having one of our early arrived friends as a guide we found the canteen and other places. Oh! what a huge camp this Tulelake Relocation Center is.

Wednesday July 22, 1942

Last night I slept like a log. I was full of pep today. I went looking around this camp finding my friends' living quarters. Most of the Pinedale group are spread around this camp. Today I volunteered for dishwashing duty. I must have covered lots of territory, for I'm all in.

Thursday July 23, 1942

Third day in this camp. The temperature is cooler here than Pinedale, for I haven't seen anybody faint yet. Today I started fixing the place, so it looks a little like home. I got acquainted with my neighbors. I again volunteered to wash dishes in No. 10 mess hall.

Friday July 24, 1942

Again I went to visit my friends in Alaska and Hollywood, as people call certain places. I thought I was lost a couple of times, but my map came in handy.

(Female)

July 10, 1942 Friday

Dear Diary,

Today I am beginning a new and strange life, for this is my first day in camp. It seems very strange seeing so many Japanese, for I had never seen so many Japanese where I had formerly lived.

As I stepped down from the train, trucks were waiting to take us into camp. The trucks stopped in front of an recreation hall. We got off and entered. There we were examined by the doctor. Then we went into another barrack where they gave us an apartment.

The apartment they had given us was very small and had only three windows. We began cleaning the room and made the beds.

Later that day I decided to go to the canteen with Michi, Fusa, Tonoyo and my sister. Being new to camp, we lost our way and had to ask some people where it was. At the canteen we bought pop and ice cream Returning home we were very tired because we had to walk such a long distance. So I decided to go to bed. Well, good-night, dear diary. I am getting very tired so I will close now.

July 11, 1942 Saturday

Dear Diary,

When I awoke this morning my back ached very much, the reason being that the darn mattress they gave me wasn't very soft as I found out.

This morning I ate at mess 45 because our mess had not opened yet. In the afternoon I went to the placement office to get a job, but it was closed.

All that afternoon I visited some old friends and we talked about Oroville, how hot it was or what show was playing. I returned home after the gab session. I took a shower and went to bed.

(continued)

July 12, 1942 Sunday

Dear Diary,

Today I went to see Marysville come in. They certainly did bring a lot of baggage with them.

This afternoon I decided to go to the Oregon canteen, which is very far away from our block. I heard rumors that the Oregon people were conceited, but I went and they didn't seem that way. I didn't do much today except visit friends.

It is getting late so I will quite writing for today.

(Male)

Bound for Tule Lake

From the Assembly Center we leave
    For Tule Lake, in the eve
With baggage and suitcase packed,
    With things such as slippers, shoes, and hat.
Anxiously waiting, for the train,
    And wishing luck, to the one who remains.

Then I hear a whistle blowing:
    Then the train starts a-rollin"
Faster and faster, it keeps on going.
    Then my friend starts a-waving.
I stuck my head out of the window
    and start to wave at the fellows.

The moon was out, the night was cold;
    The train was going, and we were cold.
A man was curled under his coat
    Sleeping like a dead goat.
Then I saw the sun, slowly rising,
    And then I knew that it was morning.

It was about seven in the morning.
    Some on the train were still moaning.
Breakfast was passed by a man:
    A boy and I gave him a hand.
Then I sat down and ate my bread
    And started to talk about the book we read.

(continued)

At last the train reached the camp.
But the trouble was we all had cramps.
They were waiting with cars and trucks.
And somebody driving a truck was stuck.
We were glad we were here
Because the trip was hard on our rear.

I never dreamt that it was this big
For a group of people large as this.
There were grass and sand all around,
And the weather that day was grand.
Thousands of barracks were built the same,
And none had a number exactly the same.

(Female)

Dear Diary,

July 12, Sunday

Today at 10:30 A.M, we reached Tule Lake Relocation Center after a long, dreary ride. Everything looks pretty well, and I am indeed very much excited about the whole thing, since this is going to be my first camp life.

July 13, Monday

I woke up this morning and was very much astonished to find myself in a strange room. Then, after looking around a bit, I realized this was to be my future home. The food, I thought, was very delicious compared to what I heard before evacuation. I know better now than to believe rumors.

July 14, Tuesday

The weather today was so called perfect. I went to the number 1 canteen for the first time since I entered camp and bought myself a soda. Boy!! did it taste good. Also, I did some exploring around camp and found many interesting things.

(Female)

June 3, 1942

We have just arrived in Tule Lake around 11:30 after sleeping very uncomfortably all night on the train. Everybody was excited and anxious to know where his apartment awaited him, hoping to get an apartment closest to his friends. The people here were very kind and friendly and helped us in whatever ways they could. I was really surprised to find no lakes, but bare mountains on all sides of the camp. Tired and sleepy I retired to bed, thinking of our dear home and our friends we left behind.

June 4, 1942

When I woke up this morning the sun was already shining brightly on my bed. By noon the sun was really hot, but I did not mind it, as it was my first sunshine for a long time. I was afraid to go very far from home, so I was afraid I might have a hard time finding my place again. I made many friends today, hoping to make many before long.

June 5, 1942

After breakfast today I helped open other mess halls as only about five were opened at the time. Afrer I finished working I spent the rest of my day making the tour of this city and meeting more friends. Two days have passed since we came here, but I still can't beleive we are actually here. Still a nightmare to me-----

(Male)

On June 19, 1942, we arrived at our destination at 8:00 A.M. After a ride of one whole night I got very tired. That was my longest trip that I have ever made so far. I was amazed at the enormous size of the Tulelake Relocation Center, which is to be our home for the coming months. The truck took us to a place where many people were assembled together. We were appointed to our apartment.

I was very disappointed in our new camp. I always heard that Tulelake was a nice place to live with a great lake beside it, but I found out that there wasn't a single tree in the whole camp. I also noticed the sandy ground with the tule growing in part of the camp. Nevertheless, the weather was moderate. We got to our apartment and found five cots folded up in the corner of the room and five mattresses piled up on the floor beside it. The first thing that I did was to put up the beds and take a nap. I was so tired that I went to sleep without knowing it. When I woke up, it was fifteen minutes past eleven o'clock. I felt much better after that short nap, so I went to the mess and ate cold meat with potato salad.

After I had had the dinner, my friend and I took a walk. We found out that the canteen and the post office were pretty far away. Immediately upon hearing this, I said to myself, "Well, I might as well get use to walking, because I have to walk quite a bit for the duration."

(Male)
English II
Nov. 9, 1942

My First Four Days in Tulelake

June 22, 1942

Arrived in Tulelake this morning at 9:00 o'clock. I was sure glad that we had finally reached our destination for the night on the train seemed like sleeping in an old fish box because the seats were very short for my long legs.

About five minutes later we were escorted in C.C.C. trucks to our block mess hall which was block 31.

In the blue sky above there were many seagulls flying about.

At noon we ate lunch at the mess hall across the firebreak.

After lunch I rushed after lumber until it was time for supper for lumber seems to be scarce.

I went to bed early for I was very tired.

June 23, 1942

This morning I woke early and went after blankets. Later I applied for a job as a senior steward for mess hall 3620 and to my amazement I discovered I was the youngest senior steward of our ward.

After lunch I again rushed after lumber.

June 24, 1942

Today I was able to get acquainted with my new neighbors and also to make friends with many peoples of different blocks.

Returning to the mess hall I noticed that I have been transferred to another newly opening mess hall which was mess hall 3220.

After lunch I was going down to the canteen and the sun was blazing hot. I also noticed that the camp was very large.

(continued)

June 25, 1942

This morning I awoke early and went to the newly opened mess hall for I had many things to do beside ordering stock.

After finishing my work in the mess hall I returned home and helped my father build tables and chairs.

In the evening my sisters' friends came over and we played cards till nine o'clock.

(Female)

My Diary

July 13th

"Choo! choo! This is the Chattanooga Choo! Choo!" snored the train, as it pulled into Tule Lake WRA. Little did the horse engine know that it pulled 500 people to this WRA, to start their new vigorous life. As I jumped out to the good old mother earth's solid soil, I heard comments coming out of the girl's gap. Such conversation as "Is that the corny camp?" or "Gee, what a dump!" carried on and on. I yelled to my amigos here and there, with full excitement. I then realized I was off my trick. After finding my long lost family, consisted of a dearly beloved brother and a father rat (oops, visa versa) we rode up to the housing relocation area. As I rode in my limousine, I saw thousands of familiar, friendly, unusual faces. Never in my life did I see so many faces at the expense of the government.

July 14th

Today, after a hard settling down, I found out I was separated from my friends, although we got together quite often. Too often, we thought, as we separated. Now we knew why a monkey couldn't stand his mate.

July 15th-21

During this week I did a lot of traveling. My shoe soles went low and low, while my bunions went up and up. Boy oh boy! did I have the "hot dogs."

Aug. 13th

Exactly a month since I came here. Most of my acquaintances included the Sacramento people. I think they're all a bunch of swell guys.

(continued)

Tonight, I went to a talent show at the outdoor stage (open air theater). I thought they were supposed to be composed of talented personalities. Oh, what am I saying! It grew cold as the evening wore on. Lucky for the Mr. 5 by 5, but pity me. But my heart became warm as we sang "God Bless America," and I wondered why everyone went home, when I pitched in.

(Male)
Period 1

DIARY

June 4, 1942: I arrived at Tule Lake Project, weary and tired from the trip. After being assigned to our room, which was bare except for the cots, I went out to search for wood to make chairs and tables out of. This is when I realized how large our camp is and how lost you feel the first few days. Everything was exciting the first day.

June 5, 1942: Today I was busy helping to arrange and assort the articles we could bring. I visited our only canteen (No. 1) to buy ice cream to cool myself. The water is not very good compared to the water we had in Washington, also the heat was never this severe where I came from. Today, our mess hall opened up and I got a job there. Not being used to the food served here I got sick. I suppose I will get used to it later on.

June 6, 1942: Today I found a few new friends. The kids don't seem to get acquainted with each other very fast, because they run around in groups and seemed to be satisfied with their old friends.

June 12, 1942: I walked down to Fire Station No. 2 and came back again. I found out how easy it was to get lost.

June 15, 1942: I terminated as a mess hall worker and worked as a messenger boy at Fire Station No. 1.

June 25, 1942: Went to work at Fire Station at 8:00 o'clock. Today firemen went out to drill on how to work a "booster pump" and unroll and roll lengths of hose. I learned quite a bit in fire fighting because I get to go on these drills.

I am getting used to camp life, and now it seems to get dull and unexciting.

(Female)

First two days in camp

July 16th (Thursday) Sun shining but cool.

On reaching the camp around 11 A.M., it seemed very cold compared to the warm weather we had in Pinedale.

After getting off of the train we were all put on an army truck. We rode on an endless, bumpy road to the 6th ward. I thought I would never get used to such a big place. We entered an apartment with only canvas cots with mattresses on them. We sat down for a little rest, then my friend came after me and told me it was time to eat. I shall never forget this meal. The menu was cold sardine and peas, fresh out of the can, and a couple of slices of bread with no butter or anything. The water they gave us smelled like oil, so we didn't drink it.

Later in the afternoon they brought our baggage and there weren't any place to put it except in a corner. I got the broom, swept the room and then made the bed. It was now supper-time so we went to eat at a different mess hall.

July 17 (Friday) Sunshine, slightly cold.

I don't think I ever slept so well before. It really felt good to lie flat on a bed in a quiet room, after the noisy and cramped-up day coach seat way of sleeping. I started the day by cleaning, but since there weren't any closets or anything, I found it a hard task to do.

Wrote some letters to my friends on a suitcase table. I went out to mail the letters but found no place to mail them. I walked up and down the unfamiliar blocks till I happened to peek in a block manager's office somewhere around the center. Here I saw a cardboard box with a sign "mail" written on it. At last I found a place to mail my letter. At night I was again very tired from the tasks of cleaning and walking around trying to locate a post office.

I went to bed early all worn out.

(Female)
English III

Dear Diary

May 16, 1942

Gee, diary, it sure is lonesome tonight. Guess where we are! On the train bound for California. I can't realize that we are actually evacuating. The thing which has been the topic of conversation of the Caucasians as well as the Japanese. Diary, you really don't know how it feels to leave a place you have loved dearly.

This morning we got our quilts and blankets packed, our last baggage. Gosh, it was a load off my mind!

Hanneman invited us to lunch so we went. Umm-umm, it sure tasted good.

Gosh! I'm weary. I guess I'll get some shut eyes. Good night diary--see you again.

May 24

"California, here we are, never mind the weather now."

Well, diary, we have finally arrived at our destination this morning. It made me happy to see all those familiar faces again. (not "monkey" faces). Our friends guided us to our apartment, as they called it. But if you ask me I would call it a "stable."

Goodness, diary, you should see the hard, straw mattresses. I will be "hitting" pretty soon. If I have a stiff back in the morning, you'll know why. Sure miss my good "ole" bed.

July 17

Guess where we are, diary? On the train again! Diary, aren't you trainsick? I am. Gosh, you should feel all these bumps I'm feeling! My food can't digest.

Don't you think I should have learned the techniques of packing by

(continued)

now; I've done enough of it. But shucks, I just couldn't get half of my clothes in my suitcase. Sad case, wasn't it? Pinedale dust must have taken quite a large space. Maybe it wanted a train ride, too. It seems sad leaving Pinedale after staying there two months. I guess Tulelake will be like home after we settle down.

Goodbye diary, see you at Tulelake.

(Male)
English
Period 3

MY DIARY

Sunday, July 12

Today we reached Tule Lake Relocation Project. We were all arranged to live in certain apartment. All day today I had to fix up my apartment.

Monday, July 13

After my breakfast today, my friend and I walked around the camp to see the scenery.

Tuesday, July 14

Today I have met some new friends. Quite a few Placer people came to this camp yesterday, and as some came to our block, I made some friends with them.

Wednesday, July 15

Today I went to the Placement Office to find a job. I wanted a job as a truck driver but since it wasn't available, I got a job as a swamper.

Thursday, July 16

Today I have worked all day long and will continue to do the same work.

C H A P T E R I I I

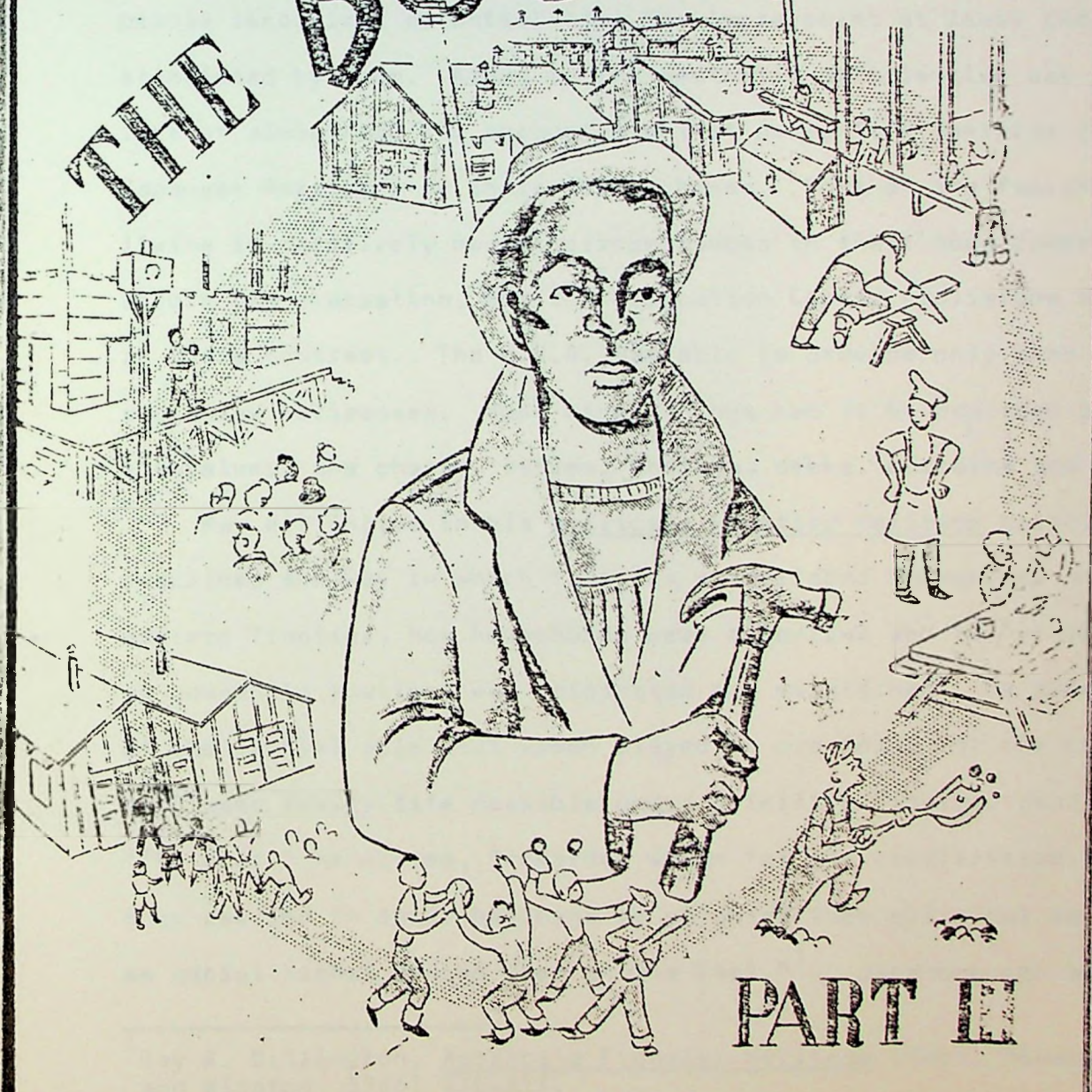
"SPECIAL TULE LAKE BEGINNINGS"

Introduction to Chapters III and IV

Students in a junior-level class were asked to write briefly on what each one of them considered to be "special Tule Lake beginnings," that is, distinctive aspects of their earliest experience at Tule Lake. They record in Chapter III some of their first impressions of the Relocation Center and insights into the settling-in process by which raw barracks "apartments" were made habitable. The second series of essays, those included in Chapter IV, deal more fully with the transformation of barracks into homes.

As family units and single individuals entered Tule Lake, they were assigned housing by the Project housing office largely in patterns reflecting time of arrival. Larger family units were generally provided additional space. There were from four to six apartments in each of the bare structures; the barracks themselves were twenty feet wide and sixty feet long. Fourteen barracks comprised a block. In each block there were latrines for men and women, a laundry-ironing room, a recreation hall, a mess hall and a place for the office of the block manager who was the factotum of the block community. Outside barracks walls were covered by black tar paper held in place by narrow wooden strips. When the evacuees arrived, the interior walls showed the bare studs. Gradually wallboard was provided to protect the inhabitants from the cold winter winds soon to come and screens to keep out the present menace of what one students calls "the dangerous insects."

THE BOOM TOWN



PART E

Nine blocks comprised a ward. Fire breaks separated groups of structures in order to reduce the danger of fires sweeping through large segments of the barracks community before they could be brought under control. Obvious to everyone was the orderliness of the community's geometric physical design.

There was much that the new residents found appalling in the physical aspects of the Tule Lake Relocation Center although many people recognized potentialities for improvement at least and were stimulated by them. Added to the aesthetic deficiencies was the lack of almost all the accountrement of daily life familiar to the Japanese Americans in their former homes. Most of the families were living in relatively modest circumstances in their home communities before the evacuation, but the Relocation Center provisions stood in sharp contrast. The W.R.A. was able to provide only iron beds and straw mattresses. Most other things had to be provided by themselves, the chairs, tables, shelves, desks, curtains and so on.

Ray Billington in his America's Frontier Heritage brilliantly describes the way in which families established themselves on the western frontier, how households were organized and the regimen of household routines was originated and maintained. He speaks of the crucial role that women played in providing for the conditions that made family life possible under primitive frontier conditions. "The West," he writes, "rewarded women for the civilization that they carried in their handbags by allowing them political as well as social rights denied them in the East."[1] Japanese men and

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[1] Ray A. Billington, America's Frontier Heritage (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1966) 216-217.

women, especially women, who arrived in Relocation Centers brought their notions, imbedded in culture and habit, about making a home along with the few pieces of baggage they were allowed to bring with them. In this case, the women were not as substantially rewarded as Billignton describes as occurring on the frontier, except that most Issei women had in the Relocation Center a greater measure of leisure time than they had ever had before.

Comparisons are occasionally made in these and other Nisei essays in this collection between the lives of pioneers under the rugged conditions of the Old West and the present circumstances of Japanese Americans. These later, reluctant migrants found themselves in Relocation Centers established in some of the hardest and least developed areas--areas that the earlier pioneers had largely passed over. If the Japanese did not live in crude log cabin dwellings on some remote frontier, they were forced to live in something that seemed almost equally primitive in terms of what they had known and possessed before. The similarities in condition and response doubtlessly provide comfort to some Nisei, for the very comparisons themselves suggested challenge and ultimate success in dealing with prinmitive conditions; moreover, pioneering seems quintessentially American. Perhaps this association, noted by some of the Nisei well-schooled in American history, was difficult to share with those Issei parents who had a vaguer knowledge of the settlement of the American frontier and a poorer understanding of the symbolic meanings in the comparisons.

There was no doubt in any one's mind that the primitive conditions found in the residential quarters at Tule Lake represented a challenge if anything resembling normal life was to be created there. The positive aspects of the available quarters were that they were new, thought dusty, and that they were basically clean.

The response of the new inhabitants as is revealed in the essays reflects the desire for cleanliness, order, and at least some measure of what they would define as comfort and attractiveness. Few perhaps rose so promptly to the problems of establishing a home as one of the young Nisei writers in this section, "I entered the room, put the baggage on the floor, sat down on the dusty bed and thought how to arrange the room." Whether or not people in general mobilized themselves so quickly for the tasks at hand, the work proceeded quickly at first.

The essays, then, reveal what indeed took place upon the assignment of living quarters, that is, an immediate explosion of activities directed toward making the apartments livable according to the established patterns brdught with them relating to what is the proper order and placement of the physical accoutrement of the household, what are the first necessities, what are the most practical arrangements, how can basic comforts be provided, what can be done to add beauty and grace to the austerity of "camp life."

Family members divided functions as luggage was stored where it would not be unsightly and in the way. Under the circumstances utilitarian concerns were bound to predominate in decisions about

the placement of beds, tables, and chairs. Attention was given to the obvious need to devise partitions that could serve both the necessity for privacy and separation of function yet at the same time provided color and design. The tasks were made easier by the fact that there were neither bathrooms nor kitchens in the apartments; bathing and toilet as well as laundry facilties were provided in special barracks and common mess halls provided food and dining facilities.

If women were the major designers of interior improvements in most instances, men were engaged in the necessities of constructing tables, chairs, shelves, and other indispensible items out of bits of scrap lumber. Girls old enough to sew or make paper flowers and boys old enough to carve or aid in carpentry made their contributions. The interiors of the barracks began to reflect in an important measure the tastes and interests of individual families. The depressing monotony of the dwellings in the first weeks of habitation gradually altered through bursts offamily activity. Doubtlessly the process of home-making was accelerated by the fact that the house wife, in some instances for the first time in her life, was freed both from work in the fields and garden and from the necessity of preparing family meals.

Without question as to whether it should be done at all, without deferring tasks for a more propitious time, the Japanese Americans, as if moved by instinct, were impelled by habit and culture to make their dwellings as much like those they had known before as conditions permitted. While the transformation of housing units into "homes" was largely the product of family interests and values reflecting general group culture, there was a good deal of stimulation to improvement produced by comparisons with the accomplishments of others. Dwellings were side by side;

comparison and competitiveness were inevitable. One can see in the essays the appreciation that many of the young writers had for the creativity expressed in the dwellings of their friends and neighbors. One can note a measure of appreciation and pride at the extent of utilitarian provision, comfort, and even adornment that had been achieved in their homes and those of people around them through family efforts and access to Montgomery Ward and Sears order catalogues.

The competitiveness produced conflicts over access to miserable scraps of lumber; fights occurred among people who had long been friends or neighbors before coming to Tule Lake. This led Rev. Kitagawa to ask, "Where were their manners, their sense of mutual respect and courtesy, so characteristic of Japanese people? All those finer things of life were left behind, along with excess baggage."[1]

One of the remaining, pervasive problems was the lack of privacy which was suffered by all members of the family. Cartoons in the Tulean Dispatch's literary supplement reveal in humorous depiction the difficulties involved when members of a family engaged in different activities are confined to a single room of modest proportions; sewing, studying, playing records, conversing and arguing, cleaning, and a variety of other activities including some requiring much privacy all were performed in a confined arena.

"The senior high school students were faced with their own peculiar problems." Rev. Kitagawa writes. "In addition to their

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[1] Kitagawa, op. cit., 96.

own peculiar problems. In addition to their basic education and vocational training, they were to learn how to be citizens in a free society, prospective homemakers, and parents. But how could they have a wholesome social life through which to get to know their peers of the opposite sex? Boys and girls whose interest in the opposite sex was duly awakened found themselves in an extremely awkward position. They wanted and needed privacy as well as some sort of guidance, if not supervision."[1] Under the conditions of Center life, it was difficult for youths to entertain one another and especially for young men and women to secure enough privacy to allow them to converse at ease. "In this sort of society, if one could still call it a society, how could adolescents learn to fall in love, court, marry, and make a home according to the way of a civilized people? In order to enjoy the desired and necessary privacy, youngsters had to run away from other people--friends, neighbors, parents. They could not find one spot under the sun, so they felt, where they could be just with each other, without offending somebody or without becoming an object of scandalous talk."[2]

Note: Most of the following compositions bear a date in early December but several were first submitted somewhat earlier. It appears that some of the essays were either written initially inaacceptable form or, after they were corrected, were re-written and submitted again to the teacher. A number of essays, however, bear the marks of correction by the teacher or the teacher's aides. A number of the latters' "corrections" are not correct and numerous errors apparently went unrecognized. The errors and corrections are included as they appear on the original sheets in our possession.

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[1] Ibid., 95.

[2] Ibid., 96.

(corrected)

Takako Nakishima
Dec. 1, 1942.

Making a Home

"Oh! what an ugly little room," was the first comment made upon entering the little black house in Tule Lake. The baggage was lying down everywhere. I didn't know how to begin making a home out of the little room. All my neighbors were having the same trouble, too. Just how I do not know, but we made a bench and a table out of what little wood we had. We all felt like the Swiss Family Robinsons stranted on the island and trying to make things out of the driftwood.

As the weeks went by they started putting plaster boards around the room. It made the room look so much brighter than before that I thought with a little more effort I could look forward to the room that would someday become a very pleasant place to live.

One day I came home and found that the foundation for a closet was being laid. In a few days it was finished. The baggage lying around became very few after the closet was filled. Then came the making of shelves, dressers, partitions and some more tables. The hammering seemed to continue long into the night and start early in the morning. Everyone seemed to be busy. The youngsters would complain, "I never seem to get enough sleep with that hammering" but they all knew that this was the very beginning of our beautiful new home in an entirely new kind of a life.

Helen Kanemasu A

My New Home

"Klamath Falls!"

"All out for Klamath Falls," bellowed the conductor as the train hissed to a stop. Then it was true that after all these months I would actually be in Tule Lake in less than an hour. There my family and friends eagerly waited to welcome me to my new home. which only a few months ago had been just as strange and new to them as it would be for me.

Arriving at night with only the moon as my light, the camp seemed to loom up before me like an immense, unfriendly creature of prehistoric times. In the morning, however, with the sun shining so brightly overhead and surrounded by friends both old and new, my impression of the night before was replaced by an entirely different one.

My first trip to the mess hall, canteen, the rec hall,--all, I seemed to have gone through in a daze until a week after my arrival, I decided that it was about time I resumed my "larnin' of the three R's."

The contrast between the "Tri-State Hi" with 3,500 pupils, and the one I had previously attended with 30 pupils was as great as jitterbugging and waltzing. The friendliness and the kindness of both teachers and classmates surprised and touched me very deeply. I found my old fear and dread of attending such a large school with unknown classmates fading as the days went by. Informality and companionship between teacher and pupils I think, is one of the greatest assets of which this school can justly boast. Consequently, humor and goodwill prevail. One day when the Science teacher asked what the moon was, "all I can say is it sure is pretty at night," sighed a masculine voice from the back of the room.

(continued)

Heard again is the rumor that we will be moved to another center, but whether or not it is true, regardless of where Uncle Sam decides to send us, a place with my family and friends,--to me--is "home."

B+

U.S. Const. and English

Katherine Oyama Fifth, Sixth period

"Our Problems"

Our problem here is a mutal problem. We are here is the question before us, and we must make the most of it(?) When we first came here on the 16th of July from Pinedale, it was rather a chilly and cloudy morning much to our surprise as compared to the hot and dusty weather we have had in Pinedale, California. This new city of ours was surprisingly large and much different from any community we have been acquainted with.

Since arrival in this city we have been faced with several problems which we have faced like a pioneer. One of which is housekeeping in a(n) unfurnished apartment. It was very bare inside. The structure of the building were bare without stoves, furnitures or any necessity of any sort except for a bed. The floors were filled with space, which is very hard to sweep or mop. The dust from the sands of our front lawn are very dry and loose, so that a person walking kicks up a considerable amount of dust, which blows into our rooms, unaccounting for the childrens of the block running and playing football, etc. Dusting twice a day wouldn't even keep a room very clean. The northwest wind we have here blows all the smoke and soot from the chimney of the shower-house boiler.

Once settled with our bare necessity, we began adding shelves, curtains, buying chairs, tables etc. from our local community store only to learn to our disappointment that we would have to take them all out to have our room plastered. Waiting patiently for the Carpenters several weeks, the carpenters finally arrived to our block. Once plastered,

(continued)

our room began to have a more home-like atmosphere with the addition of a huge coal stove several days later. Once again we had to rearrange our beds to stay away from the stove and yet have plenty of space for our other furnitures. Adding closets, shelves, etc, with our meager supply of lumber we picked up from here and there were soon completed. Curtains hung, windows washed, the room given a once over spring cleaning, it has now began to look more like a real home to us. Our housework are now in smooth order, but yet we still miss the luxury of washing machines, the autos. the corner drug store where we use(d) to go so often, and everything we left behind when we left our community of Auburn in Washington.

This is war; so a little hardship, a little longing, a little to wishing and a little praying of all of us will help to win this war. even if we can't help directly in the aid of our allied force.

Mary Myamoto
Dec. 1, 1942
(corrected)

Living Quarters

The living in Tule Lake was much different from those back home. It seemed very different because back home we lived in a house, and here we live in a apartment in barracks. The apartments are not only one but four or five to one barrack.

The only thing we brought from back home was our blankets and clothing. When we got here, they gave us two blankets to a person. These blankets were given to us for warmth.

The barracks were not for only one family, but for 2 or three families. If you have a large family, you may have two apartments.

The apartment were not decorated in the present matter as we have it now. We had to make furniture and shelves and closet to make it more like a living quarter. The apartments were not ready for winter, so the Carpentors had to fix it up. They put the plaster boards in to keep us warm for the season. They put up screens to keep out all the dangerous insects.

We had to make our own clothes lines. We brought shades and curtains to decorate our windows.

This is all I could tell you about the living quarters. Maybe there are some more things but I can't think of anymore.

CAMP LIFE

THE BARRACKS

The barracks were just one long house divided by a wall. Some of these barracks are divided into four, five, or six rooms. Each family is entitled to one of these rooms depending on the size of the family.

There are hardly any furniture except for a few chairs since you have to make all your own furniture.

But later on, each room is to be plastered up with sheet rock. This would improve the room and can be developed into a better home. It would also keep the wind from coming in through the wall. There are stoves for each room also, since the winter here is very cold.

Some people have victory gardens, porches, ect; which improves the appearance of the environment.

Toshiko Morishige
U.S. Cont.
Sept. 21, 1942

Ø+ B-

New Crafts

About a week after we came here they dumped a truck load of pine barks. I saw our neighbor bringing them home. I was curious because we did not have ~~a~~ stove(s) in our houses that time. They couldn't use it for kindling. A week later I thought I would visit their place to see what they were making out of it. They had a sign put up with their name carved in the pine bark. It was beautifully done. When I entered the house they had more clever things done. Some of them were necklaces made of watermelon and mushmelon seeds. Rings made of peach and plum seeds and many other jeweleries. Other new crafts I have seen in different places were different shapes of baskets woved ~~weaved~~ of tule weed. With the scraps from planed ~~plained~~ board they have these scraps pasted on a piece of paper. They are pasted in different ways to make them look like flowers. They are painted and shellaked. These make very nice wall hangings.

Some of them are things that nobody (else) could think (up) of making. They are so clever.

C-

American Life
September 21, 1942
Miyamoto, Hatsuye

First Day at Tule Lake High

Clang went the temporary ~~bell~~ (There was no bell. Be careful in writing history.) of Tule Lake High School at eight A.M. Monday morning. (September 14) Over a thousand students formed a line in back of the Principal Office to get there schedule(s). As they came out, the y compared their schedules with their friends(') to see what periods were alike. Many students were not satisfied.

Many of the unsatisfied students went to the end of the line which was formed in front of the Principal Office, to have there various questions answered. Many students waited two hours or more to get their simple questions answered or fixed. Still many students (who) were unsatisfied had to wait till the next day to get there classes added or changed.

(This is not different from many other schools. I wanted information on special Tule Lake beginnings.)

Erimo Asazaua
English III, Per. 2

How Thing Is At First

Just coming in this camp looking from the train, I didn't know the camp was so large. All the barracks look alike. The first day I arrived, it was windy and cold. I was afraid of getting lossed. So I stay home a couple of days. Even going into another block I was sure to get lossed. The only way I can tell was I live live is near the ditch: third barrack from the end. I made a mistake going into the wrong apartment. After that I look before going in. Now I use of the camp.

Now going to school early in the morning at eight o'clock till five o'clock P.M. It takes about ten minuts to walking to school, but it seem a very long way.

Friday was so dusty and windy. I drop a paper; it sure flew in no time. I combed my hair and the combed was dirty. My sweater was dusty: one shake didnt take all the dust off. Sometime the sand will go into your eye and mouth. So I hope the dust won't come here again.

9/22/42 Tanimoto, Geo.

HOW THE PEOPLE LIVE AND A MAJOR PROBLEM

The people in this community have all come from various parts of California, Oregon, Washington and a few other states.

On the various days that the people came off the train and into the camp there were many solemn faces as they glanced towards the camp buildings in which they would all have to stay the duration of the war. This was true too most all of the older people and some of the younger people.

The first week was about the worst for everybody. The dogs, other pets, and many other pets, and many other things which they all had to leave behind kept coming to many a mind.

The houses assigned to the families and bachelors were all better than expected. Although the insides of the barracks were bare except for four or five beds and mattresses inside. Slowly the people brought or bought tables, benches, and chairs into the rooms till the room began to look a little like home.

Many who had come early had already begun to build porches and a small garden. The ones who came in towards the last could not build porches, benches, shelves etc, because there was not enough lumber. All the good waste lumber had been taken up. Lumber shortage set in so as to cause the stopping of lumber giving.

Even though Japanese wardens were posted at the lumber piles, it was impossible to stop the takers. A Japanese warden would not or could not stop the takers because of several reasons. First because they (Japanese) were all in the camp for the same reason. Second because all the people in the community knew that lumber was needed; and if the wardens or anyone tried to stop the taking of lumber, they would probably

(continued)

get in trouble some how. By this I mean that warden or person would likely be "ganged up on".

The only way I think that this can be stopped is by a strict military rule or regulation, or guard.

If something is not done soon it well begin to get pretty serious.

Coming to Tule Lake and Working in the Hospital

Coming to Tule Lake and seeing many buildings in the rows I could not imagine how many persons are going to be living in this camp. As I got off the train May 27, 1942 there were many passenger cars waiting "Beautiful Cars!" We passed the building in which we thought was our new home, but was the warehouses. We came to 413 building and stopped. We went inside and waited until our turn came. Finally our turn came to get our appartment. Then we followed a man who showed us our apartement. When we went inside we found the steel cots with mattresses we certainly was surprised, after sleeping on the straw mattresses for five weeks. Before we knew it was lunch time so we went to Mess Mall to eat. We were certainly surprised to see what we had for lunch, it was the best meal since we left home. That they went by so soon.

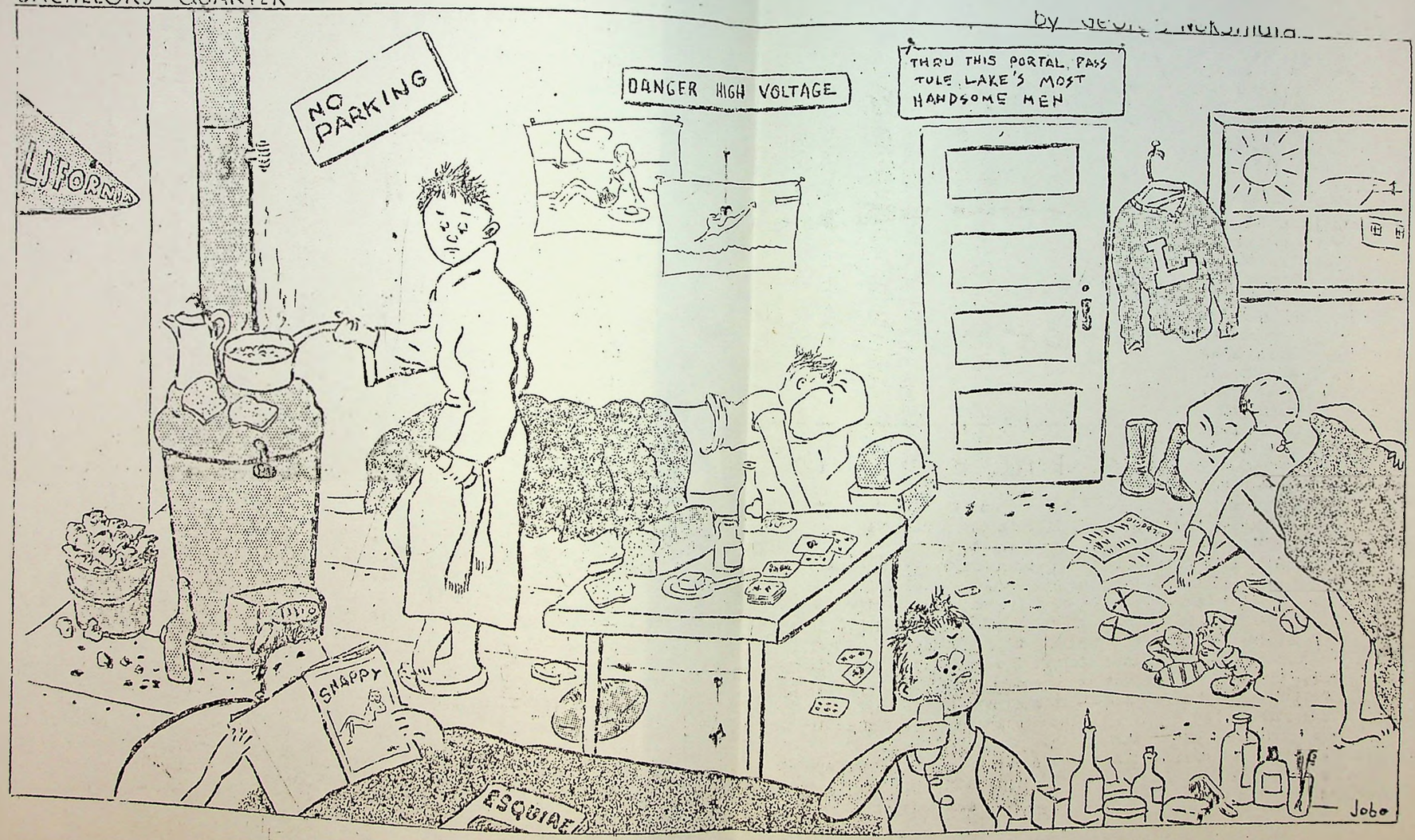
Next morning so I got up. I did not know what kind of work I should do. I had many choise. My first was to work in

C H A P T E R I V

"HOW WE CREATED A HOME."

BACHELORS' QUARTER

by [illegible] Nakamura



Toyama, Helen
U.S. Const. Per 7
Dec. 7, 1942

Housing Conditions of Tulelake

A dark, cold morning when the wind was blowing mildly, a long train-load of Japanese evacuees from Camp Walerga descended the trainsteps to the sandy soil of Tulelake.

Everyone calmly boarded the army trucks and we were brought into the Relocation Center. Then in one of the unoccupied mess halls every family received instructions, and guides then showed them to their apartments.

Walking through the sandy soil, looking at the rooms of quiet barracks, you wonder. You ask yourself what kind of a home you will find in Tulelake. The apartments looked bare and cold.

Taking walks along the first filled section of Tulelake, people who came later, noticed the porches that were made by the families that came here earlier. Then they started making furniture and porches.

Later when the apartments were plastered, the women of Tulelake really went to work and embroidered, bought all kinds of heavy material for curtains and draperies. The men were also busy at work. They became creative and made all kinds of household furniture. There were furniture exhibits and contests which women also took part in it. Then most of the household units were completed.

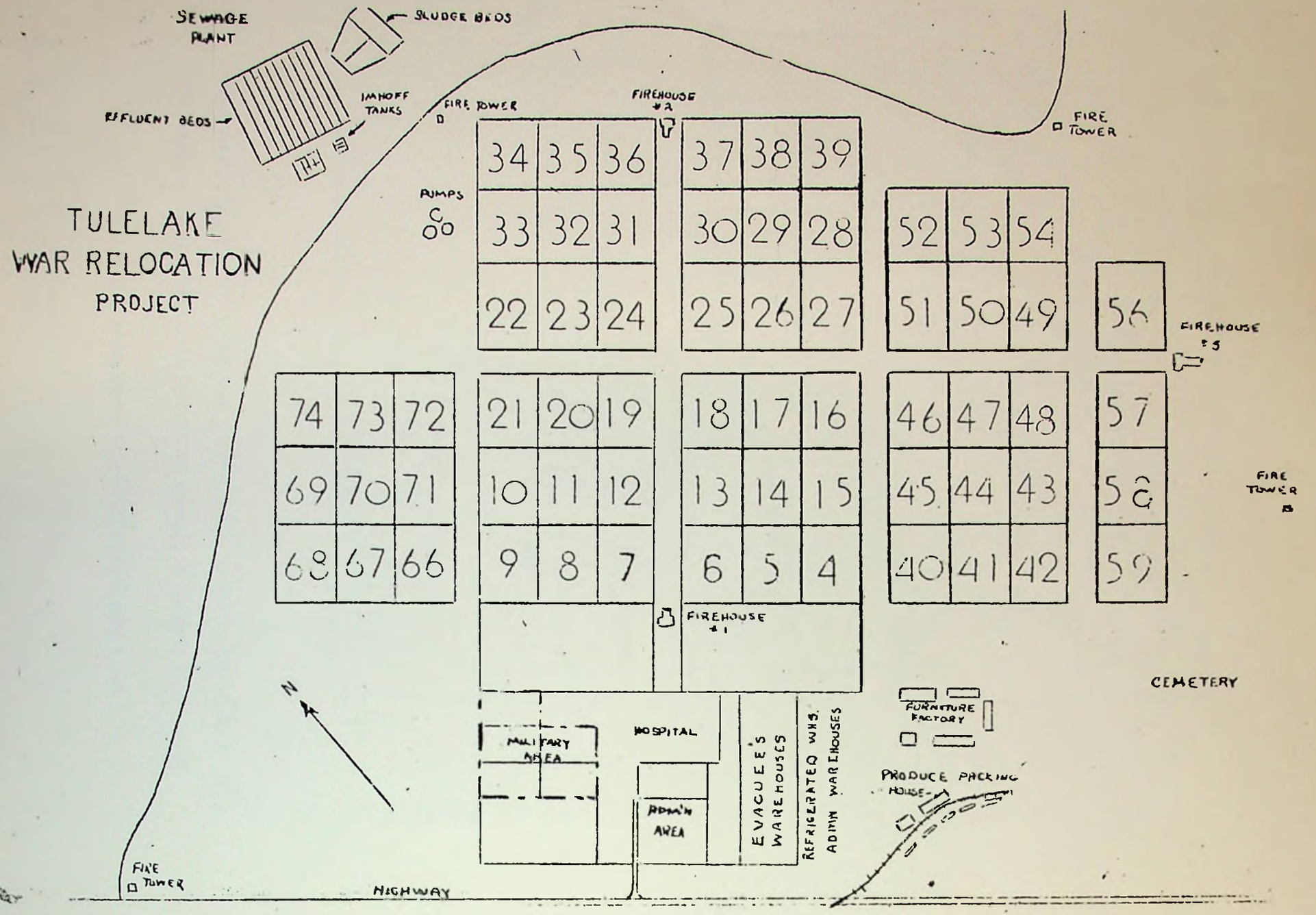
Some people's apartments have cozy little kitchens. Usually the beds are put to one side of the room and partitioned so that friends entering their home may just see the part which is made into the living room.

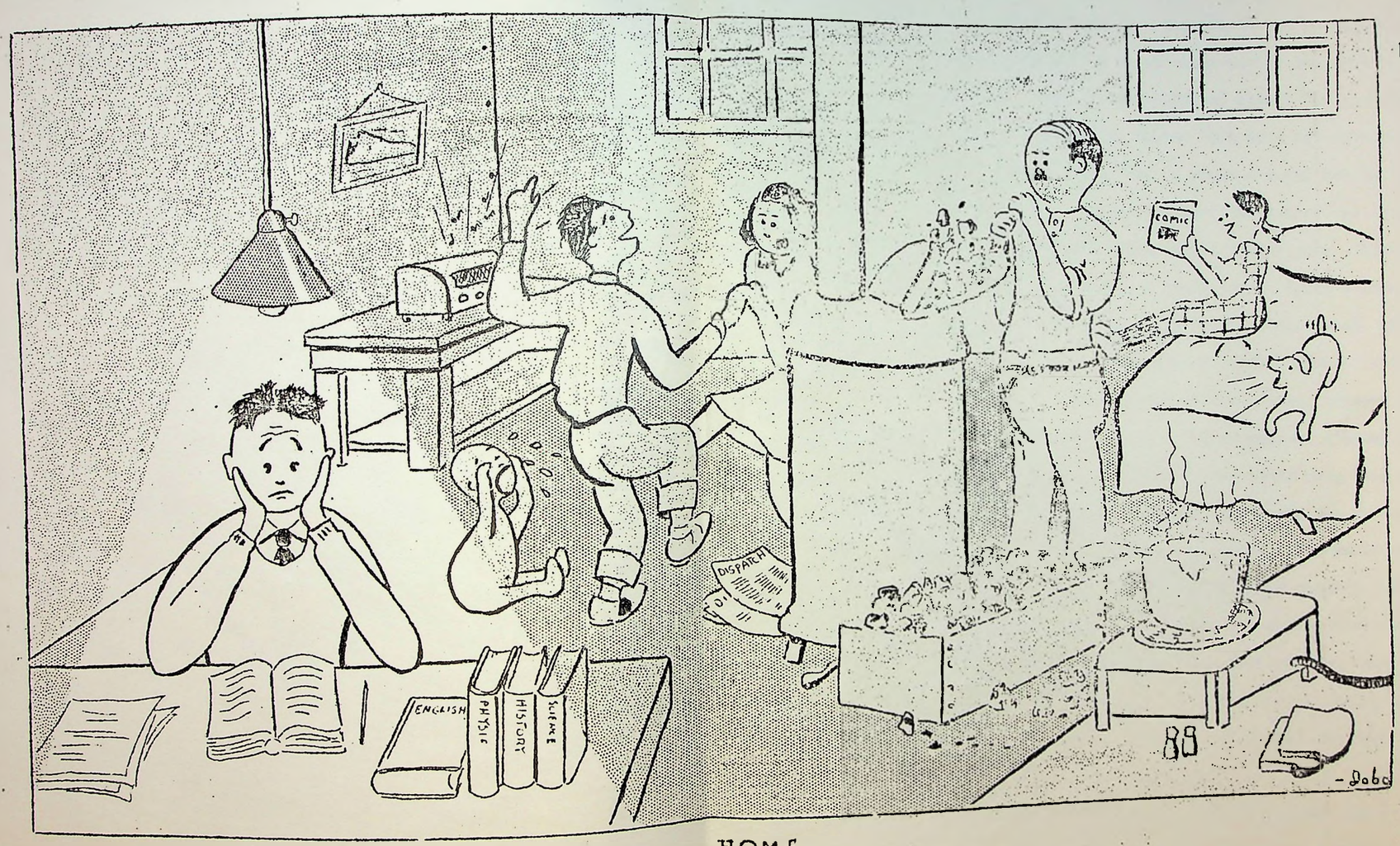
(continued)

The closets were made to put away suit cases, trunks and all their clothes. The men made shoe cases, book shelves and other useful furniture of all kinds and patterns. They were all put into places which seemed the most convenient place.

The women had opportunities to make and arrange flowers. That was about the last touch to be made in our homes.

Now anyone could see the realistic flowers arranged in vases and put on tables, shelves, and bureaus where it helps to brighten up and make the room look cheerful from all appearances.


TULELAKE
WAR RELOCATION
PROJECT
SEWAGE PLANT
SLUDGE BEDS
EFFLUENT BEDS
IMHOFF TANKS
FIRE TOWER
FIREHOUSE #2
FIRE TOWER
PUMPS
34 35 36
37 38 39
33 32 31
30 29 28
22 23 24
25 26 27
52 53 54
51 50 49
56
FIREHOUSE #3
74 73 72
69 70 71
68 67 66
21 20 19
10 11 12
9 8 7
18 17 16
13 14 15
6 5 4
46 47 48
45 44 43
40 41 42
57
58
59
FIRE TOWER
FIREHOUSE #1
CEMETERY
N
MILITARY AREA
HOSPITAL
ADMIN AREA
EVACUEES WAREHOUSES
REFRIGERATED WHS. ADMIN WAREHOUSES
FURNITURE FACTORY
PRODUCE PACKING HOUSE
FIRE TOWER
HIGHWAY



HOME SWEET HOME

Hisa Nimura
American Life
Coarse

How a Woman Creates a Home in a Barrack

Creating a home in a barrack is not an easy thing--for instance at first we were all in an assembly center and there we, for the first time, received a taste of camp life, we stayed for a couple of months and had to get used to it. Of course this does not have anything to do with creating a home, but that is where a woman had to begin to build a home all over again. When we reached the center, we were all surprised finding spread beds and other things in the room. Now when we came in this relocation center a woman again had to build a home for everyone to be comfortable. Each family receives an apartment, she knows it is empty and very unhomely. When she is settled down a little, she begins to plan how to make her bareroom look like a home, because she couldn't bring any of her commercial in camp. The government allowed her to bring just the necessary things, so naturally she needs help from each member of the family to do things. At first she cleans the windows, puts dainty curtains up and here is where she begins. The walls were bare at first but later fixed by the carpenters, they put plaster boards on so she began having help and putting up pictures, making shelves, bookcases, tables, chairs or benches, now mind you, she does not make these things, but a member of a family does. He also helps in making an empty apartment look like a home for him and others. Now that the furniture is made she buys small rugs and table cloths, etc.

A woman does not make a bare room look like a home in one day; it takes time because of the shortages of many things here. Soon she almost has what she wants, having curtains up, rugs on the floor, furniture made,

(continued)

different types of picture up, the bedroom that separated from the place where they entertain. A woman is soon satisfied and happy that she created a home out of an empty room.

Sachiko Osaki
U.S. Constitution
Dec. 5, 1942

History of the Community We Live in

We are very lucky to move freely, vote for what and whom we want, and most of all, we are not forced to work in this War Relocation Center. All the students are free to attend the school. At the beginning, we did not have much enjoyment. As the days passed by, activities such as social events, sport, library, Tulean Dispatch Newspaper, all types of churches and many other clubs have been established. These activities made our lives full of fun and peps.

Since Home Economic is my main interest, the composition will be mainly on decorating the room. When we first arrived here, on the twenty-seventh of June, we were greatly surprised at the enormous number of barracks. When we were lead to our room, it was very dusty; and we wondered how we would be comfortable. The first thing we did was to sweep and dust the room. Within a few weeks, my father made tables and benches. Until we got our room plastered, we lived a very simple life with no curtains, closet, etc. Within four weeks, we got our room plastered. We took a couple of days to rearrange the room again. Since my father made the closet on the farthest corner of the room, we decided to put four beds in a row next to the closet and two more beds in front of the closet. We hung cretonne, dusty pink with roses and carnations designed material to separate the beds from the living room. We hung eggshell rayon marquisette curtains and ivory blinds, which matched very nicely with the ceiling and the side walls of the room. The radio and the clock also matched the ceiling. We placed a calendar on the center of the wall

which harmonized with a small, bright, blue rug beside the bed. We bought two fold-chairs; which had bright colors of orange, green and eggshell on the seat and side of the chairs, which harmonized with the single dalias that I made out of orange crepe paper. I placed them in a vase made out of bars of pine tree. The table covered with orange stripes and white, also matched with the flowers.

Since the walls, ceiling, curtains, and blinds are in large areas of neutral colors and with few bright colors. colors harmonizes the room and seems to make the room more spacious and comfortable.

Rose Omura
U.S. Const. & Eng III

The Life of a Colonist of Tulelake

What We Started with

We, the Japanese, who hated to depart from our friends, homes, and other belongings are now as busy as bees trying to arrange our new home in a comfortable and inexpensive way with little of our belongings. Few weeks before our evacuation we have been wondering if our new life would be like the early colonists of America. Camp life of Tulelake is much similar to early colonists, but our homes were already built, while early colonists chop trees to build their homes. The life of Tulelake is much easier to live than that of early colonists of America. We have modern equipment to work with, but the early colonists had to make everything. The girls spun their yarn to make clothes while girls of Tulelake buy materials and ready made clothes.

When we arrived at the camp and were taken to inside in army trucks, I was amazed with the numbers of barracks. After registration we were taken to our barracks by a guide. Barracks are covered with tar papers and the inside were dusty with only iron beds and mattresses. I entered the room, put the baggage on the floor, sat down on the dusty bed and thought how to arrange the room.

There were no chairs nor tables, not even lumber to make our furniture. Days passed and weeks came since our evacuation. Gradually by this time we were getting some furnitures made and improved our new home. Chairs and tables were made out of scrap lumber which we got hold of, with only tools like hammer and saw. Later we bought lumber and improved the chairs and tables as we first expected. Boys carved wood and made

fancy shelves, while the girls crochet tablespreads, arranged shelves and dressers and later made paper flowers, which made the room an attractive place to live.

The people have thought up many different ideas of arranging their apartment. The residents would not think of such ideas unless in a place like camp where they have spare time. Rock gardens, vegetable gardens, fish ponds and carving and drawing in front of the apartment are the highlights of this camp.

Nobuo Kyamoto
American Life, VII
Dec. 6, 1942

Leisure Activities

Now more than ever the people have more leisure time on their hands. People with talents that were never discovered before are finding that they are capable of making and doing things that they never dreamed they were able to do.

Probably the most popular among all activities is carpentry. The once bare-looking rooms are now so improved that they can almost compare with any on the outside. Some of the furnitures made looks as good as professional. Everyday someone is pounding on their hammers and building screens and other improvements.

What really makes a place look like a home is a garden. This is not overlooked even in Tule Lake. Many beautiful minature rock gardens are being made, which give enjoyment to all the people in the block as well as to the others. The rock gardens include anything from hand carved turtles, frogs, and bridges to people. Vegetable and flower gardens are planted too.

The most popular activities among the younger people are sports and dancing. The recreational departments is furnishing all types of equipment so that sports will not be neglected. Teams and leagues are formed. Whenever a favorite team is playing, the ground is crowded with spectators hoping that their team will be the lucky one.

Dancing is a favorite among the people and both social and folk dancing is taught. Public dances are given about once a week giving them the chance to get acquainted with people from other states and towns.

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Everyday, there is something every colonists must do and can do, so there is no such thing as being unoccupied. With the great improvements that have already been made in this short time, I am sure that within a few month's this place will be a place that we will enjoy.

Rose Takuma
U.S. Constitution
Period VIII
Dec. 3. 1942

How We Created A Home

Although we were fortunate to be evacuated to a Relocation Center, instead of a concentration camp, the feeling I had when I first came here was. "Gee, how can we make a home out of this empty room?" No lumber, no nails at first. but later they gave us some lumber and we found a few nails around the barracks to make a table and a few benches. People would hoard lumber while others had none. It was very dangerous how they went after lumber when a pile came. Later they quite bringing lumber because some people got hurt.

As weeks passed, the carpenters came around to plaster our rooms for us with white plaster boards. After it was plastered we started to make our shelves, partitions, closets, dressers, more tables and benches. First we had to decide how we were going to arrange our beds, where we were going to build our closets and were to put our shelves. People would be hammering away early in the morning till late at night, so that it disturbed others. After we took many days in building our closets and shelves with other people's help, it wasn't so bad after all. We built a porch and a little cement walk in front of our place which made it feel more like a home. We have artificial flowers in our room to make it more lively. As we go in every direction we could see how people had created their homes. Some homes have colorful partitions, and pictures, while others are very simple. Also they have furnitures and things that are made very fancy. They putted up colorful curtains on the windows, dressers, and closets. As we walk along, we find some more new ideas in creating a home. It is difficult to realize how we had created a home out of an empty room.

United States Constitution

Bessie Inouye

What We Had To Do To Start Our Home

The first thing we had to face in order to start our home was to get our beds set. Setting the beds was the biggest problem to us because we have a stove in the middle of the room. We wanted our home to look well balanced, so it took us a long time to place the beds.

After we finished setting and placing the beds, we had to loosen all the baggage, and hang our clothes. In order to hang all our clothes we had to have a closet or something, so on the very next day we got our closets made.

The next problem was to get some shelves made because we didn't know where to put some other small things we had. We got about two shelves made and two small cupboards made. It helped us very much in putting away the small articles.

We already had our screens on the window so all we had to do was to put the curtains on. But before we put the curtains on we had to wash the windows.

Later, when we got everything in order, we had to get some materials to hang on the closets, and some table cloth for our tables. When we got our things all in order the rooms looked very attractive, fresh and neat.

Taiko Hamaguchi
American Literature
Dec. 4, 1942, 1st and 2nd per.

A Saturday in the Colonies

Like any other day, on Saturday I woke up early in order to be in time for breakfast. As usual the washroom is crowded with noisy children, laughing teen-age girls, and women who go to work. I finally managed to finish my daily personal clean-up. Then I hurried into the mess hall to find that I'm among the last to enter. A plate of pan cakes is placed before me besides a bowl of cereal. We have had pan cakes nearly every morning this week but I do not mind it any more because I realize that mess hall workers work very hard to satisfy our needs even in hot weather.

After breakfast I started in with the house cleaning. It's really surprising how much dust gathers around the house. Then I suddenly remembered that our raddish garden needs watering, so I proceeded to bring three or four pails of water. Now that the weather here is getting chilly our raddishes aren't showing up very well.

At least once a week our rooms should be mopped. Saturday has been appointed the day to do this, so I brought a pail of hot water from the washroom, Today must be my lucky day for I found that there was some hot water left. Usually it is lukewarm by this time. Moving what little furniture we have around, I managed to finish mopping before the 12:00 dinner bell rang. How time does fly!

A few hours of relaxation and then for a trek to the canteen. Returning hot, dusty, and weary, laden with packages of various articles, I sink into a chair which we laughingly call our "sofa." After resting myself for a few minutes I proceeded to the shower-room. How refreshing the water feels!

When I came out, it was a few minutes before dinner time. After

(continued)

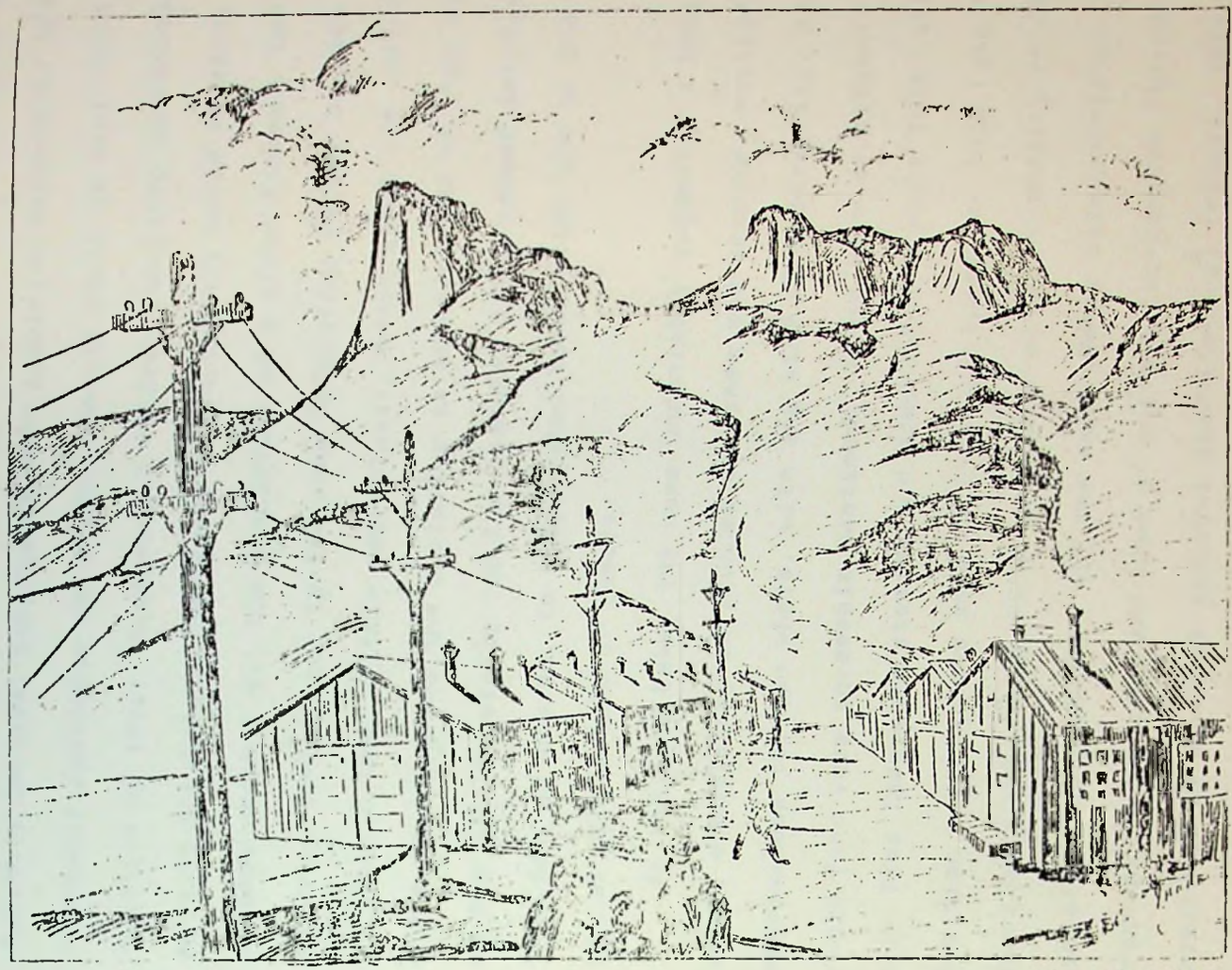
dinner I devoted the rest of the evening to my studies until it was time for me to retire for the day. And so another Saturday has gone by.

C H A P T E R V

THE SURROUNDING TERRAIN

·22· CASTLE ROCK

MAS INADA



·22· CASTLE ROCK

MAS INADA

Introduction to Chapter V

During the days the Japanese Americans were held in the Assembly Centers, uncertainty and suspicion heightened the understandable curiosity about where people would be sent for the duration of their internment. Rumors circulated continually concerning the Relocation Center to which they would be sent, and, indeed, whether all the population of a given Assembly Center would be sent intact to the same Relocation Center or more broadly distributed. Little was actually known about the various W.R.A. Centers and the curiosity as to which one of them might be the most favorable for the evacuees often seemed insatiable. This led, of course, to exaggerated speculation and to the continual circulation of rumors.

As for Tule Lake, the name undeniably suggested a body of water, doubtlessly surrounded by trees and verdure, nestled in mountainous terrain where, with any kind of opportunity, one could find very agreeable pastimes. There were doubtlessly much less favorable stories and speculations about Tule Lake. The high expectations some of those destined for Tule Lake held inevitably made their first encounter with the reality of the Center and its environs all the more keenly disappointing. The drabness of the rows and rows of austere, tar-papered barracks, unrelieved by any more graceful acrchitectual feature, left a dismal impression on almost everyone. There was little in their subsequent experience in the "Colony" to engender a more favorable verdict about the physical aspects of the community.

The dwellings, such as they were, rested in a sea of sage brush. The high, arid plateau had few topographical features to relieve the monotonous and uninspiring landscape. The soil was unproductive except for that portion of the Center reclaimed for farming purposes from an old lake bed; this land, through abundant water brought in for irrigation, had been rendered fertile and highly suitable for farming. It was however removed from the residential area. Generally only those who worked in the farm area saw the verdure they were accustomed to see in their old homes. The soil in the residential area, in contrast, resisted even the intensive interest of the Japanese in making flowers and vegetables grow. The colonists returned from walks beyond the barracks compound with pieces of "driftwood" and rocks; the "driftwood" pieces were the wind-sculptured remains of ancient sage brush and stunted trees that lay scattered in the sea of living sage. These along with the rocks were laboriously carried back from excursions and with carefully planted seeds were arranged to relieve the monotony of the place. The bleak sameness of the miniscule yards that lay at the entrace of the barrack apartments was at least in part reduced.

The main exception to the monotony of the physical surroundings was Castle Rock or Castle Mountain (except that on some clear days from some parts of the area, one could see the snow-covered crest of Mount Shasta far to the west). The steep, rocky, treeless hill in its profile suggests a castle falling in ruins. It dominated the western panorama. Although it might have lacked the quality of majesty in some other settings, in the flatness of the surrounding plateau it had the aspect of dignity and beauty.

At the end of his ministry among the evacuees of Tule Lake, the Episcopal priest, Father Daisuke Kitagawa "paused to look up at the rocky, treeless hill standing majestically against the clear blue sky, the hill which had never failed to uplift my spirit amid all vicissitudes."[1] When restrictions against leaving the immediate residential area were lifted, the evacuees made frequent excursions up Castle Rock. The contours of the hill were used by artists and illustrators wherever some artistic representation was called for. In all such representations Castle Rock looms in more striking dimensions than it actually possesses; its height was exaggerated and the special features of its irregular contours represented in more dramatic proportions. The contrast one finds between photographic and artistic representations of Castle Rock is born less from artistic license than from subjective feelings and social-psychological need.

There were other positive things that could be said about the surrounding terrain and its climate as well as its natural life. The old lake bed had provided a natural refuge for migratory fowl resting on their seasonal migrations between Canada and Mexico. The dramtic flights of the ducks and geese created a strong impression on the painters and wood carvers of the community. By Christmastime, hundreds of flying geese had been carved for decorative wear. With all the wind and dust, some evacuees like Rev. Kitagawa noted that even in summer the air in the morning was cool and crisp;

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[1] Daisuke Kitagawa, Issei and Nisei: The Internment Years (New York: The Seabury Press, 1967) 151.

at sundown the air immediately became cool; autumn sunsets were often spectacularly beautiful. As severe as the climate seemed and as dismal the physical setting, they were not without some redeeming qualities.[1]

The essays reveal that at least some of the Tule Lake high school youths were aware of the dramatic battles that occurred in the shadow of Castle Rock during the Modoc Indian Wars. Under a subchief known as Captain Jack, an insurgent band revolted against confinement in a reservation in the area of Upper Klamath Lake in 1870. They made a stand in the natural fortifications of the lava beds near Tule Lake until they were finally defeated by the American army. If the students were inclined to draw any parallels to their circumstances, there is nothing in the small group of essays in this chapter to suggest it.

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[1] See ibid., 101.

(corrected)

Chujoko Kawahato
11/30/42

"Bloody Point"

Walking here and there, I see thousands of seashells lying around. The great Tule Lake now drained and dry might have been once upon a time filled with water. It is a wide flat land surrounded by mountains. There is one unusual looking mountain located on the resembling an abaloney and another mountain opposite it called the "Bloody Point" or more often known as "Castle Mountain." I have heard the latter was where the Indians of covered wagon days fought long ago. For that reason many chips of arrowheads can be found along the road and between barracks. During the warmer days this mountain use to be visited by hikers almost every Sunday but since the weather has been cold the last months, hardly any hikers are up there. Hiking up "Bloody Point" is really a long breathless climb. There are many paths so all the hikers have to do is follow one of them but little pause or rest has to be taken now and then. Looking down from the top of the mountain a large lake and the project farm can be seen on the other side. The farmland is green, yellow green and divided into patches. On this side, the camp can be seen full view with the large flat hay field on the right. I have heard there is an Indian monument past Klamath. I hope I can learn more about this historical "Bloody Point"

Kotani, Yuri
U.S. Const. & Eng.
Period 7 & 8

Our Community

As you all know, this Tulelake Relocation Center was once before a lake called the Tule Lake. Many times I've heard people say it once was a lake with full of tall green tules growing all about. Some of you may not know what tules are: they are somewhat like grasses, but much, much taller and thicker. So you see this lake was (named) after this plant, tule.

These tules were all around the ground when I first came here about one and a half feet tall. It made the ground look so beautiful with green color all around, and now it's all dried up. People had stepped on these poor tules to get through. Several times I've seen old and young ladies in this camp weaving baskets, shades, etc. with these tules Many people have many good ideas. I've seen many lovely things made in this camp, such as beds, desks, chairs, cupboards, book cases, tables, magazine racks, and many others. They look as if they were brought from a store.

The houses we live in are somewhat small for some of the family: but if we plan our rooms nicely, we may have a nice home. I've visited many friends houses and they have it so neat and nicely arranged. Visiting many other friends homes we get better and new ideas. Some homes are not so very well arranged, but most of them are so really nice I think they are better than the homes we had before. Porches and gardens are other ideas to make a home like your own home you used to have.

Add new ideas and try improving your own home, for we may not leave this camp for a long while.

(continued) Kotani, Yui

Let's us all cooperate and try to make this Tulelake Relocation Camp the best we can and the best camp known.

Bill Tamura
American Life
Dec. 1, 1942

A Trip To Abalone Hill

On Saturday, September 19th. 1942, while absorbing the penetrating rays of a hot autumnal sun, my eyes were caught by the refreshing atmosphere of Abalone Hill. Instantly the monotony of an otherwise listless day was dispelled by an urge to inhale some of this atmosphere.

After running hither and there in block 56; otherwise known as Alaska, I finally found two boys who had the same idea. Disregarding the advice of our elders: pertaining to the preparation for such an adventure, we hustled off. With the inviting Abalone Hill before us & the blazing sun mercilessly at our backs, we made our weary way through sage-brush and jagged rocks.

After walking what seemed to be about half a mile, we came upon a moss-covered cave. Not being fully prepared for an encounter with any animal whose home it might have been we left in great haste with an occasional glance over our shoulders. While looking back toward the cave, we had been stopped instantly by the rustle ahead in our tracks. We turned nervously around expecting to come face to face with Mr. Bear or Mr. Coyote. Off in the distance scarsely a hundred feet away an innocent jack rabbit was running on its way in quest of food. We looked at each other with pale complexion and a lump in our throats: lauged at the thought of being fooled by such a lowly creature.

Our pride somewhat shaken we headed once more for Abalone Hill. As the sun began to lose its force, we finally arrived at the top. We found a stick five and a half feet high which was stuck between some stones, which had some Hawians name burnt into the stick, having claimed the

Abalone Hill on the 18th day of September and in the year of 42 A.D. We added our names on this list and headed for Clear Lake.

We walked & walked toward Clear Lake but when we got half way we were breathless so we headed for home.

Having not obeyed orders from our elders. we suffered a severe sore throat for lack of water. The reason we didn't bring water was that we thought we'd never get that far.

It took us a good two-and-a-half hours going to the mountain while we made it in one hour coming home. It also pays to orders instead of going empty handed & unprepared.

C H A P T E R V I

FAMILY LIFE IN TULE LAKE

Introduction to Chapter VI

There was no doubt in the minds of the high school Nisei that the institution of the family remained central in their lives even in a Relocation Center. For these Nisei the solidarity of the family remained an imperative. This is abundantly clear from their essays. Despite their yearning for a greater measure of personal autonomy, according to family patterns they observed in general American society, they sought to avoid weakening the Japanese-American family.

The Nisei writers were aware that the War and the particular character of the Relocation Center milieu, along with the circumstances of daily camp life, worked to alter the structure and functioning of the family unit. The essays included in this section are not so much a presentation of the main characteristics of Japanese family life in America as they are observations concerning changes in their own family and in the families of other Japanese-Americans at Tule Lake. Under the circumstances produced by an unceremonious displacement from home and community, it is not surprising that in the balance they should find the observed changes weighted negatively. Questions obviously arise in their minds as to how pervasive the changes are, how threatening they are to valued practices and relationships, and how enduring they are likely to be. They are also concerned with the kinds of responses that might be made to avoid long-term erosion of values and family practices.

The physical conditions of camp life seemed to be largely responsible for the changes they perceived. In their essays on

"Family Life at Tule Lake," the Nisei students assigned considerable importance to the fact that the families were crowded into smaller dwelling units than they had ever lived in before; the spatial density, many believed, had the effect of altering the relationships of family members. A few of the students speculated that, perhaps, by the very force of necessity, people living under such conditions would feel impelled to be more tolerant, sympathetic, and helpful than they would have been under more normal housing conditions. They suggest a rational response which would encourage more self-discipline and personal restraint than usual, all in the interest of family harmony. A far larger number of students, however, point to the tensions created by crowding: the lack of privacy, the embarrassment of male and female siblings, the inconvenience of children and parents undressing in the presence of other family members, the conflicting rounds of activities by individual family members, the limitations imposed upon general sociability with friends and relatives. Such strains as these produced seemed to have the potentiality of accumulating until they reached serious dimensions.

Most of the Nisei essays point to the two great changes in family patterns that were to have an immense effect upon the relationship of family members. In Relocation Centers, occupational opportunities and work roles were greatly contrasted from those which had characterized their previous life. Although many Issei parents did indeed continue to work in the camp, as they had worked before the evacuation, the basic requirements of family life were provided by the War Relocation Authority. Moreover, while the administrative machinery of the Relocation Center itself required many skills, including linguistic skills, these were more generally

present among Nisei than Issei. In short, families were not as directly dependent upon the occupation of the father and upon his income for the maintenance of the family as they had been before. Some of the Nisei writers note that the evacuation, coming when it did in the lives of many Issei males, particularly many of the older Issei, seemed to threaten any possibility of their returning to their professions or occupations after the war--at least on the same level as before. The father remained the head of the family, deserving of the measure of deference widely characteristic of Japanese-American families, but he was no longer the provider for the family as he had been before the evacuation. A few perceptive writers saw in this phenomenon an acceleration of a generational shift in occupational roles and responsibilities that, without the evacuation, might well have taken many years to match.

The change in the nature of parental roles lent further strength to Nisei aspirations for a larger measure of authority and independence. It also made many Nisei more aware of their need to move directly and constructively toward career planning. Unfortunately for the Nisei this occurred at a time when the immediate conditions provided great difficulties in effecting such planning. It was not easy for them to talk with their parents about career interests at this time.

Over and over again in the essays, the writers record a pervasive sense of defeat or an apathy born of the uncertainty about what the future would be like for the Nisei. Almost everyone seemed to be marking time. While a number of the Nisei essayists acknowledge "the dark and hard days ahead," and forecast that "after the

war is over, our lives will be a hard one. . ." the call for positive response, for preparation, and for mobilization of personal resources is often repeated. We must, they say, fight apathy, dependence, and the insidious laziness born of the dull environment.

A second change of substantial magnitutde was the provision of food by the W.R.A. which meant that the mother of the family was removed from her traditional role as preparer of family meals; the functions of planning, budgeting, catering to the likes and dislikes of family members, serving and all the related tasks were thus stripped from her. The people in each block ate food provided by the W.R.A. and prepared by mess hall personnel. Some families made a point of eating together as a unit. Very often, however, children went off with their peers to eat together in their own or their friends' mess hall. Husbands and wives often ate at different times. Even when family members did eat together at a mess hall table, the usual kind of family communication was difficult.to sustain; the noise, the foot traffic, the austerity of the serving of food all made mealtime a different kind of occasion than had generally been characteristic before.

Some of the Nisei essayists, like Rev. Kitagawa, viewed the new patterns with grave misgivings. "What is set on the family table is nothing other than a visible and tangible sign of the invisible and imponderable love and care of her who is at the center of the family. The family table and family kitchen are thus sacramental means by which children feed on their parents' love and by which all the members grow together to solidify their mutual relationship."[1]

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[1]Kitagawa, op. cit., 87.

The mess halls exerted a centrigual force upon members of the family and hence weakened family life. So Father Kitagawa added, "When night came, [family members] were all crammed into one room regardless of generation, age, or sex, as one family; but when morning came, everybody was on his own."[2]

In the essays one quickly perceives the concern of the high school-aged Nisei about the affect of all this upon the younger children. They saw their younger siblings sitting with their peers in the mess halls, eating without parental supervision. Parents were in most instances unable to discipline children effectively enough to ensure proper table manners and etiquette. They were embarrassed to have to acknowledge their children's deficiencies and to have to correct them publicly--that is, when any kind of discipline was possible at all. The children themselves, moreover, were highly sensitive to parental disciplining when it occurred in the presence of their friends. Over and over again the Nisei writers point to the negative consequences of such neglect. The problems were not confined to the meal-time behavior of children, however; it was possible for school-aged children to spend most of their waking hours outside the family in the company of their friends. There are numerous lamentations in the essays of the fact that the children were not choosing their company wisely and were increasingly given to wasting time; rowdyism, gang activity, and gambling were increasing in a measure that distressed many students. Even instances of shop-lifting occurred. All of this seemed to bode ill for the future of the children when ultimately they would re-

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[1] Ibid., 86.

turn to communities in general society. So it was noted that children are growing wilder, more unrestrained, rougher. They talk back to parents. They are drifting away from their families. Being together in groups gives them the strength to defy parents and older siblings. The Nisei high school youths are here making comparisons, perhaps, largely in terms of what they remembered of their own behavior a few years earlier at home. They were not very much aware of the conditions and changes that were occurring in general American society in the war period. But articles in the Tulean Dispatch and the Tulean Dispatch Magazine give abundant indication that the concern about manners, discipline, even delinquent behavior was widespread.

Mothers, that is to say those who were not working outside the family at W.R.A. jobs, tended to absorb the major portion of houshold tasks in order to keep themselves busy. Children were left without substantial family responsibilities or specific, regular tasks. They are "getting very little training," it was lamented; they are given "no sense of responsibility."

"What does all this family life situation mean for the future?" one writer asks. "First of all, we should try to improve ourselves. Whether we will be able to take our places in normal American society and become useful citizens after we get out of here is a great question. It is going to require a tremendous change in the psychology of niseis. For these little children especially, the responsibility of training them to meet this requirement lies in the family."

The Issei family members in general had more leisure than they

had ever had before. Many of them were engaged in arts and crafts activities in which they were able to display some tangible personal accomplishment. Sometimes, indeed, they showed remarkable talent as was abundantly clear from the products in desplay in their homes. Very often Nisei expressed surprise and pleasure at the fruits of their parents' activities. This was one of the more positive aspects of family life in the Relocation Center. For the Issei, of course, these activities represented something much deeper than the expression of personal artistic interests and skills. They represented a reaffirmation of the individual's sensitivity to the interests, tastes, and values of other Issei with whom they worked and socialized. The meaning of the activities was primarily social in the sense of reaffirming the act of sharing.

The erosion of family patterns and discipline feared by a number of the Nisei high school students did not produce any sharp break with the past. Nisei family relationships and the patterns of mealtime sociability as they emerged after the War were quite different from those which had been established by their Issei parents. But the intimate place that family meals has in the memory of the Nisei today is made clear by the fact that for many of them the family meal-time is more vividly remembered than any other aspect of their childhood.[1]

In a study of Japanese-Americans made three decades after the Tule Lake essays were written, Christie Kiefer writes of the Nisei:

> They remember their father's stern enforcement of order and quiet and his admonitions against wastefulness. They re-

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[1] Christie W. Kiefer, Changing Cultures, Changing Lives: An Ethnographic Study of Three Generations of Japanese Americans (San Francisco: Jossey-Bass Publishers, 1974) 214

> member early feelings of ethnic self-consciousness over the kind of food they ate. But mostly they remember that their mother served their father first, then the children, and that she often spent the entire meal-time on her feet, serving and cooking. Many mothers would not eat until everyone else had his fill. If there was nothing left, they would go hungry or prepare themselves a bit of some inferior food. The fact that such scenes were absent in the relocation camps probably functioned to increase rather than decrease nisei guilt, since many must have perceived their flight from the family table as taking advantage of a situation that caused their parents to suffer. Even now, many nisei associate fundamental feelings of gratification--receiving warmth or love, being filled with pleasant sensations as with good food--with the image of their mother cheerfully slaving over a hot stove.[1]

The transformation of this aspect of family life as the Nisei passed through their childrearing days proved to have been little influenced--contrary to the students fears at the time--by the circumstances of Relocation Center life.

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[1] Ibid.

(Male)

Family Life in Tule Lake

I. Advantages

A. One race of People

1. Absence of racial minority

2. Feeling of equality

a. Self-confidence

3. Participation in government

a. Valuable civic experience

b. Participation in post-war era

B. Personality edvelopment

1. Talkativeness and conversation

2. Good conduct at home

a. Consideration for others

b. Cooperative spirit

II. Disadvantages

A. Bad environment

1. Children

a. Excess of informal education

b. Bad associates

c. Examples of elders

d. Table manners

2. Punishment

a. Lack of freedom

b. Loss of parental respect

B. Older boys and girls

1. Conformity with others

2. Bad associates

3. Infatuation

a. Lack of emotional control

4. Fiery disposition

C. Unwise marriages

1. Lack of planning

III. Improvements

A. Parental care

1. Close supervision of children

2. Dining in family group

a. Table manners

3. School teachers

a. Acting as parents

b. Good formal education

B. Lectures and advice

1. Older boys and girls

2. Prevention of bad association

C. Recreational program

1. Recreation department

a. Plays, entertainments

b. Limited availability

2. Extensive library

3. Gymnasium

a. Games, exercises, gymnastics

4. Theater

a. Impossible issue

D. Limitations

1. Temporary abode

2. Bad economic status

a-3

Family Life in Tule Lake

When the war broke out and mass evacuation became necessary, it brought up a unique situation. Never before had the Japanese people been thrown together in this fashion, and the sudden change gives rise to many problems which affect the family most.

In a very limited sense, there are a few advantages of family life in a relocation center such as this. The entire camp is made up of one race of people. This fact removes much of the feeling of inferiority that the Japanese had while living outside. Whenever a minority group is living in a community, this group is more or less overshadowed by the majority; hence leading to an inferiority complex.

In this community there is no racial minority to speak of; everyone feels that he is just as good as the others. This feeling of self-confidence enables him to participate freely in the community government. They are learning what it is like to make use of civil rights, and they will learn to cherish them more than ever. For the first time in their lives, many people are actually participating in self-government. When these people return to the post-war world, they will be willing and able to contribute whatever they can toward the functioning of a community.

Looking from the personal side, there are also some advantages. Here, many families are living side by side, and everybody is meeting friends constantly. When anyone meets his friend, the proper thing to do is greet him. Since this is repeated again and again from day to day, we become more talkative and conversational. To be able to say right things at the right time is not only good manners but also a valuable asset of personality. An environment like this is a great help in improving such an asset.

Camp life also fosters good conduct at home. Since the living quarters are conjested, each individual must consider the rights of others. In normal homes, if any member of the family wants to sleep early, he does so without any hindrance. Here, the activity of the whole family centers in a single room. It is not easy to sleep early if the rest of the family is awake and moving about the room. That is only an example of the many problems that occur. To meet the situation it is necessary to come to a compromise. Every member of the family must give his full cooperation. How to solve problems and how to cooperate are two of the most important things to learn.

As far as disadvantages go, there is an unlimited number, but we shall consider only the most vital ones. This camp life is doing much toward forming bad personality traits in children. So much of their time is spent among friends, that the influence of formal education is overshadowed by the influence of informal education. Small children cannot very well distinguish between right and wrong, nor can they choose between good and bad associates. Too often, children see the wrong doings of their elders and imitate them. There is a great gap between parents and childen. Many of the children do things of which their parents know nothing. Any bad habit must be broken at the very start, but parents usually do not find out about the habit until it is well established.

Another problem about children is the trend of their table manners. It is not always convenient for parents to accompany their children to the dinner table, and if the child is old enough, he will go by himself or with his friends. Children feel uneasy when their parents are watching over them, and they prefer to be alone with friends. Without careful parental guidance, it is very easy for children to acquire bad manners.

Punitive measures can be taken to stop bad conduct, but with neighbors on all four sides, it is not an easy matter. People complain if their neighbors' children wail incessantly. The main difficulty lies in the fact that the children are beginning to feel too independent. Their respect for parental authority has diminished considerably.

Not only among small children but among older boys and girls, this camp life is molding an unfavorable personality. The worst cause is bad associates. When a boy of high school age finds pleasure in any of the bad habits, it is hard to turn him away from it. A boy this age is not likely to listen attentively to his parents. If it's anything that the rest of the gang does, he too will do it if it kills him. The average boy is able to think correctly, but very often the surrounding influences prove a little too strong for his young mind.

In this respect, girls, too, are affected. The environment is a tumultuous one; most girls feel out of place if they don't act in conformity with others. Young girls are infatuated too easily, and some may even go as far as to consider marriage. Probably within the next few years the number of marriages will increase tremendously. Only by careful consideration and planning can the relation be successful.

To meet the many problems that arise, there are several steps that can be taken for improvement. To alter the conditions of the camp is impossible; the only way is to set up institutions that will neutralize or combat the forces that cause problems.

In children problems, probably the best thing to do is for parents to be in a close a touch as possible with their children. This can be done by assigning a table to each family and making it compulsory to eat

as a family group. Another possibility is through the school. It is the great responsibility of school teacher to see that the children do not acquire bad habits. Lectures to small children can do little good, as they will not listen seriously.

For boys and girls of more advanced ages, advice and lectures can help a great deal. The parents should see to it that bad association is not allowed. Furthermore, any normal boy and girl of high school age should know the wisdom of their parents' counsel and react accordingly. A great deal depends upon the individual.

Another possibility is the furnishing of adequate recreational facilities. The recreation department has done a great deal in this matter by means of programs, stage presentations and the like, but in most instances these affairs have been available to a limited number of people. There is also the fact that some people do not care for this type of recreation. For these people there should be a more extensive library which is open on evenings. Undoubtedly, there are many who would like to spend quiet evenings reading books and magazines.

For the more athletic-minded people a gymnasium will be a great benefit. A large gymnasium with facilities for games, exercises, and gymnastics can contribute much toward sustaining a high morale.

A theater large enough to be practical is also a good investment, but this issue has already been cast out. The residents of this colony should have considered more carefully, the benefits of having a theater before they voted against it.

Those are some of the possible improvements, but in the last two plans lack of finance and material must be considered. This colony is

not a permanent abode, and that makes matters doubly hard. To maintain anything permanent at the expense of the people is an injustice. especially when we are in the present economic status.

The well-being of an individual depends most heavily on the person himself. His affairs cannot be managed by someone else, whether he keeps himself in high moral standing or lets his mind decay is up to his own discretion and desire. Never should a person while in camp or outside think even for a minute that someone else is going to do everything for him.

b-1 (Female)

Family Life in Tulelake

I. Introduction

A. Social changes

1. In accordance outside world

2. Rapid

B. Adjustments

1. Of normal family life

2. Of everyday living

II.

A. Good points

1. Opportunities for children to participate in family discussions

2. Frequent family meetings

3. Opportunities for parents to study children

4. Making family friends

B. Bad points

1. Revealing one's innermost character

2. Conducive to selfishness

3. Influence on children

4. Perceiving of parent's character on children's action

C. Democratic form of family

D. Marriages

1. Go-between marriages

2. Marriage of young people brought up in America

3. Statistics

4. More choice of mates here

E. Divorces

1. Regarded with sympathetic view-point

2. Personal pride

3. Hesitation in having it legalized

4. Causes

a. Expectation of too much pleasure

b. Wrong thinking

III. Conclusion

A. Improvement of yourself

1. Useful citizens

2. Change in psychology

B. Mutual understanding

C. Optimistic view point

D. Think in terms of community welfare

Family Life in Tulelake

As the social life in the outside world changes rapidly, more rapidly because of the present war, we who are in relocation centers also have to meet many social changes. The basic social institution is the family, and I shall discuss that family life in Tulelake Project.

The adjustments we have had to make to fit ourselves into this colony have been a major change in our normal family life. Many of us have never lived in a concentrated group of our people before, and our association with them is difficult. The nearness of the families, the limitation of rooms per family, the eating in mess halls, the use of public bathhouses, laundry rooms, ironing rooms, the handicap of not having running

water within the home, the simplicity of home, are several of the alterations in everyday living we had to face.

The family is in a way made a closer unit here than before. Children will have much more opportunities of participating in family discussions. Family discussions are likely to be held more often here than the outside because we have more time and are in closer contact with each other. In the outside, family members were sometimes too busy with other relations and had little time to devote to the family meetings. Take for example the grocery businesses that were run by Japanese. The family ran the store in shifts and there was seldom a time when the whole family met because of the long working hours. The parents have more time to devote to the children now and for this reason there should be more opportunities for them to study their children and try to understand them.

Family friends are good things to have. In this colony where people from all along the coast are gathered, we have a wider choice of friends. These friends may become life-long friends, and may some day be of great help to us.

It is true that in this colony one can see the innermost character of a person, whereas, if we were outside we would be able to conceal that part which we didn't want other people to know. And too, when we are here we do things we would not do ordinarily. People become selfish and think in terms of "first come, first serve," or "if we don't grab for anything, we'll never get it."

Many people are doing the same type of work here as they have been doing, for an income imcomparable to those they earned back home. This has caused many to think in the idea of "what's the use of working your

head off for nothing?" There is also the attitude of that property of the government is yours also. These ideas have great influences on the part of children who see or hear their parents act or talk in that manner.

The character of the parents and the family training they had extended to their children can be readily perceived by the actions and attitudes of the children.

The mothers of children whose fathers have been taken to internment camps have a great deal of responsibilities on their shoulders. I know a little girl five years old whose father is away (in an internment camp) and has asked her mother continually where Daddy was. Her explanation was a difficult one. She (the child) sometimes comes to a state of meditation and would suddenly start crying. Her mother told us that this has happened several times and was very worried about this affecting her future character. According to Mr. Adler "the whole life of an individual is determined during his first five years: that is, the attitudes and interpretations of incidents during one's life time." Of course, all parents have great responsibilities in the bringing up of a child, but I am referring to a special case where the mother especially has greater duty.

From previous paragraphs we can see that a rather democratic form of family exists in this colony. Of course, the paternal domination exists to a certain extent as a tradition of the Japanese families, but it is dying out. The mother usually has as great a role in the family events and businesses as the father. The children are the center of attention in most of the homes. They are free to give their opinion in family concern. In a survey made in the size of family in my block the average family is four members.

The go-between marriages still prevail in this center. To one advantage they look back into the prospective newlyweds' families a couple generations back, thus constructing the foundation of a eugenic family. I have heard that the go-betweens even inquired to Japan about their ancestors if they were not certain, and they held the marriage until a reply came back. These marriages are more for the people who have lived in Japan for most of their lives, and they seem to last most of the time.

The young people brought up here usually will not stand for such a union; they make their own choice and the parents will have go-betweens at marriages only to be in accordance with the Japanese marriage customs. In a census taken in July it was found that there is a surplus of men. Of the single adults there are approximately one and a half men to one woman. This would mean a wider choice of mate on the part of the girls to find one to suit her.

Divorce is regarded on the whole with more of a sympathetic viewpoint now because people have begun to realize that some marriages join wrong persons. In this camp I have heard of several divorces which have not as yet been legalized. Having it legalized would let everybody know that their marriage was a failure. People have their personal prides. They hesitate a great deal in this matter. In the outside world people can divorce quietly and live in separate towns where they will not come in contact with each other. Here, it is difficult to get outside and they have but one place to go and that is their parents' homes.

One of the reasons for a divorce for newlyweds is that they expect it to be too much of a pleasure. Probably in the outside it is. The wife can prepare meals that would please the husband after a hard day's work, they would have a lot to talk about, or occasionally they would go

to movies. Here, they have this disadvantage of a dull, camp life; that is, if they are not happy, they will eventually look at it in that way.

Many of the divorces have been said to have been caused by the husband's looking on to other women as better than their wives. They have but looked to only the bad side of their wives and neglected all the good sides. I think this is true to everyone. We are more conducive to think in the bad way than in the good way.

In conclusion I would like to mention some possible constructive improvements of the family. First of all, we should try to improve ourselves. Whether we will be able to take our places in normal American society and become useful citizens after we get out of here is a great question. It is going to require a tremendous change in the psychology of niseis. For those little children especially, the responsibility of training them to meet this requirement lies in the family.

Mutual understanding should prevail in all families. The parents should seriously and fully understand the situations of the children and the children in turn should give thorough understanding and cooperation to their parents.

Also, we should learn to look at things a little more optimistically. The incidents prior to the present has been taken too pessimistically. If we choose to interpret things unfavorably, there is no end to it. We must learn to acquire the good side of everything. Too, we must learn to think in terms of the welfare of our community rather than in terms for your own selfish desires. Therein lies a duty of the family--to stimulate the growth of the personalities of their children.

With these points in mind I think that family life will bear much good fruit.

15c

c-1 (Female)

Aspects of Human Life in Camp

People in this world are prone to be selfish and unsympathetic; they do not know how to love and respect each other; they argue and quarrel over trifling affairs to their own harm and sufferings, and life becomes only a dreary round of unhappiness.

Here in camp, among many thousands of people, there are the rich, poor and the well-to-do. Regardless of whether they are rich or poor, they worry over money affairs. They suffer from poverty and they suffer from wealth. Because life is controlled by greed, we are never contented and satisfied.

Because this is a world of suffering, people ought to have more sympathy for each other, respect each other for their good traits and help each other in their difficulties, but instead they are selfish and hard-hearted; they despise each other for their failings and dislike them for their advantages.

Fortunately, these feelings of dislike do not often eventuate in acts of violence; but they poison life with feelings of hatred and anger that becomes so deeply carved into the mind that people carry the marks of it to the hour of death.

Nothing in the world is permanent or lasting. Everything is changing, momentary and unpredictable. The quiet and beautiful homes we left behind were not meant to be permanent. For when the time for evacuation arrived, though dreary and lost, we arrived to our destination which was delightful and pleasant. But the best things in life were meant to change. So today, here we are at Tulelake, ignorant and selfish, only concerned with the desires and sufferings of the passing moments.

Religious services are held throughout the colony with colonists who for the first time in their lives are attending these services, only to find a new slant toward life in camp. As the days go by, many people realize how strongly they are bound by greed. habit and suffering; they become sad and discouraged. Often in their discouragement, they quarrel and sink deeper into sin and give up trying to be better. Often their lives come to some untimely end in the midst of their wickedness.

It is true that everything in this life here in camp is transitory and filled with uncertainty, but it is lamentable that everyone cannot ignore the fact and keep on trying, when democracy will once again enable us to live the lives we desire.

d-1 (Female)

Outline

I. Family life of the Tule Lake Project

A. Evacuation

1. Brought about many changes

2. Adjustment in life

B. Family ties have been broken

1. Because of insufficient activities at home

2. No meal time discussion

C. Disadvantages for children

1. Children

a. Take advantage of their parents

b. Become bad

2. Lack of recreation

3. Not enough home training

a. Etiquette

b. Home tasks

4. Difficult for students to study

D. Advantages for adults

1. Many opportunities offered to them

2. Prepare themselves to face society

II. Life outside of Tule Lake Project

A. Difficulties

1. Rationing

2. Priorities

B. Why we should be thankful we are here

Family Life of the Tule Lake Project

Approximately one year ago, the Japanese people had to face a problem which we hope no one would have to face again. Our parents went about their work with a feeling of insecurity. No one knew what the future had in store for them and their families. Rumors about evacuation went around from one person to another. We tried to deceive ourselves by thinking that it was just a rumor, and nothing which could actually take place. We went to school as usual, but somehow everything seemed to have changed. Few of the Caucasian students looked at us with hatred and scorn in their eyes. Even the little ones sensed a change and knew that everything was not the same. Finally we received the news which we all had hoped would not come. We were all torn away from our businesses, schools, and homes. We have had to make a great adjustment in trying to lead a normal life in the Tule Lake Project.

Attitudes of family life in Tule Lake have changed immensely from the life we once lead outside. Members of the family have drifted apart instead of becoming more closely united as they should. They have drifted apart because of the insufficient activities in the home. They tend to spend their leisure time at their friends' place more than at home. In many families meal time seems to be the only time when the family is together. During this time they discuss various family and personal problems which they would not care to discuss with others. Unless our meals are served in the family style, many family ties will be broken.

Camp life is a great disadvantage for children. Youngsters are taking advantages in many respects. They get into all sorts of predicaments, and get out of it without being punished for what they have done. Parents do

not scold their children as they did at home, because of the lack of privacy. They are afraid that the family next door would hear all that is going on in their home. The child knows that he can get by without being punished; consequently, he will commit more offenses which later develops into a serious problems.

Many teen-age boys are spending their time smoking, card playing, gambling, and other ways which they would not do under normal conditions. Lack of good recreation has hardened them, and made them conduct themselves in ways which are not quite satisfactory to society.

In a one-room apartment our daily tasks are limited. We have no kitchen work, or the five or six rooms to clean. Mothers who are not working usually do all the housework in order to keep herself busy. This is the chief reason why children are given very little home training. Different sloppy table manners are often overlooked at the mess hall. The parents do not bring the child's attention to his poor etiquette, because they feel humiliated to be corrected before their friends. Children become rude, untidy, and lazy which eventually leads into bad habits.

Students neglect their school work because of the unfavorable condition in which to study at home. It is difficult to study in a room while one member of the family has the radio on and another is conversing. Although studies are more important than radio programs, we cannot deprive from them their only means of recreation. A great many of the students have lost interest in education since evacuation. They think that they are just wasting their time trying to get education in such a place as this. To make matters worse, these people influence other students who begin to get the same opinion. They should have special study halls in

each wards in order to let the students study without any disturbance, and also without having to walk to the end of the camp just to study.

Camp life has been a benefit to the adults. Adults who are taking adult education and other courses offered to them, will find that they are a little prepared to face the outside world again.

Although camp life has been of some disadvantage to many families, the outside world is probably facing a more serious situation than we are. They have been struck by the rationing of different products and priorities of different articles. Juvenile delinquency has increased since the outbreak of war. We should be thankful that we are properly fed and housed, and away from the mob violence outside.

e-1 (Female)

Living Together in Our Community

I. Introduction

A. Altered living

1. Life of a normal American to that of an enemy alien for the Isseis

II. Body

A. Advantages of living in a community as Tule Lake for the Isseis (first generation)

1. Creative time

a. Hobbies

b. Choice of desirable employment and recognition

c. Adult education

2. Security

a. No housing, food, clothing problem

b Medical care

3. Little worry

a. United family

b. Excellent schooling system for the children

c. Diversified recreation for all

4. Post-war stability

a. Present cooperative life essentially important

B. Some advantages of this community living for the younger generation

1. Social stimulus

a. Friendship

b. Growth of the mind through contacts with life and environment

c. Opportunity of leadership in schools and organizations

2. Education in---

a. Progress of life and in developing unique personality

b. Opportunities of relocation into colleges or employments

c. Diversified recreational program

C. Disadvantages of community life--Isseis

1. Concern over the future of the Niseis

2. Smug attitude toward relocation on parts of some

D. Disadvantages of community life--Niseis

1. Unbalanced home living

2. Sudden social frenzy

3. Financial disable to relocate

III. Conclusion

A. Aided by youth

1. Aid to growing youth and parents

2. Creating a harmonious family life

a. Prevention from becoming easily swayed by agitators

b. Family discussions--democratic form

LIVING TOGETHER IN OUR COMMUNITY

It was a year ago on this December 7, 1942 that the lives of the Niseis and the lives of their parents were altered overnight. These parents were suddenly swept up from a life of a normal American into that of an "enemy alien." Many a question has confronted the second generations often as, "Has my family relationship changed since those days before December of 1941?"

The community life of the Isseis has many advantages. Here they have found time to create their hidden talents. The intricate wood carving, flower shows, and other cultural exhibits display such articles that were made by the Isseis who have never had the opportunity or the time for hobbies of this nature. Their choice of employment here may also have been their "secret ambition"--in that they have acquired a position which would have been but a remote possibility in the days before the evacuation. Secondly, security is a fundamental which everyone cherishes and here they have it in the form of housing, substantial food, clothing, fuel for the winter months, and primarily the excellent medical care. Thirdly, they are free from worries and care of the children's welfare who are undergoing an excellent system of education. Their worries are replaced by diversified recreation for these parents who had little time for enjoyment during their years of toil. Many also realized that this cooperative community living will be essential for post-war rehabilitation in the case that communities similar to this will be set up.

The second generation or the Niseis of the community are undergoing a rapid social stimulus. This potpourri of people from these three Pacific Coast states has given the young people an opportunity of ever increasing their friendship circle. Through these contacts with people and the unusual environment, it is giving the mind an opportunity to grow--for the good, the hope of many. Also through these contacts these Niseis are able to develop leadership in their groups as well as in the schools and other youth activities. Instead of a stagnant community life, they have the opportunities of relocating into schools and various employments throughout the United States.

Many a thoughtful problem arise before the Isseis too. Primarily, they are concerned over the future of the Niseis. Secondary, some carry a smug attitude toward relocation--an air of "Oh, what's the use, there will be discrimination anyway!"

A few of the problems confronting the Niseis is for one, this unbalanced environment of home living. By this it is meant that private homes have been turned into public homes. Then there are these youths who have been swept under a rapid social frenzy. Some of these youths whose lives were closely restricted are now in a whirl which usually stops in the wrong hole, the bad one. But other Niseis who have a desire to relocate are financially disable or the family is wholly dependent on him.

Some pessimists will say that this life we are leading now will sooner or later break the bondage of relationship between the Isseis and the Niseis which will be the same as destroying that precious tie of family relationship. Therefore it is an important responsibility of the youths of today, whether they be here in this colony or in the other communities of America, to create a harmonious family life. The Niseis must also restrain themselves as well as the older generation from becoming easily swayed by agitators. The second generation also must endeavor to aid the younger generation in their needs so that they will not jump to early maturity. Of utmost importance is the assistance to the parents whose lives will be much shorter than the second generation. In this family life they must be able to bring about the problems of each and everyone in the usual democratic form and to discuss what may be important as to the welfare the future of the family.

f-1 (Male)

Outline

I. Family life on the Tule Lake Project

A. What is its aspect?

II. Introduction

A. Problems of post-war reconstruction

1. Evacuee resettlement

B. How are Niseis going to fit into post war world?

1. Personality, attitudes, and ambitions determining factors

2. Family lives in relocation centers determine these factors

III. Advantage of family life in relocation centers, namely Tule Lake

A. Advantages in relation to children

1. Less chance of "spoiling" children

2. Dangers of juvenile delinquency lessened

3. Learn ability to cooperate

4. Housing conditions promote closer relations between parents and children

B. Young people of junior, senior high school age

1. Fewer advantages

2. More grown up, miss advantages through restlessness, disatisfaction

C. The Issei

1. No particular advantages or disadvantages

2. Inclined to resign themselves to conditions

IV. Disadvantages

A. Collapse of young peoples' ambitions

1. Inclined to set back and accept confined life

2. Turn cynical towards life

3. Makes it difficult for Niseis in post-war society

B. Loyalty to United States affected

C. Health problems

D. Tendency for children and young people to spent too much time outside of homes

V. Conclusion

Family Life on the Tule Lake Project

What significant aspect is there about family life in the Tule Lake Project or in any similar relocation center in the United States?

It is known to all of us that sociologists are going to have their hands full in dealing with the many social welfare and economic difficulties which are bound to occur during the post-war reconstruction period. We also know that among these problems will be found the paramount one in so far as we Japanese and Japanese-Americans are concerned. This is the problem of the resettlement of thousands of evacuees now in relocation centers and who must later find their places in the post-war world. The adjustments are going to be acute. The attitudes of the country at large toward the evacuees is going to be changed, in many cases to the worse. How are the evacuees, the Nisei in particular, going to fit into this changed society?

The answer to this question lies solely in the personality, attitudes, and ambition of each and every Nisei. It is a proven fact that the personality, the total self, is molded through family life. This is where the family life in the relocation center, namely the Tule Lake project, enters the picture. Let us consider the family life in the Tule Lake Project.

In this case as in all cases there are two distinct divisions, the advantages and the disadvantages. We will consider the advantages first. The children in the relocation centers occupy an important position in relation to our problem because in all probability are going to be faced with this problem. In the cases of the very young children there are several advantages to family life in Tule Lake. First, they are less apt to become "spoiled" here than in leading normal lives in a community outside because the means of "spoiling" children in the camps are very limited. The over privileges which parents are liable to grant their children are few because of the condition of the camp. Similarly the dangers of juvenile delinquency are not ever present as in cities. Second, children, through living in such a close community will learn the values of being able to get along with others. This is a personality asset which will prove invaluable in later social contacts with the Caucasians. Thirdly, the living condition in the camp is such that, except in the cases of large families, all the family members are crowded into one room. This brings about closer relations between children and parents and a greater sense of understanding and security prevails. These qualities will promote a harmonious family life which will in turn lead to the shaping of better personality of the children.

As for the young people of junior and senior high school age, the advantages are few. The above facts with the exception of the first can be applied to them but in a more limited sense for young people unlike children are not so easily impressed by such factors as the above. The reason for this is that people of high school age are at a stage where they normally would be having the best times in their lives, and being in this type of place makes them restless, giving them the feeling that they are

spread of germs and sicknesses is likely to rise unless much precaution is taken. There is also another major problem. In the project, if a person wishes to do so he can arise in the morning, eat breakfast, attend school, eat lunch at the mess hall where the "gang's" mess hall, spend the better part of the evening there, and then come "home" and go to sleep. This does not make a home life at all. The child, youth or whoever it is does not spend enough time at home to call it a home. This will cause a situation where the parents and children drift apart and will cause a rift in family life which will greatly influence the personality of both parents and children.

There are many more points which one could find but I believe that the preceding illustrations have made my point clear. And that is that every factor of center family life, be it advantageous or disadvantageous, is going to influence our future personalities, attitudes, and ambitions to such an extent that will prove a vital aspect in the post-war social world.

Every single Nisei now in a relocation center should consider his position as an individual challenge and, instead of letting camp life discourage him, should let it act as an incentive toward a greater effort to fulfill his destiny--that of gaining his rightful place in the post-war democracy.

(Male)

g-1

Family Life in Tule Lake Project

I. Family Life

A. Before

B. Today

C. Problem

D. What you should do

We, the citizens of Tule Lake Project, are now undergoing a new kind of life. There were many adjustments which we were required to make to meet the necessary adjustments. One thing positively affected is our family life. Moreover, it is the most important thing. Before we moved into Tule Lake the individual family enjoyed a rather normal routine life. It was neither too hard nor too loose. The family enjoyed the daily luxuries of going to work in a car, or a street car. Mother washes the family's clothes in a washing machine, and cooks her own food for the family. On weekends and holidays the family gets together and can go to church, or to the movies or for a week-end drive to the country.

Now we are experiencing a different kind of a life, where we are stripped of many luxuries we crave so much, such as movies, a system of transportation, and individual privacy. One incident concerning individual privacy comes to my mind at this moment. There is a family of girls with one boy. Everytime these girls want to either dress or undress they have to practically kick him out. This situation is true of many families throughout the camp. We now lead more of a loose life. There isn't much responsibilities. The food is prepared and served to you at the mess halls. At the ringing of the bells you just rush to any seat and eat your food hastely. Not the usual atmosphere you would receive at home with your own family.

There are problems which arise against the family life in Tule Lake. Because of such loose or easy life we may become irresponsible, or maybe we can understand each other if I said we may become lazy. A person may take the "What's the use?" attitude. He may also lose ambition and may not try to better himself not only mentally but physically, socially, and spiritually. Another of the problems a family faces is the living conditions. Since most families have but one room, with as much as six people. This constitutes a living in which everyone must cooperate willingly. In a family either outside or inside, where they are constantly quarreling or arguing, a child reared in a constant atmosphere of mental turmoil is just as handicapped as if he was born defective.

In these trying times, if a family life is to run smoothly, we should look for the social virtues of loyalty, sympathy, kindness, willingness, and cooperation. They should try to make best of what little is offered to us. Take advantage of the adult education and night school, and try to better yourself. Build up a common interest in which the whole family can participate. Then you will have a family life that is more enjoyable. Family life is important. Thus we must see to it that it is not neglected.

(male)

h-1

Family Life in Tulelake

Work and Play.

The people here in the Tulelake Project are a hard working, well solidified unit. The issei people busy themselves on such worthwhile occupations as construction laborers, maintenance men, block janitors and such. They know what jobs they have to do and they do it with a care.

Right here in my own block, Block 69, besides its quota for block janitors and carpenters, the majority of the older men are maintenance men. Some are construction laborers and G-men (garbage men). Here work is not a pleasant or extremely pleasing one, but since the job has to be done, these men do it ungrudgingly.

Some people, too old to work, rest happily in the warmth of their apartments dreaming of days gone by, has arguing with other cronies, relating to the great tales of their ancestors and deeds they themselves had done in their father-country.

The women in the colony busy themselves by keeping house as they used to when they were in their own homes. They are lucky in one respect. They do not need to worry about preparing meals for the family. The mess halls take care of that. Their hands are relieved of the children since there are well-established kindergartens and nursery schools.

The young men in the family are also working hard as they would as if they were back home. These boys make up the truck drivers, hard-working coal crews, garbage collectors; some are carpenters, technicians and some are in public service like mess-hall work, administration workers. The older ones hold dependable positions like a warden's work which is a grim, thankless role.

The young women are able clerks, waitresses and such. A good many are hospital and colony social workers. By "social" I mean such things as kindergarten and nursery school teachers.

The youth go to school, study hard, play hard, in some cases play too hard and "skip" school. A few of the students are employed after school doing jobs like coal crew, garbage collecting, truck driving, mess hall work.

For recreation the olders take to the Issei programs, story-telling, arguing and playing cards. The women have their sewing classes and flower arrangement clubs. A night or two each week is ardently devoted to the church.

Then too, there are go and shogi tournaments for the more intelligent type of men. These games are long since they require a lot of brainwork.

The younger set have their dances, jam sessions and a great variety of sports. The boys have a football league, Senior league for the younger ones. A lot of athletic talent may be found when watching a good game. Many of these players were all-stars back in their schools and colleges.

In the spring baseball games abound. Every available space is put to use and many an interesting ball game may be observed in fair weather.

The girls have their share in baseball too, as their interest shows in the rapid forming of their league.

Basketball is the winter sport now rolling into full swing. The senior league has many fine players, all-stars from many schools, cities and colleges. By the formation of these leagues it teaches the fundamentals of cooperations and good sports, bettering themselves at the game because of high competition.

After the daylight is gone and twilight comes we see the formation of jam sessions and dances in different recreation halls. The music is furnished by a radio, phonograph or a rare public address system. Here the young people wear themselves out dancing to the latest canned music. These sessions usually last from any time to about 11:30 in the night.

So anyone can see that this is just like back home and everyone is making the most of what could be had.

i-1

Family Life of Tule Lake Project

I. Family as a unit

A. Brought closer together

1. Same room

2. Same mess, etc

B. Children

1. Wilder and unrestrained

2. Harder to train

II Social Life

A. Mother

1. Knitting classes sewing

2. English classes, etc.

B. Father

1. Goh, shogi

C. Sister

1. School

a. three states

2. Dances

3. Clubs (friends)

D. Brother

1. Same as sister

2. Sports

III. Community Life

A. Block spirit

B. Town spirit

Family Life of Tule Lake Project

The family of Tule Lake has been suddenly thrown together by the evacuation. They have been put into two or three rooms, thus limited to a certain amount of space. The family has to share the Mess with everyone else, whether that be disagreeable or not. The children will watch the ill-mannered Mess of the old bachelors and copy them. Bathing conditions are not sanitary because all sorts of people go in to one place.

The children form groups or gangs and become rowdy. Being together gives them strength and nerve to do something which otherwise they would not do individually. Mothers have a hard time to train them because they constantly talk back and give reasons that I did it because everyone else does it and I don't see anything wrong with it.

The mother has more leisure time here because she doesn't have to cook and prepare meals and tasks she would otherwise do at home. Therefore she spends her leisure time going to schools learning to knit, crochet, sew, and the like. She meets new people and strikes up acquaintances with many different personalities.

Father has nothing to do, except maybe secure a job. He has no economic worry of rent, food and other miscellaneous things except for clothing. He has lots of leisure time on hand and takes to the Japanese games of Go and Shogi.

Brother and sister go to school. There they meet students from three states. This is very novel and acquaintances are made soon. Dances and clubs help to promote friendship. Brother meets new friends in competitive sports.

Community life is different from before but some in many respects. The people of the same town form clubs and organizations of their own.

Presidents of the same block try to better the block. There are no racial prejudices here so people live here rather harmoniously and confortably.

(male)

j-1

Outline

I. Family Life on the Tule Lake Project

A. Daily routine

1. Of father
2. Of mother
3. Of big sister
4. Of brother
5. Of little brother

B. Social life

1. Of sister
2. Of brother
3. Of father
4. Of mother

C. Problems

1. Of mother
2. Of father
3. Of sister
4. Of brother

Family Life on the Tule Lake Project

The family life on the Tule Lake Project is quite simple. Each morning after breakfast father leaves for work, mother prepares to do the washing or house cleaning, big sister starts for her job at the hospital, brother is off for school and the little brother is ready for another day of play. As the morning passes everyone comes home for lunch, except for big sister who eats at the hospital mess. As soon as lunch is over every-

one is off again to his own work or play. Around five o'clock in the evening, one by one the members of the family again return home and clean up, ready to go to supper. After supper mother may go to a night class of some sort, father probably sits down and reads the paper, sister goes visiting, the brother starts his homework, and little brother tired from a day of play jumps into bed. This is the ordinary day for the average family at the Tule Lake Project.

Then too there is the social part of the family life. Some nights sister goes to a party and brother goes to a school dance. Other times father invites some friends over to play bridge and mother goes to a artificial flower-making class. All these things take very good care of the social life of the family.

Of course, in the routine family life there are problems. Mother has a hard time washing the clothes in the very hard water, father wonders how he's going to get lumber for the porch that ought to be built before winter, sister worries about the entrance application that she sent in for a certain university, and brother is stumped over a physics problem and a paper that he has to hand in for another class dealing with problems of democracy.

With a few problems, some home life and a little social life, the average family on the Tule Lake Project gets along very nicely.

(Male)

k-1

Outline of Family Life in Tulelake

I. Good points

A. Cooperative spirit

B. Common ideas

C. Harmony

II. Bad points

A. Sanitation

B. Climate

C. Fire hazards

D. Juvenile conduct

E. Education

III. Improvements

A. Sanitation

B. Recreation

C. Education

D. Labor

IV. Tuleans effort for welfare of colony

Camp life or rather collective living affects any individual or group, in a good way or vice-versa. Every individual gains or learns more or less through this routine-like life.

For instance, everybody utilizes the same mess hall, laundry, ironing room so cooperation and responsibility among the colonists results. These conditions finally forge into the fact that most of the colonists have ideas in common and thus result in good understanding and cooperation of each and all, and peace and harmony among them.

Collective life in camp or not has some defective points. Sanitary conditions are not to be scorned especially in a community like this where cleanliness must be followed to the word. Though no bad epidemic of disease is possible the sanitation of the community can be improved yet. For weak and age persons the life here is of much strain on their life span. Smokes hang over the community like a cloud and the dust and intense cold; the fire hazards always ready to threaten the whole camp.

The educational facilities of the community through the great effort of the government, not to mention the great deeds and sacrifices by the teachers, is surprisingly efficient. Under this abnormal condition and atmosphere some teachers and pupils feel uneasy and restless, resulting in conduct of the latter. Out of school, juvenile with inadequate recreational facilities gather and there results another additional problem for the colony.

Furthermore, this life is taking most effect on the attitude and mental condition of the colonists. The tendency to rely upon the government and others increases daily.

These conditions prevailing throughout the camp can be improved and remedied in many ways. Indoor stages and gymnasium can be built and a better library system can be possible.

The employment situation is another matter to be considered. Boys under sixteen years are working and unskilled persons are holding offices, whereas the experienced are left with odd jobs. These conditions can be remedied with a few efforts by the placement offices and can be of much to the welfare and the good of the community.

All in all, Tuleans are satisfied with the life and security they find here and should endeavor to do their best and utmost for the welfare and good of the community.

1-1 (Female)

FAMILY LIFE IN TULELAKE PROJECT

I. Family life in Tulelake

A. Has ups and downs

B. Different trouble from outside

II. Bad side of colony life

A. Separation of members of family

1. In living

2. At mealtime

3. From the father

B. Family quarrels; in-law trouble

C. Education threatened

1. Studying lessons and attending school

2. Boys from Hawaii

D. Wrong concept of life by children

III. Advantages of being here

A. Opportunities

1. To learn and to do

2. More time

B. Improvement of health

C. Making new friends

IV. Thankfulness for Tulelake Project

A. Away from disrupted world

B. Bear with the bad

1-2

FAMILY LIFE IN TULELAKE PROJECT

Family life in Tulelake Project has its ups and down just as family life has elsewhere. But its troubles are quite different from the ones outside. In the following paragraphs, I shall look at the problems from the sociological point of view.

The bad side of the colony life is presented in many and unusual circumstances. Members of a family who ordinarily would live together are sometimes living separately because of desire or for necessity. The majority of the young folks live apart from their parents because they want more freedom, privacy, or they just want to get away from the noisy and crowded room. There is another way a family may be separated. In numberous blocks the mess halls do not have any seating arrangement, just seating the people as they come in. There are some parents who insist upon the children eating with them but some do not. This brings up a serious problem. The children may not be eating the right thing as they would under the parent's guiding eyes. There are a few blocks that have a regular seating arrangement with one family at one table. This arrangement should be followed by all the other blocks for the sake of the children. Many families are suffering because the father is interned at another camp. It is distressing to see these young mothers enduring undo hardships of bringing up young ones alone. Kind and understanding folks help them, but the firm guidance and companionship of a father is needed. To help these unfortunate families, the father should be either permitted to join them here or the families be sent up to him.

Family quarrels and troubles are no doubt numerous in the crowded quarters in which we live. As in normal times the in-law trouble exists

here also. Here is a case in which a lady, whose husband is interned, is living with two widows. She will not live with her daughter and son-in-law because she absolutely does not get along with the latter. She made a wise choice, yet she is not happy where she is. A rather egotistical person; she is always complaining about being aroused from her sleep when her roommates go to work in the morning. If the joining of her and her husband is impossible, the best solution to the problem would be to permit her to have a room for herself.

Education is being threatened in this very camp. Some of the students are unable to study sufficiently because of the disturbance which are likely to come up from a overflowing room. There are others who do not even try to study, or worse still, some who do not attend school. This lack of interest and ambition may be partly due to the parents. It is the duty of the parents to see that their children attend school. Numerous boys from Hawaii, prior to evacuation, were attending Sacramento Junior College. Some were fortunate enough to be able to leave for the East before evacuation. The others are in this camp, apart from their families under these uncertain conditions, and losing much of their precious time which they were going to spend in attaining their education. This perplexing question, however, will be solved in due time, for most of them are financially able to continue their education elsewhere.

A somewhat different aspect comes into my mind. Possibly we will be in here quite a long time, then suddenly out of here to lead again a normal life. It is likely that some of the children will have the wrong concept of life. As we are being accustomed to having things handed to us, they might think the same thing is true outside. Trouble may arise when they

just wait for their food without working for it. Here again the parents must teach for the future.

There are advantages to balance the inadvantages in this colony, also. Until now, the farmer's wife never had the opportunity to learn anything. She probably worked in the field all day, cooked for the family, and performed various other duties that left no time for learning. This is true of others also. Now everyone has equal opportunity learning something which she might have wanted to for years, absolutely free of charge. Never will such a favorable occasion appear again. Men and boys are spending hours and days on beautiful hand work, which would never have been done if we were not in here. Everyone is enjoying and making use of the time and the opportunities offered here.

I know of some person both young and old, whose health has improved tremendously after coming here. They are very thankful for this. A number of families would have been unable to feed or clothe themselves if they were outside now.

We will never cease making new friends here. They may become valuable life-long friends. One may even meet his or her life mate while here.

With its good side we can be very thankful to be here, away from all the turmoil, disruptions, and war hysteria of the world which is likely existing out of Tulelake Project. With its bad we must bear, for there is nowhere on earth where trouble does not exist, in family life or in other respects.

m-1 (Female)

Family Life in Tule Lake Project

I. Society

II. Attitude

A. Parents and children

B. Influences

III. Disadvantages

A. Living Conditions

B. Family relationship

IV. Advantages

A. Adult education

B. Employment

V. Personal opinion

Society never remains the same for it is constantly changing. In days of peace there is the unnoticeable gradual change in society, while in war-torn days as today the changing is more obvious and rapid. We, Americans of Japanese ancestry living here in Tule Lake, face somewhat a more distinct social change different from the communities in the outside world.

At present there are colonists who still possess the feeling of bitterness towards the government for the relocation movement as they did at the time of evacuation. Even some second generations feel the injustice of the citizens being under the same classification as the aliens. Many of the older people, first generations, who are stubborn and irritable, have the desire of stirring up disturbance and disorder within the project. Community disorders influence the family a great deal. Differences in opinions between the parents and the older children result in clashes

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within the family. These disorders may be blamed to a certain extent to the fact that many older individuals here are incapable of taking up community leadership. Most of the clear thinking personalities of intelligence are elsewhere in the alien internment camps.

There are many problems existing in Tule Lake which fall on the negative side. The concentration of such a great number and a variety of people in such a limited space takes away the enjoyment of home life. We do not have the same privacy as we once did at our respective homes. The housing standard of four, five, and in some cases even six persons to an apartment is very uncomfortable. Housekeepers have a harder task in doing their daily labor by hand, when while back home they relied mostly upon the aid of machines. We cannot enjoy meal times as a time for family gathering. In this society the family is not as closely bounded as it used to be.

As it is in everything, there is some good found as well as bad. The adult population is very fortunate indeed in being able to take advantages of the offers of the various educational facilities. People with enthusiasm and initiative acquire cultural education as well as education in fundamental knowledge. The second generations do not face the discrimination and the prejudices which they often faced in securing jobs. Being able to serve in the fields wherein their interest lies is one of the most fortunate opportunities of the niseis.

The attitudes of the members of the family determine whether a family will live happily in Tule Lake or not. If the colonists are able to live courageously looking at the brighter sides of life, surely the future would bring happiness.

n-1 (Male)

Family Life in Tule Lake

I. Complete alteration of family life

A. Problems to face

B. Great difference with life back home

II. Group differences

A. Groups from 3 coastal states

1. Namely California, Oregon, and Washington

B. Acquiring of habits of each other

1. Both the good and the bad

III. Great adjustments

A. Home

1. Barracks compared to well-furnished ones back home

B. Mess system

1. Differences in preparation

2. Dining with other families

C. Occupation

1. Engaging in occupation one likes

IV. Split-up in families

A. Members away from family more

1. Due to very close neighbors

2. Due to more night workers

V. Good adjustment

A. Weariness to difficulties and troubles

B. Good adjusting to changes

1. Time has helped

Family Life in Tule Lake

After being evacuated from their houses which were very dear to them, all of the Japanese family of this Tule Lake Relocation Center have completely altered their manner of family life. Perhaps many of them feel a great resentment toward those who evacuated them, but they must face the problems and make the best out of it.

The typical family in this camp may come from California, a neighbor in the next block may be an Oregonian, and he may have some friends living across the firebreak who came from Washington. In any matter, the mixture of Japanese from all three of the western coastal states has certainly affected the people. Of course, these groups would have habits and customs, and naturally they would acquire the habits of each other; both the good ones and the bad ones.

One of the first adjustments which the family had to make was that of the living quarters. I'm sure that there was hardly anyone who has lived in this type of barrack before. The next thing to which they had to adjust themselves was the mess system. At home the mothers did most of the cooking and the family ate their meals happily together. But here the meals are all prepared at the mess halls and the family simply goes and enjoys their meals with friends, neighbors, and often with strangers.

Another way in which the evacuee family had to change was in its occupation. Before maybe the family lived in the city and ran a hotel or a grocery store, or maybe they ran a farm out in the country. Now, however, the family are engaged in some altogether different occupation from what they had been doing.

For the most part the family which have been closely knit are now quite split up. That is, the family members go out more than they used

to. Perhaps they go out to work on graveyard shifts. or they may go out to visit new friends which they have met here.

By now, however, I am sure that the people all are aware of the difficulties and troubles which face them. Also, since it has been quite a while that they've faced this camp life, the evacuee family are pretty well adjusted to all of the changes.

o-1 (Female)

Community Life in Tule Lake

I. Advantages

A. Realization of importance of American citizenship

1. Fight for citizenship

2. Groups like JACL have better cooperation

B. Individualism

1. None

2. Cooperate to help U.S. war effort

C. Living costs

1. No rents

2. No household bills (gas, water, etc.)

3. No immense food bills

D. Education

1. Adult education

2. Opportunities to learn arts free

3. Be president of student body

II. Disadvantages

A. Education

1. Lack of essential equipment

2. Inadequate supply of good library books

B. Attitudes

1. "What's the use of studying-working?"

2. Loss of responsibility

3. Won't work hard for $16 a month

C. Forget all about cooking; become slow-witted

Community Life in Tule Lake

Realization for the importance of keeping our United States citizenship and fighting to maintain it is one of the advantages brought by the relocation. We, like many other Americans just took for granted our freedom of speech, freedom of press, and our freedom of religion. Not until evacuation did we realize how fortunate we were to be in this Land of Liberty. We are giving cooperation to the JACL (Japanese American Citizens League) in aiding to defend our constitutional rights.

There is no individualism here. We realize that nothing is more important than to help our community and our nation. "All for one and one for all."

To the families who have ten to seventeen children, I think, the food bills which aren't there are a relief. Pity the mothers who would have had to feed twelve hungry teen-age older children! No rents, no electricity bills, water bills. No worries except "what are we going to do after this turmoil is over?"

The adult education is good. It keeps all the mothers and older people who aren't working, "out of mischief." I mean by that, that their minds are not idle and they are learning many arts which maybe outside they would have had to pay a great deal to learn.

There is a definite lack of equipment in the schools, such as in laboratory equipment, but that can't be helped. The other camps have even less, I hear, so we're not so unfortunate. I'd really like a better supply of books at the library. They really don't have many.

This camp life has lowered the morale of the people. It has mine, anyway, but I'm trying to do the best I can. I don't have the "what's

the use of working?" attitude. What I don't like is being enclosed with all Japanese. So many of the Isseis are gossips because they have nothing else to do. Short-tempered people are getting more, too. I hate this camp because it is so dull. Whatever brains I had, I've lost, I think.

When we get out of camp, many people will find it hard to work. Many of them are working in the messes, so they'll forget a lot of essential points in.working $16 is not enough to buy clothes and necessities with.

Many of the girls have forgotten how to cook. I've forgotten how to make coffee! I'd like to cook so as not to forget everything. I want my future husband (if I have one) to praise my cooking, not to grumble.

D-1 (Male)

Changes in Family Life in Tule Lake Project

Living in the project, we have seen great changes take place in the family life and inter family relations of our people. These changes were brought about by the war and evacuation, of course, but more specifically there are numberous conditions existing here which are the real causes of these changes.

First of all, the project being under government control and being maintained on a limited budget, has not provided fully for the keeping up of at least the physical aspect of normal family life. Everything coming under this heading simply cannot be helped.

Turning to the mental changes, there is a definite feeling of unrest, of everything being temporary. People are half prepared to move on to some other place. Then there is the problem of where to go from here, of actual relocation. Most people are wondering how they will be treated on the outside later on.

These and other problems are having serious effects upon the family and the community as a whole. Many people are just marking time, wondering and hoping for the future. Others have resigned themselves to just following the crowd. Others are working, thinking, preparing for the post-war period, when the long-term future of the Japanese Americans will be decided.

A very important break in the life of the Japanese American family is just taking place. Heretofore, the Issei have been working hard, bringing up their children. Now that they have lost their earning power, they are not likely to be able to start all over after the war. Instead, the Nisei will tend to take the leading role, and when they do, the social and

cultural assimilation which will make our people members in good standing, accepted Americans, a necessary part of America, will really begin.

Social Life in Tule Lake

A. Types of people in camp

1. people from the cities

a. concentrated

b. scattered

2. people from the country

a. concentrated

b. scattered

B. Social change

1. It was great

a. complete

b. sudden

2. from homes to apartments in barracks

a. several rooms to one

b. freedom of travel to one of restrictions

C. Economic Status

1. Wealth doesn't count

a. everyone is on an equal bases

b. standardized wage

2. Life is all the same

a. eat same things at same place

b. do things in a cooperative manner

D. Problems created by life here

1. Child welfare

a. adequate facilities to occupy the child

b. the loss of opportunities that are found on the outside

2. Education for just out of high school students