

(Female)

Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage.

Today, last year, is the day when this terrible war was begun. It was the happening of this day that brought along all the misery and loneliness which is in me now. I'm sure the memory of this past, the breaking up of our home, the evacuation, our friends, shall never be forgotten as long as I live. I believe that home and friends are two things which can really keep you going and give you hope. I hate to admit it, but these two things are gone now and sometimes I feel as though there's nothing to live for. Of course, some people will disagree with me, from what they say, "life is worthwhile, while you are living."

(Male)

I want to be a singer like Kenny Baker. I always wanted to be a singer, but there was no one to teach me to sing. When I turn the radio on and someone starts singing I always think that I was him. When we moved to Tule Lake I was taking music (voice) lesson, but the teacher went some place. I really like to sing, and I got good voice, too. I hope that I will be a good singer.

(Female)

My ambition is singing. I had been thinking that I would like to be a popular radio singer like Dinah Shore and Kate Smith. I would like to sing with an orchestra. I had to study first very hard reading music notes. I don't know how to read single music notes.

(Female)

Being stuck in a place like this, what does the future hold for us? After peace where can we go? To our home? We have now nothing to go back to, and penniless. How can we start the new life which we left behind? That is the question which many people face today.

(Female)

As I look back into my past life, I have regretted many things that I have done. I used to talk of other people. There is a proverb which goes like this: "If you cannot talk good about others, do not talk at all." After I learned that I never say any thing about any one unless I have something nice or a compliment to give them. I learned that you yourself are the only ones that can make a prison or a cage. I used to think that it was unfair when we were moved to the assembly center, then to the relocation center. I felt cheated, I felt that my whole life was taken away, but I see the other side of it. I think we were lucky to be moved into a camp as this instead of a concentration camp. I'm looking forward to the day when we all can go back to our homes when the world is at peace again.

(Male)

My Future

When I grow up I'm planning to be an aviator. I have many books on how to use the instruments on a plane. My oldest brother is in the U.S. Army Air Corp at Kelly Field, Texas. He is a Corporal now in the Air Corp. When he was small, he always used to look at the airplane magazines. I used to look at the magazine with him. He used to tell me all of the parts that an airplane would have. When he was 19 years of age, he used to take a flying lesson every day at the air depot. He was planning to be a co-pilot on a transport, but after the war has been declared, he volunteered to be a cadet in the U.S. Air Corp. Because he was a Japanese, they did not want him to be a cadet. Why? I do not know. Today he is a chief mechanic at Kelly Fields. When I graduate from high school and from college, I would also like to be a pilot of a plane.

(Female)

I was thinking about the past--the many things that occurred to me, the many sufferings which our mother and father did, worrying about us nisei and its past. As I gazed my thoughts, the proverb "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," many prisoners who think they haven't any future by being in camps or prison are mistaken because there is never an end. He could start all over, and start a new life again.

In the past minute that I have been in meditation I thought I would write about some of the things that our future confronts us with.

What will we as the younger generation do as soon as we are out on our own? Many of us, I presume, will not have parents that can get out and start all over again because their age will hinder them. I don't think it will be as easy for a lot of us as it will for others.

What will the attitudes of our former friends and fellow Americans be toward us Japanese-Americans, who are doing their best to be of use and make good the things in life? That is one question which will bother

(unfinished)

C H A P T E R X I V

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES AND REFLECTIONS

A small number of compositions were included in our collection of Tule Lake materials which were not a part of the groups of essays and compositions written in response to specific class assignments. They were written by different individuals obviously at various times during the year and apparently in several classes. There seems to be no unifying element or common characteristic in these very brief compositions. They represent a miscellaneous assortment of random thoughts upon commonplace aspects of Tule Lake life.

Added to the collection is a short story written by a high school student for the Tulean Dispatch Magazine.

(Female)

I was thinking I thought of my friends back home. Since the finals are being given in every subject, I wondered what my friends in school back home were getting. What kind of exams? Hard or easy. What kind of questions is she going to ask?

(Male)

Rumors

Of all the rumors I have heard, never had I heard more worse rumors than these before and after I came to this camp and assembly center. As we were packing our things at home, we heard that we weren't allowed to take more than suitcase full of clothings, about two rolls of blankets, and few can goods because in the camp we will always have to be eating pork and beans. My mother did not believe in these things, but my brothers did.

They said we shouldn't take this, we shouldn't take that, and finally we had to leave or throw away some of the things we need now. For the first time in my life I found out that you can't believe what the people say in this camp because usually turns out to be a rumor.

(Female)

When I was back in my home town in Lodi, I didn't appreciate the many conveniences we had. I used to nag and all that, but when I went to an assembly center, I really appreciated everything we used to have. In the morning it was cold because the floor had tiny space between each board. We had to wait for our food and get in the line for every meal of the day. When we took a shower we had to wait because the water got cold or the shower equipment was limited. The bed we slept on was terrible as it had hay ticking. In the nights, the hay would stick out and tickle me and so I sneezed and everything. It was very bad staying in that camp and I am trying to forget the whole thing. But often it all comes back to me now.

(Female)

During the quiet period I was thinking about "when in Rome, do as the Romans do." I thought that was a very good proverb because since we are all in camp we have to be like all the other Japanese. If you don't, people think you're a funny and queer sort of person.

That also applies to wherever you go because you won't be able to get along with the persons if you don't speak their language and if you don't know their manners and all. A good example would be if you went to France and started speaking in Japanese the people wouldn't understand a word you said without the aid of an interpretator.

Also in dressing, we would look funny and also feel out of place if we went around in long skirts down to the ground or if boys wore short or ruffled pants or skirts.

* * * * *

Dred Scott and Gordon Hirabayashi--many years between the two but what a sharp contrast the two makes. If only we all could have had Gordon's courage, will power and all, I am sure we would have been backed up by many as he is.

I have always wondered and still wonder how he stands the rebuke of the people, how he goes on with it all after going through all the trying times in prisons (jail) and in courts. Why can't we all have Gordon's strong will power to withstand all insults.

(unfinished)

(Male)

My thoughts today were of what my brother would bring to me from Caldwell, Idaho. Whether he would bring the boots I want or not. My brother sent plaid shirts to everyone in our family except my 2 older sisters, and the next to the older got mad; so now she gets a coat.

An American friend in Sacramento, California sent to my sisters and I a present of \$5.00 each for Christmas, and we all wrote a letter of thanks to him.

(Male)

When I closed my eyes I wasn't thinking anything else but of the grandmother and second brother in Japan. I still can see grandmother standing on the pier to bid us farewell. It reminded my past years of happiness with my grandparents. I know she is worrying about us from Japan as I am worrying about her. I know I could see them again.

(Male)

Dred Scott Case and Gordon II.

Back in 1861 a negro slave by the name of Dred Scott was taken north. He believed that since he was in a free land, a land away from the slaves, that he should be a citizen, and so he went to the Supreme court. They said once a slave always a slave. Gordon II., a student from the U. of W., was arrested because the Army had ordered all Japanese out of the West Coast. Gordon is standing up for all the rights of the niseis. He believes that the army has no right to move a citizen into camp.

(Male)

I have heard a few days ago that **there** was a quarrel among the Japanese in one of the camps. I think this was a quarrel between the Nisei and the Issei. The casualty was one person dead and nine wounded. The soldiers had to use tear gas in order to stop them. I think this kind of a quarrel in a camp is just a disgrace to us Japanese in other centers or camps.

(Female)

On May 13, 1942, is the date that we left our home behind. At last the day for us to evacuate had come, leaving all our animals and friends behind. Oh! what a sad day in all my life. I never felt so sad or unhappy before leaving our home town, and never see again. That beautiful Placer country where I would always live.

(Female)

My past hasn't been as pleasant as it should be. I have had many quarrels and arguments among my friends. I never had any quarrels when I was home but after going to Pinedale Assembly Center for 2 months I just can't seem to get along with my friends. In Pinedale we broke a friendship which we had kept for over ten years. I think this camp life ruins everyone's life. I know mine changed. The girls I knew from back home changed completely. I think, what we did in our past will never leave our minds, but I will try to forget about it and think of the future which I hope will be better.

(Male)

Snow-fight

Saturday was a very snowy day. We had many snow fights. On Sunday it snowed also. The boys in our block, which is block 44, had a snow-fight with the boys of block 43. They had more people in their block, so we were always retreating. Soon the boys of block 47 came and we chased them back to their own block. Thereafter we kept them retreating in their block. At noon we quit because we had to eat. They still came after us with snow balls and tried to hit us while we were going in the mess hall.

(Male)

Camp Life

Camp life at Tule Lake is very monotonous because we do and see the same thing every day. We awaken about 7 o'clock in the morning and wash up and hear the mess-hall bell ringing. We hurry to the mess hall. After eating we go to school. We stay in school for about 8 hours. After school is over we go home. After we are home we study and go to bed. Then we awaken in the morning ready for another day.

(Male)

Thoughts of the Past

As silence dimmed the classroom, my thought went back to the past, back to the heart-breaking day of June 1, 1942, when we were evacuated from our beloved home. We were leaving behind everything we had worked so hard for, everything my parents had worked for, since the first time they put their feet on this continent. Saying good-bye to our dear friends that we knew since our early childhood was very trifle. Tears ran down my cheeks when I had to say good-bye to my friends and our home and leave for the station. My friends came to the railroad station to say good-bye. I was very grateful for this, for I could see them that much longer. As the train started to leave Salem, Oregon, my thoughts were "when will I ever come back here again and see my dear friends?"

(Female)

Awoke when the cold gray dawn came peeking into the troubled world. Donned my faded old slacks and completed a hurried toilet and went to breakfast. Invigorated by the coffee and toast I attacked the drudgery of washing clothes. Under the vigorous scrubbing and soapings the dirt divided to make a hurried retreat. With a bucket of freshly washed clothing, I came home like a conquering general. When I was coming home I saw an embarrassing sight. A small but insistent whirlwind had cornered a girl and blown her skirt up. Unfortunately for her, some boys were present. With a flushed face she hurried away as any decent girl should. Wearied by the washing I went to sleep early and dreamed of a glad reunion with my friends at the Portland Center.

(Male)
Period 4

Sept. 19. As soon as I came home from school I went to get a "Pearl Harbor." Then came home and took a shower, for I had a date with Miss XXXXXXXX. The dance was going to start at 8 p.m. sharp, as stated on the bid. I went to my mess hall all dressed up. Everybody asked me what was going on tonight. I told them I was going to a meeting, for they might tease me in the mess. They believed me all right.

I went after her about 7:30 p.m. She was combing her hair. I never noticed before that girls take that long just to dress up. While waiting I listen to Rosalind Russell's drama. I decided to draw her picture after coming home from dance.

12:30 p.m. I started to draw her. Time passed like a water running on a slanted board.

2:30 a.m. Finished her picture.

Sept. 20. While I was coming home from the mess hall a friend of mine offered me a cigarette. I couldn't refuse so I took it and left it on my ear. Of course, I don't smoke.

At home my mother asked me about the cigarette on my ear. At that instant, my face turned out to be like a tomatoes. I forgot all about the cigarette I had. I kept quiet.

Suddenly she spoke up, and said, "What is your duty as a student?" Going to school and study, I answered. Then she said, "Death is lighter than a feather, but duty is heavier than a mountain." I never could forget that "word" forever.

September 25. As I was looking through a book called "What's in a name?" I found my name "Stanley" in it. My name came from "Slavonic." And I am supposed to be a glory of the camp or state.

(Female)
Nov. 11, 1942

Breakfast in Tulelake

Half asleep I faintly heard the clock in the next room strike six-thirty, indicating that I had half an hour before I would smell the aroma of bacon and potatoes fried in deep fat. With hardly an effort I tossed over and slumbered off to dreamland.

The cold wind kissed my frost bitten cheeks as it briskly blew in from the opened window. Far off in the distance I could hear the blare of the bugle from Uncle Sam's men which meant that it was five measly minutes before seven o'clock.

Startled at the time I opened my eyes and lay dreamily in bed, dreading to get up.

"Why does mom wake me?" I thought to myself very disgustedly and threw my pillow across the bed.

Beneath my open window I could hear someone say "Good Morning" in a very sleepy manner and as if he put all his calories in it. A happy lad whistled a peppy tune as he ran to the wash room.

Slowly and energetically I sat up in bed, rubbed my eyes and jumped out. Now realizing that time for mess was short I ran to get my bathrobe. With a dash I ran to the washroom.

The morning was beautiful as dawn was now greeting the weary sleepers. The wild geese were on their endless and weary flight as the silvery clouds beckoned them on. It was picturesque as the feathered friends in their perfect formation were silhouetted against the purple sky.

Everyone in the washroom was in a hurry and said a cheery "hello". I poured a dab of toothpaste on my brush and vigorously gave a few strokes. With a little water splashed on my face, I had completed my daily health habits.

As I ran home the cold air seemed to bite my damp face.

The bold clock on the dresser said seven o'clock and I hadn't even dressed. I could hear the clang, clang of our mess hall ring loud and clear. I was so confused about the loud clanging of our mess bell that I mistakenly tried to squeeze my foot in a different shoe. For awhile I thought my foot had grown over night but to my happiness it was the shoe

(continued)

to blame. As time was scarce I neglected to comb my hair and hurriedly wrapped a bandana around it.

Glancing at the mirror and adjusting my clothes I took one glance and ran to mess.

Well, anyway, I think breakfast should be eaten with supper so I can have my sleep, don't you?

Henry Akiyama, age 15
Freshman, High School

"Christmas Last Year"

Last Year on Christmas Eve our family had a real surprise. As you know, we lived in a military zone, so naturally we were victims of the curfew.

Every year about a week before Christmas, our grade school put on Christmas plays for our parents and the whole community. Our Japanese parents used to look forward to this gay eve every year, for they enjoyed it very much. Last year, however they could not go because of the curfew. So it was the dulllest Christmas I ever witnessed.

It was Christmas Eve, and the family was gathered around the warm, comfortable stove. The crackling of the stove and the howling of the wind outdoors, were the only noises I could hear. My mother, two brothers, and my sister were thinking very solemnly. I could tell by their expression that they too thought this was a very unhappy Christmas. Time was passing by with little conversation, when suddenly from outside came voices; lovely voices joined together in a chorus singing Christmas carols. We all jumped up and looked surprised, for we were indeed very much surprised.

"What's that?" whispered my brother.

"Sounds like a chorus," I replied slowly.

"Let's go out and see who they are," whispered my sister.

We all walked over to the door and went outside.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" shouted the chorus group.

"Merry, merry Christmas!" we cried back, for we knew who these people were. They were our grammar school teachers and other very friendly community folks and children. Much conversation followed and we had a merry time. It was really good to know we had genuine friends like these.

After awhile one of them said, "We are planning to go to every Japanese house around here; if any of you would like to come along, we shall be more than glad to have you."

"May I?" asked my brother.

"Why certainly, go grab your coat and we'll have a merry time," they answered.

(continued)

Henry Akiyama

"Wait, I have a grand idea!" cried the principal of our school.

"Let's all sing a carol together!"

"Let's do," we shouted.

As they filled the lovely cool winter night air with music softly ringing, I look to the twinkling stars and whispered to myself, "Oh, what a lovely Christmas this turned out to be."

THE END

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