

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 Palermo 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

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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 through 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.

47 16
(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

(Female)

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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

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(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.

51
70
(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 catting 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.

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(Female)
November 12, 1942

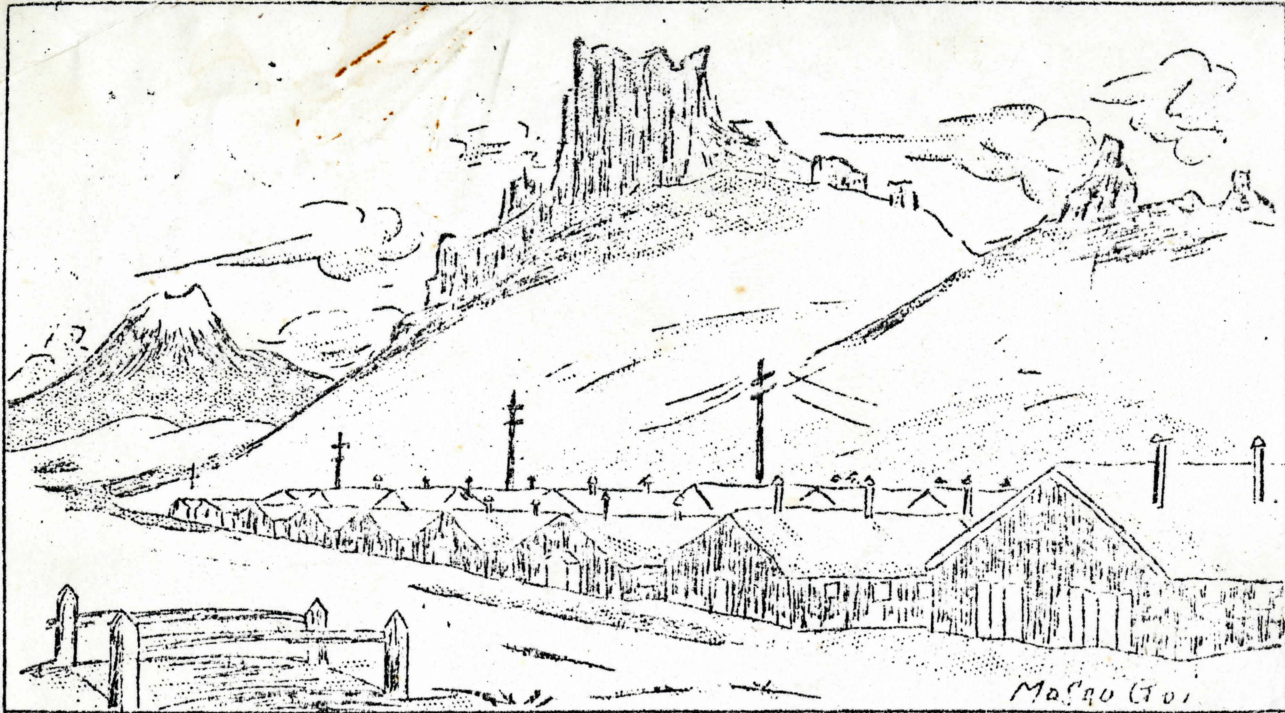
June 21, 1942

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.



Mosco (To)

(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 showers 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

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(Female)
Literature L-11

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.

DIARY

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

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 Tulalake!

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

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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 stayed 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 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 they'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

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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

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.

61
20
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.