San Francisco, California. The inevitable had come. Our farm had still not been disposed of, and here was the notice to evacuate in 14 days. We h.d difficulty because the farm was on an estate with several other farms, and the lawyer for the estate would not release the lessor from the lease. Finally we made arrangements to sub-lease to the new tenant, being still responsible for the payment of the rent. There was still a tremendous amount of packing our goods for storage. There were the difficult decisions of what to leave and what to take. A week before the date set for the departure, all the families went to the high school gym to register. The ladies registered us, gave us a family number, 16848, the number to be written on all our baggage; they gave us tags to put on our baggage, and tags to put on ourselves with our family number on it so that we would not get lost. The doctor looked at our temperature and looked into our throat, asked us if we had had our three typhoid shots. Next we went to the FSA desk and told them about the arrangement that we had made for the farm. "Have you any debts?" they asked. Next to the Federal Reserve desk. We asked if we could store some of our things with the government, and he said, "Haven't you friends with whom you could store your things? We will not take responsibility for the things we take. However, if you do not have friends with whom to store things, you may bring them to the Western Producers' Exchange, and we will take it away." It was not very encouraging, and it hurt our pride to ask them to do something for us which they did not seem eager to do. We decided to store all our things with our friends.

What to store, and what to throw away? An old collection of high school papers would come out of the attic. I could not bear to burn it. Sisters did not want to throw away the rocks that she had brought home from the beach; in the barn, old preserve jars, old harness, old kerosene lamps. It was a tremendous job to even throw them away. The junk man bought our papers and metals. But still we had to burn big piles of things. I gave my pictures to the camera club friends, the piano I put into the church parlor, the washing machine and dishes went into the basement of one friend, the books into the basement of another friend. Here and there, our boxes were scattered all over the town. The furniture we put into a barn of another evacuee. The beds and a few cooking utensils we kept until the last day, and then put them in the barn with the furniture and nailed the door. Now it

was noon, and we did the last minute chores. Father fed the horse an extra gallon of barley. Then we loaded our truck with our and a neighbor's luggage, and started for the train.

TO A NEW WORLD

The 18 car train was drawn up on the siding along the packing house from which we used to ship our peas and lettuce, and the place was full of people. There was a tremendous lineup of trucks loaded with baggage. Along in the middle of the afternoon, it began to rain. We wondered how everyone could get all the baggage, duffle bags, and blankets into the two baggage cars but it was easily done. Many friends had come to see us off. We sat in the red plush seat of the coach. "How's chance of getting a free trip with you?" "Tell us what they feed you." "Don't forget to write."

We didn't feel so bad about leaving with all the excitement of leaving. But soon when six p.m. came and the train began to move, and we saw old Mr. Ballard waving his hat at us, his coat collar turned up against the rain, mother began to cry. I couldn't see through my tears either. I saw the Main Street Crossing--there were more people waving. The train began to go faster and the berry rows, the rhubarb, the lettuce fields, the pea fields began to slip past our wondow like a panorama. My throat hurt, but I couldn't take my eyes from the familiar fields and pastures slipping so quickly away.

An hour later, toward sunset, the sun came out again. We saw it shining over the Puget Sound. The country was no longer the familiar scenes of our valley, and we did not feel so badly. It felt good to relax and close my eyes. I felt at peace as the train rolled steadily southward. So ended the world I had known since boyhood and a new world of the evacuee began for me.

--Shuji Kimura

LOYALTY

I am a citizen--
Let no slander
Slur my status.

In the other war,
I stood with countless others
Side by side
To fight the foe.
My arm was just as strong
My blood fell
As bright as theirs
In the defense of a new world
More precious far
Than any tie of land or race.

If in this holocaust
It be decreed
My loyalty be tested
By submission,
What is the difference
If the end be same?

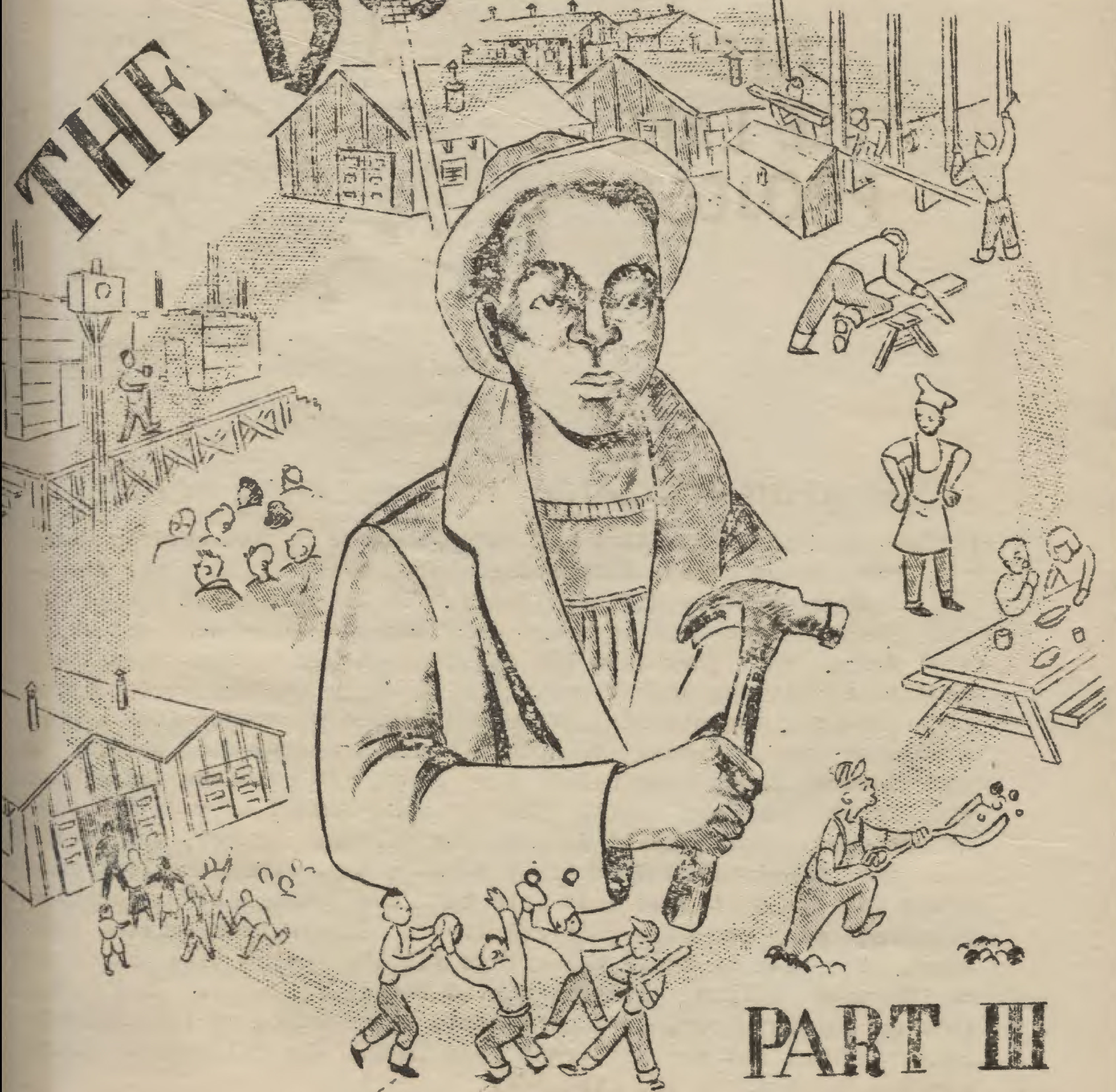
My reason may be tested--
Not my heart.

O, what is loyalty
If it be something
That can bend
With every wind?

Steadfast I stand,
Staunchly I plant
The Stars and Stripes
Before my barracks door,
Crying defiance
To all wavering hearts.

I am a citizen--
I can take
The bad with good.

--Sada Murayama


THE BOOM TOWN
PART III

THE TULE LAKE PROJECT

FROM ASSEMBLY CENTER TO RELOCATION CENTER

The initial uprooting of the Japanese on the Pacific Coast from their homes, their businesses, their friends was accomplished swiftly and mercifully. It was not until the people had poured into temporary assembly centers, hurriedly set up by the Army, that they felt the deprivation and anguish of adjustment to new living conditions. The assembly centers were temporary affairs, consisting of wooden barracks crowded into a race track or fair ground to hold, on the average, 5000 people. A barbed-wire fence encircled the camp, and soldiers paced back and forth day and night. The barracks lacked privacy and were overcrowded. The public latrine was filthy. To eat, the evacuees had to stand in line three times a day. When the time came after a few months to move into the more "permanent" relocation centers, many evacuees felt reluctant. They were required, however, to pack up their belongings for the second time and moved on further inland, leaving behind familiar scenes. They moved into an unique world, an improvement, to be sure, on the assembly centers, but not too different from them. The relocation center was now the home of the evacuees.

GENERAL LOCATION, PHYSICAL LAYOUT

A few miles south of the Oregon border, and miles away from the coast in a lonely valley in California, a town of 15,000 sprang where none had been before. The valley was formerly a lake bottom owned by the Federal Bureau of Reclamation, and drained during the last two decades. It was gradually settled by homesteaders, and boasted a dreamy little town with a few stores, called Tule Lake. The only large town in the vicinity, Klamath Falls, Oregon, was 35 miles away north of Tule Lake. The site for the new town of Newell was selected on a flat piece of ground comprising 26,000 acres. Tule weeds covered the sandy ground, but there were no trees to be seen anywhere. In the summer it was hot and dusty, although the temperature usually did not exceed 100 degrees. Winter arrived early; and the mercury usually fell a little below zero. The region was dry, and it averaged ten inches of rainfall annually. To the south lay Abalone Mountain and to the west, the more picturesque Castle Rock. On the other side of Castle Rock was the mountain where Captain Jack and his band of Modoc Indians had made their last stand for freedom. On clear days, the white crest of Mount Shasta could be seen rising in the blue sky.

That was an year ago. The town proper is now a neat collection of wooden structures, and a person could traverse from one end of the town to the other on foot in 15 or 20 minutes. By the main highway stands the military guardhouse, and next to it the post-office. Then on the right is the administration building and the living quarters of the administrative personnel, consisting entirely of Caucasian workers. On the left are the barracks of the military police, separated from the town by fences. Beyond the administrative quarters are the base hospital and the warehouse section. Next to the hospital is the wide fire break, on which the high school is now being built. Then there is the "Colony" which house the 14,000 to 15,000 evacuees.

In all there are seven wards, each separated by a wide fire break. Each ward is composed of nine blocks. The block is the basic unit of the Colony...

In each block there are a laundry room, ironing room, men and women's shower rooms, a recreation hall, and a mess hall. All of these have to be shared by about 250 people. There are also 14 barracks, all 20 by 100 feet in size, divided into from 4 to 6 apartments.

Several hundred feet away from the outer barracks are barbed-wire fences. Beyond this the evacuees can go only during the daytime. Even then they cannot go beyond the Project Area, which comprises 26,000 acres, including Castle Rock, and the Project Farm. This area outside of the Colony provides room for hikes, and search for sage brush trunks and relics; these are developed into artistic creations. Beyond that, evacuees cannot go, and it would do them no good to go, for the military police would soon bring them back. It is in this setting that the evacuees must nurse their grievances, work and find enjoyment in living.

ADMINISTRATIVE ORGANIZATION

The administration of the Tule Lake Project is at present in the hands of Harvey M. Coverley, project director. This important position was held by Elmer Shirrell from the beginning of the Project in May to December, 1942. While the Project Director is responsible to the regional office in San Francisco and the head office in Washington, D.C., he is otherwise in complete charge of the Project.

There are a large number of evacuees helping in the various departments, working as clerks, secretaries, laboratory technicians, doctors, and truck drivers.

One important aspect of the organization is the high degree of centralization of authority. Plans are formulated in Washington and administered locally. This arrangement gives some evacuees cause for irritation because they are unable to express their individuality as they desired and they do not have much voice in the government of the Project. The distribution of food, for instance, is entirely in the hands of the administration, which decides what the colonists should eat three times a day in the mess hall. Private enterprise is prohibited, and the wage scale, practically uniform for everyone, is fixed. The administrative arrangement was one which makes it easy for the evacuees to turn their dissatisfactions against the administration, which controls their destiny. This is especially true of the older evacuees, the issei, who have very few opportunities for coming in contact with the administrative personnel. On the other hand, many evacuees come to look to the WRA for help and even subsistence, making themselves potential wards of the government. This change is an acute one, when it is considered that most Japanese prior to evacuation would have been ashamed of accepting any sort of

charity or aid from the government agency.

Because of the gulf that lay between the administrative personnel and the colonists, even in the living arrangement, misunderstandings between them flourish. This was especially true during the first six months when everything was so unsettled. A mimeographed newssheet was about the only means of communication, and it was not sufficient to allay the suspicions the colonists had toward the administration or to squelch the numberless rumors which were circulated daily. The administrative personnel were all not acquainted with the ways of the Japanese people, and friction arose in almost every department over minor issues. The teachers probably came to know the evacuees best through their daily contact with their pupils. For the others it required patience and social-psychological insight to understand the feelings and the ways of the evacuees.

POPULATION

The residents in the Tule Lake Project are evacuees from several widely separated areas on the Pacific Coast. The first group to arrive was a voluntary group of 447 from North Portland and Puyallup Assembly Centers; they arrived on May 27. The rest of the first 1370 that arrived between May 27 and June 4 were from scattered regions in the states of Washington and Oregon. On June 6, 482 arrived from West Sacramento and Clarksburg. These first arrivals filled up Ward I, and started community activities within the Colony. Between June 16 and 24, people from in and around Sacramento began to arrive daily from Walerga Assembly Center in groups of about 500.

To the people from the Northwest, the ways of the incoming Californians were in many ways strange and "barbarious". They brought with them their slang, their zoot-suit boys, their jitterbugging, their dark skin. For a while there was a clash of sectional groups as they eyed each other warily, but eventually they settled down together peacefully. The Walergans numbered almost 5000 strong, and brought the population up to 6540. Between June 25 and 29, 2413 more Californians arrived from the Arboga Assembly Center, consisting of people from in and around Marysville. Between July 4 and 13 Californians from the so-called "White Zone" area in and around Chico, Marysville and Lincoln arrived in groups totaling 1904. The total population of the Colony had risen to 10,942, most of them being Californians. The

last large group to come in was from the Pinedale Assembly Center, which housed people from Washington and Oregon. Between July 16 and 24, 4,036 Northwesterners arrived. Smaller groups arrived from various other centers, and the peak population was reached on September 10, when the grand total was 15,276. The number since then had diminished because some people left for work and resettlement. Thus on January 31, of this year the population was 15,004; on March 31, the population was 14,535; on April 30, the population was 14,141.

While there are about 15,000 Japanese in Tule Lake, not all of them are aliens, as some suppose. Fully two-thirds of the residents are American citizens, born and raised in the United States. Most of the aliens are above 35 years of age and half of them are 56 years old or over; many of them are too old to do much active work. Most of the citizens are below 30, the largest number being between the ages of 17 and 21. In general the citizens are young yet, one half being 8 years old or younger. A large number are only beginning to learn to fill responsible community jobs. It should be remembered that there is a large number of children within the Colony, too. Roughly speaking, of the 15,000 evacuees, 5000 are below the age of 18, 5000 are between 18 and 35 (practically all of these are citizens), and 5000 are above 35 and practically all aliens. Out of every 15 of these, 7 are females. Consequently, even if all of the males between the ages of 18 and 35 were to leave the Project for work, they would not exceed 2600 or 2700.

The third generation, or sansei, is increasing with nisei marriages. About 2000, or two-fifth of the nisei, above 18 are married. In the Project there are more than 1600 sansei, half of them born of issei father and nisei mother, and the other half of nisei father and mother. The sansei can be expected to have very little trace of Japanese culture, since generally they will be little influenced by issei.

Besides the issei, nisei and sansei, the category of evacuees most frequently mentioned is the so-called kibei nisei, literally "nisei who have returned to America". They are made up of nisei who have been sent back to Japan when they were small, and received their basic education over there. When they return to America after spending five or six years or more of their most impressionistic years in another country, they find that they cannot speak English, act and think differently from other nisei,

and consequently they are more like issei than nisei. Many kibei nisei, however, go through high school and even college in this country, and acquire American ways sufficiently to be accepted by nisei as one of them. Other nisei who received their basic education in American schools here return to Japan for a short visit or for several years of education, often to learn the Japanese language which is so difficult to master.

Nisei in Japan are called "America Modori", which, interestingly enough, means "returned from America", and is out of his elements in Japan. In all, less than one-fourth of the citizens have ever seen Japan, and the number who have received their basic education over there is exceedingly small.

The population of Tule Lake is a conglomeration, not only of issei, nisei, sansei, and kibei, of men, women, and children, but also people from the city, from the country, and from all walks of life. Too often the Japanese is pictured merely as a domestic servant. Actually only 15 per cent of the evacuees have been engaged in the service occupation. Ten per cent of the evacuees have been engaged in professional and managerial jobs, 13 per cent in clerical and sales jobs, 40 per cent in agriculture, 16 per cent in semi-skilled work and 6 per cent in unskilled work.

The proportion of nisei who have graduated from high school and college in the country is strikingly larger than the proportion of the general population in the U.S. Consequently, a large number of nisei are qualified to fill skilled, technical and professional jobs.

FOOD SHELTER AND CLOTHING

One of the initial adjustments that the evacuees had to make upon their arrival in Tule Lake concerned the method of distribution of food. There is a mess hall in each block, capable to accommodate its residents, averaging about 250 people. Its crew, including cooks and others, whose job is to take care of the food wants of the people, are usually selected from among the block residents. Everyone has to eat in the mess hall at the appointed time, and eat what is served them. The quantity and quality of food is determined in the regional office, and even the daily menu is prepared there. At first 35 cents was allotted per day per person for food but later it was raised to 45 cents. The food served is quite different from that which the people were accustomed to eat, and until they were able to adjust them-

selves to the new arrangement, there was a great deal of dissatisfaction over the food.

Rationed food cannot be bought by evacuees, as it is made available only through the mess hall. While they get their quota of sugar, meat, and margarine through the mess hall, they cannot cook in their own apartments. Food that is not rationed can be bought at the cooperative stores. For some residents the food served in the center mess hall is better than that which they had been consuming prior to evacuation, but for others it is quite unsatisfactory. Everyone, however, the gourmand and the non-gourmand alike has to eat from a common dish.

The problem of shelter has also added strain to the adjustment of the people. The barracks are all of the same size--20 by 100 feet; the smaller apartments housing two or three are 16 feet