

him. I feel like a parasite living off the money he sweated on the asparagus field.)

Gad, the banquet was swank! The coeds came with their boy friends in breath-taking evening gowns, perfuming the whole place. We served the entree in a dimly lighted dining hall and they ate luxuriously.

After the dinner, they retired to the living room where they smoked, sang and danced to sentimental recordings. Few couples lingered in the garden. I dropped in intermittently to serve drinks. The girls were tall, slim and extremely beautiful. In the kitchen, plenty of untouched and perfectly good foods were dumped into the garbage and thrown away. I took a piece of pie and some slices of roast beef home to the gang.

Gee, I wish I was born a "hakujin" and able to live in a fraternity.

DEC. 6, 1941 MID-TERM CRISIS

Mid-term is coming next week. I'm cramming like heck and tonight I sat up late reviewing my notes. I shouldn't have left everything up to the last minute. I'll probably flunk my poly sci.

The student club is putting on a dance a week following the mid-term, but where in the heck can I get a date? Ratio of nisei coeds to men is almost 5 to 1 on the campus, and even the homeliest girl can be choosy as to whom she goes out with. I like to ask Yuri but most likely every Tom, Dick and Harry have asked her. She's plenty good-looking. I saw her this afternoon at the Bancroft book store. She stopped, smiled and said, "hello". I felt good all day.

DEC. 7, 1941 SUNDAY

I had intended to go to the library and study for the mid-term. While preparing an early lunch of rice and sausages, Hiro tore into the kitchen and unceremoniously announced that Japanese planes were bombing Honolulu.

"What are you trying to do, scare us?" asked Kiyoshi Mano who munched his sandwich complacently.

"How forget it," said Jesse, "radio must have been misinformed. It could have been some sort of target practice. You've heard of the army dropping bombs into volcanos."

Radio literally kept on humming all afternoon on the latest

report from Hawaii.

I stayed home all day unable to study, to think clearly as to what happened. My mind is in a state of total confusion. What about my future plans? What's to become of us?

JAN. 3, 1941 THE LABOR CAMP

Events have been moving so rapidly, my mind is hopelessly muddled. It was hard to tear myself away from the sheltered cloister of Berkeley hills when the fall semester ended. But I had to join my father here in a labor camp on the San Joaquin river delta to learn enough money at least for my tuition. With circumstance as it is, I don't know whether I should go back to school. The future is horribly blacked out and I cannot find my perspective.

The colony packing shed where we commute everyday is too damp to suit me and I have caught a cold which I haven't been able to rid for a week. I feel miserable physically as well as mentally.

We have been at war with Japan for a whole month now and a news commentator over the radio is excitedly reporting the accounts of the swift drive of the Japanese war machines down the Philippine archipelago. Also listening intently to the radio of the vicious onslaught of their native country are some Filipino laborers lying in their individual bunks under the same roof. They are quiet but cursing under their breath.

The labor crew here consists equally of Japanese and Filipinos, and my cousin's wife is doing the cooking. There have been no outburst of physical or verbal violence although a few Japanese residents in nearby Stockton were slain by hysteria intoxicated Filipinos. Japanese store windows were smashed after dark. I don't think there will be any trouble here 'cause the Japanese and the Filipino foremen have made an understanding to discourage any discussion of the war.

The other night, a Filipino, whom I have worked with before, took me into Stockton and treated me to a movie at Fox California. After a supper of chow mein, we returned to camp. We refrained from any serious conversation.

Letters-to-the-Editors in many of the coast newspapers are advocating that all Japanese in this country should be "sterilized" or "thrown into the sea." These intolerant outbursts make me wonder if the American people are losing their sense of fair-play and human decency.

MAR. 5, 1942 "I TOLD YOU SO"

"I told you so! Old man Kawashima leered at me, baring his ugly yellow teeth. The weaseled old issei wiped his nose with his hand and brushed it on his only khaki trousers which he wore invariably even in town.

"You nisei are a weak spineless bunch," he chided. "You boast about your citizenship, your rights and loyalty but look what happens. The government is going to throw you into internment camps with the rest of us like sheep and cattles, and you still talk about faith in American democracy. Why do you keep on kidding yourself?"

I wanted to tell the old fossil to go lay a brick egg, but I sulked away with my soul half-crying, half-weeping because I wanted so much to keep faith. I see no logic in having to surrender my freedom in a country which I sincerely believe to be fighting for the same freedom. What are we nisei so helpless?



Jabo

MAR. 30, 1942 CURFEW

This curfew business is terrible. I can't go to shows. I can't go to dances. I can't go anywhere, not even to next door

to play bridge.

To top this, air raid practice is going on almost every night. I've draped all the windows and am studying by the feeble light of candles. Curfew prevents me from going to the library at night.

APR. 3, 1942 FOR A BETTER WORLD

The weary chimes of the Campanile has bonged out its final notes and the Berkeley hills are quiet and dark beneath a starless sky. I am sitting at my desk trying to grasp the confusion that seethes in my mind like a nightmare.

What has the future in store for me? What is camp life going to be like?

The letter I wrote to The Daily Californian, to my surprise, came out in bold print with a box. It was a little note I wrote during lunch hour. Mrs. Snook (whom I befriended and remained a staunch friend during my college years) said that all the Caucasian employees of the University were touched when they read it. It moved her especially because she knew me personally. There were tears in her eyes. I didn't think a little note like that would have that much effect. I wrote:

"Fellow Californians: It is only a matter of weeks, if not days, that we will be asked to leave our state, our home, our school.

"It's difficult to describe the affection that wells within us as the thought of leaving the University surges upon us. We don't want to leave it. Yet, we know that in war-time, sacrifices will have to be made of everyone...sacrifices of things we love dearly.

"Tolerance, justice and fair-play are not mere words. We have felt their warmth here on the campus even after they have been blinded by hatred and distrust elsewhere. We are firm in the conviction that democracy is not dead.

"We know that a better world, a better understanding among people will be recreated from the present confusion by such people as we met on the campus.

"In the years to come, we want to come back and be able to say with pride: "This is California, our school, our home!"

MAY 16, 1942 WALERGA

Walerga Assembly Center is erected on a cow pasture, a stone throw from the outskirts of the city of Sacramento. At night, I

love to watch the city lights illuminate the sky pale yellow.

Although camp facilities are crude, we are provided with only the barest essentials, but the place is better than I expected it would be. The treatment is humane and I believe the WCCA men are trying to make us as comfortable as possible. I hate to be in their shoes.

I'm maybe so impressed because I'm accustomed to living in filthy camps while working in the fruit orchards. But it sickens me inside to watch women and children standing in line at the mess halls with the wind and the dust blowing in their faces.

The kids are having a jitterbug session next door and the entire barrack is vibrating with the noise.

I'm having lots of fun running the camp's mimeographed news sheet, "Walerga Wasp", with the assistance of Toko Fujii and Mary Hosokawa. Toko is covering sports and Mary does all the typing on my "portable".

JUNE 21, 1942 MOVING AGAIN

I've been here in Walerga for less than a month, but I'm packing up my worldly possessions to move again. I'm getting tired of packing and repacking. I hope they'll put us in a place at least semi-permanent. It'll give me a sense of self-possession.

I hear Tule Lake is a barren desert and I wonder how long I could bear living on a place like that. My mind is numb towards any long range plans of the future. My only present concern is my bodily comfort.

JUNE 26, 1942 SECTIONALISM

When I first walked into The Dispatch office early this week to inquire about a job, the reception was that of peaceful hostility. I felt the iciness of sectionalism borne against me simply because I ran the "Walerga Wasp" back in Sacramento. What actually provoked antagonism was the mistake I made in writing a letter to Frank Tanabe, present editor of The Dispatch, asking if the "Wasp" men being removed to Tule Lake ahead of me could be given a chance on the paper.

The "Dispatchers", wholly nisei from Oregon and Washington, misconstrued it as our intention to take over the paper.

I finally got a job as a feature editor today through the effort of Harry Mayeda, Asst. director of Recreation department.

Before I came here, I had the pre-conceived notion that nor-

thern nisei would be "snooty" and condescending. Stanley, who was transferred earlier, wrote to me that girls went to dances with high heels. He added that he was having difficulty getting along with them.

The whole picture is too generalized. The northerners regard us as rowdy and ill-mannered. Because we were tanned bronze under the naked sun in the assembly centers, we are called "California niggers". I can readily recognize a northern girl by her pale white complexion. It seems apparent that they're generally more Americanized because they did not live in congregations of Japanese colonies back home.

What I resent most is that they came here first and got all the good jobs. But I feel that as long as all of us are going to live here together there should be no room for petty differences.

JULY 12, 1942 NEW SIGNIFICANCE

I have always been indifferent towards religion, in fact, skeptical. When I was in town, I had conceived church as a social center for exchanges of current gossip.

Religion gained a new significance in my life; a brighter outlook into the future.

This morning, having nothing better to do, I decided to attend a service conducted in one of the empty barracks. There weren't enough benches to accommodate everyone; some brought their own folding chairs, and some brought empty crates. I stood in the back leaning against the wall listening to Rev. Tenabe's sermon.

There weren't the customary flowers and the elaborate altar. The minister stood with a bible in his hand before a group of earnest young faces and presented his sermon eloquently from the heart. The simplicity of it all reminded me of a story I once read of forlorn travelers kneeling and praying in the wilderness.

I felt God very close to me.

AUG. 25, 1942 DUSTSTORM

Today is no day for anyone to be outside. The sky is bleak and overcast. The wind is relentlessly blowing and churning up the loose ground and no nook or crevice is immune to the ubiquitous dust.

I came home from work and found the room gritty and filthy with grime. Powdery white dust had sifted through the edges of windows and settled on the bed, the shelves, the books and all

the clothings hung on nails.

The dust disgusts and sickens me inside. One sleeps and eats with dust.

No one acts human in a duststorm. Like animals, all evacuees seek shelter and all activities come to a standstill. Human rationalization is blotted out and all minds are assailed with rancor and hatred.

It's only fortunate that these duststorms are sporadic and are usually accompanied by refreshing rainfalls. The ground hardens and evacuees return to normal routine.

AUG. 29, 1942 STORY OF A STARRY NIGHT

The U.C. Club presented its first dance last night at Block 7 mess hall. Hardly knowing any of the girls in the neighborhood, I mustered enough courage to ask one if she would go with me. She said she would.

I wore my loud sports jacket. I didn't have anything else to wear. She looked pretty in her yellow dress and I fumbled for something to say but I just simply said she "looked nice."

Mas Sakada, Eugene Okada, Sakae Hayashi and the rest of the fellows I knew in Berkeley spent the afternoon sweeping and polishing the linoleum floor. We strung the bare rafter with blue and gold crepe papers and attempted to make the dining hall as presentable as possible for dancing purposes. For music, we rented a portable public address system.

We danced fox trots and waltzes all evening and there were so many new faces to meet. One heartening thing about camp life is that I'm making more acquaintances. Eventually, there's bound to be some friction in a closely knit community such as this.

The young girls in the block, Martha, Edna, Edith, Mariko, Aiko, are working in the mess hall as waitresses. It's colorful to watch the young girls in bright aprons glide from one table to another with pitcher in hand. "Tea, milk?" Their voices are cheery and light.

It gave me the inspiration to write a short story of a miserable boy who developed a sudden "crush" on a pretty waitress and was disappointed. I called it "Story of a Starry Night" because it happened to be the favorite hit song at the time and had it published in the Dispatch magazine which I'm editing. Singular advantage of being the editor is that you could use your own story no matter how corny it is.

An adolescent girl who read "The Starry Night" said she liked it: "because it did something to me inside". The older readers thought it was naive but amusing.

Life is new and exciting here. There's so much to do and there are so many people to meet. I wonder what will happen if the novelty of these new experiences wear off.

SEPT. 7, 1942 LABOR DAY

Ye gads, was it hot today! The heat was blistering. Shirrell declared a Project holiday today to celebrate Labor Day, and the entire population gathered at the firebreak to pay tribute to Old Glory.

There was a deadening silence as the stars and stripes fluttered and climbed high into the empty blue sky up the 102-foot mast. The Boy Scouts' bugles sounded "To The Colors", and a stirring emotion unconsciously gripped me when the flag unfurled itself in the breeze high over the rows of drab, brown barracks.

The Boy Scouts and Girl Reserves stood at rigid attention and before I knew it, young kids began to heel over with sunstrokes. I counted five in half-hour.

I have always known Labor Day to be the hottest day in the year, but today was exceptionally terrific.

OCT. 18, 1942 BLOCK MEETING

Block meetings were held in all block mess halls tonight to decide on whether or not we should construct a movie theater in the Project. It so happened that Mr. Kendall Smith of the Administration took the initiative of purchasing lumber with the community enterprise money without the knowledge of the evacuees. The issei, who never did attend movies in the cities, are infuriated to a hysterical pitch of being obstinate enough to deny their movie-crazy children a wonderful recreational outlet. (Ironically, when the movies were shown block by block in the mess halls a few months later, issei literally fought for admittance tickets.)

I suppose idleness and mental effect of evacuation have much to do with their bitterness. Some issei, blinded with heated emotion, are even "taking it out" on the WRA staff here for being forced out from their homes, businesses and farms. I'm terribly dismayed to watch our parents' mind pervert so. It's pathetic.

It seems that at every block meeting, the precarious citizenship status of the nisei is sarcastically jeered by few of the

impetuous issei. I worked myself into such a rage tonight that I stood up to speak. I felt heroic but later it occurred to me that I projected myself as a "martyr".

Momentarily forgetting my position as one of the editors of The Dispatch, I openly stated that I was in favor of building a theater. My youthful impudence enraged the issei. Fearful of being reproached by their parents, the nisei in the crowd failed to "back me up". Consequently, some of the issei suggested that I might be an "inu", or an informer of the Administration.

I may have jeopardized my reputation in the block but I personally don't give a damn.

NOV. 6, 1942 A BIT OF "OUTSIDE"

The entire Dispatch staff took a day off to assist the farmers in their harvest. All felt good riding down the highway seeing signboards and gas stations again.

NOV. 18, 1942 FISH FISH FISH

Air is biting cold outside and the flimsy barracks quiver like jello on a chill morning. It's a good thing, WRA had the foresight of insulating these army barracks and installed coal stoves in each apartment; otherwise we'll freeze this winter. The G.I. blankets are itchy but nevertheless they keep us warm.

We had fish again today. It's fish, fish, fish, almost every otherday. Issei love fish but I will go for hamburgers any day.

Tonight I toasted some bread on the stove to avert "starvation". I'm dreaming of a thick juicy tenderloin smothered with raw onions.

DEC. 1, 1942 NOSTALGIA

I've been going to The Dispatch office every night for two weeks now to run the magazine pages on the mimeo-machine. Kunio Otani stayed up with me till one in the morning with gawdy green and red ink smeared on our faces.

Frank Tanabe dropped in after a dance and joined us. He related his experiences working in the salmon canneries of Alaska. We walked home slowly and weary between the dark rows of barracks reminiscing the "civilization" we left behind. We thought of the pink salmons sparkling in the sun, the hardness of the sidewalks, the sophomore hops, the favorite hot dog stand, The Big Game, the splotches of golden poppies on the green hills of Moraga, the

thundering clatter of trolleys on Geary and the kindly old professor in his dark office in Wheeler hall.

I slipped in between dust-laden blankets quietly so as not to awaken my father who snored and creaked in an army cot nearby.

DEC. 27, 1942 NEW YEAR PREPARATION

You can always depend on these dye-in-the-wool issei to have the traditional 'mochi', or rice biscuits, on New Year wherever they may be. Men in the blocks are busily pounding steamed rice in improvised 'usu' built in the laundry rooms. Women are molding patty cakes, singing and laughing. The spirit is extremely high. Men will have to do without their beloved sake this year.

JAN. 2, 1943 WHITE CHRISTMAS

A heavy blanket of virgin white snow had settled down on the dust-caked floor of Tule Lake during the night; everything is white as far as the eyes can see. The hills in the distance are like mounds of ice cream. The drab brown barracks sparkle in refreshing drape of white. It gives a guy a healthy, crisp feeling.

Christmas and New Year had passed by eventlessly. Little tykes are playing in the snow, unmindful of the sharp chill wind. These kids have never seen snow in their lives.

A letter came from Private Phil Oda from Missouri. A couple weeks ago, he sent me a woolen army scarf for Christmas. "The Christmas for us nisei soldiers was very different from that of the whites," he remarked. "They received gifts from folks back home but we gave to our people in camps. Nobody expected gifts and only a few received them but everybody saved and bought very heavily out of their army pay. All nisei soldiers were glad to have been in a position to make their people happy. It was indeed the first time when Christmas meant something to us."

FEB. 18, 1943 DECISION OF A LIFETIME

The army is in the process of registering all male citizens to find out where their loyalty lies.

"What the hell," says a guy, "we have to plan our future courses according to how we were treated in the past. All our lives, both our parents and we have been kicked around like unwanted dogs. We never got a chance. There is no future for us in America. Being pushed into camp such as this is evidence enough."

Although everyone is entitled to his or her own conviction,

down in my heart I hope people with sentiments like these are in minority. It is too much for me when some of my friends whom I have associated closely all my life talk like this. Evacuation was a tragic mistake. The effect is slowly warping everyone's minds to cynicism and defeatism.

I don't want to be bitter and cynical. I want to look ahead: to be far-sighted enough to look beyond my petty grievances, whims and desires. I have a lifetime to live in America and I'm not going to throw it away now. I realize that I'm making a decision of my life and my mind is made up. My conviction has always been the same.

FEB. 19, 1943

UNSHAKABLE FAITH

This morning I strolled over to the Ad building and registered. The questions were simple. Question 27 and 28 asked me if I were still loyal to the United States. I signed 'yes' to both of them and walked out feeling relieved.

MAR. 4, 1943

SIDE BY SIDE

A few of Washington's cigar smoking congressmen in their soft leather chairs are charging that we are being pampered and coddled. I certainly would like to have one of them live with me for a week and eat and sleep with us in our dingy barracks. I'd like to see him sit side by side with me in the latrine. It wouldn't be long before he'll start yelling about his constitutional rights.

APR. 11, 1943

STRANGE HAPPINESS

I must admit that dancing is one of the few pastimes which seems to keep my morale up. Opportunities for social contacts are abundant and I'm not cramped with expensive formalities such as fancy clothes, car, barbecue stands and "big name" orchestras.

Last night, the Bachelors' Club, of which I'm the 7th vice president, sponsored the debut of Licky Tanaka's new dance orchestra. It was a gala dance and the club "brothers" had specially ordered gardenia corsages for their dates. My partner wore it in her hair. There were program dances and I gave on to Hiro Uratsu who wanted to see who I brought, and I exchanged others with Harry Inukai, Mas Ogawa and Mas Inada, the gang at the office. Mickey dedicated a number for me. He played, "The Waltz You Saved For Me," my favorite number. I came home with a