

wide. While the others are from 20 to 25 feet wide, and house from four to six persons. The only furniture in the bare room are army cots and in some cases steel cots. Closets, tables, and chairs had to be fashioned out of scrap lumber by the evacuees themselves. Consequently, during June there were mad rushes for scrap lumber dumped at one end of the city. Construction, however, ceased in June and scrap lumber became unavailable for the late comers. Colonists gained some valuable experience and skill in furniture making.

The problem, however, was one of privacy. In most apartments the best that could be done was to make screens to partition the room since there wasn't enough lumber for partitions. Young children made too much noise in the one-room apartment; visitors were always dropping in. It was probably the most difficult for the high school pupils trying to concentrate on their homework. For the young lovers and the newly-weds, lack of privacy was a hardship. Fortunately most newly-wed couples were able to move into smaller apartments by themselves.

Although the mercury dropped below zero during the winter time, it did not cause much hardship on the colonists, since the walls were lined with sheetrock and there was plenty of coal to feed the huge army stove provided in each apartment.

Clothing did not present a great problem to the people. At first many parents of large families were worried because their children were wearing out clothes too fast, and they did not have the means of replacing them. This was solved, however, when the WRA began to issue clothing allowances monthly to each working person, the largest amount of \$3.75 going to adults. Very few people dress up during the week, except ministers, teachers, and a few office workers. Many girls wore slacks, and the boys ran about in jeans and cords and work shoes. Only to church, parties, weddings and funerals did people wear their Sunday clothes. Everyday clothing needs could be satisfied in the cooperative store within the Project, but many people made use of the mail order house to purchase clothes they desired.

POLITICAL ORGANIZATION

To look after the welfare of its residents each block has an evacuee who is selected as the block manager by the administration. He is responsible for distributing the mail, making announcements, answering questions, receiving complaints, holding

meetings and elections. While he is the liaison officer of the administration, he is, at the same time, the handy man for the block. He wields considerable influence among his block people; but block managers as a group has not developed political power.

So-called self-government is left in the hands of nisei representatives, selected one from each block. These representatives, called the City Council, (The City Council was dissolved in March. At the time of the publication of this book, a new body was under consideration.--Ed. note.), and meet weekly to discuss community problems. The power of self-government is limited to what the Project Director or instructions from the central WRA office would allow. The chief or main work of the councilmen is limited to investigating and taking to the right authorities the problems of the evacuees arising in the Project. A Judicial Committee has been set up to try people for local disturbances.

One serious shortcoming in the system of representatives is the fact that only citizens were qualified. Since the issei do not have a voice in this governing body, their opinions are considered by the councilman in a regular meeting of barrack representatives within the block. Most of these representatives, usually known as advisors, are issei, and are able to have some of their opinions expressed through the councilman. When an important issue arises within the Council, councilmen usually see it is advisable to consult the block advisors and people at a block meeting before coming to a decision. Block meetings are usually dominated by issei, the nisei being generally too young to muster together enough interest from their ranks to make their voices influential. Consequently, whenever issues are brought back to the block, the decisions are mostly made by the issei.

If there should be any disapproval to the decision made by the Council a referendum by all those above 16 is held to decide the issue.

Because of the serious shortcoming of the Council, a representative body for the issei, called the Planning Board, was created by the Council in October. While it was to be an advisory body to the Council and the administration, it functioned in reality as another Council, investigating complaints, bringing up charges, and settling disputes. The foregoing temporary Council adopted a charter which was approved by the people. By it, among other things, four representatives were elected from each ward, thus eliminating the system of having one councilman from each block.

These four became responsible to the ward as the unit composed of so many blocks as already described.

These political groups never wielded a great deal of power, and never aroused much interest on the part of political cliques. Interest in the JACL was very weak, and in February JACL leaders had just begun to discuss plans for a Tule Lake Charter. Their plans were upset, however, when the registration issue arose. The Civil Liberties League, a nisei organization to fight for the rights of the Citizens, made its appearance recently. The kibei had no organization of their own, and organized themselves spontaneously at the time of the registration. The other nisei, except for a few councilmen, showed very little interest in political activities.

In time of extreme emergency the people themselves usually took up the issue, selecting their own negotiating committee to settle the matter. This happened at the time of the farm strike in August when the farmers carried on their protest against the existing food shortage. In October the mess halls carried on their own negotiations for fairer treatment, and brought the issue to a peaceful settlement. During the registration in February, both the Council and the Planning Board resigned, leaving the matter of negotiations and choice of registering up to the people themselves. This lack of leaders and channels through which to carry on negotiations left the people susceptible to leadership by rabble-rousers, whose judgments were not always in the best interest of the people. Because of these factors, conditions of mob-rule was sometimes seen in times of emergency. At no time, however, was it necessary to call in the military police because all issues were settled peacefully. After all, the outbursts were like family quarrels, irritating, but without disrupting the general flow of activities within the Project.

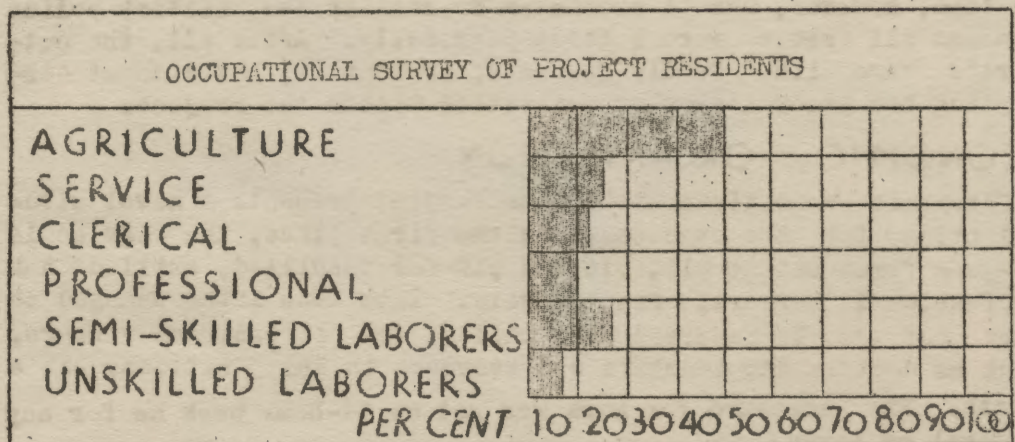
ECONOMIC ORGANIZATION

Economic conditions within the Project presents a novel situation for the evacuees. In the first place, the wage scale was first set at \$12, \$16 and \$19 for unskilled, skilled and professional workers, respectively. This was later changed so that most people received \$16, while a few professional workers, such as doctors and teachers and evacuees in key positions, \$19 a month. The standard for work was set as 44-hour week as for any federal employee.

As a policy of the WRA, all private enterprise was prohibited. At first a community enterprise division was set up temporarily to run canteens, barber shop, magazine stand, beauty shop, shoe shop, radio shop, and watch shop. In December this was taken over by the Cooperative Enterprises, a cooperative organization with over 6000 evacuee members paying a membership fee of \$1 each. Over \$100,000 worth of business is handled monthly by the Cooperative Enterprises which is self-supporting. All of the routine work is done by evacuees, who are paid the Project wage scale. Policies of the Co-op are set by a Board of Directors of 14 evacuees and one representative of the administrative personnel, who are also allowed to become members. One issei and one nisei directors are selected from each of the seven ward assemblies, which in turn are made up of one issei and one nisei representatives from each block.

The average mark-up is about 12%, but after expenses are paid the over-charge amounts to about 5%. This makes the cost of goods to customers considerably less than on the outside. This over-charge is to be returned to the customers according to the amount of patronage in accordance to regular co-op principles. Scrips are being used to record purchases, and their use has been made compulsory to increase the amount of tax-free income to be distributed as dividends.

The economic organization within the Project has necessitated changes in the attitude of the people. The uniform wage and the



cooperative type of enterprise have reduced the difference in the economic status of people. The poorest evacuee is about as rich as any other, as far as his life within the Project is concerned. Some people have felt that this lack of difference was ideal. Also, except for men in key positions, many have lost initiative in working hard, a trait for which Japanese were known. Since one job pays as much as another, and a job of one kind or another is not difficult to get, there is a sense of security on the part of the workers, even if he does not work hard. This sort of attitude is leading many evacuees into a frame of mind where they do not want to shift for themselves and take risks, but would rather remain "wards" of the Government until something turns up for them.

RELIGIOUS ACTIVITIES

The organization of religious activity within the Project of 15,000 people is unique. In spite of the fact that residents have come from scattered sections of the coast and from all denominations, there are only two large churches--the Christian Union Church and the Buddhist Church. These community churches have been organized with a minimum of friction between denominations, and have been active in ministering to the religious and recreational needs of the church goers. As new incoming groups came in, room was made for them in the church structure, making large community churches possible.

The Christian Church is made up of Protestant denominations--mainly Methodist, Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Salvation Army Independents. The Catholics and the Seventh Day Adventists hold their own services separately. The Tule Lake Union Church is governed by a Board of Stewards composed of eight issei ward stewards, their secretary and treasurer, eight nisei ward stewards, their secretary and treasurer, and twelve ministers. Under the ward stewards there are block stewards who help to take care of incidental business in contacting church members.

The activities of the church are divided into those for the issei and those for the nisei. For the issei the emphasis is on religion. In each ward there is a Sunday morning worship, a Bible Study class on Sunday evening, and a Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening.

For the nisei, on Sunday mornings there are worship services, and Sunday School classes throughout the Project for the various

age groups--Beginners; Primaries, Juniors, Intermediates, Seniors, College of Life. In the evening fellowship meetings are held in four different places, and speeches on cultural topics and music are emphasized.

The Buddhists have a similar church, except for the fact that their activities are not so numerous as those of the Christians. They have their Sunday Schools on Sunday mornings in each ward, a Sunday worship service for adults, in the afternoon, and evening services for adults on Sunday and Thursday. Corresponding to the Christian fellowship, the Young Buddhist Association, composed of nisei, hold services in two different places. Except for the sermons, which are delivered by issei priests, these YBA services are held entirely in English. Programs are usually composed of the sermons, gathas (hymns), a speech by a YBA member, readings, and some sort of light entertainment put on by members. Since evacuation, nisei Buddhists have taken over a great deal of the control of their own services and have "Americanized" them a great deal using English where they formerly used Japanese.

--James Sakoda



A DAY IN THE RELOCATION CENTER

It is early spring in Tule Lake. During the long night, the cold atmosphere descended on the earth leaving a silvery white coating of frost and ice. And with the first clanging and clashing beat of the breakfast gong, sleepy Tuleans began their slow process of beginning a new day. It is seven a.m. P.M.T. and semi-dark, but artificial lights cut through the haze of a new morn as a clatter of feet, noisy coughing, running water, and the banging of barrack doors become frequently louder. In the distance there is the muffled sound of a truck, and within the block, resident people greet the day.

Stepping into the brightly lighted mess hall, partially conscious mess attendants manage to appease the appetites of the early morning breakfast seeker. It isn't strange to see the first six tables hurriedly occupied by twenty or thirty elderly males.

Men who have risen with the crow of the cock; yes, they are farmers and the nine months change of mode has not altered their particular habit pattern of thirty years. Consistent as dawn, these men start their day in the early still of morning. Seated behind the early risers are a number of farmers' wives and their children, but the mass march in as the farmers leave their tables: school children, city folk, and young men and women grumbling and sleepy occupy the remaining tables. This is the beginning of a day in Tule Lake.

Gradually about eight a.m. one by one, in couples, or in groups of six or eight, workers leave the block for their individual destinations. Garbed in oversized "g.i." jeans, shoes, carpenter's overalls, wool jackets, and field caps, seven laughing and joking issei men of fifty to sixty years of age sauntered by. The faces were familiar--farmers turned carpenters.

"Good morning," I greeted the group with a nod of the head.

"Hello...morning," they replied with a nod of their heads.

"How's the carpenter business?"

"O.k."

"so...so."

"Very good."

For an answer, no one agreed. They all expressed the attitude that carpentry wasn't hard; that it was interesting and kept them trim and out of doors using their hands. Others confessed that it was a source of nails and wood for home purpose to make benches, tables, and other knick-knacks to make the home livable and pleasant.

"How do you occupy the hours you aren't working?" I asked.

"Say, I have my hands full practically every spare minute, hunting waste brush around this camp in order to make flower vases and stands," replied one of the men. "And," he continued, "my wife makes artificial flowers all day long and far into the night, and she insists that I make all the vases..otherwise I prefer to sit with a few cronies, smoke my pipe and talk about the farm we all left behind. Life would be sweet." The others nodded in assent and several laughed, commenting that he probably wouldn't make anything if he were left to his own devices.

Several mentioned that goh, shogi (Japanese games comparable to checkers), and mah jong occupied a great deal of their spare time. As a matter of fact, two insisted that they went whenever the sessions took place. One genial old man humorous and smiling

stated that he loved to sing ballads and recite ancient tales of beauty and courage; that he was in the engei troupe (entertainers) and insisted that everyone come and join the jolly band. All the others laughed loudly and one commented: "But you are a natural born actor and a God gifted orator whereas we were less endowed and consequently must be entertained by the likes of you-excellent showman!"

"As you prefer," the comic replied; "and thank you for the compliments." Roaring with laughter they continued on their way to work.

"...well, well, about time you showed up," a quartet of young nisei women accosted a late comer. "Did you forget to wind the alarm?" they added.

"Hello," greeted a young man, "I had a late breakfast." Laughing gaily, the group began walking toward the administration section of camp. Two of the girls, nineteen years old, worked in the hospital as nurses' aides, and the other two, twenty-one and twenty-three years of age, worked in the administration as secretary and stenotypist; the fellow aged twenty-one, worked in the warehouse as a mess swamper and driver. Conversation evolved around the coming big Saturday night dance, the Thursday night card games, what to do on Sunday afternoon, the possibility of a fellow going out to school, the beet-fields, the urge to go places, boys and girls, and doesn't so and so look so cute with that certain fellow.

"By the way," I asked, "what do you people do beside work everyday and have your social fling?"

"You mean brain-work?"

"Yes, more or less...don't you feel like doing something else besides running around?"

"Listen, bud," one girl challenged, "I'm so busy I can't get around to everything. Why at nights besides Saturday and Sunday, I have to go to sewing and artificial flower making classes. I've got to drop flower making though. And besides that, I have to wash my clothes on Saturday afternoon, my hair needs fixing, and I have to knit a sweater and some socks too..."

"Look," broke in her companion who worked in the hospital, "I don't know anything about nursing and I have to keep on my toes to see that I don't pull any boners. I have to keep learning and the staff changes our working hours from day shift to night shift and I'm telling you it's plenty tough...I haven't got time to do

anything."

"Boy," sympathized the warehouse worker, "I didn't know you all worked so hard. All we do is take it easy...plenty easy. One of the fellows brought a football and we toss that around for an hour or so to warm up. We all have a heck of a swell time. Our boss is a swell guy. Now don't get me wrong...we work plenty hard when we really have to, and sometimes we put in overtime when shipments come in late; but we never work as hard as we did back home. Here in camp, I've had plenty of time to play ball, 'bull' with the fellows, and go to socials...not bad at all."

"Say," stated the secretary who was silent until now, "I heard from Roy in the Army and was he sweet...but I don't know whether to go out and get married just yet. Mother doesn't want me to. It sure keeps me busy writing letters to him and knitting socks, too."

"...Riki's band is pretty good now," commented a fourth girl, "I can dance to his music for hours and hours. But I sure miss those good old days when I could go to real ball-rooms in the city and have some real fun...none of this mess hall food smelling dance palace. I sure get bored with this camp life."

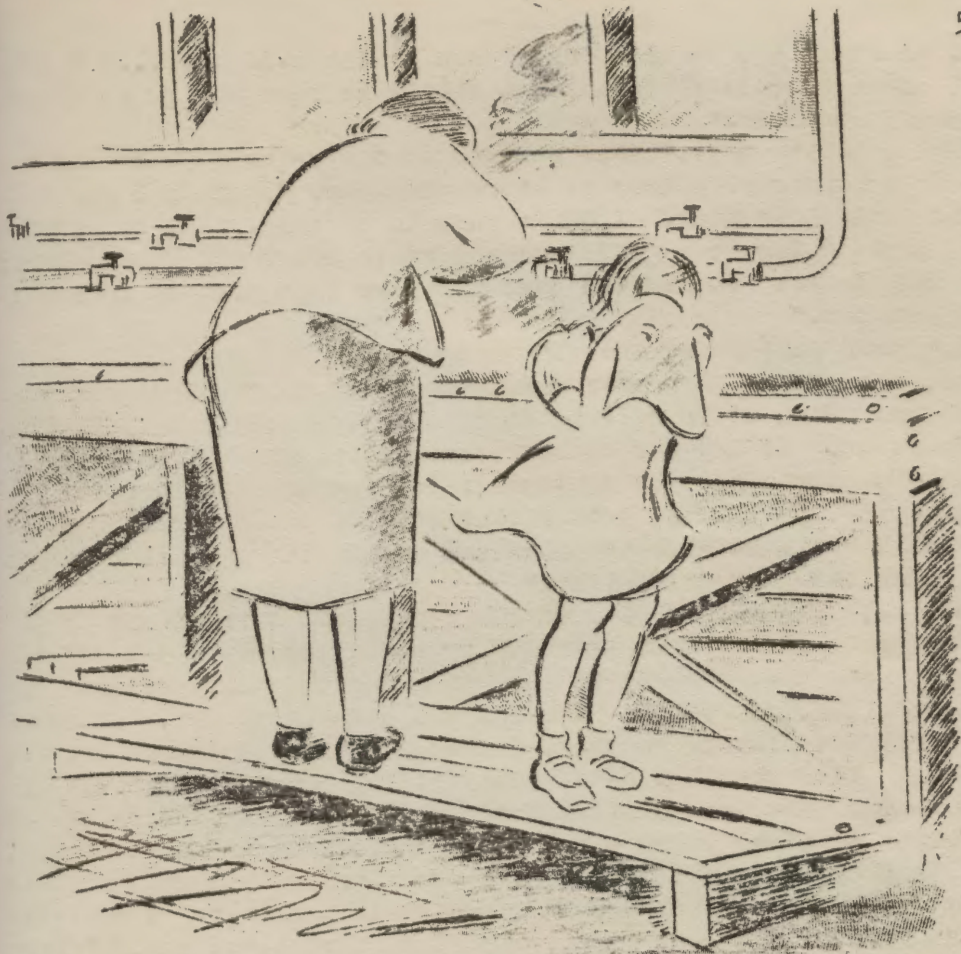
THE MORNING WASH

About 9:15 a.m., the sky began to burst with patches of rich blue and the sun began to seek out the cold terrain. Silvery white veils melted away, but steam refused to rise; it was still cold. From the washroom the voices of several issei women commented lavishly about the unusually chilly spring days, the difficulty in getting clothes washed as often, the rapid wear of clothing, the price of soap, the difficulty in keeping the house clean, wide cracks in the floors and the lament that a washing-machine for sheets would be ideal.

"How are your English classes?" asked a woman of forty-seven years as she paused a moment over the steaming wash-tub and peered at her neighbor.

"Oh, I'm not doing so well," she laughed a reply. "I'm kind of dumb and it takes a long time for me to learn."

"I should go to English class, but I don't know a single word of English and I don't think I can learn," commented the first woman. "Besides, it's too late," she rationalized. "However," she continued, "I'm learning to make artificial flowers every



Other day and now our apartment is covered with bright colored flowers. I'm getting better now, so I think I will have something to give my son in the U.S. Army. He sends me so many things and I haven't a thing for him; I guess he will like some of those pretty flowers though. And besides, they will make a charming present. I am also knitting a pair of socks for him too."

"Your son will certainly appreciate those fine gifts you make," a third woman of fifty commented. "If I weren't so sickly, I could do a great deal more, but just to wash these clothes once a day and iron them makes me tired. I haven't been healthy for the past five years, and with the internment of my husband and

the loss of my oldest and dearest son to the U.S. Army...I really can't seem to do more than sew a little at home and go to church on Sunday mornings."

"Well, that's that," said a woman of forty-three years and the wife of a former city grocery store operator, "I guess I can make it to school on time. I don't want to be late. You know, it's just like going to grade school again after all these years; everyday I get so excited that at times I go without taking my pencil or pen."

"How many pupils are there?"

"Oh, at times when it's warm, twenty to thirty students came to learn. When it is cold as it is today, possibly only fifteen or so attend. It depends on the teacher too; some of them try to hurry you through, but my teacher is kind and considerate. We learn more and like it better than some of the others. Perhaps someday I will be able to laugh and smile with my children when they speak and jest in English."

And so, the mother of five adult children hurried out of the laundry room intent upon learning to speak and write the English language so that she may be able to understand her children who spoke English...a tongue foreign and unknown to her. Gathered around crude tables and benches, seated on apple and orange crates, seventeen old women grasped an unyielding pen and began writing simple words that were difficult to understand. A nursery school of forty to sixty years old pupils. Ambitious and hardworking, many lean over their task and with concentrated effort manage to legibly write: Mrs. Yamada: "My son is in Manzanar. I want him here." Paradoxical but true, women who have lived a major part of their lives without learning English, sit in patient concentration adjusting their spectacles, squinting at the blackboards, murmuring a comment or two, laughing at their mistakes, gazing with mischievous comprehension as they struggle on. Many students have memorized the words to: Star Spangled Banner. Question was asked: "Why learn English?" The answer was simple and direct: "I would like to learn English."

QUIET AFTERNOON

It wasn't long before the noon whistle blew, and thousands of workers and school children hurried to their respective blocks eager to see their mothers and fathers or anxious to see if an expectant letter could be waiting for them at the block mana-