

# THE BOOM TOWN



PART II

## 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 newsheet 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 Walerger 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 Walergerans 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 kibe 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.

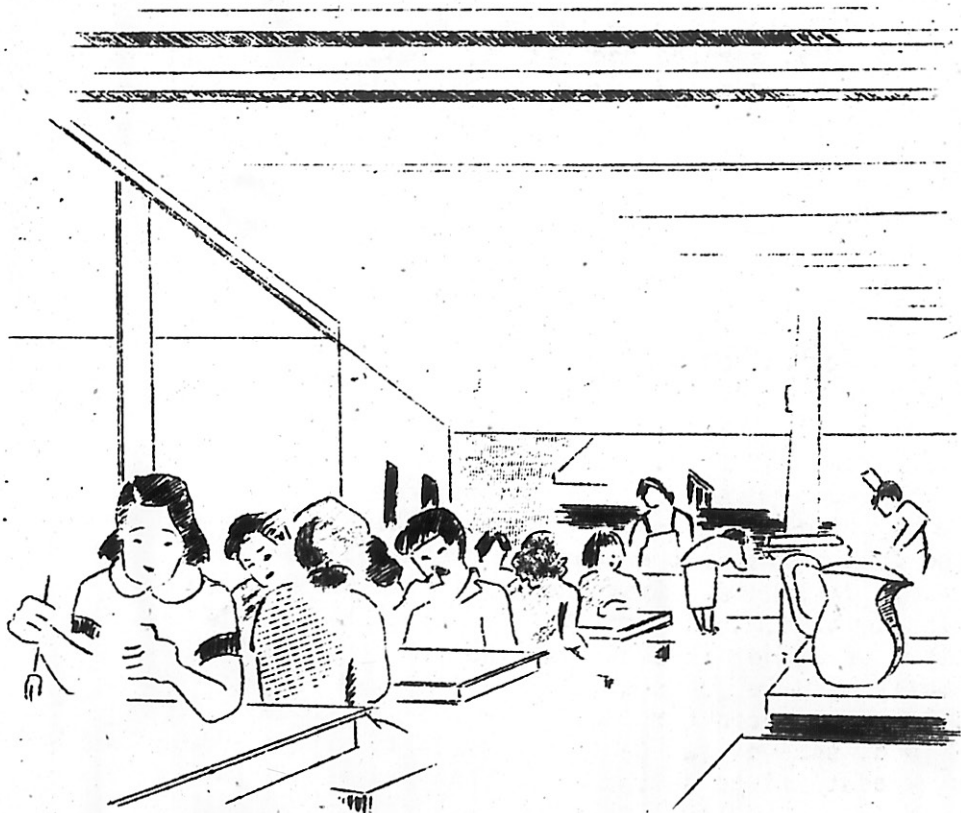
## FOOD SHELTER AND CLOTHING

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



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 kibeï 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.



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 attendents 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...~~and~~ of his new ball room smelling dance palace. I sure get bored with this camp life."

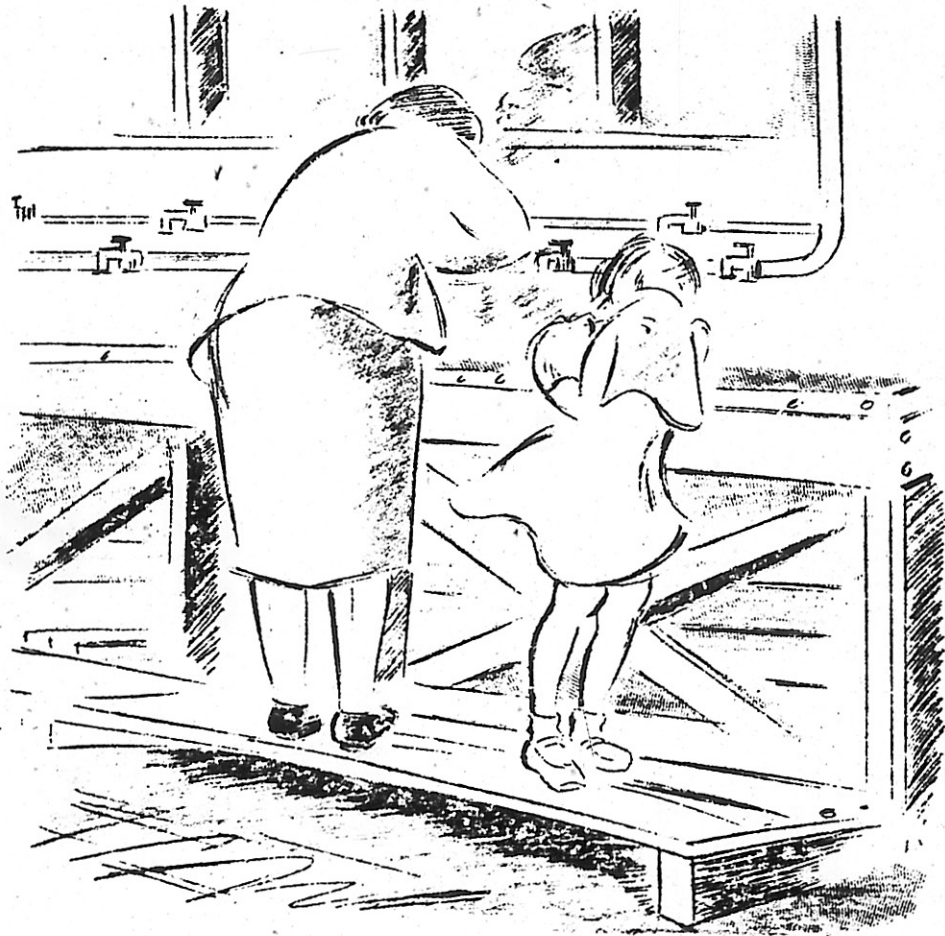
## THE MORNING WASH

About 2:15 a.m., the sky began to burst with patches of rich blue and the sun ~~tried to~~ ~~break out~~ the cold terrain. Silvery white veils melted away, but ~~was~~ ~~to~~ ~~rise~~; it was still cold. From the washroom the voices of several ~~of~~ ~~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 would be waiting for them at the block mana-

ger's office. Strolling into the mess hall, various murmurs of approval or disapproval can be heard. If the table reveals roast veal and mashed potatoes, the comments will be: "Oh's and ah's." On the other hand, if the food looks and tastes like beans - or fish, the growls and groans from the younger working set can be heard. And for a few minutes after lunch, families get together and discuss the gossip and news of the morning and prepare for the long walk back to their jobs in various places.

The afternoon sun is warm and many Tuleans take off one sweater but retain the other. About two p.m. the kitchen crew of youthful dishwashers storm out and head for the block manager's office to have a game of cards, or to pick up a basket-ball and volley foul shots around the basket. And if the mood suits them, they just sit reading the comics and film magazines until the evening hour when they once again shed their shirts and wash dishes, silver-ware, pots and pans, for 250 people. Among the waitresses, a number of them head for a class in artificial flower making and knitting.

"Going to English class today?" questioned one girl of a kibei friend.

"Yes," answered the kibei, "I have to learn to speak and write you know...and this is the day I go to class. I'm sorry that I can't go with you to the new sewing class. But I think it is more important for me to learn English."

"Sure," replied the nisei girl, "I'll see you tonight at five in the mess."

With the approach of three p.m., the block is hushed with the quietness of a Sunday afternoon. Practically everyone has wandered off to classes in English, a great number to flower making, sewing, knitting, woodworking, or to work. Among the few left in the block are three or four sickly and aged members of both sexes.

## MIDDAY SUN

A batch of eight retired farmers and merchant men sit around in the sun with pipes, cigars, cigarettes, and roll-your-owns, and with pocketknives, chisels, hammers, and sandpaper--carve interesting pieces of wooden vases and stands. All day long they talk.

"If we were home this season we would have cleared enough money to retire!" emphatically stated one old man. "But now, we have nothing, and it would be a miracle to see a live fruit tree

when we return."

"That's right," joined in another old man who was intently rounding off a knot in a rhythmically shaped carving. "We still have to pay taxes for the land, the truck, and the passenger car. Every year that we hang onto them it will be harder to pay...and the value will drop too."

"Sometimes I'm glad I sold everything," started an old man rolling a cigarette. "I didn't get much...practically nothing, but it would have been worse to have it taken in taxes we can't afford; what with sixteen dollars a month."

"Besides," began a third crony, "we have to pay our insurance on the barn, the truck, and the car."

"Don't forget that life insurance policy, too!"

And far into the day, the group gossip about the events in Tule Lake, the moral, the religious, the home-town left behind, the winning and losing of the war, panaceas for all evils, and what should be done that isn't being done.

A baby cries and a mother soothes the child to sleep. A young nisei mother is busy feeding, nursing, and ~~watching~~ the baby's particulars. It is a difficult day for a mother, but she lives in a world of her own as she watches the growing infant and dreams of the day when he will become a great man. The father is a young man working during the day as a mechanic, and for the duration of the night chances are the man of the family will be patronizing the attentions of the infant while the mother sleeps.

"Frankly," stated the young father, "before the baby arrived I was worried. Circumstances here in the camp didn't look so bright for a birth, I thought; but the doctors are really efficient and nothing went wrong. Boy! I was relieved when everything went off o.k. And another thing, I don't have any doctor bills to pay either! The bills in themselves would have run into quite a bit; but the biggest break is not having to work so hard. I can't walk the baby and feed him at night the way I do now, if I had to put in a real ten-hour day back home...I'm really a fortunate man."

"Hello," greeted a young kibei couple, "just dropped by to see the baby. How is he?"

"Fine as ever," replied the mother. "He's asleep now...are you two going to English class?"

"Yes, we both started several weeks ago, but haven't learned much," the couple answered laughingly. "But," continued the

young husband, "We can really do some studying here and learn the language well enough to feel at ease among the nisei and white Americans as well. Working in the grape-fields and speaking Japanese continually never helped matters. Now, we both work in the same mess hall and have plenty of time between hours to go to school; maybe we'll know enough English to get along after the war."

## EVENING SHADOW

It wasn't long before the warm sun began to dip farther west and the atmosphere became a little chilly; a light wind began whipping the earth and school children hurried homeward laughing and shouting as they dragged their books reluctantly as boys do. The girls clung to them as intimately as all females prone to do. Within an hour, tired and irritable, happy and vivacious, adult workers tramped the earth for home. The old block resounded with the noise and chatter of human beings.

Sitting and standing next to the pot-bellied coal burning stove, adolescents, youths, and old folks alike chat about the coldness of spring weather, the outcome of Saturdays' baseball game, the lack of incoming letters, what to do tonight, the coming engei-kwai (Japanese entertainments), and what is on the menu for tonight. Children play tag, run, laugh, and whirl yo-yo's and shout. The shower boilers are hot and heavy black smoke whip the air laying a dark gray haze over the colony. The growing darkness and the cold winds announce the time of day: it is close to dinner time -- six p.m.

And with the varied clanging and banging noises, the people of the block stream into the mess hall. Once again, there is the familiar cry of enthusiastic reception or dull singularly unpleasant voices of dissent. Within a half-hour, the orderly mannered and well dressed tables are a jumbled mess of left-overs, empty trays, dirty cups, saucers and entree plates; the tables are unoccupied.

It is dark when the occupants return to their apartments and idly sit around the coal burning stove chatting about the latest rumors, something humorous, something inspiring, or simply talking. Others read the Daily Tulean Dispatch newspaper, make a crack, or listen to the radio programs; while others prepare to go out to various meetings, or to a friend's apartment for an evening of social relaxing.

Stoking the shower-boilers, two old men watch the flying coal flames and the belching black smoke as Tuleans walk in and out of the shower rooms performing the last routines before retiring. High in the sky, sightless, wild birds cry and the heavens reveal a pale cold moon and clear dots of stars flicker and sparkle like points of brittle icicles.

About nine p.m. the greater number of people still sit at home talking and listening to the radio as they knit, crochet, make flowers, read magazines, or write letters. Wandering back through the cold winter night, several ambitious nisei who attended night classes in academic pursuits exclaim unanimously: "Boy! It's cold."

One hour later, lights go out one at a time within each apartment and the dark Tulean night becomes even darker; but a few lights burn on. Laughing and chatting a great deal, a number of youths who work at various jobs during the day, sit congenially sipping tea and munching cookies as they enjoy a social evening of a closely knit group of their own. Card games, discussions, ouiji boards, and singing provide the bulk entertainment. But like all good things, about eleven p.m. the guests bid the host or hostess goodnight and meander off into the cold clear night.

And as a lonely warden makes his midnight rounds, all interior lights are out, and the people of the block are home at rest. This is the end of an early spring day in Tule Lake.

--Hiroshi Sugawara



# Fleeting Impressions

It is like a dream--the scenes so familiar, voices that echo in the distance, the cool breeze that sweeps soothingly over the firebreaks, the clangings of the mess hall bells, the chatters and shrill laughters of carefree children. The wiry grasses growing along the firebreaks and between the barracks, the purple hills in the distance, Castle Rock's outline in the evening when the sky is light--like that of an Egyptian mummy; the sound of a phonograph jiving away in a laundry room, the stamping and shuffling of feet--jitter-bug session.

One year in Tule Lake Project. A thousand and one events kaleidoscoped into a Dali-like impression: softball games along the firebreaks. The "Ohs" of the crowd as the batter takes a healthy cut at the ball--strike? Oh, you robber!

Dust. Dust. The weather of Tule Lake, as unpredictable as a woman in a millinery shop. Snow in May, Indian Summer in November--but all the year round, wind, wind, and more wind. Wind, gentle as a baby's breath; strong enough to rattle the windows; wild enough to shriek between the telephone wires--whirling dust and papers like a miniature tornado--sending fine dust particles seeping through the windows; blanketing furniture and floor with a coating of white. Dust. Dust. Dust.

The first snow-fall. Tule Lake Project under its baptismal covering of white. Tiny cool flakes, floating down, silently, gently.

Hey, it's raining again. The incredulously: By golly, it's snow. Well, I'll be damned.

Snow, gentle snow. It piles up on the front door-steps; it's slippery as the dickens, and it invariable turns into slush. snowballs, snowmen, and snow fights. Castle Rock transformed into a snow-white castle. And far off on the opposite side of the project, the hill to the right of Abalone mountain--it looks like a hot cross bun with its cross-like frosting.

And look at those dots on Castle Rock. Down they come. Home-

made sleds, Sears and Monky-Ward specials; long, short, narrow or wide--they bump, lurch and careen dangerously down the steep side --the snow whipping into your face and the hair turning silvery white.

Tired of sports? How 'bout a dance? Here's a bid. It's the Pensioneer-Mick's super-doooper. Let's take a look. It's a mess hall but Christmas, what a change inside! Look at that centerpiece! And look at that bar! Cokes. Genuine cokes. How do these boys do it? The orchestra is not a push-over--it's Miki Tanaka and his Stardusters. And sweet or hot, the boys can whip it out. Tables with cloth. And white-clad waiters. Yeh, man, this is the limit. Hey garcon! That's the stuff. Roast pork and dressing. Pickles and jumbo olives. Ah, appetizers and salad. Cokes and more cokes. Stuffed like a pig and then on with the dance. An evening of enchantment and finally, "The Story of the Starry Night". The dance has ended but not the memory.

Time doesn't march in Tule Lake. It flits by. Events pile up on events. Talent shows, songfests, forums and festivals. Holidays and more holidays.

How 'bout a talent show? Here's one that looks good--the Cafe Continental. Yukio Shimoda and company. Tap dancers, acrobatic, ballet, rumba and more Yukio. Music by Woody Ichihashi and his band, vocals by Kari Hatafuji. Fantastic scenery and eerie dances. How do the spectators like the show? They eat it up and clamor for more.

Fourth of July. The real McCoy. The glorious Fourth on the firebreak. Heat, sports, games and dances. A historic moment when Old Glory unfurls and flaps its silken spangles and stripes in the cool breeze. The sun pours it on. Parasols blossom out like gay-colored mushrooms. Around the sumo ring, issei men squat around impassively. The referee clad in traditional costume, paces around the wrestlers and shouts his warning cries: Akiyoi, nokotta! Akiyoi, nokotta, nokotta!

The thuds and grunts of the two superably conditioned athletes --perspiration glistening on shoulders, backs and legs--bare and tanned; brawny arms locked in steel-like grips; faces contorted, chest heaving--

Akiyoi, nokotta, nokotta!

The final concentration of strength, the sudden dexterous twist of the body and then the heavy thud of fallen body--

Jozuda! The shouts of approval from the spectators. The match

is over.

An interval of time flitting merrily along--softball, hardball, mess hall gongs clanging harshly in the morning; lunch and supper, to the same old tune--school for the youngsters, work for the old--wash-room conferences--squabbles and laughters--the jeers of the youngsters:

Come on, now! You do it. The cycle continues: That's sharp. Eat it!

The fountain of youth, the heart of cornucopia, the idling site for all--the canteen. Fruits, soft drinks, ice cream, groceries, hardware, dry goods, stationery and knick-knacks.

Ice cream's all out, so's peanuts. We have crackers but no butter. Meat's rationed and so are canned goods. What the hell kind of a store is this? The shrug of the shoulders--what can one do?

Here's a block manager; what is he? Nursemaid, janitor, messenger, complaint board, diplomat, tyrant, judge and jury. He's one and all.

Hey, the light fuse is out. My wife is sick, call a taxi. Tell that guy next door to cut out the snare drum. Where's my newspaper-----?

Wait a minute boys, I'm not Solomon and neither am I Superman. I'm just the block manager. Tell it to the councilman. Oh, yeah? What councilman?

Who lives here? The bachelors. Oh, the bachelors. Phew! It sure looks like it. Look at those unwashed socks and shorts. What's that pile of dirty shirts and hankies? Don't they ever make the bed? What's this pile of ash and papers? The dump pile. Gads! What a mess! Look here, boys, suppose a visitor dropped in to see you? Let them come? What guts!

Pic, Life, Time, Look, Reader's Digest, Colliers and more Pics. What food for brains. Cut-out pictures of gals on the walls, nude sketches on the door, women on the brains and women in their talks. What a bunch of hard-up guys.

What are those sprawling green buildings? And what's that tall chimney for? Well, sir, that's the Base Hospital. You've got a toothache? Your tummy hurts and your tonsils are bad? Well, the Base Hospital for you. Your wife's expecting, your father is ill? The Base Hospital's the place. Some outfit, that Hospital. It's the panacea for all illnesses, the final resting

place for some and the start of a new life for many.

Labor Day--parade, floats, baseball games and bazaars. The flag pole dedication and more talent shows. Harvest Festival and Thanksgiving. Chilly evenings, frost on the grounds, silence in the night and the glistening blanket of white. Noels, Holy Nights--the first Christmas in Tule Lake.

Rumors and more rumors. Did you hear about the councilman who got beaten up? What's all this junk about resettlement? We'll be here for the duration. Rain and mud. Snow and slush. Basketball, football, talent shows and more rumors. War will be over by spring. That's what you think?

Who's leaving today? Why, didn't you know? Well, I'll be darned, let's get going. There's the bus coming down the highway. Look at the mob--old and young, male and female--plenty of tears shed and hand-shaking galore--they look happy and yet they are weeping.

Well, look who's here. Didn't know you're leaving. Give my regards to old Chicago. I'll be there before the summer is up. So long, old boy; don't forget to write.

The bus rumbles into life, rolls into motion and slowly passes through the gate onto the highway. It picks up momentum and amid waving of hands rapidly dwindles into a tiny dot, then into nothingness.

And just outside the project gate--the mecca of hikers--rugged, steep, and historical landmark--Castle Rock. Up its sloping sides, youth gaily trudge. Sage brushes and grass, huge boulders and small pebbles, the winding path leads from one ledge to another. The peak at last where twin crags stand guard over the sprawling countryside.

To the north, the dark squares spot the plain--barracks; and countless spirals of smoke climb into the afternoon sky. The nipping breeze sweeps refreshingly over the rocky ledges, the western sky assumes its nocturnal coloring of silver and gray, the shadows drape over the slopes their mantle, a tower stands outlined on the hilly slope--dusk has fallen.

A myriad fireflies glow among the barrack windows and from a distance the faint wail of the train carries back mournfully on the evening breeze. It's twilight over Tule Lake.

--Arthur T. Morimitsu

# ATHLETICS



As much a part of the life of every resident at the Tule Lake Relocation Center as anything during the initial year was the athletic program. A one phrase description of the program could well be "from nothing to something." To start from a scratch is a tough problem in anything, and it was no exception when it came to getting a favorable recreation plan going here. At first all that the recreation directors had to work with was a lot of sandy space, a very limited amount of supplies, and the hope that the people, as they came in, would bring more equipment, which they did.

Out of the first group of volunteer workers to arrive on May 27, 1942, a small athletic staff was selected. Their first duties involved in laying the ground work for a recreation program for the incoming people. By holding various organizational meetings and the laying of diamonds, they were able to prepare for the first major sport, softball. Proving to be a hindrance during the early days, besides other things, was the battered morale of the people. They were yet to recover from the troubles of the evacuation and seemed reluctant to cooperate or help.

The weather was an unknown factor with which to consider. Rumors were to the effect that it snowed, rained, etc. for nine out of twelve months, but except for a period in mid-winter, the conditions turned out to be passable. All in all, though, to get sports started in this Project was a job which involved much hard



work, much initiative, and a little luck.

In the beginning there seemed to be hopes for building tennis courts, golf course, gymnasium and other facilities. Endless hours were spent in their planning by interested persons, but as time went on it became evident that all those things were just wild hopes. The ideas ended up in the ash can.

Realizing that they were not going to get much aid from the WRA as far as athletics was concerned, the sports directors soon began concentrating on doing what they could with what was available.

On the evening of Friday, June 12, 1942, with only a few hundreds of the colonists in camp, organized sports was inaugurated into Tule Lake history with the start of a eight team men's league. From then on, as more and more people arrived and as the population neared its peak, more softball accommodations had to be made. Also hardball was started in the early part of July. At the height of the ball season last summer, there were from nine to ten leagues going full speed, playing an average of six games per evening, with over 1500 people competing.

The panorama of sports in the following months included eight-man touch football and basketball as the major sports, while in the field of minor sports table tennis, volleyball, fencing, judo, sumo, horse shoe, tennis, track meets, boxing tournaments and marathons were featured. Of all the major sports, the most successful was basketball, followed by hardball and softball. Although enthusiasm was shown in touch football, it never reached the popularity of the other sports. Despite being forced to play outdoors on sandy courts and under the most adverse weather conditions at times, basketball reigned as the king from November, 1942 till May, 1945—nearly six months. Outstanding minor sports were the track meet held in July 1942, the two day boxing tournament held in March 1943, the marathon race, and table tennis.

Athletics were definitely a morale builder in that first year. With time meaning very little, looking forward to the important games or programs was a big thing. And a helpful factor was that the Tuleans, issei as well as nisei, were very sports-minded, as was proved by the huge crowds which witnessed the big games. Even the girls drew as many as 1000 fans for a single softball game, and many events drew well into the thousands.

Of all the difficulties encountered in the first year, the two biggest problems were created by the battle with the elements, and the battle of the competitors. First, the battle of the elements. For some reason or another, constant wind storms would come up, sometimes at the most unexpected times, to create havoc with the playing of anything. Also something unusual for many Californians was to play football in the snow. This battle with the elements was bad but nothing could be done about it. However, the second battle, the battle of the competitors, could most likely have been avoided to a great extent. During the horsehide season and football, too, the playing fields became scenes of protest, fights, etc., which sometimes would grow into gigantic proportions, threatening to upset everything. In basketball, there was less of that kind of trouble than in the other major activities.

No one seemed to be able to explain just exactly what was creating the misunderstandings, but some called it "camp psychology." Whatever it was, sectionalism and frayed nerves probably had much to do with it.

Carved into the history of Tule Lake sports thus far has been names which will never again make the headlines here, for relocation has taken a number of the young men and women back into normal life again. But then again the foundation for new stars of the future was laid because the youngsters had a good sports program too. Although the question of juvenile delinquency did break into the camp picture from time to time, the fact that the youngsters were able to compete in sports must have helped to hold it down. If their program had been possible to be more complete, there is no doubt that juvenile delinquency would have been cut to a smaller extent.

Nevertheless, the opportunities which the young boys and girls had to play in organized leagues and under capable leaders, will help them in the future and for many it was a chance which they may not have had elsewhere. In considering all the facts, there's no question that the first year for providing recreation for the Tuleans has been a difficult one, but much was accomplished--friction caused by sectionalism has been broken down, new friends have been made, the spirit of cooperation has been brought about, a means of taking up the people's leisure time was provided for anyone who wanted it, and best of all, it did keep up morale.

--Kunio Otani

# Chronology Of Events

1943

- MAY 27 - First contingent of evacuees, consisting of 450 volunteers from Puyallup and Portland Assembly Centers, arrived in Tule Lake Project.
- MAY 30 - "Hello Dance" held at Mess Hall #720.
- JUNE 11 - Colonists held public meeting with acting Project Director to discuss self-government.
- JUNE 15 - Project's official mimeographed news-sheets "Information Bulletins" adopted permanent masthead with the name, "Tulean Dispatch".
- JUNE 18 - Temporary community council formed.
- JUNE 20 - "Woody" Ichihashi organized dance band.
- JUNE 24 - Wage scale of \$12, \$16, \$19 announced. Transfer of 4,200 evacuees from Sacramento Center completed.
- JULY 4 - Recreation Dept. presented a day-long holiday program.
- JULY 8 - Influx of 9,168 evacuees from Military Zone No. 2 began.
- JULY 11 - 3,000 persons attended outdoor forum on citizenship questions.
- JULY 15 - Influx of 4,000 former residents of Pinedale Center began.
- JULY 28 - Colony census taken.
- AUG. 4 - Uniform meal planning established through out the 64 mess halls.

AUG. 13 - Canteen No. 3 suffered \$4000 fire damage.

AUG. 22 - Indian skeleton found under barrack #5111.

AUG. 24 - Project farm began harvest.

AUG. 29 - Bill Marutani awarded first place honor in the Oratorical Contest in the Senior Division, Ruth Hijikata, in the second division.



- SEPT. 1 - The right of freedom of religious worship shall not be jeopardized announced officially by the W.R.A.
- SEPT. 6 - Shiz Tamiki, sponsored by Canteen No. 3, elected queen of the Labor Day Festival. 102-foot flag pole erected in the center of the colony.
- SEPT. 14 - Project elementary and high schools opened for 3,800 students.
- SEPT. 16 - More than 500 left the Project for sugar beet harvest.
- SEPT. 19 - Gila River Center residents expressed gratitude for the Tule Lake grown Vegetables shipped to them.
- SEPT. 26 - Shipment of 600 hogs for the farm expected here.
- OCT. 2 - Rally held at the outdoor stage to discuss "Wise's Responsibility as Citizens".
- OCT. 6 - Governor C. A. Sprengle asked for sugar beet laborers in a letter to Project Director Shirrell.
- OCT. 7 - 400 high school students assisted in harvest of Project farm crops.
- OCT. 12 - W.R.A. Director, Dillon S. Myer, visited Project.
- OCT. 15 - Legal steps for formal recognition of Tule Lake's Co-operative Enterprise as a corporation taken with the State of California.
- OCT. 20 - Movie theater building project turned down in a city-wide election.
- OCT. 21 - City charter accepted by the community council.
- OCT. 26 - Planning board election held.
- OCT. 27 - Block 43 selected a model community unit.



- OCT. 31 - Harvest festival.
- NOV. 7 - Army Japanese language school at Camp Savage opened enrollment for qualified Japanese-Americans in the relocation centers.
- NOV. 26 - Colonists enjoyed turkey dinner for Thanksgiving.
- DEC. 4 - Project sent largest delegation of volunteers to U. S. Army school at Savage, Minn.
- DEC. 7 - Little Theater group performed before first-nighters. Press Club sponsored Red Cross benefit dance.
- DEC. 12 - More than 2,000 toys donated by various churches and organizations throughout the country received here to be distributed among young children for Christmas.
- DEC. 22 - Harvey M. Coverly appointed to replace Project Director E. L. Shirrell.
- DEC. 25 - Colonists spent Christmas quietly attending church services and choir concerts.
- 1943
- JAN. 8 - City council established judicial panel.
- JAN. 13 - 450 volunteers relieved coal crew labor shortage.
- JAN. 26 - Parent-Teacher's Association organized at Project grade school.
- JAN. 30 - Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson announced the formation of special nisei combat team.
- FEB. 6 - Army representatives arrived to recruit volunteers for the combat team.
- FEB. 9 - Registration of all colonists began and Project schools closed to enable teaching personnel to assist. Mass

clearance program announced.

- FEB. 11 - First chicken egg hatched on the Project poultry farm.
- MAR. 1 - Registration of aliens began.
- MAR. 10 - Male citizen registration ended.
- MAR. 20 - Senator Wallgren, author of the bill to transfer control of W.R.A. back to the army because of reported coddling of evacuees, visited the Project.
- MAR. 26 - Shoe rationing procedure set-up.
- MAR. 29 - Red Cross drive launched to raise \$1250 to carry on the work of the local chapter.
- APR. 3 - Young People's Christian conference held. Leave clearance procedure simplified.
- APR. 9 - Planting of 10,000 trees started.
- APR. 13 - Project clean-up day.
- APR. 26 - Volunteers for the nisei combat unit given physical examination by the army examining team.
- APR. 30 - High school student body held "Kanaka Carnival."
- MAY 5 - In a new administrative instruction, W.R.A. allowed nisei to hold elective offices in the community government.
- MAY 6 - Co-op reported a total of unallocated net saving of \$85,993.52.
- MAY 8 - N. Y. A. opened vocational training opportunities for 25 Tuleans.
- MAY 12 - Community Activities Section planned U.S.O. for nisei servicemen visiting the Project.