

(continued)

August 17, 1942

Dear Diary,

Today Ikey left for Columbus, Ohio to Marry Harvey. Oh jeepers! Now there's hardly anyone here. It was sad to see her leave, but yet I'm glad she was able to join Harvey. She's been waiting for this opportunity for such a long time. Funny to say this, but my loss is Harvey's gain.

Yesterday the girls had a farewell party for her. It was just gobs of fun.

I still think Harv ought to pay me a commission for taking care of her these last few months. For keeping an eye on her back home I don't deserve one little word of thanks as there wasn't anyone else around anyway, but here in camp, hmmmmmmmm! that's a different story. At one glance I'd scare all the many interested persons away for life, and she remained aloof. But then still serious, I'll miss all the fun we both had at those dances and private parties here and at home. Sweet memories.

September 16, 1942

Dear Diary,

After this third day of school I'm still wondering if I'm going to like Tule Lake Project High. Nothing could ever compare with good old B.H.S. and ah shucks! I'm homesick again. We haven't any books, blackboards, enough tables, chairs, or typewriters. It's always the same old story, they expect them soon. I do know that chemistry will be the death of me. How silly it is for me to be taking such a course, for I'll never benefit by it. Well, I guess I just have to take it, so that's that. What I wouldn't do to be a senior and 18 years of age or out of school with my diploma.

(continued)

Last night Emma's secret marriage to George was revealed. They were married in March when he was home on furlough. Kay's engagement to Ethel was also announced, but who didn't already know about that one? Yoneko's engagement was announced September 6, and Honest Injun! that was a knock-out surprise.

October 12, 1942

Dear Diary,

I'm a hardworking farm girl now (with a question mark after the hard-working). School was dismissed for a week or maybe more, so that the students could volunteer for farm work. Mom is so worried that I won't be able to stand such hard work. She doesn't know that it's just oodles of fun combining, ahem, a little play with work.

I'm getting to like school slightly better now. It's not because of the studies though. A person comes in contact with more people and is therefore able to become acquainted with them.

November 2, 1942

Dear Diary,

Thanksgiving usually comes around the latter part of November, but I might easily have mistaken yesterday for that day of feasting. Edna wanted me to help her out at the dining hall for a couple banquets. The first one was given in honor of a Caucasian Buddhist preacher by the Buddhist organization. The other was a private party for some warehouse workers. The menu was as follows: turkey, gravy, dressing, mashed potatoes, creamed peas and carrots, hot dinner rolls, cranberry sauce, fruit salad with whipping cream, ice cold milk, cake, cookies and strawberry ice cream, plus, of course, the minor trimmings. We ate after the

(continued)

first party had left. Following the second group's dinner the cooks were ready to feed us again. We just couldn't take it since we were still stuffed by the first meal. My diet (ah yes, my diet) was just a minor detail for the day.

Last Sunday I had my first tennis game since coming to camp. The foundations of some new buildings are cement so somebody marked them off, set up nets and presto! Tennis court. There was quite a crowd waiting to play, but I had two hours of it anyway. Such fun!

Yesterday morning I attended Sunday School services and in the evening I went to the fellowship meeting.

76  
(Female)

May 16, 1942

The day is finally here, the day we have been anticipating for several months, evacuation day. I would classify this day as one of the most eventful and certainly one that I shall never forget.

We assembled at the union depot around 3:00 P.M.: the train finally leaving Tacoma at 5:00 P.M. for Pinedale, California.

It was hard leaving our friends, realizing that we are leaving Tacoma with its Puget Sound drizzles, and the "heavenly fragrance" of its pulp mills. At least for the duration of the war anyway.

May 19

Of what I observed from the train windows, the scenery was both picturesque and enjoyable, especially Mt. Shasta and the Sacramento River. I haven't been able to master the task of opening train windows yet, and I wonder if I ever will!

May 20

After a restless night we reached Fresno this morning and from there rode a bus to Pinedale Assembly Center. My first impression of the camp is probably equal to how some of the colonists felt when they first set foot to America. The environment being so diverse from what it had been, my conceptions was that I'd never get used to adapting myself to it. I have found that anyone with a few resources within himself can make himself happy wherever they are.

May 21

The dust is thick as mud, at least to my estimation, and I thought I was on Sahara Desert itself. The heat is unbearable; we arrived on one of the hottest days the summer had to offer. I remember well how abused

(continued)

we felt when it reached 95° in Tacoma. The ice company profited well with all the ice we bought daily to cool our drinking water in turn to cool us off.

June 11

The center's first baby was born at the Fresno General Hospital-- Baby June, who is my second cousin.

Lieutenant General John DeWitt of San Francisco has ordered a daily count of all the residents here. I find it very inconvenient and rather stupid.

It was also General MacArthur day, there was a flag raising ceremony and program during the morning.

July 4

This is our first Fourth of July in camp, and although it's been different than any other Fourth, it proved to be an interesting day with a well planned out program. We had a little picnic party of our own which helped to give the day a holiday atmosphere.

July 20

We have evacuated again to our relocation center; Tule Lake. I notice it isn't as dusty here as it was in Pinedale and the dust is more or less gray, whereas it was brownish-red down there.

August

My first few months here were unpleasant, as I proceeded to get pneumonia and was in the hospital for quite some time.

September 3

My nephew was born and after much debating he was named Ken Norman. At any rate, I'm an aunt now.

(continued)

September 15

School has commenced and we have our classes in regular barracks. It reminds me of the first log cabin schools, although we have the advantage of much better facilities than they did in those days.

October

School has been suspended for a few weeks since the students are helping with the harvesting of crops. During this time I am working in the hospital. It keeps me busy but it's also fascinatingly educational.

November

I have often wondered why I haven't kept a written diary before, but the answer is obviously simple--it makes dull reading!

79  
(Male)  
Per. I

July 21

Today I helped my dad and mom pack all our belongings together so that we will be ready to start on our way to Tulelake. I heard that it is a lot colder there than here at Pinedale. Anyway, I also heard that you can play tennis or go swimming or hiking. The elevation is also high; and if they also go hiking I suppose there will probably be a lot of fir trees to remind me of home.

July 22

I awoke up at 4:30 a.m. this morning and ate breakfast a lot earlier than usual, so that we can leave on time. We were brought from the Assembly Center to the train on school busses, and in about an hour we were on our way to Tulelake. At first we weren't allowed to go from one car to another, but after a few hours they told us that it was all right, so some of us started for the other end of the train. When about 5 or 10 of us went charging through the diner, I didn't like the look that the chef gave us.

July 23

Didn't go to sleep until about 11:30 last night, because the train swayed and rattled so much. The seat I slept on is the hardest seat I ever sat on. I guess I must have slept in about a dozen different positions. When I woke up at about 4:30 I found that it was cold and that I was shivering all over. I wondered where we were and why it was so cold, as I hunted around for my coat. When the shades were finally raised everybody could see the reason why it was so cold, for there was Mt. Shasta on the right side of the train standing so tall and lofty. It reminded me of Oregon and Mt. Hood. with which I had been so familiar all my life.

(continued)

In the hour we were at Klamath Falls, where we switched tracks. About 3 hours after that we had just arrived at Tulelake, where we were whisked away on cargo trucks to our new home.



81  
(Female)  
Period IV  
November 11, 1942

Dear Diary,

Tomorrow, June the eighteenth, is a red letter day for me because tomorrow at about 6:30 I and 500 other people are to leave Walerga Assembly Center by bus, by train to a destination called Tule Lake War Relocation Center.

Diary, now I am so excited with the realization of what lays before me that I can hardly write or think, so I will close and get a good rest on my long trip.

Dear Diary,

Well, right now I'm aboard the train and almost the time the guards are to turn off the light so I'll snatch these few minutes and tell you about what happened today. About 6:00 our family and I boarded a Greyhound bus and there for the first time after a month's stay in Walerga I rode and on a smooth ride too! After going about a 2 miles along the smooth highway, the bus stopped, then we got into the train. My girl friend and I shared the same seat. The train finally moved along after half hour's waiting. The city of Sacramento grew smaller and smaller as the train roared away into the night. Gosh! what a sleepless night I had with my girl friend taking all the space and also the blanket. The scenery was very pretty with the moon just coming out from behind the mountain. Words cannot express the beauty of nature. I'm so tired, diary, with all the excitement of today, so I better close now. Oh! oh! the guards just came in so it's almost time to turn off the light. Gee! but this seat is sure uncomfortable. I wish my girl friend wouldn't breathe so loud and stop resting her head on my shoulder. Diary, I hope I can have a good rest tonight. Tell you more tomorrow.

82  
(continued)

Dear Diary,

Oh! What a night. I didn't sleep a wink. Gosh, its getting very cold. so I guess we are nearing the camp. I heard that it snows up here. I hope so, for Sacramento (home town) hardly ever snows. Oh! I just saw the snow-capped Mt. Shasta. Gosh, how pretty! Oh--oh! the guard is coming in. He just said to get ready for we are nearly at the camp. I'm so excited that you can hear my heart beating fast. I wonder how my home looks like? I wonder what awaits us, diary?

(Female)

June 20, 1942 Dear Diary,

I washed four sheets this morning, and my sister the remaining two. Tomorrow is our evacuation day. Tonight the most embarrassing thing happened. Since we are going to evacuate tomorrow, some of my sister's friends came to see her.

I came home after taking shower and threw back my blankets to sleep. To my embarrassment there were no sheets nor pillow cases on the mattress. My friends pretended not as if they didn't see it but my sister burst out laughing, so we all joined her. Good night, diary.

June 21, 1942 Dear Diary,

Woke up at 5:00 A.M. We had to have our bedding and overnight bags packed, tagged and ready to pick up by eight. We had them ready to be picked up by eight but they came at 10:30. (Was I angry!)

We ate our supper at 4:00 P.M. and were ready to travel at 5:00. We said goodbye to our friends and went to the bus line. Presently the Greyhound came. I thought "Oh what a beauty, I bet she's smooth." There was not enough space for us for it held only 33 people and there were 31 inside the bus. We have five in the family so we had to wait for the next bus. But to my great disappointment the next bus was a chuck chuck with an extra chuck for the people sitting in the last row of the bus. That was my family because they filled the bus from the back. There were seats for only four but all five of us crowded in, carrying some bundles and packages besides. The bus must have been a 1930 model but to me it looked and ran like a 1912 gasoline eater.

June 22, 1942 Dear Diary,

Woke up at four A.M. and kept my eyes open, hoping to see the beautiful scenery they talk about in story books and moving pictures. I saw

(continued)

nothing but dreary surroundings. However, I saw the morning star Venus, and made a wish. Funny, I still didn't get my million dollars.

At 5:00 A.M. I saw the beautiful Mt. Shasta half covered with snow. That was the first time I ever saw it. Gee! it was beautiful.

At 7:00 we ate our breakfast. All I ate was an apple. I remembered the saying "an apple a day keeps the doctor away," and brother! was I sick.

We reached Tule Lake at 8:00 A.M. and were immediately hustled into the army truck. My mother asked the driver, "Does this truck always bump and sway like this?" "No, ma'am," he answered, "only when it is moving."

Presently we saw rows and rows of green barracks. My sister pointed and said, "Gee! it's painted green. At least it doesn't look like a jail, like the barrack we occupied before." But she spoke too soon, for when we reached our destination, we discovered that the barracks were the same as they were in Walerga.

Well, dear diary, I could write a book of my adventures for the day but I'm so sleepy and so confused I'd rather tumble into dreamland. Oh, hum! Good night, dear diary.

85  
5-1  
(Female)  
Period I

Dear Diary,

The moment we've been dreading came today. We must evacuate! We all knew it would touch us eventually, but when it did we had a sort of cringing feeling in our hearts. I wondered what our new life was going to be like. Maybe the change of environment will help us forget the emptiness mother's death in April left. I hope so. I'll have to leave you now. The excitement has made me sleepy.

July 11. Last night I did not sleep so soundly because I kept on thinking of leaving our house, our town, and everything we'd grown to love. We had all our packing done days ago, so I went visiting until noon. The afternoon flew by because I went around trying to impress on my mind the civilization about me. The train left the station about eight p.m. and everyone was looking out the windows with misty eyes.

July 12. I awoke this morning around two so that I could see the Shasta Mountain. The trip ended too quickly. Though my body was cramped by the train ride I didn't want to reach the place, knowing that we would never be free again for the duration. We had to reach there some day, and so we did. After all the routine in registering we found our barrack. I opened the door and my heart sank--a dirty room and three spring beds. True, I was not expecting a mansion, but this was way below my expectation. Well, diary, I can't write too much more, but I know this country is giving us protection, and it is for the better, so I will try to alter my pessimistic feelings. Well, good night, diary.

(Male)  
Period III

Evacuation to Tule Lake

July 14, 1942--Having heard of the evacuation to Tule Lake, I had helped my mother in packing our goods for three consecutive days. It was a tremendous task. After everything was packed, our goods were transported to the railroad station.

July 15, 1942--We boarded the train and left Pinedale about ten o'clock in the morning. I was very glad to leave Pinedale because of the extremely high temperature there. A lot of times the temperature would be around 120°F. I was also eager to get to Tule Lake, for I heard that the kids there got to go swimming once a week. I pictured in my mind Tule Lake, a large camp at the edge of a large lake, with tall green trees surrounding the lake. I thought that it would be just like a mountainous region in Washington, where everything was so green.

July 16, 1942--Having ridden the train for one day and one night, I was very restless. About eight o'clock in the morning I heard the conductor say that we were very near the camp. This good news brought a lot of excitement to the people. Not more than twenty minutes had passed, when I saw the camp in the distant, but it was not at the edge of a lake, nor were there large trees surrounding the camp. I was very disappointed.

(Female)  
Period 7

Diary

June 15, 1942. I had to wake up early or else my brother would have folded me up with the blankets. Yes, we were getting ready to move to Tulelake. By nine o'clock the trucks came by to pick up the baggage. As I had nothing to do all afternoon I took a last glimpse at the camp. At five o'clock we checked out at the administration building and boarded a train. We left Walerga about seven thirty and was informed that we will reach our new destination at nine tomorrow morning. As we were not allowed to travel from coach to coach we had to entertain ourselves some other way. Some people played cards while others talked, but Mary and I turned on the radio and spent our time gazing outside the window. After it became dark we were told to lower the shade so Mary and I chatted all night. Approximately at eleven the lights were turned off, but we were not in the mood to sleep so we decided to talk. At about midnight I thought Tad was coming down the aisle so I stuck my leg out to trip him. He fell hard all right, but to my surprise it wasn't Tad. It was the Captain, who accompanied us on the trip, as I made believe that I was sound asleep. Thank God. I'll never do it again.

June 16, 1942. I couldn't sleep because I kept on thinking that the Captain might come and throw me out the window, but I finally went to sleep about two-thirty. I woke up at five-thirty. When I awakened we were just passing the snow covered mountain, the beautiful Mt. Shasta. We went through Kalamath Falls and reached here at eight-thirty. The trucks were waiting for us and we were hauled to the registration building where we registered and were assigned to a room. We did not have anything to do until five o'clock because our baggage were not here. I was busy all evening making beds and then I hopped off to dreamland.

88  
(Female)  
Period III

May 19

We pulled out of Tacoma for Pinedale, California at 5 p.m. on the 18th of May, and today is the second day we're spending on the train. We have gone up, around, and down the majestic Mt. Shasta and are now traveling well on our way to Sacramento.

It's been an uncomfortable, sweltering, hot day, hot as I never knew (it to be) before. I had just enough energy to wonder about the other people's endless energy.

This being the first train trip that I can remember, it seemed a novelty but that soon wore off as the time progressed. The movements of the train were so jerky that at times I was nearly jolted out of my seat. Another thing that added to the annoyance of the hot atmosphere was the everlasting bawling of a baby.

However, the meals are good and the soldiers who are escorting us down are very friendly. The scenery has been agreeable, but I was disappointed at finding pine trees instead of the famous redwoods.

Oh, yes! I was enthusiastic about the whole trip when we started, but tonight I have a very different conception of it.

July 20

The first look at this camp was one of disappointment. I don't know exactly what I expected, but I guess the black and green buildings looked pretty drab from the train window. The trip up here from Pinedale was much more pleasant than the first one. I liked one thing I noticed, however, which was the peculiar shaped mountains or hills that surrounded the camp.



(continued)

August 30

At last my wish for a "mess hall crew hike" to Castle Rock mountain came true. Our block manager got volunteers to take over for the noon meal to make it possible.

The going up was tough and hot in spots especially one bump. Nevertheless, I took care to see that I (wasn't at) the tail end of our party, but nearly exhausted myself. When I finally reached the top I was all winded out, but my feeling was one of satisfaction. Standing on one of the peaks and looking at the lake, I felt more or less like Balboa.

After eating lunch, I felt bouyant and full of pep. We clambered about like goats among the peaks, then started homeward by running down the slope towards the water tanks. It surely felt good to be away from the barracks and in the fresh open air for a while.

1

(Male)

In May, 1942, a little town in Tule Lake was being settled by Japanese from parts of Washington, Oregon, and California. Each day, at least two hundred people were seen settling down here. By August approximately fifteen thousand colonist were settled here, surrounded by mountains all around.

I have always wished to go to the mountains during vacations. I like the sceneries around here.

Throughout my whole life I have never seen snow until I came here. Now I'm waiting for the day when the mountains will be white with snow, like the "White Cliffs of Dover." The sea gulls flying around make things look nice, too.

We learned that this part of the country used to be an Indian village. Many interesting discovered has been made that prove it.

(Male)

It was a warm summer morning, that June 3rd; we had just come some 500 miles on a train, crossing the Cascades.

All we could first see was barracks and more barracks, hundreds of them, and immediately I knew I would be lost at least three times a day.

We were all registered in 1408 and were shown our new home for the duration. Our leader stated "Now, Mrs. Saito, this is 1414-D."

A few days later, S.M., J.M., and I were roaming out near block 36 and the fence when a soldier came all the way from the tower to tell us we weren't to cross the road; well, it happened that he had a new Thompson sub-machine gun.

Jack wandered up to him and said, "Gee, that's a swell gun."

Came the prompt reply, "You're not suppose to come any closer to me!"

Well, at that time wards V, VI, and VII weren't constructed yet, and V and Alaska was a swamp like place with lizards, etc. Those days will never come again, but will never be forgotten.

92  
61  
(Female)  
Period VII

July 12, 1942 Sunday--A memorable day. We, the Japanese from Marysville, reached the project at 9:30 and after having baggage checked and our barrack assigned we decided to start a new life in the colony of Tule Lake. The new things were quite hard to get used but gradually the hostile feeling wore off. When evening drew her curtains I went to my new home and lay on my nice bed and thought of the life in a new world.

September 2, 1942 Wednesday--Today as I look at the aspects of life in the colony there are a few good advantages over the majority of bad one. I had the opportunity to get the acquaintance of many friends. Friends from California, Oregon, and Washington. Now that I have met many new friends in various spots of the colony, my time will be quite well taken care of.

September 14, 1942 Monday--School bells beckon me. As I hurried with my girl friend to school I was taken back by the mere sight of school students hurrying to classes. Here again I met more new friends. There were a few handicaps as, no books, no desk, not enough chairs, but aside from that it was quite all right.

October 31, 1942 Saturday--Harvest Festival is in full swing. With a gay Mardi Gras Parade to begin the crisp morning on a good start. Then on to the bazaar. Much entertainment was in store for the throng of people who attended. Although it was a lot of fun the dust and wind had a bad effect on it. To complete a perfect day I went to the Halloween Dance at night. The evening turned out to be a most perfect one and with satisfaction in my heart I turned off the light and snuggled into bed and on to dreamland.