

(Female)

Period 7

June 26, Friday

I was scheduled to leave our assembly center at 5:00 P.M. for Tule Lake. This day, the day which I thought would be exciting was the least exciting of all the days in camp. Our final supper which was supposed to be a steak dinner had to be that Friday fish because they had run out of steak. This made my last day in camp all the more unpleasant. At 5:00 P.M. we were sent off by our friends who were to follow us in a day or so. I left the center on a bus and later was transferred to a train which awaited us. (As this was) the first time I had ridden in a train for over 5 years I was rather excited. But as we rode on my attitude toward train riding changed, for my head began to feel a little dizzy. We had a midnight lunch on the train.

June 27, Saturday

When I awoke this morning the beautiful Mt. Shasta was in sight. Then about 10:30 the Tulelake Relocation Center was sighted. I was glad. We had reached our destination. The trip was over. A while later we were being greeted by many of our friends. We were then taken through the administration in which we were assigned a room. A guide took us to our room. Then it all started again. The sweeping of the floor, the making of beds, the unpacking of packages. Whew! Do I like that first day in camp routine. I'd give anything to have someone else go through that routine. Well, I don't know how, but I went through with it. I went to bed very tired after all that work out.

(Male)

May 26, 1942

Dear Diary,

After a hard thirteen hours ride in the chairs of our train we finally (reached) our destination, Tulelake. I was famished as only sandwiches and milk were served us by army soldiers for supper. We were taken on army trucks from the train to our respective blocks. I felt strange inside when I looked around for the first time. I thought again as many times before, of our large cozy home in town with its small friendly lawn, and I compared it to what I beheld this afternoon. I was homesick.

But as the day wore on, seeing my old and some new friends and upon hearing that things I enjoyed such as Boy Scouts were to continue, I felt much better about things. Perhaps I shall get to like this place.

May 29, 1942.

It rained last night, and it's a bit cloudy today. A hole in the tar paper covering our roof I fixed by myself with a piece of adhesive tape after a dangerous climb to the roof.

Unwittingly, we did many things that were natural habits in town, such as leaving our toothbrushes in the wash room. It was quite embarrassing to have the boiler man announce in the mess hall about coming after the many toothbrushes that were forgotten by block people.

The day being cloudy, I couldn't explore the place yet, but I helped mother unpack our things, and listened to the radio. Disappointed, I got only one station (Klamath Falls). I'm going to sleep early, so goodnight, diary.

(Male)

June 19. Many people had already left the Assembly Center for Tule Lake. Today we received a notice saying to be ready to leave on the 21st. We started packing early for we had many things to pack.

June 20. This morning they came to get our trunks. I noticed there were not many people left in the camp. When I was in the canteen, I heard people talking about Tule Lake, saying that there were no trees, no grass, and how cold it would get in the winter, and many other things.

That night I did not sleep much, thinking of how it would be in Tule Lake.

June 21. Today being the late day in this camp, I began to think of the days we spent in here. It (has been) exactly 1 month and 1 week. At about 6 o'clock we were on the train and started to move. At last we were off for Tule Lake. We passed many small towns before it was dark. At about 9 o'clock all the lights were turned off. The night was cold and I didn't sleep much thinking of the friends who had to stay.

June 22. When I awoke it was morning. The weather was clear and I saw the Shasta Mountain clearly against the sky. When it was about 7 o'clock sandwiches were passed, and were eaten in the train. We arrived at Tule Lake at about 8 o'clock. Trucks and cars were waiting to bring us into the camp.

That day we had a hard time trying to get our things together.

June 23. Today we put our things in place, and got some lumbars for some of the furnitures we had to make. We also had a hard time trying to eat, for our mess hall was not organized yet. I went to see my friends and had a hard time finding my way home.

June 24. I began to know the place and knew here I was. I still had a hard time finding my friend's house. That day I got a job in the mess with couple of other boys.

I went to sleep like a log that night, for I had no worry.

July 23, 1942

We were among the last five hundred to leave the Pinedale Assembly Center. We were left behind, since my brother was working in the warehouse. Those who worked there had to help with the packing of baggage onto the train. Even if the five hundred were left behind they were scattered all over the center so it was very peaceful. Our neighbors left the center on the eighteenth. At last our day had arrived when we would leave the center. At 7:00 A.M. on the twenty-third we were all ready. By 9:00 o'clock we were aboard the train which was taking us nearer to Tulelake, and getting farther away from Pinedale.

July 24, 1942

We arrived here when we were having breakfast on the train. As soon as we finished, the conductor told us to get our suitcases together. When we got out, the army trucks were waiting for us. It seems as if the driver was taking us for a long ride. When we stopped, it was in front of a large building. Later I found out that it was the Mess Hall. After I registered, I rushed to the door and as I glanced around the crowd, the same old familiar faces had a welcome look. One of my best friends came to me and she said she would take me to the canteen. It was such a long walk that I thought it was about half a mile from the registration room. It was nearly noon-time when we left the canteen. She asked me if I could go back by myself. First thing that I noticed was that I didn't know which direction to go. It was a lot of trouble but she took me back again.

July 25-27, 1942

I still was a little uneasy about leaving home. I once forgot to count each barrack after leaving the Mess Hall and I entered the wrong apartment. It wouldn't have been so bad if I had known them but we were just strangers. The next few days, I never missed a day counting barracks.

June 1, 1942

I packed my belongings in one suitcase and helped mother with her packing, knowing that tomorrow we will leave our home to somewhere called Tule Lake, California.

By noon the packing was nearly done. The house seemed so empty. At night mother, dad, sisters, brothers and I slept on the floor.

June 2, 1942

Woke up very early in the morning with an aching body, having slept hardly a wink. Did our last minute packing.

During the morning and afternoon many friends came to say their last words.

We were told to be ready around 3:30 p.m., but I was ready to leave sooner. Our dog looked so gloomy, for he had not eaten food for a couple of days. Somehow he knew that we were leaving.

At last the time came for us to leave. My mother, dad, sisters, and brothers were way up in front of me walking toward the bus which was waiting to take us to Vanecoun Station. I walked slowly with one suitcase in one of my hands and a pot of flower in my other hand. Looked back at the house and saw our dog whining and heard a cry from him. Tears rolled down my face as I would wave goodbye at some ten real friends of mine.

After a fifteen-mile ride, arrived at the Vancouver Station. We were to leave the station at 6:00 p.m. but something happened to delay the train.

The train arrived and got on at 8:55 p.m., and pulled away at 9:10 p.m. from the station. I knew then it was to be my last glance of my home town.

A Day Before and After the Evacuation

June 15, 1942

This morning we had to get up early and pack up our luggage in order to get ready to move out of this camp (Sacramento Assembly Center). We worked till noon and rested the afternoon until supper time, and later went to the bus station where we got on and were taken to the train. It was still about 6:30 when we got on the train. But by the time all the other evacuees got on, it was around 7:30.

As we traveled on at first we saw nothing but hay ranches until it became dark and could not visualize the scenery very well. Although the outside was pretty dark, I still kept on looking outside for quite a while until we were told to shut the window shade which made a complete blackout for us.

That night we were very uncomfortable for we had no place to stretch our body, and the train made so many stops and jerks that I never slept more than an hour.

June 16, 1942

Toward morning around 5:00, for the first time in my life I saw Mt. Shasta which was a very beautiful sight compared to the hay ranch which I saw before nightfall, yesterday.

At last, about eight o'clock, we reached this camp. When we got off there were trucks waiting to take us into the camp where we were to register and have our apartment assigned. From there we walked 3 blocks away. When I looked into the apartment I found one small stove, six mattresses and six cot beds of which two were broken. I immediately set up the other four beds in order to have something to sit on. Our bedding and baggage which was to come immediately did not come so I lay down on a

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mattress to rest a moment, but as I soon closed my tired eyes. I fell in a deep slumber and slept until my father shook me awake and told me that it was time for dinner.

After eating I worked till night trying to fix up the apartment, and that night I flopped myself in bed and slept like a sawmill. Boy, did I sleep!

100
(Male)

July 20

The day was rather warm as we got off the evacuation train here at Tule Lake, at about 8:30. We were driven on trucks to Block 70 mess hall, where we were assigned to our block and barrack. I was greatly surprised at the immense size of this camp. Late in the afternoon our baggage was brought to us so we spent the rest of the preparing to retire for the day. All in all a very well spent day.

July 21

I arose about 9 o'clock, sleeping late for a good rest after the long train ride. At night I still felt the sway of the train. The day was warm and sunny, so I found what boards I could find and made a shelf. The water still tasted rather funny, and the food wasn't too good due to the disorganization of the mess halls. I spoke to some Bellevue people who were situated in the same block as me.

July 22

The day was slightly cooler than yesterday. I made a couple of trips to "Alaska" on foot to see some of boys I know, so I could play around. I watched the next bunch of evacuees come to this camp and greeted some friends. I went to bed rather early, because I was tired due to walking to "Alaska" and back.

July 23

The weather continued to be fair, warm in the day time, and getting cooler at night. I went to the canteen now and then and made another trip to "Alaska", after which I thought I had a very good idea of the camp. Today I volunteered to work in a mess hall at the hot sweaty work of washing dishes. The cots are very hard to get used to, compared to the steel spring beds at Pinedale. But now I feel like a regular resident of this colony.

101 (Female)
November 9, 1942

My Arrival at Tule Lake

May 27, 1942

This morning at 10:00 a.m. we pulled into Tule Lake Relocation Center. Before reaching our destination we were all more than worried thinking what kind of a place we were to be brought to, especially because we had heard rumors that this place was only half finished and such. So when we stopped before this camp many people said tears came to their eyes just to see what a large and nice-looking place it was, although the weather was rain, wind, and snow put together.

After getting off of the train we got into the awaiting cars driven by the Caucasians and went to a recreation hall for a physical examination and the registration.

After we were assigned to our rooms and saw how good it was we were more than ever grateful and happy to see such a nice place. This was especially caused because the place we were before coming here had such small rooms. We had a lot of places to walk around because it was in the fair grounds. During our ten days' stay at the Assembly Center the weather was so wet that the roads were always muddy, so I was hoping to see sunshine for a while here.

Around 12:00 o'clock we were served lunch by Caucasians, and it was so good compared to the food before we came here that we all ate heartily. As I write this now, I think we are very lucky for coming here.

(Male)

June 18. Today we are to leave this camp of Walerga after a short stay of one month. This morning our neighbors were up around four o'clock in the morning, but we got up around 6 o'clock. We packed up and took the baggage to the front of the barrack. We ate our supper early and we went to the main entrance, after an hour or so of waiting we were led to the bus. After a few miles ride we reached the train and were led to the coach; around 8 o'clock the train started with a bang and we were off to Tule Lake.

June 19. I was expecting the camp to be around a lake, as did everybody else, but to my surprise we reached the dry sandy camp of Tule Lake at 7:30 A.M. The barracks were just like one we left at Walerga, big and bare.

June 20. Friends and I went out to explore the great camp. After visiting the canteen, we started for home. We walked and walked but we didn't get anywhere. Every barrack looked the same and after several hours, the exhausted trio staggered home.

This is getting boring as I will call it quits now.

(Female)

Diary

May 27/42--cold

Dear Diary,

Our room was just a jumble today! With all the packing and tearing down things. I guess it would be. Well, this our last day here. After this our home will be in Tulelake! Gee whiz, diary. I sure didn't want to go to Tulelake. I don't know whether I should be complaining or not because it was my mother who signed up to go and not I. You see, diary, we were in an assembly center until now, and my mother thought it would be best for us to move to a relocation center. So I guess she's really to blame.

Gee! diary. I can't remember anything that happened today, because my mind is so haywire, but I'll try to remember, as I ride on this train that's bound for Tulelake.

I can still recall the breakfast--mush (ugh), scrambled eggs, cold toast and coffee with no sugar. But that wasn't bad compared to what we had every morning.

Our luggage was packed and brought to the station right after dinner. The dinner was the same old thing. I guess you know what I mean, diary. The supper wasn't bad. I thought to myself as I ate that meal, "I guess this is my "last supper" here."

All that day I spent my time bidding my friends farewell. I tried to be cheerful but somehow I just couldn't help feeling sad.

The time finally came. We rode on the train. "We'll see each other again," I told my friend but down in my heart I knew this was the last time. It took about one hour before everybody was on, but to me it seemed only a minute. From the train window I waved goodbye to my friends and

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tried to send messages by hand motion. The train moved little by little. I waved to my friends until I could see them no more. I tried to hold back my tears but I couldn't. I didn't think life could ever do that to me. Well, diary. I might as will try to get some sleep. I know I won't be able to but I can try. Night.

May 27/42--chilly

Dear Diary,

We finally reached our destination at 10:30 a.m. From the window of the train I could see that it was going to be a much better place than it was at the assembly center. Everyone was overjoyed. Some army trucks came to take us from our train to our new homes. We were all gathered in a mess hall and each family was given a room. A physical exam for everyone of us, too. Our room had 5 beds with nice mattresses, blankets and also a stove. We gathered small pieces of lumber here and there for firewood, as it was quite chilly.

We ate at 12:30. It was the most delicious meal I had eaten since evacuation. There were already colonists working as waiters and waitresses although the chief cook was Caucasian.

We prepared our beds and took our necessary goods from our luggage. With the permission of some carpenters, who were still working on some houses, we got some lumber to make chairs, tables, etc.

Had a delicious supper at 6. Spent a couple hours at a friend's house discussing some problems of our own. Well, it's 9 o'clock now and I'm very tired so I think I'll get some "shut-eye." Goodnight, Diary.

May 28-42--warm

Dear Diary,

Didn't do much today except to look for a job. The placement room was full of people looking for jobs. Disappointment was awaiting me. I couldn't get any since I was under age.

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Wrote some letters back home. Canteen opened. There wasn't much since it's the first day but eventually it will grow to be like a regular store. Nothing else to write except that there's going to be a dance tomorrow. Public invited. Good night. 9:30.

May 29--warm

Dear Diary,

Went to get some lumber. Our house is pretty well organized now. Rumors are that some more people are coming. I hope so. Anything to make the colony livelier.

Library opened today. A couple of us went and took out some books for amusements. Nothing new so I'll close. Good night. 9:30.

(Male)

July 21

After a very uncomfortable night on the train, we ate our breakfast on the train and reached Tule Lake about about 9 A.M. and saw a camp three times as large as Pinedale. Very disgusted, we piled off the train and on to the waiting trucks, which took us to the mess hall where we went through examination and received our room number. Half an hour later we walked into our room very disappointed, for it was smaller than the room we had at Pinedale.

We waited all day for our baggage, which arrived about 4:30 P.M.

After we ate our supper, we made our bed and retired early for we were all very tired.

July 22

After breakfast. started cleaning, unpacking and started putting up our shelves and etc.

After a day cleaning and everything else, I went for a nice long walk and breathed the cool air full of pestering mosquitoes.

July 23

Most of the jobs around home were through, so I went down to the Placement Office for a job, but on reaching there saw a crowd too large for comfort, so came home to fool around all day.

(Female)
English III
November 11, 1942

Sunday, June 28, 1942

We boarded the train about five o'clock in the evening. All of us were very glad to leave that hot and dusty camp.

The trip wasn't very comfortable, as I expected, because we didn't have enough room to stretch our bodies. But it was lots of fun to watch the scenery. Mountains, houses, and trees seemed to go backward with a tremendous speed. I kept watching them until the night shadow fell upon them. The lights went on and we had to close the shade. Later they turned the lights, and let us put up the shades as we preferred.

I felt so sleepy after a while, and fell asleep. After a little while, I heard people shouting "Mt. Shasta! Mt. Shasta!" I opened my tight closed eyes and looked out from the window. I saw a most beautiful mountain, which was covered with snow. But before I knew anything, I fell asleep again.

Monday, June 29, 1942

About six o'clock in the morning, Mom woke me up. She said, "You better get ready, and eat your breakfast. I think we're near the camp now." Because I wasn't used to the train, I didn't feel hungry.

In a short while we finally reached our destination, Tule Lake camp. But to our greatest disappointment, we didn't find a single tree nor a sign of a lake.

After we were assigned to an apartment, a man took us there. That was the room which we are going to live for the duration. When we went to the room, there were five beds and mattresses on the floor by the wall. The first thing I did was to make the bed, and lie down to make up for the last night, but I was soon disturbed by the people, who came to see us.

(Female)

April 1942

Today we Japanese in Petersburg first heard about the Japanese Evacuation. It really hit us hard. Alaska is in the military area, and we have to leave the place where we have been all our lives. All the Japanese families are in an uproar trying to gather their belongings. Since our baggage is limited we have to be choosy and think of what we need urgently.

April 26th, 1942--Evacuation day.

It was today that we twenty six Japanese from Petersburg, Alaska, boarded the Northland Transportation Steamer "North Sea" headed for an assembly center. In our minds everything is vague. Our destination is unknown but heard rumors of our going to the assembly center in Puyallup, Washington so we take that for granted.

We were the last ones to evacuate from Alaska. The rest had already been evacuated. We missed a boat so we were left behind. Today we are going to leave Petersburg for a long journey to the states. The anchor was pulled up about nine in the evening and we are on our way leaving behind all Caucasian friends.

April 27th, 1942

We arrived in Wrangell about two in the morning but didn't stop for long. This town is the nearest to Petersburg being only forty-five miles away. We didn't go aboard since we docked there so early in the morning and by the next morning we were well on our way to Ketchikan, the second largest city in Alaska. We got off there around one in the afternoon and we got rooms at various hotels. We didn't intend to stay there for long. An Army Transport was supposed to come after us. It came six days later and during our stay there we really enjoyed ourselves. We weren't

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under military order so we really went to town. We were wishing the boat would hurry because our money seemed to slip out of our fingers.

May 1st, 1942

Today we were informed that the Army Transport would come in. From early in the morning we were packed and waiting patiently for it. Still, no boat. To our disgust it came at eleven in the evening. It was rainy and dark when we boarded the boat. Again we would be headed for new adventures and excitement since we are on a transport and not a steamer.

May 2nd, 1942

We arrived at Annette Island, an air base, located some miles from Ketchikan. Here's where I got my first streak of seasickness. We docked for what seemed like days instead of a few hours. We watched the soldiers guard their posts, man their guns, etc. There was another boat docked there, too, with a lot of the R.C.A.F. men aboard.

May 4th, 1942

My sister, girl friend and I were sitting on a lifeboat when all of a sudden I felt kind of funny and then fainted. I certainly aroused everyone there. Yes, I was seasick again and felt very miserable.

May 5th, 1942

We were still sailing when we entered Queen Charlotte Sound. This is the roughest spot between Seattle, Canada, and Alaska. We were out on deck when we hit it so the soldier told us we'd better go in because the water would splash all over the deck of the boat. We've heard so much about it that we were scared. Boy! you should have seen us run in and jump into our beds. It was about 6:30 in the evening then and we got through it by 10:30. It was a terrible experience. That was the fourth

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time I got seasick. If you've ever been through such an experience you'll know how terrible it feels. A lot of the people fell asleep before they felt it but me, no! I stayed up all during that time and I'm telling you I really suffered. Hearing the water rushing over the side of the boat was enough, but we also had to listen to the others moan. The boat was rocking back and forth as if it was going to tip over. I thought surely we'd never get through it alive. Thank gosh we did.

May 6th, 1942

Once again the water was at its calmest. Porpoises and whales were jumping both in front and in back of the boat. Some were in large groups and others alone.

May 7th, 1942

Docked at the Port of Seattle. Our baggage was being inspected and as soon as that was completed we got on a bus heading for our new home, the Puyallup Assembly Center. We arrived there at eleven in the morning. Everyone was gathered about the gate watching us come and it was the first time in my life that I ever saw more than twenty-six Japanese at one time.

111
(Female)

Diary

June 4. We arrived here, our destination, after a long twenty one hour journey from northwestern Washington, at ten thirty this morning. We were greeted and guided by part of the five hundred volunteers from the Puyallup and Portland Assembly Centers. Tired as we were, we were very anxious to explore around our new homes. Disappointed? No one could have been taken by a greater surprise. The name Tule Lake made us all picture such things as green grass, trees, refreshing air and all the other things that one pictures with a lake. What did we find here but dry sand, hardly any living plants, and above all no lake. After a partial recovery from this shock we went to the mess hall and had our first meal in the Newell Project. After mess we met our block manager, who gave us some useful information. The afternoon was spent straightening our apartment. At the evening meal, we were informed that all those over sixteen, capable and desiring work, should report to the placement office in the next few days, and also that there was going to be a dance in one of the recreation halls. Although the dance was only a few blocks away, it seemed to us as if we walked from one end of town to another because our block was at one end of the then populated area and the dance at the other. The music was furnished by records. The hall was too small to accommodate those attending so we returned home. After a game of cards and little talking I took a shower and retired with thoughts of the fore-coming day, but soon my thoughts drifted to my old home.

June 5. I awoke early this morning and dropped a few lines to some of my friends before I went to mess. After we finished breakfast and straightened our rooms up a group of us went to the placement office to apply for a job. After several hours of patient waiting we were finally

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assigned to the mess hall. We began work immediately, finding it quite interesting and not too hard. After finishing work, I got acquainted with our neighbors who are from a different part of Washington. After finishing work this evening I wrote several letters.

June 6. Not much happened today. Yolo county and West Sacramento came in to bring the population up to approximately two thousand. This noon and evening we were very busy as the new arrivals have not yet set up mess halls in their respective blocks. We fed in about three shifts. A group of us went to the dance at mess hall 720. We stayed until about ten. The crowd was just the right size for a good time. It was really a nice dance. Music, of course, was by records. Everyone here seems to be quite homesick. We still are drinking boiled water as the water tastes funny due to the new pipes. It is hard but we are trying to adjust our lives to this new method.