

(Female)

## My Diary

Dear diary, when we first arrived here at Tule Lake from Marysville Assembly Center, June the 29th. Before we came to Tule Lake, we heard rumors that this camp was divided into three. So they were saying that we were going to be separated from friends. We left Marysville Assembly Center about 6 P.M., June 28. We were told farewell by the people who were at the station. One thing, it surely gave me a shock to see unhappy people standing with tears in their eyes. I cannot ever forget these day of sadness. The sadness was forgotten after we had left the station, and I was kind of tired, so I retired to get some sleep. The next day we reached here at Tule Lake at 8 A.M. We got off the train, and loaded in the truck to here. We got off the truck, and the first thing I saw was lots of people who were here greeting us. Then I was feeling a little better, but not like good old home days. Any place I turned around I saw nothing but same kinds of barracks, and this camp was bigger than I thought it was. The water which I first drank wasn't tasteful, because it was much different from the water we used to drink. The surroundings of this camp were one of the most beautiful scenery. I think that this camp was better than I first thought it was.

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(Female)  
English 3  
Period 3

July 12, 1942--Evacuation day

I got up from a weary night's sleep on the floor because all the furniture was stored away. In the morning everyone was all in a dither about leaving for camp, and in the afternoon I went to the show for the last time and saw "Playmates." I thought it was an interesting show. After the show I got some delicious high adored hamburgers to eat on the way to the W.R.A. in Tule Lake.

At five we went to the station and saw about five hundred people, "bag n' baggage" from head to foot, standing around "gaping" at each other, wondering when we were to leave. The train pulled out of Marysville about seven-thirty, and everyone went from one end of the train to the other to see if anyone was left behind.

July 13, 1942--First day in camp

Before noon we were assigned to our little bungalows without any ceilings, where my business was to be everyone else's business. By the end of the day, I was so "fagged out" that I really "hit the hay" early.

July 14-21, 1942

In the next few "doze" I went on explorations of the camp and would get quite confused on the way back to my own barrack that I sometimes went to the wrong barracks with the same expression, "Oops, my mistake, wrong place," and besides all the barracks being alike, the people all seemed to have black hair and brown eyes.

One thing that amazed me was that I slept so well every night, just as though I were home.

(Male)

Tuesday July 21, 1942

Arrived here at 8:30 A.M. on a train with 500 others from Pinedale, California, our Assembly Center. We were greeted by friends who also came from Pinedale, but before us. Leaving the train we were herded into a truck which took us to a checking mess hall. There we received our barrack and apartment number. Unpacking our belongings, we made ourselves at home. Having one of our early arrived friends as a guide we found the canteen and other places. Oh! what a huge camp this Tulalake Relocation Center is.

Wednesday July 22, 1942

Last night I slept like a log. I was full of pep today. I went looking around this camp finding my friends' living quarters. Most of the Pinedale group are spread around this camp. Today I volunteered for dishwashing duty. I must have covered lots of territory, for I'm all in.

Thursday July 23, 1942

Third day in this camp. The temperature is cooler here than Pinedale, for I haven't seen anybody faint yet. Today I started fixing the place, so it looks a little like home. I got acquainted with my neighbors. I again volunteered to wash dishes in No. 10 mess hall.

Friday July 24, 1942

Again I went to visit my friends in Alaska and Hollywood, as people call certain places. I thought I was lost a couple of times, but my map came in handy.

(Female)

July 10, 1942 Friday

Dear Diary,

Today I am beginning a new and strange life, for this is my first day in camp. It seems very strange seeing so many Japanese, for I had never seen so many Japanese where I had formerly lived.

As I stepped down from the train, trucks were waiting to take us into camp. The trucks stopped in front of an recreation hall. We got off and entered. There we were examined by the doctor. Then we went into another barrack where they gave us an apartment.

The apartment they had given us was very small and had only three windows. We began cleaning the room and made the beds.

Later that day I decided to go to the canteen with Michi, Fusa, Tonoyo and my sister. Being new to camp, we lost our way and had to ask some people where it was. At the canteen we bought pop and ice cream. Returning home we were very tired because we had to walk such a long distance. So I decided to go to bed. Well, good-night, dear diary. I am getting very tired so I will close now.

July 11, 1942 Saturday

Dear Diary,

When I awoke this morning my back ached very much, the reason being that the darn mattress they gave me wasn't very soft as I found out.

This morning I ate at mess 45 because our mess had not opened yet. In the afternoon I went to the placement office to get a job, but it was closed.

All that afternoon I visited some old friends and we talked about Oroville, how hot it was or what show was playing. I returned home after the gab session. I took a shower and went to bed.



(continued)

July 12, 1942 Sunday

Dear Diary,

Today I went to see Marysville come in. They certainly did bring a lot of baggage with them.

This afternoon I decided to go to the Oregon canteen, which is very far away from our block. I heard rumors that the Oregon people were conceited, but I went and they didn't seem that way. I didn't do much today except visit friends.

It is getting late so I will quite writing for today.

(Male)

## Bound for Tule Lake

From the Assembly Center we leave

For Tule Lake, in the eve

With baggage and suitcase packed,

With things such as slippers, shoes, and hat.

Anxiously waiting, for the train,

And wishing luck, to the one who remains.

Then I hear a whistle blowing:

Then the train starts a-rollin"

Faster and faster, it keeps on going.

Then my friend starts a-waving.

I stuck my head out of the window

and start to wave at the fellows.

The moon was out, the night was cold;

The train was going, and we were cold.

A man was curled under his coat

Sleeping like a dead goat.

Then I saw the sun, slowly rising,

And then I knew that it was morning.

It was about seven in the morning.

Some on the train were still moaning.

Breakfast was passed by a man;

A boy and I gave him a hand.

Then I sat down and ate my bread

And started to talk about the book we read.

(continued)

At last the train reached the camp.

But the trouble was we all had cramps.

They were waiting with cars and trucks.

And somebody driving a truck was stuck.

We were glad we were here

Because the trip was hard on our rear.

I never dreamt that it was this big

For a group of people large as this.

There were grass and sand all around,

And the weather that day was grand.

Thousands of barracks were built the same,

And none had a number exactly the same.

(Female)

Dear Diary,

July 12, Sunday

Today at 10:30 A.M. we reached Tule Lake Relocation Center after a long, dreary ride. Everything looks pretty well, and I am indeed very much excited about the whole thing, since this is going to be my first camp life.

July 13, Monday

I woke up this morning and was very much astonished to find myself in a strange room. Then, after looking around a bit, I realized this was to be my future home. The food, I thought, was very delicious compared to what I heard before evacuation. I know better now than to believe rumors.

July 14, Tuesday

The weather today was so called perfect. I went to the number 1 canteen for the first time since I entered camp and bought myself a soda. Boy!! did it taste good. Also, I did some exploring around camp and found many interesting things.



(Female)

June 3, 1942

We have just arrived in Tule Lake around 11:30 after sleeping very uncomfortably all night on the train. Everybody was excited and anxious to know where his apartment awaited him, hoping to get an apartment closest to his friends. The people here were very kind and friendly and helped us in whatever ways they could. I was really surprised to find no lakes, but bare mountains on all sides of the camp. Tired and sleepy I retired to bed, thinking of our dear home and our friends we left behind.

June 4, 1942

When I woke up this morning the sun was already shining brightly on my bed. By noon the sun was really hot, but I did not mind it, as it was my first sunshine for a long time. I was afraid to go very far from home, so I was afraid I might have a hard time finding my place again. I made many friends today, hoping to make many before long.

June 5, 1942

After breakfast today I helped open other mess halls as only about five were opened at the time. After I finished working I spent the rest of my day making the tour of this city and meeting more friends. Two days have passed since we came here, but I still can't believe we are actually here. Still a nightmare to me-----

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1.1  
(Male)

On June 19, 1942, we arrived at our destination at 8:00 A.M. After a ride of one whole night I got very tired. That was my longest trip that I have ever made so far. I was amazed at the enormous size of the Tulelake Relocation Center, which is to be our home for the coming months. The truck took us to a place where many people were assembled together. We were appointed to our apartment.

I was very disappointed in our new camp. I always heard that Tulelake was a nice place to live with a great lake beside it, but I found out that there wasn't a single tree in the whole camp. I also noticed the sandy ground with the tule growing in part of the camp. Nevertheless, the weather was moderate. We got to our apartment and found five cots folded up in the corner of the room and five mattresses piled up on the floor beside it. The first thing that I did was to put up the beds and take a nap. I was so tired that I went to sleep without knowing it. When I woke up, it was fifteen minutes past eleven o'clock. I felt much better after that short nap, so I went to the mess and ate cold meat with potato salad.

After I had had the dinner, my friend and I took a walk. We found out that the canteen and the post office were pretty far away. Immediately upon hearing this, I said to myself, "Well, I might as well get use to walking, because I have to walk quite a bit for the duration."

(Male)  
English II  
Nov. 9, 1942

### My First Four Days in Tulelake

June 22, 1942

Arrived in Tulelake this morning at 9:00 o'clock. I was sure glad that we had finally reached our destination for the night on the train seemed like sleeping in an old fish box because the seats were very short for my long legs.

About five minutes later we were escorted in C.C.C. trucks to our block mess hall which was block 31.

In the blue sky above there were many seagulls flying about.

At noon we ate lunch at the mess hall across the firebreak.

After lunch I rushed after lumber until it was time for supper for lumber seems to be scarce.

I went to bed early for I was very tired.

June 23, 1942

This morning I woke early and went after blankets. Later I applied for a job as a senior steward for mess hall 3620 and to my amazement I discovered I was the youngest senior steward of our ward.

After lunch I again rushed after lumber.

June 24, 1942

Today I was able to get acquainted with my new neighbors and also to make friends with many peoples of different blocks.

Returning to the mess hall I noticed that I have been transferred to another newly opening mess hall which was mess hall 3220.

After lunch I was going down to the canteen and the sun was blazing hot. I also noticed that the camp was very large.

(continued)

June 25, 1942

This morning I awoke early and went to the newly opened mess hall for I had many things to do beside ordering stock.

After finishing my work in the mess hall I returned home and helped my father build tables and chairs.

In the evening my sisters' friends came over and we played cards till nine o'clock.

## My Diary

July 13th

"Choo! choo! This is the Chattanooga Choo! Choo!" snored the train, as it pulled into Tule Lake WRA. Little did the horse engine know that it pulled 500 people to this WRA, to start their new vigorous life. As I jumped out to the good old mother earth's solid soil, I heard comments coming out of the girl's gap. Such conversation as "Is that the corny camp?" or "Gee, what a dump!" carried on and on. I yelled to my amigos here and there, with full excitement. I then realized I was off my trick. After finding my long lost family, consisted of a dearly beloved brother and a father rat (oops, visa versa) we rode up to the housing relocation area. As I rode in my limousine, I saw thousands of familiar, friendly, unusual faces. Never in my life did I see so many faces at the expense of the government.

July 14th

Today, after a hard settling down, I found out I was separated from my friends, although we got together quite often. Too often, we thought, as we separated. Now we knew why a monkey couldn't stand his mate.

July 15th-21

During this week I did a lot of traveling. My shoe soles went low and low, while my bunions went up and up. Boy oh boy! did I have the "hot dogs."

Aug. 13th

Exactly a month since I came here. Most of my acquaintances included the Sacramento people. I think they're all a bunch of swell guys.



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Tonight, I went to a talent show at the outdoor stage (open air theater). I thought they were supposed to be composed of talented personalities. Oh, what am I saying! It grew cold as the evening wore on. Lucky for the Mr. 5 by 5, but pity me. But my heart became warm as we sang "God Bless America," and I wondered why everyone went home, when I pitched in.

(Male)  
Period 1

## DIARY

June 4, 1942: I arrived at Tule Lake Project, weary and tired from the trip. After being assigned to our room, which was bare except for the cots, I went out to search for wood to make chairs and tables out of. This is when I realized how large our camp is and how lost you feel the first few days. Everything was exciting the first day.

June 5, 1942: Today I was busy helping to arrange and assort the articles we could bring. I visited our only canteen (No. 1) to buy ice cream to cool myself. The water is not very good compared to the water we had in Washington, also the heat was never this severe where I came from. Today, our mess hall opened up and I got a job there. Not being used to the food served here I got sick. I suppose I will get used to it later on.

June 6, 1942: Today I found a few new friends. The kids don't seem to get acquainted with each other very fast, because they run around in groups and seemed to be satisfied with their old friends.

June 12, 1942: I walked down to Fire Station No. 2 and came back again. I found out how easy it was to get lost.

June 15, 1942: I terminated as a mess hall worker and worked as a messenger boy at Fire Station No. 1.

June 25, 1942: Went to work at Fire Station at 8:00 o'clock. Today firemen went out to drill on how to work a "booster pump" and unroll and roll lengths of hose. I learned quite a bit in fire fighting because I get to go on these drills.

I am getting used to camp life, and now it seems to get dull and unexciting.

(Female)

## First two days in camp

July 16th (Thursday) Sun shining but cool.

On reaching the camp around 11 A.M., it seemed very cold compared to the warm weather we had in Pinedale.

After getting off of the train we were all put on an army truck. We rode on an endless, bumpy road to the 6th ward. I thought I would never get used to such a big place. We entered an apartment with only canvas cots with mattresses on them. We sat down for a little rest, then my friend came after me and told me it was time to eat. I shall never forget this meal. The menu was cold sardine and peas, fresh out of the can, and a couple of slices of bread with no butter or anything. The water they gave us smelled like oil, so we didn't drink it.

Later in the afternoon they brought our baggage and there weren't any place to put it except in a corner. I got the broom, swept the room and then made the bed. It was now supper-time so we went to eat at a different mess hall.

July 17 (Friday) Sunshine, slightly cold.

I don't think I ever slept so well before. It really felt good to lie flat on a bed in a quiet room, after the noisy and cramped-up day coach seat way of sleeping. I started the day by cleaning, but since there weren't any closets or anything, I found it a hard task to do.

Wrote some letters to my friends on a suitcase table. I went out to mail the letters but found no place to mail them. I walked up and down the unfamiliar blocks till I happened to peek in a block manager's office somewhere around the center. Here I saw a cardboard box with a sign "mail" written on it. At last I found a place to mail my letter. At night I was again very tired from the tasks of cleaning and walking around trying to locate a post office.

I went to bed early all worn out.

Dear Diary

May 16, 1942

Gee, diary, it sure is lonesome tonight. Guess where we are! On the train bound for California. I can't realize that we are actually evacuating. The thing which has been the topic of conversation of the Caucasians as well as the Japanese. Diary, you really don't know how it feels to leave a place you have loved dearly.

This morning we got our quilts and blankets packed, our last baggage. Gosh, it was a load off my mind!

Hanneman invited us to lunch so we went. Umm-umm, it sure tasted good.

Gosh! I'm weary. I guess I'll get some shut eyes. Good night diary-- see you again.

May 24

"California, here we are, never mind the weather now."

Well, diary, we have finally arrived at our destination this morning. It made me happy to see all those familiar faces again. (not "monkey" faces). Our friends guided us to our apartment, as they called it. But if you ask me I would call it a "stable."

Goodness, diary, you should see the hard, straw mattresses. I will be "hitting" pretty soon. If I have a stiff back in the morning, you'll know why. Sure miss my good "ole" bed.

July 17

Guess where we are, diary? On the train again! Diary, aren't you trainsick? I am. Gosh, you should feel all these bumps I'm feeling! My food can't digest.

Don't you think I should have learned the techniques of packing by

(continued)

now; I've done enough of it. But shucks, I just couldn't get half of my clothes in my suitcase. Sad case, wasn't it? Pinedale dust must have taken quite a large space. Maybe it wanted a train ride, too. It seems sad leaving Pinedale after staying there two months. I guess Tulelake will be like home after we settle down.

Goodbye diary, see you at Tulelake.



(Male)  
English  
Period 3

MY DIARY

Sunday, July 12

Today we reached Tule Lake Relocation Project. We were all arranged to live in certain apartment. All day today I had to fix up my apartment.

Monday, July 13

After my breakfast today, my friend and I walked around the camp to see the scenery.

Tuesday, July 14

Today I have met some new friends. Quite a few Placer people came to this camp yesterday, and as some came to our block, I made some friends with them.

Wednesday, July 15

Today I went to the Placement Office to find a job. I wanted a job as a truck driver but since it wasn't available, I got a job as a swamper.

Thursday, July 16

Today I have worked all day long and will continue to do the same work.

# THE BOOM TOWN



PART II

*Colson Despatch, 1932  
A Fair Lakes Incident  
1943*