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67/14  
C



270

Superficial Block Studies  
Census Material  
Block 303

Sept '42  
(typed, June 7, 1943)

S<sub>2</sub>

Total Population (Sept): 286  
From Assembly Centers -- 0  
From Internment -- 2  
From home -- 284 (Includes voluntary evacuees to Free Zone)

## Area:

Dinuba -- 87  
Reedley -- 74  
Yetten -- 15  
Kinsbay -- 22  
Visalia -- 10  
Cutter -- 22  
Orosi -- 27  
Sultana -- 20  
Tulare -- 2  
Woodlake -- 8  
Pismo -- 1

## Occupation:

Agriculture -- 80  
Business -- 4  
Domestic -- 64  
Clerical -- 13  
Trade -- 5  
Salesmen -- 17  
Medical -- 4  
Students -- 73  
Mis. -- 26

48 -- Housewives

## Marital Status

Male over 21  
Married -- 62  
single -- 31  
Male below 21  
60

Female over 21  
married -- 84

Female below 21  
50

## Religion:

Buddhist -- 195  
Christian -- 79  
2 -- Catholic  
1 -- Baptist  
6 -- Congregationalists  
25 -- Methodists  
2 -- Presbyterian  
None -- 16



2) Superficial Block Study

Sept, '42

Census Data, 2  
Block 303

Citizen hip:

Issai -- 94	32.1%	
Nisei -- 120		
Kibei -- 55	10.8%	(only one block in 03 has more)
Sansai - 23	7.9%	

Housing Material -- June 2, 1943

Total Population -- 231



Superficial Block Study  
Census material  
Block 51.7

Sept, '42  
(Typed, June 7, 1943)

Total Population (Sept): 280

From Assembly Centers — 0

From Internment — 1

From Homes — 278 (includes voluntary evacuees to free zone)

Area:

Reedley 200

Visalia 43

Parlier 7

Orange Cove 19

Yettam 10

Occupation:

Agriculture — 65

Business — 26

Domestic — 60

Trade — 6

Medical 2

Clerical 4

Student 66

Misc 51

Marital Status

Male over 21

Married — 45

Divorced — 1

Widowed 10 (all over 30)

Single — 37 (19 over 30)

Under 21 — male

54

Female over 21

married — 41

divorced — 4

single — 14

Under 21 — Female

62

Religion:

Buddhist — 222

Christian 52

7 Methodists

5 Salvation Army

1 7th Day Adventist

Shinto — 1

None — 24

Citizenship:

Issei — 92 34%

Nisei — 54.5%

Kibei — 39 14.4%

Non-Kibei — 108 40.1% (third lowest in C 3)

Sensei — 31 11.5% (highest no. per block in C 3)

Housing Files — February — Total Population, 284

June 2, " " 257



240  
Block 327  
Census Data  
Superficial Block Study

Sept. 142  
(typed 6/7/43)

Total Population -- 172

50 -- from Santa Anita  
2 -- from Internment  
122 -- from home (includes voluntary evacuees to free zone)

Area from which came

Chula Vista -- 15  
Encanto -- 5  
National City -- 9  
San Diego -- 17  
Visalia -- 50  
Reedley -- 19  
Yettam -- 24

Orosi -- 19  
Goshen -- 1  
Orange Cove -- 6  
Dimuba -- 2  
Woodlake -- 5  
Parlier -- 1  
Exeter -- 1  
Fresno -- 1  
Delano -- 2  
Los Angeles -- 1  
Anaheim -- 1

Occupation:

Agriculture -- 59  
Business -- 8  
Domestic -- 55  
Clerical -- 6  
Trade -- 4  
Minister -- 3  
Students -- 44  
Mis. -- 15

Marital Status:

Male over 21:  
married -- 26 (one under 21)  
divorced -- 2  
widowed -- 4 (all over 50)  
single -- 32  
Under 21  
35

Female over 21

married -- 20 (2 under 21)  
divorced -- 0  
widowed -- 1 (40)  
single -- 6  
Under 21  
29

Religion:

Buddhist -- 103  
Christian -- 44  
4 Christian Scientist  
16 Holiness  
17 Methodist  
1 2th Day Adventist  
Shinto -- 2  
None -- 8



27

Block 327  
Census Data, 2

(Sept, '42)

## Citizenship:

Issei — 61	38.4%	
Nisei		58.5
Kibei — 11 (lowest in camp)		6.9
Non-Kibei — 82		51.6
Sansei — 5	21.5	3.5

February Housing Survey: Population, 228

June 2, Housing Survey: Population, 213



210  
K  
Block 11 study

5  
~~7/6-43~~  
1/23-43

---CTS 7/6-43 C. R. Education, Recreation.

Synthesis of Desires and needs of youth in the block. /

CHILDREN: expressed by youths, and parents.

Supervised playground. Curfew for small children.

After school supervised activities -- toy loan for small and poor children.

Young People: Evening recreation facility to know each other,

Group activity other than dancing.

Social hygiene lectures for young.

Organized clubs to keep youths from "wolfing. handicraft, table manners, home training, etc.

Need more censored films -- fear influence on adolescents.

For ~~block~~ everyone:

More home study. Study room.

School called progressive but not progressing.

Ping-pong table.

One large main playground to stimulate inter-block contests and teams.

Comment: Mothers and children (interviewable) were asked basic needs and questions regarding/wants for the future program.



210  
Blk Sty 11

5/16-43

FBI

Int'd ~~4~~ CTS

6Y - age 57 male

6Y was interviewed at his apartment which he shares with Rev. K. Inquired about the FBI investigation and told of the great concern of the people of the block 6Y was very frank in discussing the FBI visit.

"There were two officers, one FBI and the other Army man, I believe. They were very thorough each questioning what the other missed.

1. They asked me if I wanted to go to Japan. I replied that the last boat left on Oct. 4 and on Oct. 5th I received notice from the US. Immigration office that my visitor's term was up and that I should return to Japan.

2 They asked me if I wanted to see ~~Ameriexxx~~ Japan win. I replied that I had come to America to establish business here, that I felt that the peace of the Pacific must be based on cooperation between America and Japan and ~~xxxx~~ my hope was that an amicable understanding would come before any victory by anyone was gained. I replied that I had about 100 employees. And I had no way of knowing ~~whatx~~ the condition of business since.

3. They asked about my family.-- whether I had made large donations. I replied that I was quite absorbed in my business and had had no time for politics.

4. They asked what I thought was the cause of the strike. I replied that I had been in US. only two years and couldn't understand much the psychology of the whole thing but felt that on <sup>me</sup> hand the Japanese in the center did not understand



Blk sty 11

FBI

Int'd by- CTS.

the Administration and ~~ix~~ on the other hand the Administration did not understand the Japanese.

I spoke through Rev. Mitani. They said that they would be in camp for about two weeks and visit Rev. Mitani again.

5. They asked how much money I had. I replied that I had none and that everything was "kiukiu"

I told them everything as is as I have nothing to hide.  
business  
I was here on a visit and I want to return.

The fact that I do not understand English is a great  
English  
blessing. What could I do without ability.

I believe that they were satisfied of my harmlessness.  
And I donot believe there is any danger of anything, although  
of course you can't tell what the Am. Gov will do next. They  
like to try all kinds of things.



May 26, 1943

Board

(Following dinner this evening, I wandered over to Block 323 with the purpose of interviewing key leaders for the Block Study Survey. It was just my luck to find three leaders - the Block Manager, Akira Date, Councilman, Tom Mukai, and the former Block Manager who is now the Chairman of the Fair Practice Board, Henry Nakaji, who were discussing resettlement and outside newspapers. Upon my arrival I was greeted by the Chairman of the Fair Practice Board with his statement - "Hi, we're having a meeting here - do you want to take minutes?". Naturally he was referring to the Spiral notebook and pen which I was carrying. It probably wasn't a very bad idea to take minutes.

I joined their conversation for about a half hour or three fourth of an hour. Then I started the interview. Each of the three wanted the other person to give the information stating that he knew the block best. After a small argument which lasted for a half minute or so, they all pitched in and spoke - usually gaining assurance from the others by asking the question, "That was like that wasn't it?".

After a fashion, the Chairman of the Fair Practice Board excused himself to go take a shower and go to sleep early in preparation for tomorrow night when he and others are driving to Denver, Colorado in order to take over the situation for resettlement.)

The material gathered from the interview follows:

The block became occupied on August 28, 1942, when 260 some odd people arrived from the Santa Anita Assembly Center to take up residence in Block 323. The original origin of these people were a portion of San Diego known as "Fish Camp", and also other sections of San Diego, Chula Vista, Spring Valley, Nestor and National City - the majority of the residents being from rural districts and consequently farmers. Occupations of other people were fishermen, wholesale market owners and employees and other miscellaneous occupations.

Block 323 is approximately equally represented by Christians and Buddhists, although only several attend church regularly.

Thirteen fathers were interned when the residents first



May 26, 1943 (2)

arrived. Only one internee returned thus leaving twelve families still without fathers in Poston. On May 24, 1943, one family left to join their father at Crystal City, Texas. Thus that leaves eleven families still without fathers in Poston.

There are a number of newlyweds residing in this block - those married just before evacuation and those married after evacuation,---many in Poston. There are a great majority of adults in comparison to children. Many of the young fellows have left the camp for seasonal and indefinite leave. Thus, there is a definite manpower problem and every employable person is employed at present.

The block has had three block managers thus far. The first was Mr. Henry Nakaji. After he was appointed as Chairman of the Fair Practice Board, Mr. Kingo Ouchi succeeded him. Then the third and present manager, Mr. Akira Date, was elected into office in the general election of block managers, held in the end of January. There has been only one assistant block manager, he being Mr. Matsuo Yoshida who was formerly the manager of the Iwata Shop in San Diego which sold Oriental goods and curios. Three girls have taken their turn as secretary, they being Miss Chizuko Fujimoto, Mrs. Nobuko Mukai, and Miss Hatsume Kamiura, who is in the office at present. Mr. Tom Mukai started as custodian to be succeeded by Mr. Matsuhara. The office has always run harmoniously with no disagreement among the staff.

There are two full time Issei gardeners with two part-time high school helpers. All but one of the gardens are block owned.



The only private one is between barracks three and four.

There is one janitress and one janitor to clean the block.

At the present, it is question whether there is a Block Council or not. Many barracks do not have one representative at present. However in the past, the residents of the barracks took turn serving for a month at a time. Meetings have not been held for a long time.

The block has had two councilmen represented in the Temporary Community Council. The first was Mr. Khgo Ouchi who resigned to take over the Block Managership after a couple of months. Then Mr. Tom Mukai became the new councilman.

This block did not hold an election for the permanent self-government simply because there was none to hold. At the block nominating meetings, there was a poor turn out and four persons were nominated. These nominees did not know they were even running until the next morning. One resigned, saying that he was having the center soon. Another was a double no person so he could not run. The third said he wouldn't run if the others wouldn't run so he never. The fourth said he wouldn't run for some reason or another and didn't. Thus the incumbent councilman was asked to serve again and he is as pro-temp. This poor showing was shown although the block passed the constitution 47-7.

All block meetings are poorly represented. Hardly any niseis attend and thus if is a meeting of isseis. A turnout of at least one representative from each family is good but not even that much turn out. The spirit of the block is under average.



May 26, 1943 (4)

At present there are forty persons on the mess hall staff. However word has been received to cut four from the staff as the population had greatly diminished--now being only 227 with others preparing to leave. According to these men, the kitchen is running along smoothly. The first chef was George Ubayashi and now Mr. Manjiro Murakami is chef. Miss Sumi Miyamoto is head waitress and Mr. Sanroku Kawasaki is storekeeper. There is just one outsider working in the kitchen--he as cook or kitchen help.

There were fifteen Camouflage workers. All but three of them has left camp. Among the distribution of workers in other departments which may have saved a great disaster.

The block is not particularly pretty and they say that Blocks 330, 329, 322 have them beat. Starting by saying their block was the best, they end up by saying it's kind of sad. There has been not over crowdedness in this block. There are not as many lawns, flowers and shades as there are in other blocks.

The residents do not run around in large cliques and no one clique exert much influence in the block itself. There are some fellows who run around with the so-called San Diego bunch.

Mr. Henry Nakasagi is the most outstanding leader from this block. He has been Chairman of the Fair Practice Board and member of the Merit Rating Board.



May 27, 1943

There has been quite a lot of trouble in the kitchen which can be boiled down to two elements. One of them is an issei woman whose husband recently returned from an internment camp. At one time, she nagged so much that all of the nisei waitresses quit and went to work at the 310 kitchen. After this lady's husband returned, she quit working and so all of the girls returned, to their former kitchen. However, after a week, the issei lady returned to work. Now the question is, what is going to happen? "If trouble could raise the roof, that mess hall roof would be sky high." Mr. Akira Date is regarded as a very good block manager. He is very conscientious and really works hard. Mr. Yoshida is also a hard working man. He has lost weight working as assistant but he runs around and really works hard.

One man was an issei advisor but he quit because he claimed it did nothing but talk and did not like the idea of serving only in an advisory capacity.



~~2211~~  
Interview with Mr. Ozawa by EC

History of Block 306

The interview was held in the morning. First I saw Mrs. Celia Takemoto and asked her whom I should see in the block. First she suggested Mr. Sakamoto, ex-block manager supervisor, as someone who had been in the block from the beginning and someone who could know a good deal about it. EC asked about the present block manager. She said this was Mr. Hayakawa who would probably know, but EC would most likely have a good deal of difficulty talking to him since he is an issei and his English is not good. She thought for a few more seconds and then suggested Tom Tanaka, their new councilman. She took me over to his place probably barracks 4, called "Tom, Tom!" But no answer. Just then the Burges came along to see her for a moment and we went back to her place. When they left, we went back to the Tanaka apartment. This time a young woman and a little girl came to the door. CT asked, "Is Tom here?" The woman explained that he had gone with the other council people down to the river on a weiner bake. This is a get together for the new council. Beside the house, a small puppy was tied. We both admired it -- the woman said that it came from camp 2.

As we walked away, Mrs. Takemoto said, "Now, I wonder who else you could see?" EC asked where Mr. Sakamoto lives. CT ignored that question and said, "Oh, Mr. Masuda would be a good one to see." And we went over there, but nobody was home there either. To go there we had crossed the center of the block, where a number of men were sitting under the ramada, some lying down on the benches there and others sitting quietly talking.

Then Mrs. T. thought of Mr. Ozawa and said he would be a very



5/29/45

good person to see for this, he is very intelligent and can speak English. <sup>He was their first Sci. advisor</sup> We went over there and found him in front of his house working on his garden.

As we had been walking along -- EC had explained that part of our work is to write a history of the development of Poston -- Mrs. Takemoto said, "You and Mr. Burge must have a lot in common and have very interesting talks. He likes to know just what's going on too. Do you know how he is going to settle the thing that was in the paper yesterday?" (Think she may mean either the block manager affair or the Industry investigation -- the former more probable) EC laughs and says that it is interesting all right, but as far as we are concerned we usually hear things after everyone else in camp knows about them. CT laughs too and says she imagines that is so. She speaks of going out, saying that she is going through her things trying to decide what to keep and what to throw away -- someone you collect things and she hates to throw away things like letters. She is glad to go out though in a way she hates leaving Poston but now her sisters and friends have gone. The thing she will miss most will be the Burges. "They are wonderful people." She had a letter the other day from her husband telling her to come as soon as possible. She had to go out and when she came back her little boy (about 9) had already started the job of dismantling their place -- had gotten some of the shelves down and said he had his things packed so they could go right away.

At Mr. Ozawa's place, Mr. Ozawa is working with a shovel digging a small place in his front yard. He has already built a shade with small branches, and over part of it morning glory vines climb. Another type of vine -- looks rather like a squash leaf -- is starting up the trellis. On the right side of the yard are



tamarisk shoots green and shading the yard. A stump of cotton wood has been transplanted and is sending off a green branch or so. A Chinese elm near the road is too small to give any shade but adds to the green around the place. Closer to the house are a few small clumps of petunias, but otherwise there are no flowers save for the morning glories overhead. To the left a hose is running into large wooden buckets which are overflowing and the water is trickling along the ground.

Inside the house, a boy is hammering away on something. From the glance inside the door they seem to be fixing over the inside. A girl about 14 comes out and goes off around the corner of the house. The boy stays there working away but within earshot all during the time I am there. At one time, a car drives up, about five young men get out and go around the corner to some other part of the block and then come back and drive off. Otherwise nobody comes around.

Mr. Ozawa is dressed in blue overalls and shirt. He is fairly tall for an issei, has grizzled hair. His face is long, with few wrinkles. As we talked, I learn that he came to this country 35 years ago from Japan. "Before you were born, I'm more American than you are." He came to San Francisco first and lived there about six years. After that he was in Los Angeles. He worked for a "soda pop" company-- was an advisor for a friend of his who ran the company. He has not been a farmer. Mrs. Takemoto explains as we sit there that his English, which he apologizes for although it is very good as to vocabulary and grammar though the pronunciation is strange mixing l with r frequently and other distortions -- is self-learned. He listened to radio commentators and broadcasts trying to improve it, and has also read a good deal. She says that he is very intelligent and that Mr. Burge thinks a lot of him and his advise -- EC must be sure and tell him that she has talked with



Mr. Ozawa.

When we come up, Mrs. Takemoto introduces EC and explains what we wish -- this in Japanese. Mr. Ozawa calls to the boy to bring chairs from the house and we sit there on the porch in the cool breeze while he leans on his shovel. His first response is that he wouldn't know much because he doesn't go around and mix with people but stays about his own home all the time. So he wouldn't be aware of much that is going on in the block. Mrs. T. laughs and says that he really knows quite a bit and suggests that perhaps specific questions would enable him to remember more. He agrees that that would be a good idea -- he could answer about that.

EC says that we are interested in the history of this block-- we don't know too much about it. Suggests that we might start by talking about the block council -- when that was started. Mr. Ozawa says that they do have a block council here for 306. It was organized about 2 months ago. It is supposed to help the block manager -- when important questions come up and there is not time to call a block meeting then he gets together with this block council and they talk the matter over and they help him to decide the question. These are questions that involve the interest of the whole block. There are five people on this council -- elected by the block meeting. The people do not represent the barracks but the block as a whole. When questions come up that are too big for the council, then they have a block meeting of the whole block and everyone is supposed to go. These block meetings are attended by about 30 people. Before they got this system, they had representatives from each apartment for a block council, but this didn't seem to work. It was too big a body, so they chose this small five person council to advise the block manager. That way it can get together easier and it works better because there are fewer people.



5/29/45

EC says she thought most of the blocks had the other system of a representative from each barracks. He says he doesn't think the other blocks have the five man council, but he doesn't know much about what they have. This is a fairly recent thing in their own block.

This block filled up the 4th of August. (This was when it was filled to 283. On the third of August there were 205 people in the block already.) Most of the people were farmers before and come from rural areas. Most of them from Tulare county, -- the county seat is Visalia. He, and Mr. Takemoto (they smile at each other) and a few others are the only city people in the block. He thinks that the farming people have been able to adjust to life here easier than the city people and have done more for the appearance of the blocks. He notices that they know how to go about improving their places while the city people never did that. The country people lived in their own places and weren't hired by any body and were used to going ahead and taking care of their own place while the city people were just renting and somebody else did the work around. EC laughs and says that that's probably true but he is doing a good job on his home here. He says that he doesn't really know much about it, but that the block gardeners and other people come around and tell him what he should do and give him a little help with it now and then.

Right now of course a good many of the young people are going out. He thinks that it is mostly the young unmarried people that are going, though here in this block a good many couples and families seem to be going out. He doesn't think that seasonal leave is taking most of them -- many seem to be going out on indefinite leave except for some young fellows who are going out to work on farms.



EC asks about the Block Manager — how many they have had. At first he misunderstands the question and explains that there are 15 blocks in camp and each block has a block manager. EC asks then if they have had the same block manager all the way through. Mr. Ozawa says that their first block manager was Mr. Sakamoto, who became the block manager supervisor after a couple of months. Then they had another man who went out and after him the new block manager that they got also went out. "Now we have a new one who is the first generation." He says this very proudly. Notice that all during the interview, he never uses the words "issei" and "nisei" but always first and second generation. He says that the present block manager (Mr. Hayakawa) was block manager assistant before and knew the work thoroughly so he has no difficulty with the work now that he is block manager. They don't think he will be apt to go out because he is "first generation." EC asks about assistant block manager — and he says that he thinks that that will be done away with throughout the camp. Now the block manager does not have so much to do because the camp is settled and not so many things are coming up. Therefore there is really no need for an assistant to the block manager and he doesn't think they will have one. There is also the manpower shortage that makes it hard to get men for that position. This block is having a shortage also, partly because so many people have gone out in the last few months.

In the mess hall, they have had the same chef and assistant chef from the time the block opened. There has been very little turn over in the kitchen here. The chef and his assistant "are first generation". When EC asks if they had been professional cooks before, Mr. O. smiles and hesitates second, then says, "That is something I really don't know. I couldn't tell you." They have, the kitchen staff, one day off a week, and in addition the whole force is given two free



days a month. Then volunteers from the block come in and take over the kitchen for those days.

Their first councilman was Kelly Yamada. He was councilman until about a month ago when he went out on indefinite leave. Then they had another man, and now they have just had the new election. Their councilman is a nissei, Tom Tanaka. EC asks how they were nominated. He says they were nominated at a block meeting. When asked how many showed up at this particular meeting, he laughs and says that nobody in this block is interested in such things. Nobody cares who is elected. There were four candidates from the block, but none of them wanted to be elected and went around trying to get people to vote for someone else. So finally they just voted Tanaka in. EC asks ~~if they~~ why this lack of interest in the council -- he shakes his head and says he couldn't say. When he is asked if there are any political parties yet in the camp, he laughs again and says, "No. No cliques or factions." (EC feels like patting him on the back and saying one up for you.) EC comments on the few issei who ran or were elected from Camp 5. He says he thinks that the reason for that was that too few can speak good English -- they don't know how to get up and speak in the council in English and they thought it should be English speaking people taking that position. (Definitely gives the impression that the Council is of little interest to anyone here)

EC asks about what occupations the people of the block are in the camp. He says that he doesn't know much about that -- just what the different ones do. EC asks about the camouflage then. He and Mrs. Takemoto both say that they had a large number in camouflage -- they think 306 had more working there than any other block. That was one of the reasons they had manpower difficulties in the block.



EC asks if the volunteering was heavy enough from the block so that added to the manpower shortage. He shakes his head and says that there were no volunteers from 306. EC must have looked surprised, because both he and Mrs. T. quickly start talking as though this is a tender point in the block, saying that many of the families already had sons in the army before they came in here and that one man from the block volunteered for Camp Savage some time before the regular volunteering was opened to them. Mr. O. says that a good many people in the block here have been visited by their soldier sons. Almost every week there seems to be someone in uniform around. They offer no other explanation for the lack of volunteers in this block, and EC does not press for any.

When asked for any special events in the history of the block, Mr. O. says he can't think of any. They have had no fires and he doesn't know much about any parties. EC asks if they have had any weddings. Mrs. Takemoto says there have been four, three of them to people in other blocks and one within the block. EC asks about mixing with people in other blocks -- if they have parties or meetings with them. Mr. O. doesn't answer for a moment, and Mrs. Takemoto says that she thinks almost everything is right within their own block. "They don't seem to want to mix with other blocks," Mr. O. agrees that this is true, that the block sticks together that way instead of mixing in with the other people.

EC asks who he thinks are the leaders in the block -- who gets the ideas for instance for block improvements here. He says he couldn't say for that -- Mrs. Takemoto makes no move to answer either. EC asks then who got the idea for the ramada she noticed in the middle of the block. He says that was just the result of their standing around talking -- it came out of just the general conversation in the block.



That was last fall — he thinks around September. Everyone worked on it and got it up. It wasn't the job of the block carpenters, but of everyone. They were the first block in camp to have a shade. Mrs. T. laughs and says that now they go around and the other blocks have much nicer shades, while theirs doesn't look so good anymore. Then she asks to be excused, saying she must leave.

EC tells Mr. O. about the block survey made last fall that showed Block 306 out ahead on block improvements. He says he thinks one of the reasons why these blocks were farther ahead is because they came right from home rather than through the assembly centers. They were able to bring all sorts of things from home, even garden tools. They came in here with truck loads of stuff, while the people who went to Santa Anita could just take what they could carry. So they were way ahead when it came to fixing up their blocks. Also of course they were country people.

We talk a few generalities, then EC asks what he thinks the most important thing that has happened to the block. He thinks for several moments and then shakes his head, saying that everything has been much on the same level without any outstanding event. Life here has been very monotonous and little to separate one day from another. When asked what was the best period in the life of the block, however, he says after thinking a moment that he thinks it was back in October and November because the food was pretty good then. When the people came into the camp, they expected to be given bad food and be treated anyway — they didn't know what was going to happen to them. And when they first got here in August, the food wasn't good — there wasn't enough and what there was wasn't very good. But in October and November it got pretty good, and everybody was satisfied. Because living like this in the camp, all people think about is their stomachs. They don't think about



mental and spiritual satisfactions but just about physical. Therefore when the food is good, they are happy. So he would say that that was the best period in the life of the camp. Of course, then he qualifies, there are a few people who are still interested in mental and spiritual things, but he is talking about the people here as a whole.

Soon after this, EC leaves.

On the way across the block, pass the Masuda house. Mrs. Masuda and another, older woman, are in the sideyard about to plant some flower plants which they have brought out. Apparently these come from the nursery since they are growing in milk containers. Another woman is coming over to join them. Further on a woman is standing in the doorway talking to another who holds a flower plant in one of the containers. In this yard, some huge scarlet gladiolas are blooming and the two women are standing there admiring that.



May 29, 1943

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(The material for this study was gathered from an interview with the block secretary, B. Oki, custodian, and Block Manager. Personal observations have been used to some extent.)

On August 8, 1942, Block 326 was filled with people from Ivanhoe, Visalia, Woodlake, Orange Cove, Orosi, Reedley, Dinuba, Delano, Cutler, and evacuees who came to the previously mentioned towns from San Fernando, Sacramento, Salinas, Los Angeles, Oakland, San Francisco. The larger portion of the people from Central California had been farmers or laborers. There were a few storekeepers, domestics, cafe owners and one person who had owned a laundry. Those from the large cities in the south and north were owners of art and silk shops, nursery, produce markets; gardeners, a dentist, and two registered nurses, beauticians, etc., were also from those vicinities. The highest population figure was 276 on August 10, 1942, but which had dwindled down to 227 on May 28, 1943. Four marriages have taken place, and five babies were born during the past nine months. It was the opinion of the Custodian that this block has the largest number of nisei couples. According to a recent survey it was shown that this block has the largest group of children under the age of eleven, the total being sixty. There is no one from an assembly center. At present only one person is interned at Louisiana, but word has come that he is to be released soon. One other person had been interned at New Mexico, but he returned sometime in September. The majority of the young people are Christians; no one seem to know the older peoples ration on this matter. There seems to be about 68 issei, 25 sansei and about 131 nisei.

The two chefs of this kitchen began working on the day following their arrival in Poston and are still in their same positions. The waitresses and dishwashers work on a one-shift plan while the chefs and their helpers work on two shifts. However, a plan has been worked out so that the waitresses will



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be able to have at least one day off each week. The chef is K. Kimura and the head of the other crew is G. Misono. Both had been employed in a wealthy Caucasian home for a long number of years prior to evacuation. The head waiter is Frank Ogata while the storekeeper is Jack Oki. The remaining personnel has undergone quite a number of changes. At times the lack of waitresses was quite acute. People were asked to volunteer to fill the vacancies, but as most of the eligible people are already employed, there is rarely any volunteering. Now they have resorted to a plan of having a committee draft the needed amount of workers. In some instances, women who have been working outside the block, in adobe for example, were asked to give up their jobs. In most cases they have complied. There has been the usual amount of petty troubles in the kitchen. The crew has often threatened to strike but have never gone to that extreme.

With the exception of the block garden all the other other gardens are privately owned and taken care of. The three gardeners take care of the harvesting of the crops from the block garden, also the flower beds around the laundry room and the women and men's latrines. The elm trees are supposed to be looked after by them too.

There are no formal clubs in this block. A large number of the young people are kibeis. There are many married people who are in their late twenties or early thirties. The differences between the nisei, kibei and the married young people are too marked to have one organization. To date only one party has been given by the young people; it was felt that this party was not too successful. As there were not enough boys to form a softball team, blocks 326 and 327 had a combined team. The Fujin Kai has been progressing rather smoothly with various meetings, parties, volunteer work in the kitchen, and making paper flowers.



The first Block Manager was Koye Watanabe. The secretary's opinion of him was that he was "superb", and that the block had lost a good man. On March 16 he resigned as block manager and became an Assistant Block Managers' Supervisor. On May 6 he left for seasonal employment. He was succeeded by Mr. S. Shirasawa, who had formerly been the Issei Advisor for the block. The secretary said he was alright but he served more for the community than for the block. There is some talk that Mr. Shirasawa might be the next Supervisor of Block Managers. Hank Furubayashi was the assistant block manager. He resigned after the trouble at Mess Hall 324 came up. His brother was supposed to have been involved in the burglary. The excuse he gave was illness, however. Mr. Tom Takahashi, an issei, then became the assistant block manager. The secretary, B.J. Oki, and the custodian, George Katahira, have remained in their position since the opening of the block.

Kay Hanada was the first councilman for the block. He was succeeded by Sus Takao who had volunteered for the combat unit in the meantime. He resigned because he thought he would be leaving shortly. K. Fujinaka then became councilman. In the recent election Kay Hanada won the position over his opponents, K. Fujinaka, B. Yamaguchi, H. Shirasawa, T. Matsumoto.

Block 326 has produced quite a number of community leaders. The block manager, Mr. Shirasawa, has taken a prominent part in the community as a <sup>past</sup> member of the Issei Advisory Board, the Merit Rating Board and the Judicial Commission. He was formerly chairman of the Adult Education Department where he did much work in furthering the idea of having cooperatives in Poston III. He was also on the staff of Japanese section of the Poston Chronicle. Mr. Kay Hanada is the head of the Poston III Legal Department and also legal advisor to the Community Council. Mr. Jyutaro Shiota, head timekeeper of Unit III, is a recent addition to the Merit Rating Board. Mr. Ed Takahashi, who is assistant Steward for Poston, was a former member of the Merit Rating Board.



The block council is composed of one family head from each barrack starting from the "A" apartment and rotating through apartment "D". From the smaller apartments two are chosen. Mass meetings are called at least once or twice a month; all minutes of these minutes are kept. The same people seem to take part in the discussion at these meetings--the chief, assistant block manager, the two block treasurers in an effort to keep expenses down, two other outspoken men, and one woman who is a sister-in-law of the block manager.

Special events which have taken place are a dinner for the volunteers, dinner in celebration of the completion of the ramada, a Mother's Day party sponsored by the girls of the block, a Christmas party for the children, monthly birthday parties for the children, sometimes combined with special holidays as Easter, Valentine day, etc. The marriage of the block secretary was the occasion for a big reception to which the greater part of the residents were invited. So far, no deaths have occurred.

The 326 Recreation Hall is used by the Judo classes and no block affairs are held there. The block ramada is said to be "the best" and is held as an example of how a ramada should be built. Mr. Evans complimented it as one of the best. In comparison with blocks 325 or 316 there isn't such a profusion of greenery although almost each apartment has some greenery around it.

The strongest cliques in this block seem to be among family groups. There are two strong cliques of this type though with the gaining popularity of re-relocation the family groups are breaking up rapidly. There are a large number of kibeis who are interested in the field of entertainment such as



shibai, playing of musical instruments, singing, etc.; this group comes together through their mutual interests. The Christian element is very strong among the young people, and they gather informally at least once a week after an evening service for a time of fellowship, refreshments, and a devotional. The men who work in industries and their families spend much time together. The members of the kitchen crew tend to band together although the dishwashers and the cooks and their helpers are in two separate groups. The bachelors sit together in the mess halls and can be seen conversing among themselves under the ramada in the evenings. The young nisei married couple are in a separate group from the kibei married couple usually because of language barrier.

Block 326 has been very friendly towards other blocks. In many instances food, tools, utensils, etc., have been loaned to blocks, 316, 325, 327, which are composed of people from the same vicinity. It was the block manager's opinion that the people in the block are very level-headed and that there are no agitators here. He also stated that there is a very strong feeling of this block being a "home" and that the residents would rather stay in the block than to go visiting in the nearby blocks although old-time friends from the same home towns are living there. There has been no trouble with other blocks either individually or collectively.



27 SUPERFICIAL BLOCK STUDY  
INTERVIEW WITH SAKAYE INOUE--ku  
BLOCK 318

May 29, 1943

(This interview took place in the Block 318 ironing room where Miss Inoue, who is the block secretary, was ironing. During the interview three other girls who were in the room also volunteered some information.)

Block 318 is composed mostly of people from the vicinity of Reedley, Orange Cove, Visalia, Sanger, and those who evacuated to the afore-mentioned towns from Long Beach, San Jose, and Gardena. Previous to evacuation, this group of 287 who entered Poston III on August 6, 1942, had been making their livelihood as farmers, laborers, nursery men, poultrymen and as store keepers. Almost 95% of the residents are Buddhists while the remaining 5% are Christians. No one in this block had been in an assembly center, and only one person is interned at present. However, there is some talk that this man will be released in the near future.

At first the kitchen was run entirely by the young people. However, they seemed to have "gotten tired" of their job and quit. At that Tom Matoi and Ben Koga were the chefs. Mr. Yamashita was the only issei on the staff; he is on the present staff, too. Of that former group only four remained and are working under Mr. T. Ogino, chef; Mary Shimozone, head waitress; Masao Otani, storekeeper, Sunny Kitahata and May Kawahara, dieticians. All the waitresses are older issei women. When the younger crew were in the kitchen it was quite convenient to ask permission to go in the evenings and bake cake, etc., for special occasions. Now even the dieticians have difficulty getting certain ingredients. One of the girls remarked that the present chef "is nervous and is a crank."

The chief attraction in this block is its garden which was completed a few weeks ago. Complete with bridge, pond with some fish swimming in it, flowers and cacti growing, some trees, and a birdhouse, the entire work was



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accomplished through volunteer labor under the direction of Mr. Inouye who has been supervising the landscape work around the school block. This block project has gained the title of the "most attractive garden in Camp III", and many visitors, both Japanese and Caucasian, have come to see it. The general upkeep of this garden as well as the block victory garden is taken care of by the three block gardeners.

Clubs of all types--social, athletic, service--seem to abound in Block 318. Among the girls' clubs are the Sigma Debs, composed of girls from Reedley whose average age is 19; Postonettes, a group of younger girls about 15 years of age and whose chief interest is sports. The boys service clubs include the Sigma Xi which composed entirely of Reedley boys with the exception of two boys from Long Beach; the Block R club is composed of younger Reedley boys around the age of 17. This block also had its own basketball league which terminated in April after the regular camp-wide league had ended. The four teams which participated were the Pachukes, Poop-outs, Lopez and Zombis. The younger boys around the ages of 10 and 12 are banded together and are known as the Midgets. As in other blocks the mothers are in the Fujin Kai and help in their own kitchen on various occasions, take turns in the special kitchen at 324 and make paper flowers as the needs arise. There seems to be ardent fishermen in this block and this group is more or less known as the "Fishing Club." The members go together to the river at least once a week.

The block manager's staff has undergone some change. Formerly the Block Manager was Terashi Ibara. After his resignation the assistant block manager was promoted to managership. He is Ben T. Nakagawa, who is an issei but who speaks English. The secretary seemed to think highly of him and said



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he always took a middle course. She also said that although it was not supposed to be let out that he was going to Colorado in the near future. Later I found out that the block was planning to put the former block manager back into this position.

The Block Council which meets about once a month is composed of one representative from each barrack. Some barracks alternate their representatives, but most of them send the same representatives each time. Discussion of matters concerning the block are taken up, but minutes are not kept.

Special events sponsored by the block includes farewell parties, a Mother's Day party, club initiations and installations. One event in which the entire block participated was the dedication of the bridge. At this time the oldest couple in the block was given the honor of crossing the bridge for the first time since completion of the garden. On the whole an average of two farewell parties a month has been given. Parties are given for incoming visitors and outgoing block residents.

The attitude of Block 318 towards other blocks has been "very good" and there has been hardly any trouble." In fact this block is "superior" was one girl's comment.

Poston III's Sewing Department has its headquarters in this block's Recreation Hall, although a part of the barrack is partitioned off for a block club room. The Sewing Department has both day and evening classes which are well attended by women from all three Rokus.

Various cliques are observable according to religion, previous locality, age, employment, etc. Almost 95% of the residents are Buddhists and thus are in one group. According to previous locality the Reedley people have a tendency to band together. However the young people from Gardena, Long Beach and



Arroyo Grande seem to have found a place in the Reedley group. The least assimilated are the San Jose people. The different age groups "stick pretty close together" as they have their respective clubs. On the whole the kitchen crew has a tendency to remain in their own group. The Isseis who "run the block and who are in on everything" seems to be an ther clique.



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(About 1:00 p.m. I entered the 325 Block Manager's office, which was occupied by the block manager, secretary, and one other person who was taking a nap. I explained the purpose of my visit to the secretary who in turn spoke to the block manager. He offered to give me the information but seemed very cautious. He talked in very general terms and answered only what was asked. He occasionally asked the secretary some questions, but she seemed more interested in reading a magazine. Later Harley Mimura, former member of the staff gave me more data on cliques, attitude of the people, etc.)

On August 8, 1942, Block 325 was filled to near capacity with a total of 293 evacuees from Reedley, Dinuba, Ivanhoe, Woodlake, Visalia, and San Luis Obispo. The majority had previously been engaged in farming, especially those from Central California. A few had been store-keepers and owners of produce markets. Those from San Luis Obispo had been farmers too prior to their evacuation to Central California. Almost 60% of the block residents are Buddhists with the remaining proportion being Christians. At present three men are interned. It is not know whether they are to be released or not. All three families are planning to join their fathers at Crystal City, Texas, if possible. One family has been in an assembly center but only for a short time of ten days. The present Block Manager, George Ikuta, and his family had gone to the Fresno Assembly Center from Reedley where they had remained after the other Japanese had been evacuated. His wife's illness was the reason they had been allowed to stay in Reedley; they were the last Japanese to be evacuated from that area.

According to the Block Manager very few changes had taken place in the kitchen, and there had not been too much trouble. An issei, Mr. Kurokawa, was the first chef, but after a short time he resigned because of ill health. He was succeeded by Frank Shimohara who is the present chef. Others on his staff include George Nakahara, head waiter, and Minoru Sakamoto, storekeeper. All in all, about 32 or 35 are on the kitchen staff. A resident of the block



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said there had been the usual amount of discussion over matters pertaining to manpower in the kitchen. There has not been too much of a turnover in the personnel. People are not usually released from their jobs merely because they desire to take a position in some other department. In case a person is leaving for outside employment the kitchen has no other recourse than to give that person his release. One subject which caused much discussion was that of giving the kitchen crew a day off. The block had decided that once a month the staff were to be given a holiday, and volunteers from the block would take their places. At first there was some argument as to whether the waitresses should be included because they only worked a short time as compared to the cooks. However, the kitchen crew declared that they were like a big family and it wasn't fair for only a few to take a day off. Thus, the whole crew were to be given a one day rest. Later, a notice was issued that the kitchen staff were not supposed to take a day off like that. The block decided however to disregard this ruling.

About 35,000 square feet of vegetables are now growing in this block. A May 21, 1943, report shows that the following amount of vegetables were produced:

15	crates	lettuce	10	crates	broccoli
8	"	green onion	20	"	beets
10	"	carrots	10	"	mustard
40	"	spinach	15	"	daikon
20	"	nappa	40	"	cabbage
6	"	red raddish			

The Unit III nursery was formerly located in this block and was under the supervision of Mr. T. Yamamoto. The nursery has now been moved to the lath house near block 305.

The young people of the block are organized into a senior club. There is



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also a boys club; married young men are excluded from this organization. One person said he was told the boys refused to have the married men in their club because the older men had a tendency to run the club. The mothers of the block have their Fujin Kai; their activities are making flowers for various occasion and helping where needed.

Norman Sakamoto was the first Block Manager of this block. Shig Uota was originally assistant block manager, but on his resignation George Tsuchiya was appointed to that office. Tsutae Ryono has been secretary from the beginning and Shig Sakai, the custodian. During the last block manager's election George Ikuta was elected. He had evidently been well known as a capable leader in Reedley, so he was elected without any hesitation. The rest of the staff remained in their positions.

The initial block councilman was Roy Kunitake. He was succeeded by Shig Uota. When the election of a permanent councilman came, Mr. Uota refused to run saying that he had been promoted in the Agriculture Department and with the increased amount of work would not have time to attend the meetings. Candidates at the recent election included Mr. Hamamoto, who was ineligible because he had put a "double no" on his registration papers. The other candidate was Harley Mimura, who is chairman of the Adult Education Department. As he did not want to become a councilman, on the day previous to election day, he secured the required number of signatures to a petition and thus nominated Frank Doi. He also put up many posters urging the election of Mr. Doi. The result of the election was that Frank Doi became the new councilman. The Issei Advisor, of the block is Mr. Ben Doi, brother of Frank Doi. He seems to take full charge of the block events. He is chairman at various meetings. As he does not speak very much English, he is handicapped in this respect at those meetings where English is spoken.



Mr. Kagiwada who is an insurance counselor for Poston III is prominent in community activities. He was chairman of the Poston III Judicial Commission until his recent resignation. He plays a part in the Parents-Teachers Association being a chairman at some of the meetings and acting as an interpreter at other meetings. As well as being a block representative, he is Poston III's representative for the Red Cross. He has been asked to run for many block offices but has refused saying that he has too many other duties to fulfill.

The block has sponsored a number of socials, among which was the farewell party for the volunteers of whom two left during the first induction. There has been three weddings in the block.

The block manager stated that cliques were apparent at first but are not so definite now. However, according to a resident who had been in the block from the very beginning he believes that the cliques are still functioning. The kitchen crew which has many fishing enthusiasts among its number are one clique and go to the river as a group. This interest in fishing is said to have kept the crew together and is said to account for the lack of turn-overs in the personnel. There are also some boys clubs which are formed primarily for competitive sports, such as basketball and softball. There is one strong family clan. This group is very close-knit and by uniting in their purposes manifests power during elections, etc. The block manager's wife belongs to this family group. Another clique is composed of poker and penochle players composed of men in their twenties and thirties.

This block seems to have a definite dislike toward blocks in Roku III whose residents came from the Santa Anita Assembly Center. Although individuals have contact with those people, as a group there is a tendency to



avoid them. The specific example given of this was the attitude of the athletic teams. This year the block softball team decided to not join the camp league in order to avoid playing against the Roku III teams. They say that those teams "play dirty" and they'd rather not play against them. The block's relation with those in Roku I and Roku II seems to be alright; in fact, they are on very friendly relations with them. Soon after the block was filled, there was a strained relation with the Maintenance Department. This was caused by the Steward refusing to allow the Maintenance men to eat in that kitchen. This even happened at the time most kitchens were beginning to set aside their supplies because there was some talk that if the Allies should suffer too great a set-back food might not be sent in to us. Transportation problems also entered in to this hoarding business. The Steward used this as an excuse and said there would not be enough food to go around if the men ate in the 325 mess hall.

The Block 325 Recreation Hall is used as the Poston III library. On the southside of the mess hall a pond was made. At one time it was filled with water, but soot from the mess hall chimneys seemed to cover the surface of the water and made it very unattractive. Besides the block gardens, there are many individual gardens with vegetables and flowers. There is also a ramada in this block.



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(After I left Block 328, I went to Block 322. When I entered the office, Mr. Karasawa, the Manager and Mr. Dave Arata, the assistant block manager were there. I explained my purpose to Mr. Karasawa, an issei. He appeared cautious at first and wanted to know "what for?". I gave him the same line as I gave the manager at 328, and he appeared satisfied. He was very cooperative and took pains to give me precise information searching into his files. Occasionally Dave would put in a comment or two every so often. Later, the secretary arrived and helped the manager look for data. As the interview progressed, the manager began to smile more. As the interview drew to a close, the mail came in. I left saying "Thank you, I appreciated this very much", above the hub-hub the manager replied "you bet" --- and thus I left.)

On August 28, 1942, the last of the Santa Anitans arrived to fill in this block, all in all, there were 287 residents.

Prior to entering Santa Anita, these people lived in San Diego, Chula Vista, Mission Valley, National City, Coronado, Otay, and Encanto. Majority of them are from San Diego being engaged in restaurants, markets, fishing and hotels. Others are from the country where they were farmers.

"There are more Christians than Buddhists, although they don't attend church", said Dave. However, Mr. Karasawa said that there were about a equal number of Christians and Buddhists.

Originally there were 199 people over 16 years old. The rest, 88, were below sixteen. There were 71 isseis originally.



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Since then, three have left and one had passed away. Two more are leaving today. With 71 isseis originally, there were 216 nisseis and sanseis.

There have been four members of the block who cast out on the highway of matrimony.

Twelve families have interned fathers. One lady left to join her husband on May 24th.

Mr. Sam Fujita was the first Block Manager. After his promotion to assistant Block Manager Supervisor, Mr. Dave Seki undertook the office. When camouflage began, Mr. Seki went to work there and Mr. Karasawa, who had always been assistant block manager, became the Block Manager. Succeeding Mr. Karasawa in the assistant block managership was Mr. George Yoshida. <sup>Then</sup> / Their present assistant, Mr. Dave Arata, undertook the job.

The first secretary was Miss Ruth Yamauchi. She was succeeded by Miss Haruyo Hirai. The last and present secretary is Mrs. Kay Hirai. The first custodian was Mr. Minoru Kushino. He was succeeded by Mr. Woshigima. At present there is no custodian.

All has been running smoothly in the office.

The block gardeners are Messrs. Nobutaro Otsuka, and Frank Yamada, both isseis. The block carpenters are Messrs. Haruo Hata-shita and Hirake Yoshio who succeeded Mr. Tanabe. Two faithfuls, Messrs. Hatsuta Maruya and Frank Hashiguchi have served from the beginning as janitors, these men being isseis.

The kitchen is at present classified as "C" kitchen. There are some forty workers. Mr. Charles Arata is Chef, Mrs. Lucy



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Sumida is head waitress and Mr. George Higuchi is storekeeper. All has run smoothly and there has been no friction. The food is considered as the best in the whole three camps,-----receiving desert every noon and evening. Some of the food has come from the block gardens. The excellency of the food is due to the wonderful cooks they have.

There is no block council now. That dispersed with because no one shoed up. Whenever anything important arises, the Block Manager calls a mass meeting. Thus he says, "Everyone is suppose to come and if they don't and miss out on the important news, that is too bad. It's their fault." The average attendance is from 30 to 40 people. The manager said the spirit was fair but later stated, "Better say good, to make a nice impression. Fair doesn't sound so good."

There has been only one councilman, he being James Takashima. He has served as chairman of the Temporary Community Council. Recently he was elected unanimously to the permanent council. He and Mr. Hideo Higashi were nominated but the latter declined. Mr. Kiyokichi Umezawa has been Issei Advisor.

There is a Fujin Kai now headed by Mrs. Hana Tanabe who succeeded Mrs. Sumiye Taniguchi who left to re-join her husband. This club makes flowers for weddings, funerals, etc.

There is no one complete club within this block, although many are members of clubs which include all San Diegans.

Their ramada is considered best by them. Everyone helped to cut the logs. Then the two carpenters built it themselves.



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It took them approximately two and a half months, perhaps longer. Work was begun in January.

Running down the middle of the block is a wide strip of lawn and flowers. It's very beautiful.

The block had 39 people working in Camouflage. Many have left camp.

To date, among those leaving camp were sixteen on seasonal leave, 3 families to other relocation centers - 2 to Granada and 1 to Arkansas, 4 families to Idaho, and 14 others on indefinite leave. There were 13 volunteers for the United States Army. Eleven were accepted and two rejected. One has already left.

Among the residents who have become community leaders are Jimmie Takashima and Mr. Umezawa.

This block is proudly acclaimed best by the manager and his assistant. The secretary who had recently moved there, considers it much better than her former block. In this block the word "best" is very common.



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K✓ ( At a little before nine o'clock this morning, I went to the Block Manager's office in Block 328. Mr. Yabuta, the manager was out. However, Miss Chiyoko Sakamoto, secretary and Mr. Masaki Tanizaki, custodian, were there. Miss Sakamoto, who has been there from the very beginning was very obliging and most of the information was secured from her. Occasionally, she asked the custodian for some information. Later, the block manager came in and Miss Sakamoto explained my purpose. He was, shall I say, belligerent at first and acted as though I was a secret service person and asked the secretary what kind of information I wanted and why. I stepped in at that point and explained that we were writing the history of Poston and it would not be complete if we didn't have facts about the blocks which make up the community. He then cracked a smile and said in a proud voice, "Ohe - well she (referring to Miss Sakamoto) can tell you all about it". After that he was very nice and gave some information himself. When I left, with a "Thank you", I appreciate this very much"----he smiled and cordially replied, "You're welcome, did you receive all you wanted?". I nodded. Here as elsewhere, they consider their block as the best. The manager spoke with an accent and appeared to be a kibeï.

On August 26, 1942, 230 some odd people arrived on buses from the Santa Anita Assembly Center. These were the volunteers who had filed requests to join their relatives at Poston. They settled in Block 328. From there, some of them transferred to Camp 1 and others stayed. Within two days, other residents from Santa Anita moved into the block, these being former San Diegans.

The volunteers hail from a number of places----Los Angeles, Hollywood, San Pedro, San Jose, San Gabriel and other communities near Los Angeles. Thus this block is composed of people from these localities plus localities near San Diego. Among them were farmers, gardeners, salesmen, hotel operator, restaurant owners and workers.

At present, the residents are working "practically everywhere". There were close to thirty people working in Camouflage. Five of these people have gone out and the others are taking things easy.



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There are more adults than children in this block. Only three families have interned fathers and it is indefinite whether these families will re-join their fathers.

The proportion of Buddhist and Christians in this block are approximately equal as are the citizens and non-citizens.

Three newlyweds have moved into this block to begin life together in the middle of this desert.

The first Block Manager was Willie Funakoshi, who served for one month prior to his departure for Camp 1. Mr. Jack Ota succeeded him. Then Mr. Takeo Yabuta was elected into the office of the election of Block Managers held at the end of January and is holding the job at present. Mr. Jack Ota was the first assistant block manager. After he became block manager, Mr. Art Yuba took over the office only to quit after a while. Next came Mr. Sam Amano. He left and at present, Mr. Keiji Obata is volunteering his services. Miss Chiyoko Sakamoto has been the one and only secretary from the very beginning. There has been six custodians, the first being Mr. Hisao Chiba. He went to the Post Office and Mr. Art Yuba succeeded him. The in order came Messrs. Sam Amano, Tsutomu Ikemura, Masao Oshiki and finally the present one, Mr. Masaki Tanizaki. Everything has been running smoothly in the office with no friction.

The block gardeners are, Messrs. Katsusaburo Hazama, Mr. Sakuji Hirata and Mr. Seki Sakamoto, all isseis. They have planted and tended practically all of the gardens in the block as only a few are private.



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The block carpenters were Messrs. Masao Oshiki, Masaki Tanizaki and Takeo Yabuta at first. They were succeeded by Messrs. Tajiru Ikemura and Shinobu Araki. At present, Mr. Tokuichi Tanizaki, an issei and Mr. Susumu Higashi, an nisei, are serving as block carpenters.

Mr. Aiji Shimizu is janitor and Miss Ruth Monroe is matron. Incidentally, there are two cases of mixed marriages residing in this block. Both cases are Caucasian husbands and Japanese descent wives. The husbands are not residing in camp.

(During the first part of our stay in Poston, there was trouble arising from a situation in the kitchen. Please see file.)

The kitchen is classified as an "E" kitchen. There are 34 or less members of the kitchen personnel. At present, Mr. Shigetaro Ota, is chef, Miss Mieko Kurihara is head waitress and Mr. Takeo Obata is storekeeper. Aside from the incident during the early part of the stay in Poston, the kitchen has been running along smoothly.

The block council has more or less been dispersed with. In its place, a mass meeting is called. There is an interest and lots of people turn out to these meetings.

There is a Fujin Kai in this block with Mrs. Ishimoto as leaders. She is also the PTA councilwoman. They make flowers for the sick who reside in the block as well as for weddings and funerals. A person is leaving for the Tule Lake Center to be married soon. She will be the first in this block to marry.

Mr. Takeo Yabuta was the first councilman to represent this block in the Temporary Community Council. Then Mr. Art Yuba



succeeded him. Mrs. Tei Trokey was elected as councilwoman for the permanent council. She won over two other opponents, Mr. William Hasegawa and Mr. Tanasuke Aino, both isseis by a final vote of 30 to 10 and 5 respectively.

The ramada is not as yet completed. It was started in December. Many plans are on paper but no one works to materialize them.

There was a girls' club known as the Wee Duchesses. However, they have dispersed. Another club is one made up of boys called Lancers. This club is still active and has done much for the block. Among it's activities are cutting cottonwood trees for the ramada, putting tar paper on barrack doors, building a weinie pit, helping in the kitchen as volunteers to give waitresses a day off, acting as supervisors to the children in the block, guiding them in recreation such as - making model airplanes, boxing, etc, partitioning the recreation hall into three rooms and sponsoring many socials for the block. (I have heard many comments about these parties and they have been favorable.) The Lancers also volunteered to help construct the Life Guard Lockout at the river.

The three parts of the recreation hall are used thus: one section by the boys' club, another section by the girls' club and the last section by the "shamishen" class.

There were five volunteers for the U.S. Army. Three were accepted and two rejected. One left in the first group to leave Poston.

There has been three soldiers to visit this block.

Eleven people have left for outside employment, ten for sea-



sonal work and one on indefinite leave to Chicago.

At present, there are 207 residents, the eldest, an issei man being 74 years, and the youngest, a baby girl being approximately a month and a half. Even though the people came from different sections, there is no friction probably due to the feeling of oneness since all came from the Santa Anita Assembly Center.



✓ When evening fell on the hot and dusty day of August 27, 1942, Block 330, located in the southwest corner of Poston III, became the new neighborhood for 276 people who had just arrived that afternoon from the Santa Anita Assembly Center. These people, before going to Santa Anita Assembly Center were from the following communities; all but one in San Diego City and County: San Diego, Pacific Beach, Lemon Grove, Bonita, Nestor, Spring Valley, Mission Valley, Encanto, El Cajon, Palm City, National City, Lincoln Acres, Coronado, Chula Vista and Santa Cruz.

The former occupations of these people were wide and varied. Among them were farmers, nurserymen, fishermen, "Tofu" manufacturer, domestic workers, market and retail store owners and operators, clerical workers, hotel owner and operator, Tea Garden owner and operator, barber, restaurant employees, book salesman, sewing school instructor, students and several others to be classified as doing miscellaneous work. At present the people are involved in many occupations - block officials and employees, kitchen, industry, Employment and Leave, Education - pre-school to high school, Police, warehouse, Library, Health and hospital, tractor crew, Timekeeping, Church secretary, Road construction and research. There were approximately twenty-eight camouflage workers. Fourteen of them have left camp, twelve for seasonal and one for the army and one for indefinite leave to Chicago. Others have found work elsewhere in camp or are taking things easy for a while. Four people moved to Camp 1 to work there.

On October 26, 1943, fifteen additional people arrived from Santa Anita to take up residence in this block. These people, all but one from San Diego and vicinity, were allowed to stay until this late date because of medical excuses. One came as a bride of a person who stayed behind.



Buddhist families outnumber Christian families almost two to one. There are eleven cases where the parents are Buddhist and the children or at least one of the children attend either regularly or irregularly the Christian Church. From this block approximately twenty three fathers were interned. All but nine have returned. One wife left on May 24, 1943 to rejoin her husband. Her two sons plan to follow when school closes for the summer.

At present, there are approximately 92 non-citizens and 150 citizens residing in this block. Many people have left the block. One whole family of six left leaving an vacant apartment. Eight others have left on indefinite leave. Three persons, one girl and two boys, have been married in Poston from this block. One other person left camp to be married and one person is leaving to be married. Another person is rumored to be engaged although there is no confirmation nor denial.

When the block first began, people from other camps were appointed as block officials. The residents of this block wanted one of its own members and many meetings were held to settle the issue with the officials from other camps. The block may have appeared to be very radical but it wanted it their way. Finally the block got its own way and Mr. Moto Ssakawa was appointed Block Manager. However, he resigned in order to go into Community Activities where he was urgently needed. Then Mr. Fred Katsumata was appointed and was made permanent manager at the election held in late January. He served until approximately May 7, 1943 when he resigned to become storekeeper in the kitchen. Mr. Fujimoto, who had been assistant manager all the time took his place. Mr. Frank Fukamizu then became assistant manager. He had been custodian succeeding Mr. Shigenobu Yamenishillast September or October or so when the latter went out on seasonal leave. When Mr. Fukamizu became assistant Block Manager, Mrs. Grace Takeguchi became custodian. However, Mr. Fukamizu quit to go to the warehouse and Mr.



Mr. Osao Himaka became Assistant Block Manager on May 31, Miss Shizu Yamashita was the first secretary. In December when the Maryknoll Catholic Church opened in Camp 3, she resigned to become secretary at the church. Miss Kiyoko Matsumoto then became secretary. When she left for Chicago on April 5, 1943, the position was vacant without anyone available who could fill in the vacancy on a full time basis. Miss Kaz Koba was hired as part-time secretary working in the afternoons after school. Mr. Dick Fuji and Mr. Adachi, both isseis, have been block janitors from the very beginning. The first block carpenters were Mr. Robert Tanabe, an nisei, and Mr. Yano, an issei. At present, the carpenters are Mr. Yano and

The first block gardeners were Mr. Nobuso Kida, Mr. Kiyotaka Kusumoto and Mr. Miyokichi Kido. Since then, Mr. Kusumoto has been replaced by Mr.

It was very evident that the kitchen needed workers immediately after the block became occupied. Consequently, Mr. Ted Yagade took it upon himself to sign people up to work in the kitchen. Thus he became steward. Later, however, trouble arose and he quit. It seemed as though the idle tongues of some of the women in the block disgusted him. Mr. Akiyama succeeded him. He worked for a while then becoming tired of it, he wanted someone to take his place.

When Mr. Joe Yoshioka arrived on October 26, 1942, he became the new steward and Mr. Akiyama transferred to Industry. Mr. T. Koike has been the chef since the beginning. At present, Mr. Koike is chef, Miss Fusae Kida is head waitress and Mr. Fred Katsumata is storekeeper.

Mrs. Kubo, now in Crystal City, Texas with her husband, was the first issei lady to work in the kitchen. She served as waitress. Many others followed suit and now there are many issei ladies working in the kitchen as dish washers, dieticians, and kitchen helpers. Nisei girls are waitresses and issei men are



are cooks. Other nisei and kibe boys serve as kitchenhelpers. There are approximately forty workers in all.

At the beginning, the block council was very active in holding meetings frequently. Recently, however, they meet less frequently. Mass meetings are held. The turnouts are pretty "sad". The Block Manager patiently urges the residents on by persistently ringing the kitchen gong.

The block gardeners have busied themselves by planting vegetables and flowers. Many of the residents have planted private gardens of vegetables and flowers. Also many have planted lawns and constructed fish ponds in order to beautify the block. The residents have benefited by the vegetables grown in the block by private and block enterprises as many had appeared in the kitchen.

There is more or less a Fujin-Kai. Whenever flowers are needed for weddings or funerals or for other special occasions, the ladies are notified and they turn out to make them. The first leader was, Mrs. T. Furuta. She was succeeded by Mrs. Kojima who is the present leader.

The most disastrous event which happened in this block was the closet blaze, which destroyed all of the clothes of the Fujimoto family. The origin of the fire was not determined but it was blamed on carelessness. The fire was extinguished by two firemen who were off duty but not before all the clothes had been destroyed.

Another event which might have been disastrous if successful was an attempted suicide by a bachelor. However, he was discovered and taken to the hospital. Block 330's physical improvement can probably be summed up in this exclamation made by a person who had not visited the block for about a month, "Your block certainly has a lot of greenery now - it really has improved." Besides all the climbing vines growing up, many shades have gone up in an effort to keep the beaming sun from hitting the apartments - thus keeping them cool.

On November 11, 1942, a young people's block club was formed. The main reason



was to keep the children out of mischief. The first event for this club was a weinee bake held at the 330 pit on the 25th of November. However after this bake, the club disintegrated and it does not exist today. For a short time, the boiler room of the laundry was the headquarters for the Eagles Club. Later, they moved out. During their stay, they sponsored one dance, which was held in the dining hall.

Approximately twenty youngsters ranging between the years six and eleven or twelve form a strong mixed clique. Practically every evening following dinner, they would congregate and play games, sing songs and in other ways entertain themselves. They have contributed nothing to the block except lots of noise and thus liven up the block.

Another strong clique was that of most of the fellows in the block ranging from early teens to early twanties. Many of the fellows have left but those remaining still make up the clique. They haven't done anything for the block either. Several fellows from the other San Diego blocks are members of the clique and eat at the 330 dining hall. There is a clique of women who spend their leisure time in idle talk and gossip.

Many of the people are concerned over the possibilities of family camps where they may once again be with their fathers.

There are several men who are very capable as leaders and who were leaders back home. Among them are Messrs. Moto Asakawa, Fred Katsumata, Joe Owashi, O. Kushino and Yamashita. All are active in camp holding positions of leadership in the entire camp as well as in the block.



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Block Survey  
Talk with Mrs. Takemoto  
History of Block 306

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161 Food

Following meeting on recreation, talk with Mrs. Takemoto. Ask her if there is a woman's club group in her block that could help with the recreation program. She says that there is a club, but it is very inactive. They had to be pushed to do anything, and finally she decided that since she lived in the block and had to live there, it would be better if she retired into the background and didn't try to push things and get them started.

Then ask if any boys or girls clubs in the block or groups that might be willing to take a hand in it. She says that there aren't any that just include members of the block. All of them include young people from other blocks and are therefore spread out. She doesn't think they could help.

She says that she thinks one of the reasons why Block 306 does not cooperate and work for block interests is that there are so many people there who evacuated into the free zone and then had to come in here. Therefore they don't get along as well as the San Diego blocks where everyone knew each other before and feel an interest in the blocks activities. They get organized easily and feel an interest in carrying things through for the people. But Block 306 isn't like that — most of them didn't know each other before. Another thing is that the San Diego blocks are more citified while her block is rural and more backwards. Also the San Diego people went through the Assembly Center and she thinks it was a good thing for them. Before they were narrow in their outlook on life, but there they learned how to work together. Her block never had that experience.



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Later on, Mrs. Burge who is present, mentions food and says that in CT's block, 306, sometimes they have a dinner of nothing but boiled noodles. EC asks CT why this happened. Mrs. Takemoto explains that she thinks it is the fault of the cooks. They knew nothing about cooking before taking the job and worked on the assumption that anybody could cook. To them it is just another job, and since most of them were farming people who were used to just grabbing anything they could get, the food seems good to them. But she doesn't like it. She says perhaps she is too particular. There block has never had particularly good food -- the mess crew just doesn't take enough pains with it.

She says that her 6 year old daughter hasn't eaten at the mess hall for a long time although the 9 year old boy goes there for his meals. The little girl of course gets her noon meal at the Children's Lunch Room. That is one of the good things about Poston 3, having this mess room where the children get good, well balanced meals every noon. It's much better for them than eating in the regular mess halls. At night, she fixes the little girl some cucumbers, and rice and an omlet. She gets the eggs from the canteen here.



June 15, 1943

Peach blossoms were in full bloom in our back yard on the day of January 11, 1927, when I was born in the fair city at Coronado, California. My family consisted of three boys until the day I arrived; with an addition of another boy two years later. My three older brothers are very much alike in many ways. They are quiet, bashful, and great sports fans; although today they have overcome their timid feelings. The youngest brother is all together different from the others. He is loud and rowdy.

I shall well remember the house in which I was born; for I lived there until evacuation day, April 7, 1942--one of the most important days of my life.

At the age of 4 I enrolled in the kindergarten at the Coronado Grammar School. This school was located approximately in the center of the city. The buildings were rather new and equipped with modern facilities. Large trees, shrubs, grass, lovely flowers, swings, monkey-bars, see-saws, etc. surrounded the school buildings.

The majority of the teachers were young. There were very few male instructors. The teacher whom I shall always remember is my third and fourth grade teacher. She was young, pretty, attractive, and kind. Everything about her made me like her. Her pleasing personality attracted everyone's attention.

My best girl friend in grade school was my next door neighbor. We were about the same age and in the same classes. There were many girls whom I played with at home and at school. It was difficult to keep one real friend because the majority of the students were navy personnel and they rarely attended one school more than two years. Even though these students left before we could get fully acquainted, most of them returned in later years, so we had a chance to continue our friendship until they were again transferred elsewhere.

Due to illness I was forced to miss a year of school, so I had to repeat the sixth grade. When I returned to school my classmates were a grade ahead. Therefore, I was put with boys and girls younger than myself. It was difficult to get acquainted with them. Finally I adapted myself and made friends with my new classmates.

The children in our neighborhood were usually older than me. We somehow got along together even though we scraped now and then. We played games such as cops and robbers, follow the arrow, hide and go seek, hop scotch, etc.

When I was 12 years old I earned my first few pennies by taking care of a neighbor's child. Soon after this I worked off and on for different ladies in Coronado. During the summer of 1940 I took a steady job caring for a six months old baby and from then on my real work experience began.

Our family never did any real traveling outside of San Diego country, but we occasionally took rides out to the distant mountains or to the near-by beach for gay and enjoyable picnics.



Interview with Block Mgr, 317 *George Furuta*  
Block 317

Come into the Block Manager's office about 3:30 in the afternoon. Find young man sitting at table in front of office near door, a girl in early twenties working at a desk, and a young man who looks as though he very well could be kibeI although his English turns out to be good (judge him possibly KibeI on a certain softness about the face, smoother too than typical nisei) comes forward from chair behind counter. Would judge him to be about 21 or 22 although could be younger. Introduce myself, and explain what want. He nor the others in the office have heard of the Bureau so EC explains a little about what it has done and when mentions block improvement survey they say they saw the boys around last week making the check on this block.

As we talk, many people come in for the mail. High school age boys come in and stick around the office, women wander in and talk with the secretary. The office much more visited than that in 327 and gives impression that it has a friendlier atmosphere. Can't imagine anyone really wanting to linger around 327 office, while 317 a pleasant place. It has a large red cross seal, little signs around reminding the block manager to do things, paper flowers, and this and that.

While we talk, the other young man who is apparently custodian is drawn into the conversation and probably gives as much information as the manager does. From time to time the secretary adds a word or two or gives some further information, and sometimes those who come in are asked to contribute. Also, when they don't have the answers, they go to the files and look up things like present occupation of the residents. They are very willing to talk about the block following questions that EC asks, but notice that they mention nothing to its disfavor and not a murmur about the gambling raid when asked for events. Seem to be interested in the interview.



But detect air of caution as though they were weighing each answer to see what discredit it might have for the block -- this true though in certain areas as when asked if turn-over in block managers staff.

First ask about the composition of the block, saying noticed that they seemed to be mostly from Reedley. The Block Manager says that those put down as Reedley people were evacuees to the free zone. Actually there are only 8 families from Reedley in the Block. Besides those listed in the Census there are people from San Jose, Oakland, San Luis Obispo. As a matter of fact, he thinks that they have people there from all parts of California, from north to south, and from east to west, in this one block. They aren't all from one place by any means. They have had some movement out of the block into other blocks to join families there, but not enough to change the original composition. Then of late there have been a few moving out. This has been mostly young men and women, going out on seasonal and indefinite leave. He thinks seasonal and indefinite leave are about 50-50 so far. A good many more are planning to go out, but so far it hasn't been depopulated to any extent. For age groups, the greatest number are the young people, say from about 15 or 16 to 22. They don't have many children in the block, or many old people.

They have a block council composed of one representative from each barracks, the Block Custodian, the Block Manager, the Councilman. He as Block Manager calls the meeting whenever anything comes up, but they have no regular schedule for meetings. The Block Council was started about two months after the block filled up, early in August. At first they had some difficulty getting all the representatives to come but of late they have had good attendance. They also have regular block meetings -- though not on a regular schedule. The difference between the two institutions is



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that the Block Council is called to consider things like difficulties in the mess hall. The Block Meeting is called for elections, or when something has to be told to everybody. The turn out for block meetings is never very large. At the meetings they have sometimes voted to give money for something the block needs — for instance they donated money to buy things for the diet kitchen in their mess hall. They had tried to requisition the utensils since last fall, but never could get them through the Steward's Department so they decided that if they were ever going to get them they would have to buy them themselves.

One block activity is an afternoon lunch for all children, up to he thinks the age of 12. This is at 3:00 or 3:15 in the afternoon. He thinks though that all the blocks do this for the young children. They need it, because the children don't eat much at their regular meals. There are too many people for them to watch, and lately it has been too hot. They get the lunch at the mess hall.

They have had no real difficulty in their mess hall. On the whole he thinks people are pretty satisfied, that is if anything comes in for the kitchen crew to have a chance to fix them decent meals. They have only one crew, and this has been just about the same since the beginning. The cooks were regular cooks on the outside, a couple of them owning their own restaurants and so they knew what to do. Lately they have lost two by their going out. However one of those who is left while not a regular cook before is going on his free days to the cooking school and is trying to learn to be a cook. Most of the crew are older people. They give them one day off a month, and then the people of the block come in and take care of the mess hall.



There has been considerable turnover in the Block Manager's Staff. (Though he seems reluctant to talk about that) He is the third they have had. The other two resigned, thinking they were going out and then something came up so they had to stay in camp and they took other jobs. He has been in the office 10 months, starting out as Custodian. They have an Assistant Blk Mgr, <sup>a Custodian</sup> and a Secretary. Then there are 2 block carpenters and 3 block gardeners. These have been the same all the way through. (memory doubtful on this last point, but think he said this)

They have had the same Councilman, Mack Kodatani, from the beginning. They liked him so much that they didn't want any other. At this last election, he was unanimously elected at the block meeting. They think he is the best councilman in camp and he is very important in the council. (Tone and mien very respectful in speaking of him so gather he is popular and also respected.) He is now vice-chairman of the council and one of the representatives to the over-all council. (When EC asks if any political campaign as in some blocks, they say that there are no factions here and everyone wanted the old councilman back.)

On the whole their block has had no trouble. Everyone gets along well with the others. Of course, every block has little difficulties now and then, but nothing serious has ever happened to disrupt the harmony of 317. They think it is a very good block. EC laughs and asks them which is the best block in Camp. They laugh back and say that she knows what they will say, 317 of course.

EC asks about their shade. They say that the block carpenters did some of the work, got it started and helped to supervise it all the way through, but all the people on the block helped so that it would be done sooner and noone would have to work too hard. It was the work of the whole block.



The block manager says that he thinks the real leaders of the block are those who are on the Block Council. They seem to get along pretty well together also.

Asked about housing, he says that the block is still pretty full and there are still a few cases of over-crowding.

Asked about Occupations. Quite a number work at the Clinic, one in the landscape crew, some school teachers, one in the Camp I cooking school, warehouse, construction (including Mr. Nishi foreman of the Adobe work), the Editor of the Poston Chronicle, members of the police department, Kadotani of Employment, some in poultry, some in Post Office, a girl in the Sewing Department, some secretaries in the School Office, some in the Library Office, and one in the Camp I fiscal department.

Most of their buildings are devoted to housing, with the exception of the Recreation Hall and one barracks used as a Nursery School.

They have a number of clubs in the Block. There is a Fujin Kai which was organized a long time ago when Bob Hiratska was Block Manager. They make flowers for funerals, mostly in the block, and they do other things to help the Block. Mrs. Yamano is the president. It is mostly composed of older women. Then they help in the 324 Children's Mess Hall. One woman goes there to work every day. It used to be two, but now it has changed to one. EC asks about PTA, asking if Mrs. Yamano is the block representative to it. The Secretary says another woman is -- that they are two separate groups and the PTA in the block is mostly composed of younger women, nisei mothers. Just then a young woman comes in whom they say is a PTA woman. She says that there is no PTA organization in this block. They talked it over and decided that because there are so few mothers in the block, they didn't need a separate organization here. In some blocks she thinks it is separate. Actually here not so many young children and these



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mostly in a few families. There are many of high school age however.

The other clubs are for younger people. There are two boys clubs. One is for older boys, a few of them of high school age but most about 18 to 22. It is called Esquires. It was founded to do things of value for the block, but so many of its members went out that it hasn't gotten to do very much. (Both boys speak as though they are members) It is not an athletic club. Then there is a group for younger boys called the Kems. They don't do much of anything. A girls club is the Semper Fidelis which includes older girls. Just recently -- these other three are older organizations -- they founded a club for younger boys and girls called the BGs.

They can't think of any special events in the blocks. They don't have many block parties here, at least not recently. They look embarrassed when asked why, and then murmur that it has something to do with the mess hall people. EC says she understands that most mess halls won't let dances be held there anymore. They nod and say that the crew doesn't like them to have dances or parties often. However they had a New Years party and some farewell parties. And they had one big wedding, and are going to have another one Saturday which will be really big. In all they have had three weddings in the block, the one Saturday will make it four. Two of these were marriages within the block, two into other blocks.

EC asks if in their activities if they stick together as a block, or if they visit and see a good deal of people from the same locality in other blocks. They both say that mostly they stay within their own block and associate with the block people. It is like one big family. Even though they didn't know each other before, they like each other now they are together and feel like old friends. It didn't take long for them to come to feel like this -- the strangeness of being here together wore off



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very quickly. They stress again how united they are "though of course in every block there are bound to be little troubles."

Asked about the number of college people -- they have to think for several minutes, so apparently not a distinction here between college and non college that is noticeable. Finally they say that the dentist in the block would have to be a college graduate, then remember the editor of the paper, and then Mac Kodotani. The Secretary says that quite a number were going to Junior Colleges or had gone. Then they say that a good many in the block want to go on to school, and point to highschool age boy who has just come in as one of them. They say that others are interested in more training through things like the NYA.

Place getting more and more crowded so leave.

On way through block, pass barracks where always notice crowd of older men sitting in the evenings. Now notice that on the side doors have been cut that can't be over four feet high, if that much, in the sides of the building -- say about five or six of them. In almost every one an older man is sitting, most of them with overalls and no tops although a few wearing shorts.



Go over there in the afternoon and find the Block Manager in the office with the secretary. As we talk people come in for their mail, a man comes in to ask if the block carpenter can start working on his place next, and some just seem to come in and out. MH stands leaning on the counter and EC leans on the other side. He keeps smoking, starts to cough and takes another puff. During the interview, makes no attempt to look up any facts in his files, simply talks along.

MH looks to be about 30. He says he comes from San Jose. He was a truck driver for nine years, had a route taking him up to Oakland, over to Sacramento and back down again. He says he liked being always on the move and never getting into a town at the same time of day. That's what kept him going. Then he evacuated when the voluntary evacuation came and went over into the free zone. He was evacuated again directly here. Most of the San Jose people are now up in Heart Mountain. He has no plans for going out — thinks those going don't realize what they will be up against on the outside. He doesn't mind the warm weather — so far it hasn't been bad. Most of the people in his block are prepared against it with coolers. He brought his own cooler along with him when he evacuated.

EC introduces herself when she first comes in, and tells him she belongs in the research department. He says all he knows about the department is that they look over the Block Managers logs. EC tells him writing history of Poston and finding that know very little about the different blocks in many cases — know hardly anything about 23 327 for example. He says you won't find much about it in the log because he doesn't believe in writing in it, hasn't done anything with it for a long time. When he first started, he used to write things in and make suggestions. But nothing



ever came of them so he got tired of writing anything or making any attempt to improve things. Even requisitions, they kept asking for things they needed and they never seemed to get any. He doesn't know what happened to them.

He says that he can say very little about any block contributions. They have a block garden, and then there are things that the block carpenters have done around the place. The block carpenters have done a good deal -- they are now fixing screens in the doors, have supervised the laying of linoleum, made things for the mess halls, fixed the latrines, and done other work around the block, including working on the shade. There are two of them. ~~One, he~~ However they have not remained the same from the beginning -- there have been three or four changes of carpenters. The primary reason for the change would be that they would have arguments in the mess hall, the mess hall staff wanting too many things and never being satisfied. But on the whole, he thinks the carpenters have done a good job. If they had had the material, they could have done a good deal more, but the Construction Department has never been willing to help them with material. He doesn't know why. They send up requisitions through the Block Managers Supervisors office, but when it goes to the Construction Department it seems to hit a bottleneck and they don't get anything. The Block Gardeners -- 3 in number -- however have remained the same. They have contributed a good deal in the way of vegetables for the mess hall. He thinks there Camp 3 is ahead of the other two camps. He thinks this is because here the ground is level while in Camp I some is low and the water collects there, brings up the acid in the soil and spoils the vegetables. Here the block gardeners get leaf mold from out around the mesquite, have the trucks dump it in the block and have good fertilizer for growing vegetables. However it's no good for lawns -- he had two patches of lawn himself, but



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used too much leaf mold and they died out.

He thinks that you can say little about the contribution of this block. From the beginning it has been too mixed for the groups to be able to get together. There are four or five factions, and they never can agree among themselves. That's because the people come from many different localities. Some blocks have gotten organized pretty well and gone ahead and done things, but this block never has. He thinks you have groups here from all over California, and it includes many who evacuated during Voluntary Evacuation and then had to come here when the free zone was cleared, as he had to. EC shows him list of localities for block obtained from Census. He says he thinks that that is about right, except that it does not include enough places. In addition to the list given there are San Jose, San Francisco and Santa Rosa. Another thing was that the block filled up gradually, being the last one filled. In August there were only 80 people in the block. Then August 29, 50 came in from the San Diego area who had been in Santa Anita. Groups kept coming in until the end of September. So they never settled down and got organized. At the peak, they had either 242 or 236 people in the block. These Some of these transferred in from other blocks or from Camp I, and others of course came in from outside. Lately it has started to go down again though not many have gone out as yet. Some of the younger people have gone on seasonal or indefinite leave, but these are mostly young boys going out to work. Then he had many single men that came into this block. At one time they had 14 apartments filled with bachelors. Most of these were over 40, and it was a real job to get them to do anything. They had always been very independent and never had to get along with other people. Then they come in here at 45 or 50 or older and are too old to adjust themselves to cooperating.



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These old fellows don't want to turn out for any block activity, and it is hard to get them to take any responsibility. He thinks that considering all these things, he has the hardest block of any in camp of which to be block manager. Other blocks get along together, and get things done, but this one doesn't.

Asked about the block managers office, he says that he has been manager of this block from the beginning. He was one of the first to come in here. He doesn't know why he sticks, sense of duty he supposes. Plenty of times he has wanted to get out, but there's nobody else willing to take the job. At the last election, he wanted to get out -- wanted to take another job. So he wrote out his resignation and sent it to the supervisor and also presented one to the block. But the block refused to accept it and at the block meeting, they drafted him back in. The way he looks at it he was railroaded into keeping on with it. He wishes that he could quit.

They have had the same councilman all the way through also. "Just like me, he's stuck with it." He gives the impression that the councilman doesn't like being on the job either, but is drafted back into office every time.

They have a block council in the block. It is composed of a representative from each barracks. It doesn't meet regularly -- he just calls it when something important comes up, and then the representatives don't always show up. They never decide anything because of the factions, no group is strong enough to carry anything through.

The mess hall has been pretty good, "considering what they have to work with". So there hasn't been much complaint about the food in particular. They have had more or less the same staff all the way through, with the exception of the dish washers who get promoted and the high school



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kids who work partime. They had two chefs, but one left to go out. One of them says that he is a professional cook or was before evacuation, but MH says he doubts that he was. But still the food has been pretty fair, and the stuff from the block gardens has helped a lot. EC asks if they give the mess hall staff a day off and he says that they don't in this block because he doesn't believe in it. He doesn't think that there are people in the block other than those who regularly work in the mess hall who are competent to do the cooking. But occasionally, they give the mess staff a holiday and then the women of the block come in and take over.

EC asks about the occupations followed by block residents. He says he thinks they are pretty well scattered except that very few work in the administration buildings and many of the bachelors don't work. Many work in the Agricultural Department, some worked in camouflage but are through there now and one of them is planning to go in to the Poultry Dept. as soon as he has gotten rested up, there are some working as administration janitors, three in the Post Office, some on the doctors staff, some mechanics, a girl in the Sewing Department, and the Knitting Class teacher. Then they have two ministers, the Head Carpenter of the School, and some working in the dental clinic in the block. He says that the doctor's office is a chiropractor which is supposed to be set up in this block, but hasn't been yet and they don't know when it will start.

Block institutions are a preschool in one building, the dental clinic, and a church. This is part of the Christian Church and is under Rev. Okimoto. The other minister is Paul Nagano but he stays down around Block 305 most of the time.

They have a Fujin Kai in the block which is about the only organization they have. He doesn't think it's very strong, but it was organized some time ago. The club helps with the mess hall or do other



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things for the good of the block. They have no other regular club in the block, although there is what is really a Young Men's Club which meets to practice baseball. It has no name. Then there is a young Junior Club composed of high school student. It also has no name. He doesn't know that either of them do anything in particular.

EC asks about special events in the block. He says that they have had three big wedding parties and three farewell parties. Then they had another big block party in honor of the kitchen crew some months back, and of course they had New Year's and Christmas parties. He can't think of anything else of importance that has happened in the block. And he can't think of any period when you could say the block was clicking, — for a week or so it might seem to be getting along pretty well, and then some quarrel or trouble would break out. Other blocks where the people were united might have high periods, but this block never got to that point. (All through, though he seemed to grow interested in talking about the block, and never seemed to have any inhibitions about it, his air was one of boredom with the universe. Finally though he said that he was amazed at how much he did know when someone started to ask him questions — that he seemed to have all the answers. Actually the interview did not proceed in as orderly a fashion as typed — EC tried to lead him back and forth between his attempts to expand at length and in the same words over his troubles as manager of a disunited block.)

(In going through this block, noticed that it is not as well cared for as other blocks. It has a small ramada, pole covered, but no vines. Few gardens and no elaborate ones. A few porches and one large vegetable garden. Quite a number of older men (possibly 40 to 50) out beside one barracks, lying on camp cots. This at 2:30 in the afternoon.)



Block Studies  
School Files  
Student Autobiography  
(Grace Kaminaka, 11th Core)

June, 1943

I, Grace Kaminaka, was born in El Cajon, California, (which is in San Diego County) on September 9, 1925. I was born in a little country farm and lived right on that land where I was born for fifteen years.

At the age of seven years I started the first grade at Cajon Valley Union Grammar School. On my very first day of school before school had been started I had a little accident. I rode to school for my first time and day in a school bus. From the steps of the bus and to the ground was quite a distance for an young child to get off. Naturally I was offered to be helped to get off the bus, but I refused. I said I'd get off myself. Well, I jumped off. And there I went right down in my stomach. I must of landed on my nose as I got a terrible nose bleed. My new dress, before I had even been to class, was all soiled with blood and dirt. I had to attend my very first day to class in a soiled dress.

I went to school from the first to sixth without any serious illness, accidents and the such.

One summer day, the year of 1936, I had a hip accident. I was over my married sister's house during summer vacation. One evening, my girl friend offered to ride my on my bicycle. I said "all right." She got on the seat and she would pedal the bicycle while I sat on the handle bar. We were riding gaily, and smoothly. We were riding gaily, a steep hill and it was very steep. I lost balance while we were going down the hill and my heel slipped into the spinning spokes of the bicycles. Did I ever scream, my girl friend couldn't stop the bicycle until we got down the hill. The heel of my shoe was torn and couldn't be worn anymore. I started in limping home I did walk in that foot which gained very much. My sister and brother-in-law looked my heel over and said I have to go to the doctor. I didn't want to go but I did. It was rather late when we arrived at the hospital. We waited for the doctor and he finally came. I didn't want anything done to my heel, as I didn't like doctors at all when I was young the doctor took a pair of scissors and cut off the dangling skin. He then put some medicine on it and bandaged it up. My brother-in-law and I went home. He said that if it started pain in the middle of the night to wake. But it didn't pain at all. Not for a few days my heel didn't bother. One day about four or five days after my accident it started to pain very much. My brother-in-law said that maybe it would be wise to go to a different doctor. So we did and lucky we did. The doctor examined my heel and said that the other that was healing my heel, had put a medicine that shouldn't be put on. My heel was becoming infected. Puss was forming around my heel and that was giving the pain. The doctor said that if I had of waiting a few more days I would of have to go under a operation and wake without an left leg or ankle. I was very frightened when he told me this. I had to go to the doctor every day. I had to dry my heel under an electric lamp for an hour or so. The doctor said in the first place the dangling skin shouldn't of been cut off. It should of been sewed and it would heal much faster. I was walking on crutches for about six months and limping for about six months. It took a very long time for my heel to get well. I thought I'd never get to walk normally again. But I am and I'm thankful that I can too. I disliked the walking on crutches and limping very much.

Years passed on and I finally arrived at the eight grade the year I was graduate from Grammar School. June 6, 1940, was my commencement night. Finally I was leaving grammar school and going to enter high school. We had our commencement, party, dance and all had a nice time together for our last year at grammar school



June, 1943

September, 1940--my first day to enter high school named "Grossmont Union High School." That was another thrill to me. I attended my first day at high school. There were lots and lots of people there compared to grammar school.

During football season, I attended as many games I could.

While I was attending school, Oct. 19, 1940, we moved from El Cajon, California, where I lived for fifteen years, to San Diego right in town. I hated to leave my birthplace but still I wanted to live in town too. We didn't have any kind of a fuss when we moved. It went off smoothly. I had to unpack during days and nights. I didn't have much homework so my time was devoted in unpacking. I still attended the same school as I was attending to before.

Summer vacation came around again and I found myself still trying to straightening out our new home. I went to beaches, picnics, and just where I could in between the days and months of summer vacation.

Good old September rolled around again. Here I am now one grade higher so called--"Sophomore." It felt good to see some students below me. The same old football games rolled around again. I attended all of them except me.

At a Halloween party last year, I had another little accident. All the boys and girls were soaping windows that night and naturally I wanted to get in on the fun too. I had a whole bar of soap in my hand and I heard someone ask for half of it. I said, "all right you bring the knife." This person brought the knife to me. The knife was very dull and I had my full force on the soap while I was cutting it. The knife slipped and went right to my left hand between my thumb and first finger. It was or quite near my blood vessel and did it ever bleed. I was taken to the doctor near by and had two stitches sewed on. This was the first time I had anything sewed on me. There was a pain during the sewing but I was frightened, and didn't notice the pain. In about a half an hour the doctor was through and I went back to the party and forgot about my hand and started in having fun again. My hand didn't heal until about a month. After that I was careful with all the knives.

October, November, and the first of December rolled around. We were all looking forward to the Christmas season.

On December 7th, we were all very shocked about the war. After the war had started, everything was running normally as usual.

During the month of March the latter part of it, we were all shocked of the evacuation order we received. We were given an notice to leave San Diego on April 7, 1942 at 4:00 p.m. to Manzanar Relocation Center.

We were all busy packing our belongings to take with us. Day after day our things were getting lesser and lesser. Finally April 6th came around. On the night of the sixth, our family stayed up until late taking an last good look at our home. About midnight we all went to sleep. I couldn't sleep well that night I was thinking of the town I was brought up in that I was going to leave behind. And our home which I never will know when I'll get to see it again.



June, 1943

Morning of April 7th arrived. We were all up bright and early folding our blankets, bedding and etc. My two brothers took our baggages, suitcases and etc. to the depot.

We had an box lunch for noon and after lunch we changed our clothes and were ready to leave our home for the depot. About 2:00 o'clock we left our home and very good neighbors. When we arrived at the station, I met my girl friends and we went up town to take in our last meal, drink, and fun at S an Diego. We went into a bowling ally and just everywhere to entertain ourselves.

At six o'clock we were all on the train. We had two engines and each engine had about fifteen cars apiece. On our car was all relatives and close friends. By 8:00 and 9:00, we were still sitting on the train at San Diego. We still hadn't moved an inch. Finally we received word that we were to go to S anta Anita instead of Manzanar. So we had to wait until 1:10 a.m. In the meantime all of the younger boys and girls were playing cards, dancing, singing, talking to enjoy themselves. Right on the dot of 1:10 a.m. the train started in pulling out of San Diego. Everyone awoke where we were leaving San Diego to take a last good look.

That night and morning, I couldn't sleep on the train at all. It jerked and jerked and I slept for just a few minutes. I also got an terrible headache on the train.

At 5:30 a.m. we arrived in L os Angeles. We all woke up and washed up and took a look at Los Angeles. We received our breakfast in the train. Finally they had a trolley car attached to our cars to take us to Santa Anita.

We arrived in Santa Anita about 9:00 a.m. We got off the train and registered and went down the roads looking for our homes. When we found our homes, we had to mop, sweep and etc. the house. My first night at Santa Anita, I slept well. Next morning we took a train around the camp to see where we've living now.

Days and months passed as during the spring and summer day at Santa Anita.

We were entertained various nights at Santa Anita with games, dances, movies, community singing, and talent shows.

Around the last of July and the first of August, everything was getting tiresome.

The later part of August the evacuation of Santa Anitaans to relocation center. The first group to leave was the former San Diegans.

The San Diegan people got busy and started in packing their things.

The night of August 26 came. Practically the whole camp was out to the train to send the first group of S an Diego people to Poston. The train was delayed and left Santa Anita at 8:30 p.m.. It was scheduled to leave at 6:00. The next nights movement was the night when I was to leave Santa Anita. I was excited the day I was to leave, but deep in my heart I didn't want to leave my Santa Anita friends. That day and afternoon I had to bid my friends farewell. At 3:00 p.m. I went home to



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get my things and go to the train. When I went home, my sister said that we weren't going today. I asked her why she said that the doctor recommended my mother to stay behind. She has high blood pressure and the heat in Poston was still strong in Poston. Oh, how it broke my heart since I couldn't go with the rest of the group, I bid them all good bye and not knowing when I'd get to see them again.

Days passed on and I was receiving letters from Poston by the dozens. Each letter stated that I was quite fortunate that I got to stay behind for the heat in Poston was terrific.

The evacuation was going on everyday and I was out to send my friends off each day. All my friends went so far away from me that I didn't have the hope to see them again. Days went by fast and the faster the days went the faster I lost my friends.

About a month of doing nothing, I applied for a job. Yes, I became a waitress. I wasn't bad working at all. I made more friends when I started in working.

I saw Santa Anita until the next to the last movement. We were the next to the last movement. Santa Anita was certainly lovely then.

On October 26, we were to leave Santa Anita for Poston. My I was thrilled because I would get to see my friends again. All the people I use to work with sent me off on the morning of October 26.

We had an enjoyable trip from Santa Anita to Poston. We came on buses. There were three buses coming here to Poston.

At eight o'clock p.m. we arrived at camp I. By 8:30 p.m. we were in camp 3. All my friends were here to greet me in. Was I ever happy to see them again.



Block studies  
School files  
Student Autobiography  
(Emi Himaka, 12th Core)

June 14, 1943

It was on the morning of January 1, 1925 that I came into this world, a bundle of skin and bones weighing a mere 5½ lbs. My birthplace was the Japanese fishing village, located near Van Camps' Sea Food Company in San Diego. Being premature at birth I remained thin and scrawny until I was four. Shortly afterwards I grew plump and since have never been underweight.

My early childhood days were spent in this village where, I believe, I had the happiest time of my life. Even after we moved into town in 1929, we used to go there to visit and play with our friends. Since the bay was just beside the village most of the boys and girls learned to swim when they were 8 or 9, but I was one of those few who did not take the opportunity to learn. Even though I did not join them in the water, it was just as fun watching them from the wharf.

Although those "good ole' days" are now nothing but memories of the past, I can never forget those games we used to play in the evenings; the day we rowed across the San Diego Bay to Coronado and back; the celebrations when new tuna clippers were launched; the excitement when the boats returned at night with their daily catch; the times we caught tubfuls of crabs that were under the wharves; and others. I suppose those days could never be brought back again, but it really is fun recalling them.

I began going to a nursery with my brothers, and enrolled in kindergarten at Lincoln School after we moved into town. Lincoln was a small school located close to the heart of the business section of San Diego. It had very little space for a playground, but its teaching staff was excellent. I was rather active in grammar school and took part as much as I could in the school activities. It was at this school that a Chinese girl, and Italian girl, and I became close friends. Our friendship lasted through junior high until the Chinese girl left for New York City. I am sincerely hoping that we, three, will meet again in the future and renew our acquaintance.

I spent the next three years of my school life at Memorial Junior High, beginning in 1937. As I entered the second phase of my education, I changed suddenly and became very self-conscious. I was afraid to express myself freely and afraid to join others in the various activities. I was not to overcome this feeling of self-consciousness until I came into camp. Somehow camp life has changed me as it has many others.

As it came time for us to select subjects for the ninth grade --subjects that would prepare us for our future life--I chose to study algebra and typing. I had intended to become a secretary, but as I entered high school I took no subjects that would prepare me for it and instead majored in math. My only desire for taking math was because it made me think and I really enjoyed it. My interest in math led me to take a college preparatory course, hoping that I would be able to attend college; but the war has changed all of that for me.

During my high school career at San Diego High, I was a member of the National Honor Society.



Block studies  
Student Autobiography  
(Emi Himaka, 2)

ber of the Seinen Kai, C. S. F., and the G. A. A. I went out for after-school sports for one year and had to quit because of a sprained ankle. While I was in the G. A. A., I became better acquainted with some of the girls and also learned to like basketball, which I had hated before.

In the summer of 1941 I went to the hospital for an operation on my appendix. It had been bothering me for approximately a year prior to my operation, and since it was summer, I decided to have it removed. It was very simple; I went to the doctor, and the next day my appendix was gone. I remained in the hospital for one week, then came home. My only other serious illness or injuries were my sprained ankle and a sprained back which I suffered from in the seventh grade.

It was during the latter part of my junior year that Pearl Harbor was bombed, and all my dreams of a bright future were shattered, not only in school but at home, too. It happened that our family was just beginning to be able to afford luxuries which we could not buy before. Our income was greater with my mother taking care of our store, my father and my brother fishing, and my second brother working at a farm. Yes, the future looked bright for us and we were going to move from the little place which we had called our home for eleven years. But after December 7th when my father was taken in as a "dangerous alien" and all Japanese fishermen, niseis and isseis, were restricted from fishing, we simply went down to our former level.

When the first flashes of the Pearl Harbor affair were broadcasted, I was at the Japanese School and I, along with the others could not believe it. It couldn't possibly be true--why, just Friday, December 5th, my history teacher had remarked that the Japanese might go to the Phillipines, but never to Hawaii. It was never so torturous for me then to have to go to school the next day and feel the eyes of other students on me. Some of the student even remained at home afraid to hear what might have been said the day following the news broadcast. Certainly, I too, was frightened, but my parents never allowed us to be absent unless due to illness. The atmosphere at school was quite different from what it had been before, but it surprised me to see how most of them treated us, as though nothing had happened.

Outside of the school it was a different story. There were many unpleasant occurrences. Some automobile firms took advantage of the Japanese's position and tried to take back cars that were bought on installment and only half paid. It was hard, for us to fight these firms which claimed that Washington had issued orders to take in the cars. It just shows how unscrupulous some business men can be to gain more money. The other incidents were with drunks mostly, who were too groggy to think straight.

After the first blast of the news was over, life went on as before, but that certain feeling was still evident. I believe it was in March of 1942 that the 8:00 p.m. curfew order was placed on all Japanese. By this order we were not allowed to step out of our homes between 8:00 p.m. and 6:00 a.m. and were not to travel over 5 miles from them. It didn't bother me very much as I rarely went out after supper.

It was all very exciting for me, for it was to be my first train ride, but I couldn't help thinking that I was going out of a town that had been my



June 14, 1943

home for sixteen years, probably never to return to it. What was more heartbreaking was the thought of departing from our intimate friends, especially one whom we had considered as a member of the family. It wasn't as simple as saying "good-bye"; we stood there shaking hands without a word. It was during this time that I saw two persons cry for the first time, my mother and Joe, the man who is still living at our old home taking care of our belongings. We owe a great deal to him to meet him again in the near future.

When we first received our orders to evacuate, we understood that we were going to Manzanar; but after a seven hour wait on the train in San Diego, we learned that our destination was Santa Anita instead. We reached the center at 9:00 a.m., April 8, 1942, and after a physical examination we were issued our units, where we were to live for five months. The units were nothing but horse stables, not stables that still continued horse manure in some spots. It wasn't exactly pleasant sleeping in a place that smelled, with searchlights beaming into our units at night, but we finally got used to it--we had to, for it was our home for as long as the Army desired.

The food we ate for our first meal was not fit to feed a hog. We were given fish mixed in creamed carrots and half-cooked rice. Something must have been wrong with the food, for that night many of us were sick with diarrhea. The meals did not improve as time went on, but we got used to the, too. Our portions of the food was very small at first and all those who were still hungry lined up twice and at times thrice.

For recreation the boys and girls formed softball teams and entered the various twilight leagues. Every evening a crowd was to be found at the Anita Chiquita Field where the games were played. Others engaged in ping pong games, badminton games, and handball games. There were sumo tournaments for the isseis. Talent shows, music appreciation hours, and songfests were presented to the meis; and to the isseis, an Issei Program, which featured Japanese talents was given. For these activities the grandstand and the Res Mess were the favorite spots.

During my stay at Santa Anita I met many people from all parts of Southern California and when it came time for us to move to Poston it was awfully hard to depart from them. More tears were shed at this departure possibly because we had become so attached to them during that short period.

We came to Poston August 28th after a very boring and tiresome trip through the desert heat. At the first sight of the black drabby barracks, my heart sank. I was never so disgusted as I was when I came here. I felt like lying down and bawling, but we couldn't do anything except make the best of it.

When we first came here the firebreak were full of debris, and the ground had roots of dead mesquites sticking up here and there with large red ants crawling all over. The mesquite trees around the camp were black and there were no green things at all. The people from Visalia and Reedley were very cold toward us, and it was not until school began that they decided to associate with us.

Now that I have been in this camp for almost a year, I notice the great improvements around the camp. The swimming pool and the amphitheatre which we



Block Studies  
School Files  
Student Autobiography  
(Emi Himaka, 4)

June 15, 1943

had longed for are finally, being constructed, but camp life is getting dull. The river was one place where we could get away from the daily routine, but now that the Dies Committee is objecting, it seems that we may not be allowed to go there anymore.

Graduation is just around the corner, but there seems to be nothing to look forward to except my diploma. I wish to go to a school but I can't afford it. My wish to go out to work is in vain, for my mother refuses her consent. I suppose there is nothing to do but remain in camp and find employment here. My chief desire is that we would be reunited with our father, who has been interested for over one and a half years.



June , 1943

Midafternoon on a hot and saltry day of August 22, 1924 in "Valley of Opportunity," El Cajon, California, I was born---a very quiescent child and an unexpected one. "A picked up child from under the bridge," I was told. "Not from mother's wound?" I asked. How my heart was pumbing with fear, my eyes rolled from mon to dad, I was deathly still and only through much of their teasing I new it wasn't true.

My mother, Sami Kono, came from Japan via Chiyo Maru (boat) to San Francisco to join my father, an acquaintance from childhood. She crossed the Pacific Ocean during the World War I in which she faced many dangerous experiences. In one instaces they almost met disaster ehrrn they were chased by an enemy ship.

My father migrated into this country in 1908, with one purpose and aim: to give to his children the education and the phase of an American democracy that he never had and to acquire a higher standard of living. Indeed, it was difficult for him to succeed, for he knew not a bit of English, but only through his sturdy determination and help from his caucasian frænd was he able to accomplish and reach his destination.

Out of my childhood I recall moments of delirious excitements and sadness. I remember particularly the time when I cried and cried heart brokenly because My father had shaved his mustache. Not that it made him extra handsome with it, but he just wasn't my father without a mustache. My throat was dry, eyes red and puffy, still I wept every time I looked at dad-----I cried myself to sleep that night.

My childhood was a happy and a cherishable one. Our family union was a very close one. We spent many enjoyable hours, sitting around the circle, hearing father's thrilling adventures. We lived normally and happily until the depression hit us hard in 1934-1935. Father was forced to go to work in another town fifty miles away. What a sad household it seemed after dad left. Everything seemed to come tumbling down one after another---we were in debt, our car had broken down, but that didn't let us down, we couldn't. It was the realization in our hearts of dads' strong love for us, his aim and purpose, did we strive on mother's heart was heavy laden but she worked cheerfully and steadily to keep our home and farm. We all pitched in, my sister worked and went to school at the same time. We went shopping on horseback, yes it was hard but it was worth struggling for---our home.

Pearl Harbor bombed! curfew! internment camp! evacuation! the world was spinning and changing rapidly. It was unbearable to leave our home and friends, much tears were shed as we departed for the Santa Anita Assembly Denter on April 7, 1942. We were evacuated again on August 26, 1942. Our spirits were low and we were depressed when we came upon the dust, heat, black barracks, and the stange environment. I soon made new friends and learned to settle and lead a normal life. Now around the tar-papared barracks there are little victory gardens and flowers are in bloom in many places. Schools and many other



Block Studies  
Student Autobiography  
(Mary Takasaki, 2)

June , 1943.

progressions have been made.

This is a hard life we are leading but I can truly say that I have no regrets. I have lost nothing but gained much--- the fruit of life.



June , 1943

About seventeen and a half years ago, I was born on a dark rainy night of October 15, 1925, in Del Mar, California. After several years of endless moving, my parents finally decided to reside in Mission Valley, a beautiful green country in San Diego county.

There I attended my first school, a grammar school with a tremendous population of sixty-five pupils. During my second year in school, I fought with a neighbor several times a week. Later he moved away, then my fighting career practically ended. While I was playing after school with many other fellows, an Italian boy tried to cheat so I swung my right fist and knocked out his tooth. A few years later I was forced to stop playing because I had high blood pressure. In a year I was able to resume playing. I had graduated from grammar school with a large class of eight students.

In the summer of 1939, my folks and I moved to the western end of Mission Valley to a smaller farm. I helped my folks out on the farm doing small tasks until fall came around. In the fields I often wondered how I would make out at a larger school.

In September I enrolled in Woodrow Wilson Junior High School. In my second semester, I just earned enough points in gym to squeeze out a letter.

Next fall I attended Herbert Hoover High School. In my sophomore year I tried out for football and after one player broke his collar-bone, I received my chance to play on the sophomore squad.

On Sunday while I was helping on the farm on December 7, 1942, my sister rushed out and told me the disastrous news of bombing of Pearl Harbor. I shall never forget that day, for it was the changing point of my life. That night I wondered how I would be received by my friends at school.

During spring vacation, we received an order to evacuate on April 7, 1942. We got aboard the train about 7:30 that night and the train finally began to leave San Diego at 1:30 next morning. We reached Santa Anita, that morning.

I shall always remember my first meal, mush and prunes. The waiter poured coffee instead of milk on my cereal. At first the high fence and the search lights reminded me of prison. First week I did not notice the high mountain to the north of Santa Anita.

About a week later I got a job in the Red Mess with many others. At first I rather enjoyed my work as bus boy, carrying silver-ware and cups to the table. Later as more people began to eat at the Red Mess, it began difficult to obtain cups, and silver-ware. Due to the shortage of cup I almost had several fights.

In several weeks we started a softball team and entered the junior league. We edged out on top from our strongest opponents,



June ,1943.

but lost to the weakest team. Second round Nobu Honda coached our team and converted it into a strong sigle "A" team.

I heard many rumors of relocating the former San Diegans to a relocation center. Late in August we recived our notice to prepare toevacuate to a relocation center. The hour of departure was a sad moment to all of us. When we arrived here we found many who were prejudice toward us. At first we found it difficult to make acquaintance with those who were here.

After few days of my arrival I started to work in the mess hall, but I was released as time came for school to start. At school I found it much easier to get acquainted with others.



June , 1943.

I was born in the city of San Diego on October 13, 1925. I have one older brother, a younger brother, and no sisters.

The city where I was born, San Diego, was at that time just a quiet little town near the Mexican border in California. It had a population of about one hundred thousand; and exceedingly good climate. Many people found it a very agreeable place to live, so the city gradually grew. Besides the good weather, San Diego has many other attractions. The large and beautiful Balboa Park is often visited by tourists as well as the San Diegans. Also, with the nearby beaches and snow capped mountains, one has many different types of sports to enjoy. Yes, this was the kind of things San Diego had to offer its inhabitants, and is an ideal place for one to grow up in.

I spent the first few years of my childhood on the water-front because my mother worked at a nearby cannery. As I am told, I had many narrow escapes from falling into the water. Our homes were built right over the water, and at high tide, it was very deep. After leaving our waterfront home, we moved more toward the center of the city. Our new address was seven thirty-one ninth street. From here, I first started school. The school I attended was Lincoln Grammar School. Here I made many friends and for the next five years they were the ones I played with every day.

After the fifth grade, I transferred to Logan School. Here I met a friend from Lincoln who had transferred over a little before me.

In 1935 an Exposition was held at Balboa Park. As I recall, they had many amusement centers, and at one end there was a place called "Gold Gulch." Here they put on plays pertaining to the gold-mining days. All the houses in this area were built of logs. That is about all I can recall of the Exposition for I was only ten years old at that time.

At the age of twelve I graduated from Logan and attended Memorial Junior High School. Memorial was a fairly large school, with a student body of about eighteen hundred. Here I met an Italian boy who was to be a very close friend to me until evacuation.

With my friends, we often spent our times going to the Parks and sometimes dropping in at the zoo. This zoo in San Diego is about the third largest in the United States so there were many things we could see there. We also made many bicycle trips to the park, and to many other places.

At thirteen I joined the Boy Scout troop, seventy-two. Here I got a chance to do somethings I had always wanted to do. That is, going on hikes, camping trips, campfires, and other interesting things connected with scouting. I was very slow in advancing so I only acquired the second class pin.

After graduation from Memorial, I attended San Diego High School. San Diego High had a student body of about thirty-four hundred. By this time the city population was growing very rapidly; therefore the



June , 1943.

student body was also growing. At the beginning of my Junior year I was elected as president of the Seinen-Kai, a Japanese club at the school, sponsored by a teacher, Mrs. Gillespie.

One Sunday, as I sat in a movie theatre, an announcement came over the loud speaker telling all service men to report to their stations immediately. I guessed it was something very important but I could not guess anywhere close to what had caused the delivery of these orders. Not until I left the theatre did I find out what had actually taken place. At first my mother would not believe that it was true, but after hearing more reports, she was finally convinced that "Pearl Harbor" was a reality. The next day I attended school, feeling very awkward about the situation. All the students were naturally very excited about it but what made me feel extremely happy was the fact that not a single person mentioned that I was an American of Japanese ancestry. In fact, no one talked to me as one, except the little sympathy that came from different teachers.

But this act on part of the Japanese Government was no to go by without greatly affecting our lives. This ~~did~~ caused the evacuation of all Japanese, (American Japanese as well as Japanese citizens) from the west coast. On April 7, 1942, the group in San Diego were evacuated. We were to go to Manzanar Relocation Center, they told us, but to our surprise, we ended up at Santa Anita, at its' prime had a population of about eighteen thousand. Here we made many good friends, but we knew that someday we would be parted from our friends, for Assembly Centers were said to be "temporary" places. We all hoped that this day would not come, but finally word came that the inhabitants of Santa Anita were to be moved to different Relocation Centers. The San Diego group were chosen to leave first. The day of the parting from our friends was a very sad one, and I'm sure all of us will always remember it.

Our next stop was to be Poston, Arizona. Up to this time I had never been outside of California. In fact, San Diego was the only place I had ever lived. We who were accustomed to the cool weather found Poston extremely hot. To our relief, winter was just around the corner when we arrived so it soon became cooler.

In October regular school was started at the center. I am now attending that school and now in the eleventh grade. My schooling was delayed one semester because of the evacuation. After graduation from high school, I hope to attend some College or perhaps acquire some outside employment, if the war is not yet over by that time.

As I look back, I find my life up to now a very plain and seemingly uninteresting one, (except for evacuation) but I had much fun in San Diego and I wish I can some day return there, and again live a normal life like the rest of the Americans.



June, 1943

On the memorable day, November nineteenth, nineteen hundred and twenty-five, I took my first peek into this world in San Diego, California. My first five or six were spent in a densely populated Japanese fishing camp where my father was, of course, engaged in the fishing industry. Following that phase of my life, we operated a hotel. A year had not quite elapsed before we again moved but this time we stayed until evacuation which was for ten or eleven years.

The first three or four years are but a few amusing incidents related to me by my parents/common to nearly every infant who has had the fortune of coming upon this earth. The most vivid of my memories in this fishing camp was the time I burned my father's mattress. For life's temptation had kept into me when I found some matches. Although the damage was not so great, the seat of my pants told me that that was an act never to be repeated. This incident combined with many others helped to make my stay there the most exciting and happiest in my memories. My educational career was also launched there, for I attended the neighborhood house Kindergarten.

After moving into the town, I attended the Lincoln Elementary School. In town I roamed free and wild as I pleased. But one day a great catastrophe occurred. I was run over by a car. The only damage was a big scare, for the car had only run over my big toe. During my life there, I was joined by my brother who had just returned from Japan after a visit of a number of years. His lacking knowledge of English and my limited knowledge of Japanese made it difficult for us to get along together at first. But as he began to learn more English, the barrier was soon broken down. In another one of my adventures, I found myself lost in the city while returning home from a friend's home. Having no other alternative, I began to wander and to cry. A kind person soon questioned me and led me to the police station from where I was taken home on a beautifully chugging Model A Ford. And to my disgust, I was not fed upon candy and ice cream by the policemen as illustrated in the comics.

Before long we moved into the heart of the Mexican district where I furthered my education in Burbank and Logan Elementary Schools, Memorial Junior High School and saw San Diego High School. In nineteen hundred and thirty-five when the exposition came into San Diego I had visions and plans of visiting it quite often, but the plans however, did not formulate. For that year I had to have an operation on my leg; therefore, I was compelled to stay in bed for a few weeks and then to walk on crutches. Determined to get well, I began to walk without crutches, only to have the doctor again operate my leg again. By March of the next year I was well and walking again. Then my working career began, as I began to work as a janitor for a small grocery store, earning the large sum of five cents every morning plus sodas, candies and pastries. A number of years later I started to working with my father during the summer as a gardener.

My educational career before coming to Poston was anything but brilliant after graduating from Logan Elementary School with flying colors, orange and white (when one graduates from elementary school in San Diego one wears a ribbon made of his school colors to have it autographed by fellow schoolmates in place of an annual). I entered Memorial Junior High to complete my seventh, eighth, and ninth grades. In the seventh grade I, like many other fellows of my age, began to crave for a bicycle, and while I was in the eighth grade, my wish came true.



June, 1943

The junior high days passed quite quickly and soon I was registering in San Diego High School, the place I considered as my "Shangra-la". San Diego High meant football and basketball, though these sports were not a new adventure for me as I had been an ardent rooster of San Diego High from my junior high school days. And then to shatter all my hopes and dreams of the future, December 7, 1941 pronounced that words "Japan Attacks Pearl Harbor." I, for the most part, went about in my activities as though nothing had happened and participated in track during the Spring semester until the evacuation notice. Although my intentions were good, my running was not.

The government evacuation order as expected, came through on a short notice. The evacuation proved to be a rumor monger's paradise, for every kind of unofficial procedures regarding the evacuation were heard, thus throwing everyone in a dilemma. Not until the train started to roll did it quiet. Our destination, supposedly Manzanar, was suddenly changed to Santa Anita Assembly Center where we stayed for approximately five months. Besides the usual irritation griping of the evacuation, the food, and the housing, Santa Anita was quite enjoyable. Just as I was getting accustomed to Camp life in the assembly center, I was relocated to Poston III where I am still remaining. At the present I am racking my brains to write this paper in order to meet the deadline of handing it in tomorrow. Currently, I am attending the Poston III High School where I expect to finish my secondary education.



Block Studies  
School Files  
Student Autobiography  
(Takeda, Chizuko 10th Core)

June, 1943

I came into this world early in the morning on March 10, 1928 in Chula Vista. This place was near the border of Mexico. A little north of Chula Vista is San Diego. I recall happy memories of my early childhood in Chula Vista. My father had bought a large enough place for a fifteen acre ranch. There was a large old-fashioned house with about twelve large rooms. I spent almost twelve years in Chula Vista.

I still remember the first morning in Kindergarten, the bewilderment of all of us. Everything seemed so strange and queer, but I soon got used to that. Every moment of my childhood days seemed to be filled with happiness and none other.

I was attending Chula Vista Grammar school when they separated the south part of the district and went to another newly erected school building. It was a small but modern school. I never was late for that school and many times I ran to school when the first bell rang. It was almost right across the street.

I was attending the Junior High School when we moved to a suburb of La Mesa. My parents had lived there before they moved to Chula Vista so they knew the place well. This part of the town was more country like than my former home. The surroundings of our new home were beautiful. There was Mt. Helix in front of us, where people often went to attend church services and ceremonies. Many people see the sun rise on Easter mornings from Mt. Helix. School was again a place of fun for me when I got to know the place and the students well.

I spent happy days out-of-doors among nature with my brothers and sisters for this had nature's wonderful gifts.

We had lived there for almost two years when the war broke out suddenly. The whole world seemed to turn black for me who didn't know what war was like. I had read and heard of the terror in war-torn countries for current events at school, but never realized this country was soon to be in a war.

It doesn't feel that way any more but I had always lay in bed thinking about the future.

Then evacuation came as suddenly as the war. It was during the Easter vacation when we were told that we had to evacuate. The one week we had to clean things up attend to things wasn't enough.

I guess we were among the first to arrive at this camp, which was Santa Anita instead of Manzanar. This was our



Block Studies  
Student Autobiography  
(Takeda, Chizuko 2)th C

new home for the time being anyway. Again every thing seemed as strange and bewildering as the first day in kindergarten. I had never seen so many people live in such small living quarters as this. I lived in the stable where there are about forty-eight units in one barrack. I realized that this was something I had to get used to, so I tried to make the best of it.

About two or three months later the last of the evacuees for this camp arrived and the population was almost nine-teen thousand. At the end of August we were to relocate to Poston. Poston was the last place I thought of going, so I couldn't believe it when people told me that the San Diego group was to go there. Now it isn't so bad as I thought it was.

During that last year and three or four months everything seemed to happen to me and all of the other niseis and issei's of the west coast.

Now we wait to face the future with new hope and a strong will and I know that some day peace will come to this world and everything will be the same again.



Block Studies  
School Files  
Student Autobiography  
(Fusaye Kida, 11th Core)

June 19, 1943

For almost sixteen years I lived in Lemon Grove, California. It is a small residential town. I was born there on July 21, 1926. For seventeen years my parents farmed there growing various vegetables.

When I think of my grammar school days I think of when I was in the first grade. When I come home from school and not find my mother home I would get up on top of the chicken house and call her. One time I rode down a hill on a bike with a girl. It was so rocky that we fell and the bicycle broke.

When I was ten I joined the Camp Fire Girls. Our activities included hiking, camping, parties, etc. I remember one time when we went camping around Christmas time. Another girl and I thought it would be fun to sleep out doors. We crowded under our blanket and we felt good sleeping under the wide blue sky. Later in the night it got so cold we couldn't sleep. Finally we decided to go to the cabin. When we got there we found the door locked and everyone was asleep. After a long time one of the girls got up and opened the door for us so we went in and slept on the floor. Next morning we realized how cold it must have been when we found everything frozen outside.

My grammar school days went by in a hurry and I graduated in June 1940. The following September I entered Grossmont Union High School. There I went to school until evacuation.

My happiest days were when we started building our new home. I went to see it as it was gradually being built. Then came the news of evacuation. We were evacuated before we had even lived in our new house that we had planned for so long. Happiness, and disappointment both came at the same time.

Preparing for a new way of life was difficult since we had no idea where or what kind of place we were going to. We were told that we would probably go to a cold and rainy place. We had done some of our packing gradually but most of it was done the last day we were busy all day Tuesday doing every thing the last minute. Finally came the time when we had to learn the place we had lived so long and loved.

We arrived at the San Diego depot about five o'clock p.m. and boarded the train about seven thirty. The train started moving at one-fourty-five. When we left San Diego we all thought we were heading for Manzanar Relocation Center as we had read in the paper. The next morning we learned that there was a terrible dust storm in Manzanar and that we would go to Santa Anita Assembly Center instead.

We arrived at Santa Anita in the afternoon. After registering we went to stable room which would be our temporary home. All we had were our suitcase of clothing and the beds that we were issued. We had no tables, chairs or closets so the only thing to do was to make them. Everyone rushed to pick up what wood they could find so they could make things to make the room look more homely.

Since there were so many in the assembly center we always had to wash in line. When we first got there, there was just one mess hall. The line was



Block Studies  
School Files  
Student Autobiography  
( Fusaye Kida, 2)

usually very long and zigzag. Often we would go an hour so early and wait.

Later more mess halls were built but still the lines were long because more people had come in.

In May we moved from the stableroom to the new black barrack so we would be closer to the fire station where my brothers worked.

On August 26th and 27th the San Diego people left Santa Anita for W. R. A. Colorado River Relocation Center. We left the 26th. When we got off the in Arizona on the 27th. When we got off the train we transfered to a bus. The heat was so strong it was like walking in an oven. When we arrived at Pecos, it was very hot and dusty. The camp looked dead because there were n't any green growing. In one year the camp has changed very much.

My hope is that the war will soon be over and that we may return to California to our new house and meet our friends again.



Block X 11 Study

7/8-'43

CTS

Departures:

			Temporary	Permanent	Destination
3/16	Kunitani, Mich Anne			"	Cleveland
5/19	Sakamoto, Tom 27 Mitobe, Martha 30 Kazuo 10 Yoshio 8 Yuriko 4 Masaru 3			"	Idaho
5/21	Sakamoto, Emi 15 Mary 29 Fumi 14 Kahachi 73 Mitobe, Bill 33			"	Idaho
4/23	Okazaki, Connie	visiting sister N. Mitani			left.
4/26	Nishimori, Tad 18 Hashimoto, Mas 18	temp. farm wk			Idaho join Sakamotos above.
4/30	Yamamoto, Saby Kimi 30 @	temp. visit other camps			
	Kasuga Dr and Mrs.				
5/5	Higashi, Keiji 20	temp labor			
4/29	Kasuga, Bill Hiroshi			Volunteer	Camp Savage
4/27	Morikawa, Mary 24			Permanent	Chicago
22	" Geo			Permanent	
29	" Frank 18			"	
4/27	Uyeno, Suye 55 Kunitaro 68			Permanent	Idaho
4/27	Osumi, Geo 22, Edna 21, Shirley 5			"	Idaho
6/7	Tatsukawa, Sei 46, f. Fumi 18 Teru 15			Permanent	Denver
6/29	Kasuga, Dr. 32	temp. for study			
	Wakatake, Dr. 35			Permanent	Chicago
	Mitani, Misatani 36, Nellie 23	temporary			



7/5 Murotani, Nellie 21

perm.

Cleveland

" Tatsukawa, Kiyoshi 25

"

Denver

7/7 Kobayashi, Fumi 27, Byron 5

"

Detroit



24 families Urban  
40 " Rural

12620 sq ft. of Garden

Vegetables planted are; Nappa, Daikon, Radish, Corn, Beans, Peas, Cucumber, shingiku, Green Onion melon, Spinach, Romain, Carrot and Gobo-o.

Three families have planted lawn in front of their apartment.

This particular block, through the supervision of the block manager, have measured off 12 ft from the ends of the barracks, so that the families on the end apartments may plant vegetables up to that line. They are allowed to use 10 ft from the side of the barrack where the entrance of the apartment are located, and up to 15 ft where there are no entrance. This will leave a pathway of 10 ft to 20 ft between the barracks for emergency