

Prologue

A DIARY OF MY MEMORIES—OR, MEMORIES OF UPHEAVAL AND MY CAMP INTERNMENT
(1941 - 1942)

THE SETTING: Los Angeles in Southern California
The City of SAN PEDRO - Los Angeles Harbor
The precise location: TERMINAL ISLAND

The final days of the Japanese fishing
settlement on Terminal Island, the resident
fishermen and their families.

THE TIME: 7 and 8 December 1941.

NAME OF VESSEL: "BRITTANIA MARU"

VESSEL OWNER: UONO, Michihiko

SKIPPER: KIBATA, Masanobu

LOOK-OUT: UONO, Yukizo

LIFE-BOATS: SHIGEI, Iwao

Toyojiro Suzuki

and his fellow men-of-the-sea

who shared the same fate

Translated into the English language for my
children and their children, in March of 1982.

Translated by: JY

The forty-two names listed at the beginning of my diary—
starting with Ryokichi Hashimoto and ending with
Yaoichi Ichiki ——are the names of my fellow fishermen
and my fellow countrymen with whom I Journeyed North
to a barren and God-forsaken area of ice and snow near the
Canadian border. Here——in the isolated backcountry of
North Dakota, we were forcibly incarcerated. Our
lengthy confinement within an encirclement of armed
guards was for political reasons that were far beyond
the control of the men of the fishing fleet in Fish Harbor---
-- . TERMINAL ISLAND.

T. Suzuki

On 7 December 1941—at 12 O'clock midnight, we weigh anchor and depart from Fish Harbor, Terminal Island, and head for the open sea. As we approach the lighthouse at the tip of the breakwater, we notice many, many buoys floating on the water surface. We turn our starboard side to the lighthouse and veer left toward the west. At approximately 5:30 PM, we near the leeward side of Anacapa Island and then proceed west for another thirty minutes. The sun is setting fast and darkness approaches.

From the crow's nest atop the mast, our look-out reports the sighting of a massive school of sardines ahead. The surface of the water ripples and agitates briskly. The engine is silenced, and tension mounts among the crewmen, At this point, verbal communications between skipper and look-out becomes vitally important. Their minds must function as one individual in order to plot the entrapment of the fish. A boat is lowered. The net is lowered, and slowly the vessel encircles the sardines. Soon, the haul is completed. The estimated weight of our catch is well over forty tons. As we are debating the issue of a second haul of sardines, our skipper reports to the crew that Pearl Harbor in Hawaii has been attacked by Japanese forces.

Discussion among the crew members suddenly becomes a grave matter. In view of the restricted load capacity of our vessel which was already near its capacity, the decision was made to return to home port. And because of our load, the vessel's speed was slow-paced on the return trip. By no means was our return trip an enjoyable one. The consequences upon us---as a group and as individuals, were grave matters to ponder as a result of Japan's open hostilities against America.

Eventually, our vessel approaches the lighthouse at San Pedro Harbor. We advance cautiously, but are unable to enter through the breakwater for many buoys form a blockade at

Angel's Gate, the harbor entrance. We wait, and at 7:30 AM and simultaneously with the sounding of a siren, tugboats appear and remove all buoys to the inner side of the east breakwater. The entrance at the breakwater is very heavily congested with an armada of assorted ships seeking asylum from the open sea. When entry into the harbor is finally permitted, each vessel maneuvers and aggressively jockeys for position to be the first into the harbor. The scene is one of mass, unregimented confusion. Finally, we enter the harbor, negotiate our haul of fish with the cannery authorities, A conveyor belt disgorges the belly of our ship of all sardines. We relocate our vessel and tidy up. I arrive home at about 11:30 PM.

I remain in the security of my home on Terminal Island until the second day of February 1942. Then agents from the Immigration & Naturalization Service and the Federal Bureau of Investigations visit me in my home. I am imprisoned within the walls of the Immigration Station on Terminal Island.

2 February 1942

During the early morning hours of 2 February 1942, Government agents from the FBI and the INS (Immigration/Naturalization Service) quietly converge on Terminal Island and spread out fan-like into our fishing village for a mass arrest of alien Japanese. Fishermen are aroused from their sleep. The womenfolk cry out as unrest and alarm spread quietly throughout our community. At 6:30 AM, Messrs. Tonai and Wada are forcibly carted off for detention within the four walls of the INS building on Terminal Island. Frantically, Mrs. Tonai pounds on the door of my house. She informs me of the FBI round-up, and then is reluctant to return home. Commotion within my house increases as other wives and children converge at my place to seek comfort and solace. However, I feel that it is only a matter of time before I too am arrested and detained. Therefore, I advise my friends to leave for I would be helpless to render any form of assistance. My mind weighs heavily with personal family matters that require immediate attention. To my wife Takako, I give two hundred dollars for deposit to our bank account. Another \$150.00, I split three ways and pass out for emergency funds. Other details race through my mind and I am preoccupied with a miscellany of last-minute details. At 8:30 AM, there is a knock on the door. Government agents have come for me. The agents present a document on which my name appears. Then I am asked to sign this document which will subsequently permit the agents to conduct a search of my house. I am advised to take along a minimum of necessities in clothing as I would be held in custody for one night only. I am relieved on hearing this news.

I am escorted to an awaiting vehicle, but my mind is only on my bed-ridden child who has taken ill with fever. Soon, Mr. Dentaro Tani is escorted to another car. Mr. Nakamura soon follows to become another arrested fisherman and my fellow-passenger. The Government agents motor about the streets of Terminal Island as the driver has seemingly encountered some difficulty in locating the residence of Mr. T. Tamura.

However, he too, is soon a passenger as Alien No. 4 in the same car. At 9:30 AM, we arrive at the INS building and are immediately interrogated. We are all confined to a back room following our interrogation. Following lunch, we wait and wait. At about 4:00 PM, we are each fingerprinted---first, each finger and then the four fingers of each hand together. We are photographed--front and side views. For identification and future reference, we are made to hold up our printed name and an assigned identification number with each photograph taken. Subsequently, in groups of ten, we are relocated to the third floor.

At 9:30 PM, I am relocated again to the second floor of the Coast Guard building where there are seventy-six other alien fishermen confined. My fellow-prisoners are others from different walks of life also, and each man has a tale of personal horror to relate. At 9:30 PM, we prepare our beds to retire for the night. However, I am unable to sleep because of the strange environment suddenly thrust upon me. My worries further compound my inability to sleep. The door is locked, and one security guard remains in our quarters while two or three more maintain vigilance outside our quarters. At 11:00 PM, all lights go out.

3 February 1942:

We arise at 6:30 AM. The day is an uneventful one. Following our noon meal, we are ordered to engage ourselves in the menial task of yard cleaning. After dinner, we loiter about in our rooms and while away the time with idle talk.

Interrogations commence early on the morning of 4 February 1942. Initially, the men on the first floor are subjected to the inquest and cross-examination. At about 2:30 PM, the names of those on the 2nd floor are called out. However, the process of interrogations is slow for there are only five interpreters assigned. Subsequently, seven or eight English/Japanese speaking Nisei are recruited and assigned to lend administrative support. This support came in response to an appeal from the Federal agents to the Terminal Island Citizens Association. The interrogation was intense and extensive in its scope. The questionnaire was divided into categories and sub-categories, paragraphs and sub-paragraphs and further sub-divided by letters and numbers. In all, the questions totalled two hundred and fifty. Each question sought to probe deep into our personal affairs as financial holdings in both Japan and America, or US currency remitted to Japan, memberships in Japanese organizations and lesser questions as date of arrival in the USA, length of residency, etc. I was called at 9:30 PM, and was able to answer the questions without the assistance of an interpreter. Some interrogations extended over a period of three to four hours; others concluded within thirty minutes. To sum it up--I would say that the interrogation process was not as terrifying an ordeal as originally feared. It ended at 12 PM midnight. We conversed briefly with our Nisei interpreters and asked about our families. We learn that the home of Mr. T. Izumi was the target of a 3-hour search by FBI agents. I retire for the night.

5 February 1942:

After breakfast, four of us are detailed for odd jobs around the premises. We tote a heavy bookshelf from the second floor, and load it into a truck. The bookshelf is to be transported to the pharmacy in another hospital building, and is to be used as a medicine cabinet. We haul twice to the hospital, where we note that each ward is padlocked. We take lunch at 11:00 AM. We are then ordered to assemble outside in the compound where we are sorted into ABC groups in accordance with the first letters of our surnames. My group is directed to the rear of a building and told to wait. We wait—and then are led to an awaiting Santa Fe bus. Slowly, we are driven away as our wives, children and friends line the streets to bid us farewell. They all wave their arms, and many are in tears. I am overwhelmed by this send-off, sad though it be. The bus advances along the roads through the farm country near Dominquez Hills, but we see no Japanese farmers tilling the soil. We finally arrive at the Santa Fe Terminal. The time is 2:30 PM. In groups of forty, we are then transferred to trains. And these passenger trains present a ghastly unfriendly appearance, for the windows are heavily wired to prevent escape. Padlocks dangle from every doorway. Once inside, we are imprisoned and two security guards stand watch at each entrance that has been locked to each group of passengers. Then with the low rumble of wheels against steel tracks, we pull out at 10:15 PM. I cannot fall asleep in my upright position. Adding to my annoyance and general misery, is the constant clanking of metal hitting metal as the guards tamper with the padlocks to enter for a periodic headcount of passengers, or for a general surveillance.

6 February 1942:

On 6 February, the train speeds ahead. All train windows are heavily screened to block off vision to the outside. And any attempt to peer outward is met with a reprimand from the security guard. Although the train makes periodic stops for food and water, we are not even granted the privilege of stepping momentarily outside to stretch our legs. We are heading in a northerly direction, for the temperature is dropping inside the train. Even the following night, I am unable to get a wink of sleep because of the chilling cold inside the passenger car. A frigid cold blast of wind is entering through a crevice in the window. I stuff a wad of paper into the crack to ward off the chilly blast of air. However, a fellow-passenger removes my wad of paper, and claims that it is too warm in the car. Without an overcoat, I am cold and miserable.

At 7:15 AM on the morning of 8 February 1942, we arrive at Missoula in Montana. Everywhere—there is just a blanket of heavy snow and ice. Then approximately 150 passengers detrain here. An hour later, the train is speeding on its way again. At 4:00 AM on the morning of 9 February 1942 (Monday), we take early breakfast, and arrive at Bismarck, North Dakota. It is 4:30 AM. In orderly fashion, we step off the train, single file. Immediately, we are surrounded by armed guards. We are loaded into trucks and taken to the entrance of our camp site at 6:30 AM. Following our individual physical examination, we enter camp and are ordered to prepare our beds. We have lunch, and then convene for a meeting to organize ourselves and to bring about a sense of orderliness to the confusion and trauma that has been our lot during the past eight days. We select Mr. K. Shibata to act as our leader and spokesman. Messrs. T. Morimoto and Dentaro Tani are selected to fill other responsibilities. We undergo more camp in-processing and baggage checks. And in the confusion of the first day, my suitcase is missing, and I am unable to locate it.

Lights are extinguished at 10:45 PM, and many are already heavy with sleep for the journey from Southern California to North Dakota was under personal stress and considerable discomfort. At 11:30 PM, three security guards enter our sleeping quarters in the company of the Section head. These men have never seen a Japanese, and an Oriental face to them is undoubtedly an oddity. They circle about cautiously, but are merely executing an assigned duty. They warn us of two additional guards outside—guards who are surplus to the detail for this particular area. For our protection and safety, our assigned guards take extra precautions. They have entered and checked about three times during the night,

10 February 1942:

On the morning of 10 February, we awaken at 6:30 AM. Our leader, Mr. Shibata, has come up with an idea for the orderly conduct and the orderly procedure for entering and leaving the mess hall during meal times. Our food is served cafeteria-style. To facilitate the smooth and efficient flow of meal-takers, each individual, on entering the mess hall, will now be required to pick up own tray, plates and flatware. At departure, each individual will again be

required to deposit his used dishes and utensils at the dishwashing area. The daily menu provided was a simple fare for our dietary needs and consisted of bread, butter, milk, cereal, stew, pudding and pickled vegetables. At times, portions served for dinner left many of us still hungry at bedtime. Later, I search through the rooms of eleven buildings in a frenzied and almost dogged attempt to retrieve my missing suitcase. I check every corner, but my search is futile. I retire for the night at 10:30 PM.

11 February 1942 (Wednesday).

We are permitted to send telegram messages to the outside. Immediately, I dispatch a message to Takako, my wife. That evening, we are informed that inoculations will be required, and that these shots will be administered to all, and soon.

12 February 1942 (Thursday):

Roll call is taken the following morning, and while we are massed in a group, we are briefed on the camp emergency siren system: three blasts for an emergency and one blast for the all-clear signal. The temperature outdoors is a frigid 22 degrees below the freezing point. It is bitter Arctic cold, and my ears are raw in this deep-freeze.

13 February 1942 (Friday):

Today, I am detailed for work with housekeeping chores. Four of us in my group haul mattresses to and from, and all day engage ourselves in dusting and mopping housekeeping duties.

14 February 1942 (Saturday):

I have decided to become the camp barber. In preparation, I purchase the needed tools/implements for my trade-to-be, and the cost for my barber tools is a mere twenty cents. Mr. Hurata has brought me my missing suitcase which, he states, was in the possession of another party within my camp. The suitcase is empty, however. Mr. Murata explains the circumstances for its temporary

disappearance. Then--I am led to a Mr. Wakamatsu (from Seattle, Washington), and in a state of extreme displeasure, I demand a thorough explanation. I recognize my belongings which are in the possession of Mr. Murata. Friends intercede to quell my boisterous confrontation with the abductor of my only possession in camp. I yield to their arbitration as peace-makers, and somehow tranquility is restored. Subsequently, I am presented with a sack of Bull Durham tobacco every Saturday from the man whom I had verbally abused only earlier.

15 February 1942 (Sunday)

Altho I am the camp barber, I am unable to cut my own hair. Therefore, my friend Mr. Tsuno clips my hair.

16 February 1942 (Monday):

The mercury drops another two degrees, and it is very cold; it is almost brutally cold outside. And it is a day of absolute inactivity on my part. Throughout the day, I while away the hours by watching my friends engage themselves in the card game of 'hana-fuda'. There are no books to read.

17 February 1942 (Tuesday):

I write letters all day, but camp regulations restrict our letters to one sheet only and with no Japanese writing on envelopes, I try my hand at English writing.

18 February 1942 (Wednesday):

I remain in bed as I am feverish. But somehow, I manage to tag along with my friends for the second series of inoculations. Trembling and feeling most uncomfortable, I return to the comfort of my bed. I am shaking from the cold within my body,

19 February 1942 (Thursday):

The interrogations commence again. The questions are routine and include names of family members, occupation, more names and addresses, and lastly, person to contact in case of death. Late that evening, Mr. Hamaguchi informs me of the death of Joe Shintani.

20 February 1942: (Friday)

Our daily roll call at 11:00 AM has been rescheduled for 2:00 PM daily. It is another day of absolute inactivity, and I occupy myself with more letter-writing to friends and loved ones.

21 February 1942 (Saturday):

Inactivity again. I venture to the laundry room and wash my soiled garments. But highlighting an otherwise dreary day is another gift of Bull Durham tobacco.

22 February 1942 (Sunday):

Again--boredom is the order of the day, and I am hard put to become even usefully idle. Nevertheless, it is my turn again to join the clean-up crew for a sweeping of the premises. I write more letters while the snow outdoors continues to fall

heavily.

23 February 1942 (Monday):

Boredom everywhere. I write more letters.

24 February 1942 (Tuesday):

At 9:30 AM, we are detailed to the red brick building for a cleanup of the interior, and for setting up of additional beds. The word is out that more relocated Japanese are to be assigned to our camp. Following lunch, we are required to assemble for individual photographs. The picture-taking procedure is identical with the mug shots that alien Japanese were required to take during their initial arrest by Government agents earlier. Until 3:30 PM, we continue to set up beds for our new arriving internees.

25 February 1942 (Wednesday):

We split up into two's and three's and help out in the kitchen with pan washing and other duties of a miscellany nature. I wash one-fourth of a sack of rice. From noon, interrogations commence again, and we are required to present passports and other documents.

26 February 1942 (Thursday):

Early, I report to the kitchen for KP duty. We learn that approximately seven hundred and eighty internees are to arrive today. There is a flurry of activity in the kitchen area as stove equipment, shelves and kitchen hardware are relocated to set up an extension of the cooking facilities, I wash, rinse and water-soak almost three more sacks of rice. At 12 noon, the hordes of new internees arrive. I am somehow confined to KP duties and can barely find time to grab a quick lunch of leftovers. I light the stove that will cook the massive volume of rice. At dinner time, there is mass confusion in the main dining area. The throngs of new arrivals mass together at the mess hall. They are unaware of our meal time procedures, and therefore, create havoc in the in the mess hall with their stampede. Much to our dismay, our new friends have brought with them their undisciplined manners. All is disorderly. Country-bred folks insist on sitting face-to-face with their mutual friends. Others with childlike manners demand that tea be brought to their tables, I am distressed at the sight of their unruly conduct, but I can only feel pity. I conclude my kitchen duties at 7:00 PM and return to my room. I am tired.

27 February 1942 (Friday):

I haul away soiled bed linen from the supply room and bring back clean sheets to the supply room. I do some shopping. I receive mail and write my reply.

28 February 1942 (Saturday):

Cannot make out this entry. (Translator).

1 MARCH 1942 (Sunday):

Snow outdoors. Boredom with inactivity,

2 -March 1942 (Monday):

I pound and nail an apple box to the wall of my room. It shall serve as a shelf to hold my personal items. I also construct a wooden base upon which to place my suitcase.

3 March 1942 (Tuesday):

The weather outside has taken a turn for the worse. Today is Chiyo's birthday. However, as I lack the financial resources, I am unable to send Chiyo a birthday gift. My money has been left in the custody of the Federal authorities on Terminal Island.

4 March 1942 (Wednesday):

Enroute back to my room after breakfast, I am informed by Mr. Marumoto that there is a box of fresh oranges addressed to me at the Post Office. To the mailman on duty, I present a handful of fresh oranges, and the remainder, I distribute among my fifty friends at two per person. At 6:30 PM, I am given some mail and a notice for the remittance of some money to me, which is to arrive soon. That evening, Mr. Hamaguchi shows me some photographs of his children.

5 March 1942 (Thursday).

The sky is clear. Today, I wish to send a letter to Miss Watkins, a trusted friend of the Terminal Islanders for many, many years. I proceed to Building 14 where I ask Mr. Kusumoto to write my letter of appreciation to Miss Watkins. I compose another letter to Takako and receive more mail that evening.

6 March 1942 (Friday):

The sky is clear. A few days have passed, but I have not received the money order stated in the slip of paper received earlier. Inevitably, I must resort to borrowing, which I do in the amount of three dollars from Mr. Shintani. With it, I purchase a few daily necessities from the canteen. We all decide to form a 'group-fund' of sorts as working capital. To this fund, we each turn over one dollar.

7 March 1942 (Saturday)

Mr. Tsuno trims my hair, I purchase a few items at the canteen, and then go to see my friend for my Saturday ration of Bull Durham. As a bonus, I am also presented with some shaving soap. That evening, Mr. Tani and Mr. Otomatsu entertain me with a display of their magic tricks.

8 March 1942 (Sunday):

Mr. Tsuno assists me with my self-grooming; he shaves me and trims my neck area. A large social gathering is scheduled tonight in the hall for an amateur's night of singing and Japanese folk dances. But

the weather outdoors is almost sub-zero. Furthermore, the hall would not accommodate the large crowd expected, and therefore, the performance is called off. In our room, Mr, Mtsutani and Kiyō Hamaji entertain us with their 'manzai'.

9 March 1942 (Monday): Cloudy.

I engage in some carpentry work and remodel my suitcase stand. I also improvise and make a chair. I receive more mail. I listen to the news broadcast.

10 March 1942 (Tuesday): Clear weather.

Every Tuesday has been designated to be sheet-exchange day. I take my soiled linen to the laundry area for an exchange of clean ones. I write letters. At night, we are allowed to listen to the news.

11 March 1942 (Wednesday) Clear weather.

Inactivity bores me during the morning hours. However, after lunch, it is my turn again to assist with the multitude of chores in and around the premises. From 4 PM to 5 PM, I help with the construction of a barracks building. That evening, we listen to the news.

12 March 1942 (Thursday) Cloudy.

One of our internees succumbs to a heart attack in the barber's shop. He is an internee-transfer from Guadalupe, California. He is from Esumi Village in Wakayama Prefecture in Japan. From noon until 3:00 PM, we all assemble to pay our last respects during funeral rites for the deceased. I also learn that the child of the deceased met with an accident, many years ago, in which the child's hand was severed by a train.

13 March 1942 (Friday). Clear skies.

Nothing definite about the money being sent to me. That evening, Mr. Iwasaki entertains us with a cowboy movie that revolves about the gambling casinos of Reno. I return to my quarters at 10:00 PM.

14 March 1942 (Saturday) Cloudy.

My money remittance is delayed and I am informed that it will be Monday until receipt. I visit my friend to receive my Saturday ration of tobacco. I write more letters.

15 March 1942 (Sunday)

We are completely snowed-in for the entire day.

16 March 1942 (Monday). Snow.

11:00 AM to 12 noon, someone visits us from Building No. 32 and briefs us on news of world events. That evening again, Professor Sato (who was a passenger on the last Japanese ship to leave Yokohama for America) lectures to us for two hours to enlighten us on world events.

17 March 1942 (Tuesday). Cloudy.

I take my soiled sheets to the laundry room to exchange for clean sheets. I purchase some postage stamps and write more letters. For

the second time, Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward from Bismarck set up temporary retail outlets within our camp. I browse about their display of merchandise, but I have no choice but to walk away. I lack the barest of financial means to make any purchases.

18 March 1942 (Wednesday) Clear skies.

I haul soiled sheets from the supply room to the laundry area. I receive some mail. During the evening, we are entertained in the room as Mr. Hamaji presents his one-man 'manzai' and Mr. Sumizono sings the traditional Japanese ballads. At 8:30 PM, I proceed to the kitchen to sign and to be fingerprinted for the \$10.00 in wages that I am to receive for my labors in the kitchen. To Mr. Shintani, I pay off my debt of \$3.00.

19 March 1942 (Thursday). Clear skies.

At 11:00 AM, I am summoned to the camp office. There—I endorse an American Express Travelers check, and receive cash which I carefully stash away. Enroute to my room, I make a few purchases at the canteen. I receive some mail.

20 March 1942 (Friday). The sky is clear.

I wash my clothes during the morning hours and do a bit of housekeeping thereafter. Our scheduled news broadcast for 3:00 PM has somehow been rescheduled and postponed until 6:30 PM to 8:00 PM. I catch the news and then retire for the night at 10:00 PM.

21 March 1942 (Saturday) Clear skies.

I occupy myself with general housekeeping chores. From 1:00 PM to 2:30 PM, I watch a softball match between the Germans and the Japanese. For the Germans, softball is a totally unfamiliar game, and their performance is almost comical despite their determination. However, the Japanese team scores an unimpressive 7 to 5 victory. I receive my weekly ration of Bull Durham.

22 March 1942 (Sunday). Clear skies.

Again, Mr. Tsuno trims my hair. At 7:^fX) PM, we enjoy a spectacular show of amateur performers who play the harmonica, punctuate their mansai with jokes, sing and dance the traditional Japanese folk dances. The entertainment concludes at 9:15 PM. And then in a group and with loud unrestrained voices, we jointly sing: "Aikoku Koshin Kyoku." With equally loud voices, we roar: "Banzai"—three times. The program concludes at 10:00 PM.

23 March 1942 (Monday). Clear skies.

At 6:45 AM, I report to the kitchen to wash pans. I go again at 10:45 AM. At 4:00 PM, I pick up some baggage. I receive some mail. At 5:15 PM, I continue with pan-washing in the kitchen. I write more letters, and then break open my arrived baggage and sort and arrange the contents.

24 March 1942 (Tuesday). Cloudy.

I proceed to the kitchen for more pan-washing. I go again at 10:15 AM. I purchase a belt for my father from one of the camp retail outlet stores from Bismarck. At 5:15 PM, more pans to wash in the kitchen. At 7:00 PM, I watch a movie. I receive a letter.

25 March 1942. (Wednesday) Cloudy. I wash pans again at 6:00 AM and again at 10:15 AM. I browse about the Sears and Montgomery outlet stores in the camp. Again, I am washing pans at 5:15 PM. At 7:20 PM, we all see a movie which concludes at 9:00 PM. I mail some letters.

25 March 1942 (Wednesday). Cloudy.

It is Mr. Wada's turn at pan-washing in the kitchen. However, he is unable to go. In his stead, Mr. Sumizono offers his services in the kitchen, but I voluntarily replace Mr. Sumizono and ask him to return to his quarters. I wash kitchen pans in the afternoon, and then again at night. At dusk, there is a blizzard outside, and it is picking up momentum.

26 March 1942 (Thursday):

At 6:30 AM, we look out into a howling blizzard. I proceed to the kitchen to wash pots and pans. The ferocity of the blizzard increases, and it generates into one of the most savage snow blizzards in twenty years. The heavy snow that swirls about has bogged down the milk delivery van that is enroute to our camp. As a result, breakfast will be served this morning without fresh milk. This sets off a wave of unrest and anger as many internees demand milk with their morning meal. I can hear the distressed voices of people outside in the blizzard. They are shouting for help. In a somewhat orderly fashion, we resolve internee dissension, one aspect at a time. Mr. Michihiko Uono is a great help in preventing mass confusion in the mess hall. Braving the biting cold of the blizzard, he has moved from barrack to barrack to coordinate meal-time hours. I desire to withdraw twenty dollars from my account, but I am unable to do so without presenting a valid reason. Later, I am summoned to the post office, and there, Mr. Shibata presents an acceptable reason, on my behalf, for my need of money. I do some shopping. At noon and during the evening, I wash more pots/pans, and fulfill my KP duties. Mr. Wada is playing cards all day. I retire early.

27 March 1942 (Friday). A record-breaking blizzard.

Michihiko (Uono) again moves from barrack to barrack in the

driving snow to coordinate the mess hall schedule. Through his actions, he insures the smooth, uncongested flow of meal-takers in and out of the dining area. In the evening, I order some Easter cards.

28 March 1942 (Saturday).

Outdoors, the blizzard continues to rage violently and we are confined indoors for another day of inactivity. I prepare two Easter cards to send to my family, and one each for Messrs. Shibata, Iwasaki, Tani, Nakao and Nakamura. I also ready a card for Miss Watkins.

29 March 1942 (Sunday): Clear skies. No snow.

There are no activities planned, and today promises to be another dreary day. At night, I listen to the news, and it is not all good news: In El Centro, two railroad bridges burn, and on the East coast, a munitions factory explodes. Despite the nation's preparations to put the economy on a war-time footing—Easter vacation, it seems, is to be extended to two weeks.

30 March 1942 (Monday): Clear skies.

I visit my friend to receive my weekly ration of Bull Durham. News has been received that the wife of Mr. Kamejiro Suzuki has passed away in Los Angeles. At 7:00 PM that evening, we hold memorial services, or "ishuki" for the deceased. The service ends at 8:00 PM. Until 3:00 AM, I write more letters and prepare them for mailing.

31 March 1942 (Tuesday): Clear skies.

I change sheets and wash my clothes, and engage in general housekeeping chores. I loiter about the camp stores but make no purchases. We receive news from the broadcasts about a clash between blacks and whites at a military base. Injuries are sustained on both sides. Messrs. Tanishita and Otomatsu are both hospitalized with inflammation of the inner ear. For Easter---a total of 2,663 cards are mailed from camp.

1 APRIL 1942 (Wednesday): Clear skies.

Today promises to be another drab and dreary day. I prepare to write more correspondence, but am unable to locate my pen. I purchase a pen at the canteen. And on resuming my letter-writing, Mr. Nobuichi Tani returns my pen which he had borrowed, but had forgotten to return.

2 April 1942 (Thursday): Clear skies.

Today is pay day, and at 10:30 AM, I receive compensation for my labors. After lunch, I listen to the news broadcast. As a replacement for Mr. Wada, I report for a work assignment. The task involves the spreading of sand and gravel over the snow to lay a path for a walkway. The task is concluded at 4:30 PM, and at 5:30 PM, I have dinner. I write more letters and receive some. I watch a movie until 9:00 PM and then retire for the night at 10:30 PM.

3 April 1942 (Friday): Cloudy.

Cannot make out (understand) this entry for 3 April. (Translator).

4 April 1942 (Sunday): Cloudy.

Until lunch time, I am a mere onlooker of a card game between my fellow men. From 2:00 PM to 3:30 PM, I listen to the news. I receive a telegam in which I am informed that my family will be heading for Owens Valley. Then I receive two letters in which a JACL telegram is quoted. My family has been instructed to make preparations for the move to Owens Valley by Friday. Somehow, I am angered at the ease with which this JACL organization is able to move bodies about. From my friend, I receive some pipe tobacco, a toothbrush and some tooth paste.

5 April 1942 (Easter Sunday). Cloudy.

My fare for breakfast consists of two eggs, two servings of corn flakes and one apple. For lunch, my fare is approximately one-fifth of a chicken and a salad. My dinner consists of a heavy, broth-like rice stew of sorts. The snow accumulates another twelve inches outdoors. Four of us---myself, Iwasaki, Shintani and Goto play cards. Later, I do some shopping. At 10:00 PM, I retire for the night.

6 April 1942 (Monday): Cloudy.

I play cards during the AM hours, just as I did the previous day. I am informed that there is a package for me. On opening the package, I discover to my dismay that it is not the Red Cross plaster (?? - Translator) that I had ordered. There is a box of chocolates inside. At night, we listen to a Japanese translation of news articles taken from the Newsweek Magazine.

7 April 1942 (Tuesday). Clear skies.

I busy myself with routine household chores. I launder some clothes, change sheets and set my bed. Mr. Uoho brings me some plaster. I visit the camp store and order a new suitcase while shopping for other daily necessities. No news broadcasts tonight. I discover that three of my plaster sheets are missing.

8 April 1942 (Wednesday): Clear skies,

I wash some clothes. I draw pictures for there is no outdoor work to be done. Camp officials arrive and question me on the whereabouts of my personal documents as Social Security card, passport and my proof of having been fingerprinted. These documents were turned over to the authorities at Bismarck.

9 April 1942 (Thursday): Cloudy.

I wash clothes. I take my clothes bag to No. 32 for storage, There are no sheets today for hauling to or from the laundry, I

listen to the evening broadcasts.

10 April 1942 (Friday): Clear skies.

I go to No. 10 to listen to the news broadcast. At 1:30 PM, Mr. Kenkichiro Uchida is taken to the hospital due to a light stroke. I have a haircut and do some shopping.

11 April 1942 (Saturday): Cloudy.

I write more letters, I go to the post office to pick up my shoes which I have ordered from Sears Roebuck. To my dismay, I discover that the heels to my pair of shoes are missing. I wash my clothes bag. From 3:30 PM to 5:00 PM, we listen to an interpretation of the news and world events. The USA and the British have dispatched special envoys to India to negotiate a pact, but talks break off. It is reported and exposed that Brazil is secretly violating a pact with the Allied Powers; relations are strained. Brazil declares war on the Axis Powers. Brazil's navy consists of 6,000 seamen, but on the first day that Brazil dispatches a naval vessel against the Germans, the vessel is torpedoed

only three miles from shore. Another US vessel enroute to Brazil is torpedoed and sunk. Brazil seeks US military aid, but the sea lanes are infested with enemy subs. The matter of transporting provisions and war materiel to Brazil becomes a critical problem. At 7:00 PM in the service hall, there is a grand variety show of camp talent. It encompasses almost every form and aspect of the traditional Japanese folk dances, provincial songs, monologues and skits. The program left nothing to be desired for it covered almost the entire spectrum of entertainment. The program concludes at 10:30 PM amidst a thunderous applause. I receive some pipe tobacco.

12 April 1942 (Sunday): Clear.

The weather outdoors is ideal, and so I spend almost the entire day outside. Toward evening, I stroll outside and watch the Germans play softball. Enroute back to my quarters, I detour to No. 19 and listen to the latest camp gossip. At approximately 7:30 PM, the weather changes for the worse and the rain falls heavily with lightening and thunder. I retire at 9:30 PM.

13 April 1942 (Monday): Sunny with intermittent rains.

At 9:00 AM, I go to the shoe shop to have my shoes mended. At 1:15 PM, I watch a softball game. The camp siren is sounded and roll call is taken. At 2:30 PM, I pick up my shoes. No news tonight.

14 April 1942 (Tuesday): Clear skies.

I change sheets and then go outdoors to watch a softball game. At 2:30, I go to Sears to purchase a pair of shoes and some stockings which I send to Santa Anita. I watch baseball again. The night is quiet.

15 April 1942 (Wednesday): Clear skies.

The morning hours are boring from want of something to do. On and off, I watch more softball. I shop. No news broadcast tonight,

16 April 1942 (Thursday): Clear.

I take a morning stroll. At 10:AM, I ask Mr. Shibata to write a

letter for me in English so that I may inform my child of the package that I am sending. Roll call is taken and the all-clear signal given in about 45 minutes. Following dinner, Mr. Suga informs me of some news that he has heard from Mr. Miyama about the death of thirty people at Santa Anita. The cause of their death is believed to be food poisoning. I frantically inquire about these deaths, but to no avail. No one can substantiate these reports. Talk is that Mr. Fukuhara is in receipt of a letter from Santa Anita which comments on these deaths. However, Mr. Fukuhara is unable to shed any light on this incident. From him, I am met with an attitude of indifference. He is too absorbed in his game of hana-fuda. Mr. Kawasaki from Seattle is authorized to leave camp.

17 April 1942 (Friday): Clear.

See - following page.

At 10:00 AM, the wind velocity increases. I scribble some notations on the reverse side of some photographs taken while at Bismarck, and send a few to Santa Anita. Mr. Tanishita has fully recovered from his illness and is discharged after eighteen days of hospitalization. Those with surnames from A to M take blood tests, and pay for these tests. I listen to the news broadcast: Sixty-four thousand Philippinoes, with a handful of American officer and non-coms, are taken as prisoners. Japanese forces capture four oil fields while the Burmese take a scorched Earth policy and burn everything in the wake of their retreat. Sea and air battles rage everywhere, and losses in human lives and materiel are great in the face of advancing Japanese forces. I retire for the night at 10:00 PM.

18 April 1942 (Saturday): Rain.

I revise my draft of a letter for there is nothing else to do. Due to inclement weather, the scheduled sumo practice has been cancelled. After dinner, I have a hair cut and do some shopping. The amateur variety show for tonight has been cancelled. No news broadcast tonight. The interrogation and background checks of Seattle internees commences today.

19 April 1942 (Sunday): Rain.

It is another day of inactivity. Slightly after 2:00 PM, the siren sounds, but the all-clear signal is given forty-five minutes later. I wash my trousers. After dinner, I visit with Mr. Hamaguchi. At night, I take in a movie.

20 April 1942 (Monday): Clear.

I do some laundering and take three shirts to the dry cleaners. At the cleaners, payment is required in advance. Again, I listen to the news: Carrier-based US aircraft have raided Tokyo, Nagoya and Kobe on the Japanese mainland. US aircraft

inflict damage, suffer some losses, but manage to land at airports on the China mainland. I watch more baseball. I take in my laundry. I receive one letter from Takako and one letter from Mr. Iwasaki.

21 April 1942 (Tuesday). Clear sky.

I wash clothes and write more letters. Between barracks, I till a patch of ground for a garden. I listen to the news, but the news is routine today. I receive \$10.00 in wages, and then proceed to the store to borrow the Sears catalogue. There is more news at night: France has come to terms with the invading German forces. News is plentiful tonight.

22 April 1942 (Wednesday). Clear skies.

I improvise and fix up a baseboard of sorts to improve and to help with the 'ironing' operations in the laundry room. I listen to the news and the broadcasts are abundant with local and international news. Locally in the USA, fires erupt in twenty one different places in the mountains of North Carolina. Mr. Hillman tenders his resignation. America confiscates the French liner "Normandie" and converts this vessel into an aircraft carrier. However, fires break out and the Normandie tilts to her aide. Fires break out again for the third time during her re-fitting as a carrier. Rumors circulate that Christian groups are initiating a movement for world peace through Toyohiko Kagawa of Japan.

23 April 1942 (Thursday): Cloudy followed by rain.

The AM hours are hours of inactivity. In the afternoon, I play ping-pong. Today, the news is plentiful, good and bad, about the fighting. American war supplies pile up on the East and West coasts of the USA for there are no ships to transport these war necessities. People are quietly emigrating from one country to another in search of political asylum from the ravages of this global war. Railroad travel within the continental USA is at its highest peak as never before. The war is causing citizens to move about. I watch a judo match. Mr. Morimoto writes some letters for me which I send to Messrs. Sugimoto and Shintani.

24 April 1942 (Friday). Cloudy.

I do some laundering. There is no news broadcast. I receive a letter from home and an offering for the altar to memorialize the 35th year since the passing away of Mrs. Ishi Suzuki. The 'Dai Hoku Nippo' ceases publications.

25 April 1942 (Saturday): Rain.

I purchase some stamps at the store. Camp activity is at a standstill due to the heavy rains. I sort my old correspondence. No news. I receive some pipe tobacco.

26 April 1942 (Sunday): Clear.

The wind is blowing fiercely. No news this morning. The brother of our Mr. I. Miyagishima is killed in Utah. The cause of his death is a kick from a horse. At 7:00 PM, combined memorial services are conducted for brother of Mr. Miyagishima and for Mrs. Suzuki.

Again, I listen to the news: Heavy shipments of food, war materiel and ammunition for overseas shipment to the thirty-two different location where US troops are stationed cause a traffic snarl within the country's railroad transportation system. US troops at the battle fronts are starved for entertainment. Nurses can no longer perform as entertainers for the uplift of

troop morale. The demand for nurses is overwhelming in the hospitals; their profession has been elevated. Now, telephone operators substitute as entertainers in their stead.

27 April 1942 (Monday): Rain.

I pick and gather stones from the yard outside. There is not much else to do. At 10:00 AM, I go to No. 10 to catch the news, but it is routine today. Again, I seek the services of Mr. Kuramoto to write my letter to Miss Watkins.

28 April 1942 (Tuesday): Clear.

I wash some clothes and take my sheets to the laundry room. I go to the dental office for some dental work on my gold filling. The fee is \$1.00 and my bill, which I sign, is forwarded to the front office for later payment. I listen to the 12:30 news broadcast: A tornado has ripped through Paris, Oklahoma. Fifteen thousand people are homeless and with many injured. More than 100 people are dead. Another tornado hits Idaho. Thirteen are known dead with many homeless. A 13,000-ton US vessel is found adrift off the coast of Florida. The cause of the ship's drifting is unknown. The US Government steps up aid to the US farmer to enable the farmer to produce more food. The rich are permitted to drive one automobile only, and their incomes are restricted to \$25,000 per annum. However, the Government's proposed lid on incomes meets with opposition. Race riots abound against Asiatics; a Phillipine couple and their children are killed at Gilroy.

National governments protest to other national governments through neutral nations. I retire for the night at 10:00 PM.

29 April 1942 (Wednesday) Intermittent rain and sunshine.

At 9:30 AM, Mr. Kuramoto informs me that I am wanted at the front office to make payment on my fee for dental services rendered. What was yesterday a fee of \$1.00 is today a \$2.00 fee. I argue and challenge this matter with the clerk, and offer to bring a friend who witnessed my signing of the original bill for the fee of \$1.00. This matter is checked out, and finally, the discrepancy is corrected, and in my favor. The weather clears and at 2:00 PM, I proceed outdoors to watch the 'sumo' wrestling tournament. The man-toman encounter of muscle and braun proceeds. To the internees who have been isolated from outside world --- these matches and the excitement does bring back nostalgic memories of early Japan days. I then listen to the news broadcast: India wavers in her political stance in world affairs. Reports are that India has rejected military aid from the Allied Powers and has declared a state of neutrality. India announces all-out cooperation with Japan. At Bethlehem Steel, five thousand workers threaten to strike, with their ranks to swell to double this amount within days if agreement cannot be reached. On the East coast, other labor disputes are imminent.

30 April 1942 (Thursday) Rain.

Many residents in camp are reluctant to seek medical advice and medical treatment from the camp physician. The doctors lack of professional competence is at controversy. As a result, camp internees are permitted to seek medical advice from doctors outside the camp. Regarding the matter of my dental payments, a representative from the office visits me. He clarifies all, and in my favor. I go shopping at 1:30 PM. I receive a letter from home. Then I listen to the news: The supreme commander of the Australian Air Force and foreign correspondents of the Time Magazine perish in an aircraft mishap. The death toll is set at 13. Port Moresby in Australia is bombarded for the third time. Labor unrest in

the USA increases despite the President's plea for harmony between capital and labor. The President tightens his grip on the income of the wealthy. From Shanghai in China, US war planes carry out air raids on Japan proper. During such raids, one disabled US fighter plane lands in Yamagata Prefecture in Japan and another fighter escapes to Siberia where the pilot is held captive by the Russians. Each night after lights-out, we continue for about 30 minutes to discuss world events and the impact upon us.

1 MAY 1942 (Friday): Rain.

During the morning hours, I write more letters. At 10: AM, I am again listening to the news: Ambassador Yosuke Matsuoka of Japan is in Germany for high-level talks with Hitler and Mussolini. In the Pacific, German U-Boats sink more US ships. A forest fire blazes fiercely in Rhode Island, and the cause is unknown. To contain these raging forest fires in Rhode Island, fire-fighters from the three surrounding states are called in to assist in quelling the flames. A danger exists, for in the same state and nearby, a plant is manufacturing poison gases. Martial law is declared over the entire area. It is my turn again for KP duty, and I work until 1:30 PM, Mr. Tsuno cuts my hair. No broadcasts tonight. I receive a letter from Mr. Nakao.

2 May 1942 (Saturday): Clear.

Again, it's pots and pans for me at 6:15 AM. Later, I listen to the news: A heavy bomber crashes in North Carolina with seven crewmen aboard. Another aircraft departing from Los Angeles crashes into mountains near Salt Lake City. This aircraft hits one of the oldest churches in America, and destroys church and valuable religious documents of historic value. Japanese fighter planes bombard Port Moresby in Australia and encounter no resistance. More news: The President proposes plan for recruitment of female workers in war plants due to a manpower shortage, but his proposal is premature as current labor force is reported to be sufficient. Female troops needed in US Armed Forces to keep up troop morale. Rhode Island fires still rage over an area of 50 square miles. In Connecticut, fifteen different fires rage and spread. FBI makes arrest of suspected arsonists.

3 May 1942 (Sunday): Cloudy.

More news in the morning: Tornado hits Missouri and a 4-state area. Twenty perish. Japanese aircraft, it is rumored, are stepping up aerial activity in the area of the Caribbean Sea. This could be a diversionary move to distract attention from Japanese naval operations in the Pacific area. In London, Buckingham Palace is bombarded by the German Luftwaffe. Suez Canal too is hit by German U-Boats. The Japanese vessel 'Calcutta Maru' is torpedoed by US subs south of Kyushu. Another 4,760-ton Soviet vessel is torpedoed in the Sea of Japan. The indiscriminate and sometimes mistaken sinking of friendly vessels and neutral vessels is a world-wide controversy. Fierce naval operations between Japan and the USA now extends over an area of 10,000 miles by 5,000 miles.

4 May 1942 (Monday): Clear skies.

Another day of emptiness faces me. There is nothing to do to while away the hours. Mr. Sakamoto of Kumamoto-ken in Japan passes away from a heart attack which is compounded by other minor ailments. Seven thousand tons of Brazilian shipping is sunk in the French territory of the Caribbean Sea. Another English light cruiser and six transport ships are sunk by enemy aircraft of by German U-Boats. U-Boats pose a serious threat to US shipping. Within a period of only two days, eight 'black-outs' are enforced on the Pacific Coast, Mr. Knox comes to San Francisco and receives royal welcome. Subsequently, he sarcastically comments on the inactivity of the US Navy along the Pacific Coast. On the US domestic scene, eleven aircraft crash and many pilots are killed. Three US Navy planes crash in North Carolina. Sato and Yasube from Japan are greeted royally on their visit to Germany for military talks. London reports that Madagascar will be used as a military base for operations against the enemy, and to secure air supremacy of Indian Ocean. British aircraft carry out raids into Burma. New Guinea soon to fall under control of advancing Japanese. I watch Japanese sumo practice. I write more letters.

5 May 1942 (Tuesday): Clear.

At 10:00 AM, I shop. I write some letters. An outdoor track and field meet is held with events as apple/spoon race. 75-yard run in pairs with feet bound together, 100-yard dash, and ball throwing. Each area of the camp was represented by 15 contestants. I place first in one of these events and win a penny candy bar and some Bull Durham. Later, an amateur variety show is held outdoors, but

strong winds cause the termination of outdoor performances. Mr. Y. Watanabe reports for the first day of 'hearings', but it is postponed for the following day. Two hundred troops of a garrison flee into mountains as Japanese troops pursue. Another strike breaks out in a Massachusetts war production plant. In New Guinea, Allied troops and natives flee and village populations decrease. Allies land 20,000 troops in New Zealand and the surrounding islands. Spirits are high. But political analysts in the USA are more pessimistic and fear total capitulation of these troops in the face of the Japanese onslaught. I watch a movie and then retire at 9:00 PM.

6 May 1942 (Wednesday): Clear.

I do some laundry. At 4:15 AM, I listen to the news: U.S troops at Corregidor surrender unconditionally to Japanese troops. In Europe, British troops carry out landings on the shores of neutral nations. A cry of condemnation and criticism is raised by the neutrals. Again, I watch the sumo practice at 7:00 PM. No news tonight. Allied shipping is being torpedoed everywhere. I write some letters.

7 May 1942 (Thursday): Clear skies.

I re-write my diary. It is reported that well over 11,000 US troops are taken as prisoners from the Corregidor Island. A large shipment of tomatoes and asparagus is transported to New Jersey for distribution to markets. However, due to a severe lack of transportation in New Jersey, the entire shipment of fresh produce is ruined completely. Due to a shortage of rubber in the USA, the speed limit for automobiles is limited to 40 MPH. To enforce this speed limit, the Government is proposing arrests and auto confiscation of violators. Somewhere in the South Pacific, one Japanese cruiser, two destroyers and transports and four gun boats are sunk by the Allies. The victory is given wide publicity in the US. The Government moves ahead with plans for raising personal income taxes, which labor unions denounce. In the North Atlantic, Germans sink one cruiser, six transport ships and one aircraft carrier of the Royal Navy.

I rewrite my diary. Japanese broadcasts report the sinking of the aircraft carriers, Saratoga, the California and the Tennessee near Tarawa in the Pacific. Also, Radio Japan reports the sinking of six light cruisers, one carrier and one battleship of the British Royal Navy. Minor vessels of assorted sizes are also reported as hit. US Government proposes military conscription of women in the 20 to 44 age bracket.

9 May 1942 (Saturday): Clear skies.

The sinking of Allied vessels of the previous few days is reported by Radio Japan as a tremendous naval victory for Japan. Reports are that the American press will henceforth 'play down' Japanese sea victories. In the Caribbean Sea, two British vessels, one Panamanian vessel and another vessel belonging to a neutral nation are sunk again.

Interrogations commence at 2:00 PM with the arrival of two camp immigration authorities to our quarters. The three Suzuki's are summoned to Bldg. No. 23. My father returns soon without much questioning. The questions put to me are simple and routine. I am released when the authorities learn that my family is interned at Santa Anita. Slightly after 3:00 PM, Henry Murakami arrives in the company of two INS men. Mr. Takehara is summoned, but he too soon returns.

Next——Kr. Ootosaburo Sumi is called, but he is manhandled and receives very harsh treatment at the hands of the immigration authorities. He was asked detailed questions about his past, and to many which he replied with: "I don't recall." Through the interpreter, Mr. Sumi urges the speed up of his interrogation. The interpreter translates Mr. Sumi's urgings as: "Come on." The comment angers the two authorities who immediately rise to their feet and strike Mr. Sumi in the face. The interpreters also join in the fracas and strike Mr. Sumi. The result to Mr. Sumi is the loss of two front, upper teeth. Mr. Sumi places his two dislodged teeth into his pocket, but the immigration men grab the two teeth and flush these down the toilet. The maltreatment of Mr. Sumi creates a wave of anger, and immediately, discussions are held to formulate plans for coping with these INS interrogations. The solution, it is decided, are straightforward replies with honesty during these questioning periods.

10 May 1942 (Sunday): Cloudy.

Canada transmits Japanese news broadcasts to the US. A camouflaged Japanese cruiser is reported to be in a certain area of the Pacific. US naval ships seek and search in the Pacific for this phantom ship, but while encircling the reported area, are hit by a fleet of Japanese naval ships. This US loss combined with the previous weeks's loss is reported to have resulted in the almost total annihilation of the US Pacific Fleet. In the Gulf of Mexico, a US vessel, a Panamanian vessel, one Nicaraguan vessel and another of unknown registry are hit and sunk. Bombay, India reports that information on actual figures of Allied shipping losses, is being withheld from the American public. Mr. Robinson (Camp Director), three guards, one secretary and Mr. Murakami come to our quarters at 10:00 AM to investigate the Sumi case. Messrs. Robinson and McCoy urge Mr. Sumi to consult the camp doctor for treatment. This Sumi incident causes a stir in camp. I forego the news tonight and take in a movie.

11 May 1942 (Monday): Clear.

At 9:20 AM, I report to the INS Office in response to a notice received. However, that office is empty. I proceed to Mr. Robinson's office to inquire, and there, I am informed that it is not necessary to report unless officially summoned. Colonel Kennan, Commander of the US garrison on Mindanao Island is taken prisoner by the enemy. The Vichy government of France declines surrender of its captured naval vessels to the British. General MacArthur reports that US air supremacy is still held in some isolated atoll areas of the Philippine Islands. German aircraft continue to bombard Malta in the Mediterranean Sea, and British forces claim 101 German planes downed. Messres. Tanishita and Otomatsu show off some of their magic tricks.

12 May 1942 (Tuesday): Rain.

I start a letter, but give it up. It is now raining. Our camp leader, Mr. Shibata, calls us together for a discussion of general camp matters, and to outline procedures and attitudes toward interrogations. On the Leningrad front, it is disclosed that Germany is using poison gases, which is gas pressurized in bombs and dropped from above. A German U-Boat is hit at the mouth of the Lawrence River in Canada. U-Boats continue to inflict great losses on the enemy. Talk is that France will soon concede to German demands for the release of armaments and one of its territorial possessions in Africa. Mr. Takahashi treats me to some of his delicacies. I send off a letter to Santa Anita.

13 May 1942 (Wednesday): Clear.

Mr. Nagata is hospitalized---appendectomy. At Leningrad, Germans capture Russian armaments, and over 40,000 Russian troops and hold them as prisoners of war. Fifty deaths with 200 injured, are reported in the coal mine explosion of a few days ago. Another two more coal mine explosions are reported. **The US government reports that the incarceration /internment of all Japanese on the West Coast will be concluded by mid-May. There is now talk of rounding up all people of German and Italian ancestry, and placing them in concentration camps.** At 7:45 AM in the yard today, camp internees drill to form groups of twenty-five each. The siren sounds at 8:00 AM, and camp authorities arrive in the yard for an inspection and a head-count. In twenty minutes, the inspection is all over.

14 May 1942 (Thursday): Clear.

I change sheets. The washing machine is malfunctioning. It has been broken and seventeen days have gone by already. More radio news: Two merchant ships are sunk at the mouth of the Lawrence River in Canada. Another coal mine explosion in West Virginia results in death and injury to one thousand people. Japanese troops are assembling from Burma, Thailand and French-Indo China for a massive assault against the Chinese. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek announces from Chungking that this current global war is merely a massive exercise between the White races for a show of racial superiority. Philippine sources reiterate the same opinion as Chiang Kai-shek, and plead for world peace. Another nine British transports are torpedoed near Murmansk in Russia. **Japanese aliens from Canada are being relocated to camps within the USA. And these internees from Canada are engaged in camp work under forced labor conditions. Strikes break out in various camps, and strikers are dispersed with fire hoses.** At 8:00 PM, the alarm sounds and roll call is taken.

15 May 1942 (Friday): Clear sky.

US Government declares seizure of over three hundred commercial and private aircraft, and declares that no flights will be made without Government clearance and approval. Near the Mississippi Delta, another

US vessel is torpedoed. Mexico lodges strong protest to Germany for the sinking of one of its most prized vessels. Regardless of German reply to protest, Mexico will declare war on Germany, 22 May. On Corregidor Island, Major General Jonathan Wainwright surrenders to Lieutenant General Tomoyuki Yamashita. The crowd at the softball match today is very small, and so I return to my quarters. At 3:30 PM, I watch the sumo practice. German U-Boat spots US vessels hiding along fiords on Norway's coast and sinks three ice-breakers, one cruiser and one destroyer. German intelligence reports confirm that US Navy is active in the North Atlantic. Roll call again at 8:00 PM. Because of severe cold weather, the scheduled movie is cancelled.

16 May 1942 (Saturday): Rain.

Nothing to do this morning to while away the hours. General Joseph Stilwell in Burma planning break-out from encirclement of Japanese troops. Because of rain, roll call is held indoors. I receive some tobacco.

17 May 1942 (Sunday): Snow.

At 10:00 AM, the snow is falling heavily and has the makings of a record-breaking snowfall. There is a shortage of manpower in the nation's police force. Educational requirements for policemen are lowered to the elementary school level.

In the Atlantic Ocean, nine more US ships are sunk. Jewish Communist leader, Earl Browder, is released from confinement on 'America Day'. US Jewish population proclaims all-out support and loyalty to the nation in its war effort. General MacArthur promises a massive counter-attack against the enemy by US air, sea and land forces. Since the opening of hostilities, the US has lost a total of 153 ships — but has launched 152 new ships.

18 May 1942 (Monday): Cloudy.

In the Ukraine area, superior German forces advance. Germany claims twelve million troops under arms and battle-ready with supporting logistics. In the Southwest Pacific, a task force of the Imperial Japanese Navy is in pursuit of two US carriers. US Government proposes plan to reduce number of high-ranking Civil Service employees for a budget cut and a savings of eight million dollars. Japanese Government launches vigorous protest to US Government on the incarceration and inhumane treatment of Japanese on West Coast of the USA. Japan threatens retaliation with similar treatment of US citizens in Japan. US transport ships arrive in Ireland and receive big welcome. Fourteen-ton tanks and heavy military armaments unloaded from these ships. G.I.'s wearing new type helmets. Three hundred German U-boats are active in the Pacific. US senators oppose Government control of rubber and gasoline.

19 May 1942 (Tuesday): Clear.

I make some corrections in my diary. Another explosion at the same coal I Mine in West Virginia, and fifty-six are counted dead. Chiang Kai-shek declares Kuomintang (National Peoples Party) in danger in the path of advancing enemy troops. I do some shopping and send some items to my children in Santa Anita. Mr. Takahashi incloses a \$2.79 item for my family. Following roll call in the evening, I watch a movie. For my children, I have sent three garments and one toy.

20 May 1942 (Wednesday): Cloudy.

I keep myself busy with more letter-writing. For about 2 1/2 hours

in the morning, I help with the painting of the outdoor swimming pool. From noon, I am idle. More radio news: In Australia and in the South Pacific, the US military position is endangered as the bulk of battle-ready US troops are being sent to Europe. On the European front, Germany continues to display military superiority as Germany has captured nineteen divisions of enemy troops and downed three hundred Allied aircraft. In Canada, a 26-Nation summit meeting is convened to work out global war plans. China begs for military aid but is turned down. In view of this rejection, China withdraws her delegates from this conference. Ultimately, only twenty nations remain to continue global discussions.

21 May 1942 ('Thursday): Clear, followed by rain.

I am idle again until noon. At 1:15 PM, five of us wait at the main gate for a bus to take us into the town of Bismarck for some dental work. My dental work takes up an hour of time, and the fee is \$5.00. I listen to the news again: The President commented that the safest and most ideal location for all Asiatics is in Asia itself. Plans are now underway to salvage the 'Normandie' which is now at the bottom of the Hudson River. And within the month, her refitting for seaworthiness will commence. Russian subs torpedo two Turkish merchant ships. Russia receives a very harsh protest.

22 May 1942 (Friday): Clear.

I dispatch more letters. More news: Off the coast of Brazil, an Italian submarine torpedoes the US fighting ship "SS Maryland" with a crew of 1400. In the Philippines, five US administrative officials question local Japanese, but are beaten up by Japanese. Those US officials are today imprisoned in Japan and leading lives in solitude. FBI and INS agents increase watch along Canadian border to curtail infiltration of foreign spies into the USA through Canada. Two Mexican vessels are sunk in Mexican waters; seven more US vessels are sunk in the Atlantic.

23 May 1942 (Saturday): Clear.

I am idle again today, but proceed anyway to receive my share of tobacco. Roll call and news again: Shortage of lumber in USA necessitates controls. I learn from friends in camp that a Bismarck newspaper reported the death of a large landowner, Mr. Azurna, while he was at a relocation center in Ft. Lincoln. German U-Boats ravage Gulf of Mexico and Atlantic of Allied shipping. The US Coast Guard step up search for U-Boats, but search is futile. As news of international situation too abundant and lengthy, I will terminate today's diary at this point.

24 May 1942 (Sunday). Clear.

There is not much to do and I am idle again. I do some shopping at the canteen, and visit with Mr. Furuichi but he is not in his quarters. News again: The news from the European front is depressing as two more US vessels are sunk. POW's in Japan are being treated humanely, and this pleases the US president. A small tornado is reported in Alabama and South Dakota, and is scheduled to hit our area soon. Father sends a letter to Mr. Nakao.

25 May 1942 (Monday): Cloudy.

At 9:30 AM, I meet Mr. Furuichi, and he asks me to see him tomorrow morning. All busses on the Los Angeles to San Diego run are confiscated by the Government for use as military trucks. Natural and man-caused disasters strike everywhere in the USA—floods, explosions, forest fires, derailments and land/air accidents. It is the most

disastrous year in a 60-year period. Nine Japanese planes dive bomb and hit the 35,000-ton USS Portland. In the Caribbean Sea and off the coast of Argentine, US ships are sunk. Two thousand Nisei camp internees are sent into the fields to engage in farm labor in the vicinity of their respective camps.

26 May 1942 (Wednesday): Cloudy.

I exchange my sheets and fix my bed. I visit Mr. Furuichi to inquire why he desired to see me this morning. I engage in some repair work outside. At 1:15 PM, I go into the town of Bismarck for some dental work, and pay \$2.00 in fees. I visit the local drug store in Bismarck to make a few purchases. At 4:15 PM, I return to camp. The news is abundant: A balance of 850 million dollars in US war bonds remains, and the Government desires to dispose of this amount to the general public for necessary funds. I will omit much of the news as it is too plentiful. Tonight, I take in a movie

27 May 1942 (Wednesday): Clear skies.

From a piece of wood, I whittle a small fishing boat. I listen to more news: American military analysts predict end of Japanese air supremacy by December. These predictions based on Japan's loss of one-fifth of its sea power, and the death and injuries to some 29,000 Japanese troops. Italians sink another US vessel.

28 May 1942 (Thursday): Clear.

I continue with work on my ship model. More news: Japanese troops capture another Chinese stronghold on the mainland. German troops are still superior on the Russian front. Two forest fires rage in Canada. More US shipping goes to the bottom of the sea. Mexico announces that it will declare war against the Axis powers by 31 May.

29 May 1942 (Friday): Clear.

I paint my model ship. More news: Sea battles intensify near Murmansk, as enemy U-Boats and Allied ships slug it out. Selective service brings to light the low mentality of average soldier. Government now studying this problem. In a speech before an academy of leading intellectuals, General George C. Marshall states that four million US troops can be committed to the European front. Political analysts and commentators decry Marshall's statement. They point out that for each 115 troop sent overseas, eight tons of war supplies must follow this troop into the battlefield. For four million men, logistical preparations would require years, they pointed out.

30 May 1942 (Saturday): Cloudy.

I fix a cabinet for my ship. Then more news: On the Russian front, Germans take 240,000 prisoners, and capture hundreds of enemy armored tanks. And since hostilities commenced, the USA has already lost 240 vessels. By a vote of 57 to 3, the Mexican Government casts its vote to side with the Allies, and therefore, declares war on the Axis powers. However, many Mexican citizens oppose this decision. Three more US ships are sunk in the Atlantic.

31 May 1942 (Sunday): Clear and bright.

I apply paint to my model ship. For thirty minutes in the afternoon, we all listen to a sermon by the Reverend Smith of the Christian Church.

News: Near Tampico in Mexico, an 8,000-ton oil tanker is ablaze, and the cause is unknown. The ship is still burning. A US cruiser explodes and is sinking slowly. Six crewmen are dead. Reports are received that Japanese aircraft hit an electric power plant in Panama simultaneously with its attack on Pearl Harbor. US aircraft in search of missing destroyer are also reported as missing. U-Boats again sink one US vessel, two Argentine and one British vessel.

1 JUNE 1942 (Monday): Clear and bright,

Three Japanese mini submarines are detected prowling about in the waters near Sydney, Australia. One mini-sub has penetrated Sydney Harbor, and sunk a ferry boat. In German-occupied areas of Europe, mass round-up commences of two million Jews for relocation to other areas. Radio Japan reports damage to seventeen of its fighting vessels and 248 aircraft. U-Boats continue to ravage both oceans and sink more enemy vessels.

2 June 1942 (Tuesday): clear.

Germany reports sinking of 600,000 tons of enemy shipping, or the sinking of 246 enemy vessels. Australians salvage three vessels sunk by Japanese mini-sub. Mexico declares war on the Axis Powers, and is the 27th nation to do so. Racial tension increases between 'blacks' and 'whites'. At Ford and Chrysler corporations, black employees threaten labor strike. I whittle another ship. I receive mail.

3 June 1942 (Wednesday): Clear.

In the Bering Sea, U-Boats rack up more victories: seven of the Royal Navy fighting ships and eleven of its transport ships are hit. For the first time, formation of Japanese bombers and fighter planes bombard the Dutch Harbor in the Aleutian Islands. Between January and May, Allied Forces suffer loss of 250 ships. In Tacoma, Washington, strike breaks out at a lumber mill. Twenty thousand Nisei are to be sent to relocation center in Arkansas.

4 June 1942 (Thursday): Cloudy.

It is KP duty and washing of pots and pans for me at 6:15 AM. Two Japanese aircraft carry out reconnaissance flights over Dutch Harbor in the Aleutians. Weather permitting---another aerial attack is expected within 48 hours by enemy aircraft. The commander of the 3rd Western Pacific defense area reports that all defenses are in readiness to repulse enemy. In Europe, the chief of the German Gestapo is injured in an [assassination] attempt on 24 April. Gestapo chief succumbs to injuries on 27 May. In connection with this incident, 5,000 suspects are

placed under arrest, and many suspects are found to be Jews. World War I vets demand an increase in retirement benefits. Germany sinks four more Allied vessels.

5 June 1942 (Friday): Cloudy.

I report to the kitchen to assist in the hauling and sorting of cups. News: In Michigan, a munitions factory explodes and fifty are killed with many more injured. In Stockton, California, plane crash kills many more. I see a movie.

(Here - another entry which translator cannot understand.

Assume entry reads: 'Nisei soldiers returning to West Coast are imprisoned.)

6 June 1942 (Saturday): Cloudy with rain.

Our camp director is to be reassigned, and we all wait to say farewell. Five other Japanese internees are also to be reassigned, and one is to be relocated or returned to the Seattle Relocation Center. Their departure time has been changed from 10:30 Am to 4:30 PM, and then, it is changed to 6:30 PM. Also

departing our camp are ten Japanese internees from the East coast; they are leaving camp for their repatriation back to Japan. With three rousing shouts of: "Banzai", we send off our Japan-bound friends. More news: US Naval vessels bombard Midway Island and inflict severe casualties on Japanese forces garrisoned there. Then US Forces execute strategic withdrawal from Midway. It is now learned that the explosion of the heavy artillery and munitions factory in Michigan yesterday has caused the shattering of windows in an area of one hundred square miles.

7 June 1942 (Sunday): Clear.

I do some laundry in the morning. News reports are received that Japanese forces are retreating- from [Mi]dway Island. Battle damaged fighting ships of the US Navy are being refitted and repaired in Hawaii, and then released, and each ship——battle-ready. I watch more sumo practice from noon until 2:30 PM.

8 June 1942 (Monday): Clear.

I am hard put for something to do this morning. From the canteen, I order some notebooks. Roll call again. Then——more news: US forces are repulsed and are forced to withdraw from Midway, the Japanese report. Vice-Admiral King, of the US Fleet, it is reported, had over-emphasized American military superiority on Wake Island. The news is on and on, but it is not important.

9 June 1942 (Tuesday): Clear.

I assist in the hauling of sheets to and from. At about 10:00 AM, I commence to make a model of my house on Terminal Island. The news today is routine. I receive a letter from Miss Watkins. The evening is uneventful and there is nothing to report. There is [no] news about the situation on Wake Island nor Dutch Harbor.

10 June 1942 (Wednesday): Clear skies.

I change my sheets. And I write more letters. Mr. Shibata informs us of the major topics that will be discussed at today's meeting. The topics include matters as food, laundry and the bath-house that is to be constructed of brick. I receive a 50-cent refund from the canteen. At 4:30 PM, I receive a

summons to appear for a hearing. Within seven minutes, the hearing is over. Japanese mini subs sink one battle ship and one destroyer. The news touches upon many, many events, but I will omit for my diary.

11 June 1942 (Thursday): Clear.

I work on my house model. The news is routine: Maritime insurance companies pay out a total of forty-six million dollars for shipping losses.

12 June 1942 (Friday): Clear.

I paint. More news: Japanese wa[r] casualties number over 9,200 dead 27,000 wounded. One Japanese aircraft carrier is sunk, but Japanese report battle losses at Midway are minimal. I receive a letter.

13 June 1942 (Saturday): Clear.

I tinker with my house model all day. The news is almost a repetition of the previous day's news. A "MacArthur Day" is to be proclaimed, and in Australia, special ceremonies will be conducted.

14 June 1942 (Sunday): Clear.

I use string to lay out the lawn, of my model house, and then paint. The news is routine.

15 June 1942 (Monday): Clear.

I construct a tool box to hold my craft implements. A US transport ship enroute to Alaska is sunk. German troops continue to advance along the Russian front. Japanese troops land in Aleutian Islands. To alleviate rubber shortage, US Government proposes purchase of used rubber from the public at 1-cent per pound. Payment will be in the form of coupons, and all such sales to be conducted at service stations.

16 June 1942 (Tuesday): Clear.

It is another morning of inactivity. At noon I purchase some ribbons, and at 3:00 PM, I take my package to the office at Robinson's for inspection and mailing to Santa Anita. Tonight, I enjoy a movie.

17 June 1942 (Wednesday): Clear.

I go to the office to pay off a small balance on my postage fee. I have a hair cut. From noon, I tinker about in the workshop and whittle another boat. More news: within a 3-months period, 275 US vessels are reported to have been sunk. USS Lexington is undergoing intensive repairs to refit her for battle. Nine more ships are sunk today.

(Cannot make out this portion of entry: Spanish Ambassador—
— former internees——receiving good treatment.
Translator).

18 June 1942 (Thursday): Clear.

During the morning hours, I work on my boat. At 2:00 PM, we prepare for a farewell party for Mr. Goto and for Mr. Kimitaro who are being relocated to another camp. We prepare sandwiches, pies and pour soda pop. Following an opening speech by Mr. Shibata and Nakamoto, we are entertained with songs by Mr. Miyamoto with magic tricks by Mr. Tanishita. Haphazardly, the festivities are concluded, and at 6:30 PM, we bid farewell to our two fellow-internees. Mr. Winston Churchill comes to the USA to conduct war talks.

19 June 1942 (Friday): Clear.

For 2 1/2 hours during the morning hours, I help with the dish washing in the canteen. In the afternoon, I collect my advance pay. In the mess hall, I wash more dishes and continue with this task until 9:30 PM, with a break for dinner and one for roll call. Many farewell parties are in progress as there are many to be relocated to other camps.

20 June 1942 (Saturday): clear.

I spend almost the entire day working on my model boat. We hold a brief meeting this afternoon. More news: The US is moving ahead in its project to build five hundred liberty ships and nineteen million tons of fighting ships.

21 June 1942 (Sunday): Clear.

I paint my model ship. A farewell sumo match is being held today, but the wind is strong today. I do not go outdoors. Japanese submarines fire nine rounds of heavy artillery at Seaside, located ten miles north of Astoria on the Pacific coast. Damage is undetermined.

22 June 1942 (Monday): Clear.

Tobruk falls into German hands. Japanese submarines pound Vancouver Island while Roosevelt and Churchill are in conference somewhere to discuss war strategy.

23 June 1942 (Tuesday): Clear.

I dabble with my model boat. I order another suitcase. More news: In Pennsylvania, another munitions plant blows up and many soldiers of the 5th Division on duty assignment there are killed. Gold ingots dumped into the sea during the retreat of the British forces from Singapore, are salvaged by Japanese divers. Revised reports have it that the Japanese sub pounded Vancouver Island with only three rounds of heavy ammo. In Africa, anti-British sentiment is on the rise and spreads.

24 June 1942 (Wednesday): Clear.

I tinker about with my toy model vessel. I receive a letter. I pay off a 3-cent shortage on my postage fee yesterday.

25 June 1942 (Thursday): Clear.

I commence to make a model of Mr. Ozaki's house. News: The Japanese change the name of two of the captured islands in the Aleutians.

26 June 1942 (Friday): Clear.

I continue to tinker with my craft work. More news broadcasts: Japanese subs sink Canadian vessel off the coast of Canada. US Intelligence reports that a Japanese aircraft carrier is heading for the coast of Africa. I go to the store to pick up an item which I ordered earlier.

27 June 1942 (Saturday).

At 6:30 AM, I wash dishes. I tinker with my craft work. The news is routine.

28 June 1942 (Sunday): Clear.

At 6:30 AM, I wash dishes in the kitchen. It comes as a total shock to the nations of the Allied Forces that no one individual has yet been designated to be the second-in-command of the European war operations.

29 June 1942 (Monday): Clear.

I continue with my craft work. News: Minor but strategic victories are reported by Allied Forces. US political analysts predict the end of hostilities by September of 1943. One hundred and fifty thousand workers in Pennsylvania demand pay and benefit increases. The US Government's attempt to recover and recycle used rubber from the general public for use in the war effort proves to be less than successful; it is a flop. It is only a matter of time now, before the Suez Canal is taken by the enemy.

30 June 1942 (Tuesday): Clear skies.

I compose more letters. I venture to the store, but find nothing of value to buy. There is no news today.

1 JULY 1942 (Wednesday): Clear.

Again, from a lack of any scheduled activity, I tinker with my craft work. Today——no news broadcasts.

2 July 1942 (Thursday): Clear.

I whittle another piece of wood and carve a skiff. I receive some letters. I take in a movie at night.

3 July 1942 (Friday): Clear.

No news today. I continue with the carving of my skiff. I also carve a skiff for my friend, Mr. Nakane.

4 July 1942 (Saturday): Cloudy, followed by rain.

I apply a second coat of paint to my skiff. Roll call tonight. Until 10:30 PM, I watch a variety show which is held as a farewell

gesture to our departing internees.

5 July 1942 (Sunday): Clear.

An absolute lack of activity with nothing to do. More news in the afternoon: America has just celebrated its 166th Independence Day. Deaths caused by automobile accidents in America are down to 49 as compared to a record of 611 deaths during the previous year. This decrease is attributable to Government controls on wartime traffic. The state of Kentucky leads the nation in the number of war dead at sixty-five.

6 July 1942 (Monday): Clear.

I polish some stones. Another morning of boredom. More news: The nation concentrates on the use of coal as an energy source as Government controls clamp down on the use and distribution of oil and gasoline. I receive another letter.

7 July 1942 (Tuesday): Clear skies.

Another routine, boring day. I go shopping but purchase nothing. I cash a check. At 2:00PM, a group of Japanese and Italians arrive at our camp from Montana. They are to remain one night, and then move on to other destinations. Mr. Masaichi Iwasaki and three others receive paroles and will be permitted to leave camp. After roll call, I enjoy a movie. Towards midnight, the weather worsens noticeably, and we are engulfed in a thunder storm of heavy rain and lightening. As a result, the roof over our heads is leaking and causes much confusion in our quarters tonight.

8 July 1942 (Wednesday); Clear.

This morning at 8:30 AM, thirty-five internees are to be released from camp. These people leave with the group that arrived from Montana only yesterday. Hamaguchi and Shiroyama are my friends who will be leaving.

More news: An earthquake shakes the Aleutian Islands. A tire factory continues to burn. One hundred perish in seven to eight aircraft mishaps yesterday in the USA. Another camp internee is permitted to leave camp.

9 July 1942 (Thursday): Clear.

I polish stones. More news: American factory workers are receiving additional benefit payments in addition to their regular wages, it is learned. Overseas—Work is being pushed ahead to directly link Korea and Singapore with a railway. Speed and maneuverability of Japanese fighter aircraft amazes American military. Conquered French-Indo China area is being developed by the industrial might and backing of Mitsui and Mitsubishi of Japan. War

analysts predict conclusion of war by 1946. Eight more internees are released from camp. I receive another letter,

10 July 1942 (Friday): Clear,

I write another letter to while away the hours of inactivity, and dispatch a thank-you letter to Mrs. M. Mizuno. Forty-five more Japanese internees are to leave camp. News: In Canada, workers halt operations and threaten to strike at a shipbuilding company. U-Boats sink three Canadian ships at the mouth of another Canadian river. High-ranking US military officer is injured in an aircraft accident. In West Virginia, another coal mine explosion. And daily, three to four US vessels are hit by German U-Boats. And the estimate of vital Allied war materiel and ships at the bottom of the sea is four million two hundred thousand tons. US Federal agents arrest eight Germans suspected of sabotage and espionage.

11 July 1942 (Saturday): Clear.

I polish more stones. As a result of racial riots between blacks and whites at a military installation in Louisiana, six servicemen are dead. And investigators arrest eight suspected instigators. In New Hampshire, a military warehouse explodes. Following roll call, we listen to a talk by the Reverend Matsuoka.

12 July 1942 (Sunday): Clear.

Again, I polish stones. More News: Two German fighter planes are knocked down by a pilot of the British RAF. The British pilot reports: The approach of the German fighter planes appeared like the advance of a horde of thousands upon thousands of mosquitoes upon me. My hands trembled at the trigger of my machine gun my throat became parched. I was unable to consume food. In my situation, I could not even drink coffee.

13 July 1942 (Monday). Clear.

More news: Sixteen Americans are arrested in New York as suspected collaborators in a German espionage ring, and eight of those Americans arrested are women. The trial is in its fifth day.

14 July 1942 (Tuesday): Clear.

I write letters, do some shopping and then send a package to Santa Anita.

15 July 1942 (Wednesday): Cloudy.

A US coast Guard vessel is sunk. Another Panamanian ship is sunk.

16 July 1942 (Thursday).

I refrain from adding any further entries into my diary, as the word is out that diaries and written material in the Japanese language will be forbidden, or carefully watched and censored. I will wait-and-see.

20 July 1942 (Monday).

Camp area are being redesignated with different numbers. I am moved from Area #3 to Area #20, and therefore, spend the entire day

with fellow-internees in a mass inter-camp reshuffling. At 2:00 PM, a group of 24 people arrive from Montana. This group is composed of Japanese, Italians and Germans, They sleep tonight in No. 23.

24 July 1942 (Friday): Cloudy.

One hundred and fifty four internees are departing our camp for relocation to Roseburg, New Mexico. Three trucks arrive to take them to the station, and among the departing are my friends Takahashi and Mukai. During intermittent rain and sunshine, I say goodbye to many of my friends.

26 July 1942 (Saturday):

All morning there is nothing to do. Following roll call in the evening, we listen to a sermon given by a member of the Tenrikyo Buddhist sect. I retire at 10:00 PM. Each day seems to be a dull repetition of the previous day.

1 AUGUST 1942 (Saturday):

Again, it is a morning of absolute inactivity. I am beginning to look forward to the various 'talks' and sermons presented by other fellow-internees.

2 August 1942 (Sunday):

Nothing has taken place that is worthy of jotting down in my diary.

3 August 1942 (Monday).

Another morning of boredom. During roll call, all German internees are suddenly rounded up and confined to one area under lock and key. Camp authorities conduct an intensive search of all German quarters and German belongings. Authorities search ceilings in German quarters and confiscate suitcases for a thorough inspection of contents. Fifty radios are confiscated. At 10:30 PM, German internees are permitted to return to their quarters. A wave of distress, fear and anxiety sweeps through the entire camp population.

4 August 1942 (Tuesday).

There is nothing worthy of jotting down in my diary this morning. Rumors prevail that the confiscation of short-wave radios was the object of the sudden round-up and search.

5 August 1942 (Wednesday):

Another day of routine boredom and inactivity. I am merely awaiting my official notification.

6 August 1942 (Thursday).

At 9:00 AM, I receive a notice of my release. I go thru the routine procedure of finger-printing and filling out forms for

selective service.

7 July 1942.

Father receives his notification for parole and release. The remainder of the day is boring with little or no activity.

8 July 1942 (Saturday).

Another boring day. I search about for rocks.

9 July 1942 (Sunday).

Mr. Wada receives his notice of parole in the afternoon.

10 August 1942 (Monday).

I spend almost the entire day in my move from Area 4 to Area 25.

August
20 ~~July~~ 1942 (Wednesday): Cloudy.

I receive some Diamond Willow plants, and therefore spend most of the day in making garden sticks for these plants.

21 August 1942. Rain.

I prepare Mr. Tanaka's two plants for planting by removing the bark.

22 July 1942 (Saturday): Cloudy.

I finish the sticks and smoothen the surfaces of them.

23 and 24 August 1942.

From boredom and lack of something to do, I continue to polish and to smoothen the garden sticks.

25 August 1942 (Tuesday). Clear.

At the 9:30 AM announcement, I learn that I am to go to Santa Anita. I do some shopping and make some hurried preparations for my relocation to Santa Anita. I finish off some of the garden plant sticks for Mr. Tanaka. No longer will I be listening to the news broadcasts in this relocation center. For news broadcasts, tonight will be my last.

26 August 1942 (Wednesday): Clear.

I pack and have my luggage inspected at the office. I pass inspection. Following lunch, I collect all my personal belongings which I turned over for storage and custody since my arrival here. I sign copy after copy of various documents regarding my status and my selective service. At 4:00 PM, my hand luggage is inspected, and then I have dinner. At 6:15 PM, my friends see me off. I undergo another inspection at the guard house, and then finally reach the Bismarck Station at 7:00 PM. After a brief wait of 30 minutes, I leave Bismarck at 7:30 PM.

27 August 1942 (Thursday): Clear. At 8:00 AM, we arrive at Billings, where three of our passengers detrain for transfer to Tule Lake. At Butte, nine more passengers detrain with four going to North Portland. Mr.

Tsuno is headed for Tule Lake. Another passenger is headed for Wyoming. I have dinner before 6:00 PM. At 6:30 PM, the Station Master explains our itinerary, and we depart at 6:30 PM.

26 August 1942 (Friday): Clear.

We arrive in Idaho at 3:00 PM where Mr. Muramoto detrains. At 12:30 PM, we arrive at Salt Lake City where I must say goodbye to Mr. Shibata. And then finally---we head for Los Angeles.

29 August 1942 (Saturday): Clear.

At 11:20 AM, the train arrives at Los Angeles. I inquire here and there in the station, and finally board the 11:15 train for Arcadia. I arrive there before or shortly after 1:00PM.

30 August 1942 (Sunday): Clear sky.

At 4:15 AM, Takako is suffering from stomach pains, and is taken to the hospital. At 5:13 AM, Takako gives birth to a 7.3 pound baby girl. ~~Chiyo~~ Fumiye --- we name the child. I am overly excited and visit her many time throughout the day. Later, I check about for my baggage. I retire at 10:00 PM.

31 August 1942 (Monday): Clear.

I awaken at midnight for I am unable to sleep. At 8:30, I inquire about my baggage, but it cannot be located. I visit the hospital at 2:00 PM. I also inquire about the whereabouts of the baggage for Messrs. Obata, Shimazu, Fukushima and Enomoto, None of it can be located. I retire for the night at 10:00 PM.

*****END OF DIARY*****END OF DIARY*****

Fuyujio Suzuki