

DIARY

Doris Hayashi

November 1, 1942

Topaz

Sunday, November 1, 1942

This morning I attended Church (after helping with the wash)--it was rather boring because the speaker uses a monotone. He spoke about the reasons for the failure of Lazarus to realize God. He presented a number of good points tho'--as our home back^oground and the existence of so many people who belong to the Church but are hypocrites.

It was very cold--since it was held in a mess hall--with a concrete floor. There was a large crowd. We former Y people got together again. After Church we all want to leave soon. One girl who was a nursing student just arrived last week from S. Anita. She said she needs a few more units to receive her certificate. She doesn't think she will be able to accomplish that here. It's a shame if she doesn't.

A friend of the Oakland Methodist Group came to Topaz Thursday and is still here. She seems so glad to see us--wonder how we appear to her.

This afternoon I continued to knit my navy socks--finally finished them this afternoon. Chatted with the neighbors.

E. E. came over to chat. We looked at L. O.'s catalogues and wanted to see the list of colleges, but the owner of it wasn't at home. We stayed at home to read the Pacific Citizen, etc. E. likes to read articles about the Nisei. I'll have to find the 'Cal Monthly' so she can copy an article by one of the "profs" there.

The men finished seven rooms today--someone wanted them to work tomorrow again instead of finishing taking a day off. It will be terrible if they do because they are working under compulsion and it will be bad for their morale and efficiency.

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Tonight I typed a number of letters--mostly about my desire to continue college or to work.

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A boy (soldier) brought a letter from G. to G. She was visiting someone, so I took the letter. It was a letter of introduction--she doesn't want to see him because she doesn't like his friends.

I continued reading "King's Row"--it's rather extreme.

Monday, November 2, 1942

Today I continued to copy some questions for the survey. Then, Miss M. said we should begin working on a functional organization chart of the administrative and resident personnel. Also we need an age distribution map of the city--signified by colors.

I voted this afternoon--all the amendments get one down. I haven't been able to do any reading on these issues so it was rather blind voting for me. I don't think they should include so many minor items. Of course, they say S. F. had much more. There is no secrecy about marking the ballots. We all sat at mess tables to do so. Then we had the county clerk sign his name and stamp it with his seal. It costs 6¢ to send the ballot to Oakland. I got a ride to the rec. hall and back.

I was getting so bored with my work this afternoon.

Tonight I did a little more reading. Then I went for a walk with G.--we both want to leave because the house is so noisy.

Today I met X. E.'s brother who came from Boulder. He seems to like it there--I didn't realize it was her brother until later. His wife is very pretty. Her sister introduced her to me. His sister wants to leave but he believes it unwise for her to go there--so I think she will go elsewhere. Everyone is signing up to leave.

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Tonight I went to the movie--and saw "Suspicion!" It was rather weird--kept one guessing till the end. Joan Fontaine's portrayal was excellent--no wonder she won the academy award.

Tuesday, November 3, 1942

Today there was a terrible wind storm! It lasted all day and was it dusty! We could barely see one inch ahead of us--even in the administration building it came in very thickly and settled on everything.

I finally am starting on the list of personnel appointive and resident. It feels good to be doing something constructive. Also I must set up the material to be put on the age distribution map. All of this work will require a great deal of time.

A. J. and two other soldiers came home on furlough today from Arkansas--what a day to choose! It's going to be tough on him because the place is bad enough without it.

He hasn't changed a bit and he seems so happy and carefree.

I'm rather disgusted that my catalogues have not arrived. I want to enter by next spring.

J. I. started to work for the temporary attorney here. She didn't have any work all afternoon since he was gone--but he came in just before closing time to dictate a letter.

It wasn't as windy around our barrack as it is near the Administration Building. Tonight there was a terrific dust storm, even around our barrack. G. was to have worked tonight--I told her she wouldn't have to work but she went anyway. She returned immediately.

B. O. came over because her room was being winterized and she didn't feel well, so she lay down here. She is rather bitter about the treatment we are

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receiving--as non-citizens--when we are really citizens.

I was reading the "Pacific Citizen"--most of them are articles on outside employment. The WRA and most directors of camps are very sincere in wanting to find us outside employment. Also, there are many religious groups trying to help us. Also, there is an organization in New York collecting donations for our Xmas celebration. It seems like charity in a way, but I guess we can't consider it in that light.

I read that J. N. is going to a college in Philadelphia--gee, I want to go there too because that is supposed to be a very friendly community. I was surprised because a number of my friends had heard that this was a prohibited area as far as we were concerned.

I read more in "King's Row"--I feel sorry for the hero because everyone of his close friends seem to pass away or something. There is a great deal of abnormality in the characters, but it is a rather subtle way of showing humanity as a whole, I guess.

Wednesday, November 4, 1942

Today I was bored again because I finished my list of personnel and want to check up with the various department heads. Of course, this will probably need revision soon--that is if everyone is to be reclassified as is promised.

It was so cold today--it rained and snowed last night--a welcome change from the terrible windstorm and dust storm last night.

A. G. returned from SLC last night and brought us a box of candy (chocolates). It was certainly thoughtful of him. He was mentioning to me that in other camps (as he learned from the JACL)--members of the research dept. are interviewing various residents (including workers) to discover their views on

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certain aspects of the community services department. In this way, constructive criticisms may result. I think we can obtain the services of about 2-3 other people. Hope so, because I'm getting very bored with this undecided organization of our work. Sometimes I doubt the ability of my supervisor in research work--she always seems so absorbed with community activities and other matters that she has very little time for research.

I checked up with my J. Z. about the personnel of the community welfare dept. It certainly is large and unnecessary, I think. Many of the "social workers" (professional) have not even finished college--nor are they qualified for that work. Many have majored in domestic sciences, etc. She seems to agree that there is an overabundance of workers--about half of them don't have any work--it's a shame. I think some people like to have a large staff (and the head of that department is one). I asked her why they wanted my signature on the duplicate sheets of the permit application, and she told me they would type the additional data (name, address, dates, and hours). She seems quite happy with her social work--she has been a Sunday School teacher a number of years and is very interested in others. Moreover, she is older than most of us, so is suited to the position. She had trouble obtaining her position because she hadn't attended college but she is more qualified than many college students and grads.

C. U. came in to get her work order signed--we chatted about our possibilities of leaving for college. She had also considered Western Reserve U. which is in a large city. We felt that was a great advantage, and we would certainly enjoy being together. I hope my catalogue comes soon--I'm getting rather impatient. She feels she must earn her tuition before continuing with her education because she feels she will be unable to obtain a scholarship. However, it may not be impossible. I want a scholarship--but I'm rather uncertain about the possibility of obtaining it by spring.

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Tonight I chatted with R. O., who applied for a position in New York City, but the forms will require about three weeks to be cleared through Washington D. C., etc. She feels that the fact that her father was a president of the J. Association in Alameda and that he is now interned will keep her from obtaining her release--but I don't think that is an unsurmountable obstacle.

Her sister is now married in New York City, and she has a number of influential friends (church and social work leaders), so that it shouldn't prove too difficult for her to obtain high recommendations. It seems a number of students with interned fathers have been released to college, but this may be a different matter; I hope not. She is planning to write the FBI to hasten the process a bit. I don't know if that will alleviate the matter a great deal.

Her main objective is to obtain a suitable position (after she settles herself in a domestic job first), and then maybe attend some specialized school (as business); although she doesn't relish the idea of furthering her education. She doesn't intend to continue her college education although she had considered one college, which requires the residence of her parents in New York State. because there is so much to be gained from a college education. So she's rather doubtful of it. I think she should continue her education, but if she can enter a specialized trade, that may be more advantageous for her.

E. N. came over for a minute and told me that everyone is very disgusted with the man in charge of employment because he promised the sugar beet workers (and other agricultural workers) that they would have no expenses--but merely gain in their wages. But it seems they aren't making as much as they expected, and they do have to pay for their food, etc. But his remarks may have applied to this camp, because it is true that they don't have to pay for any room and board here. However, I read in the Pacific Citizen that in ^{Boston} Postn the sugar beet workers had to pay the balance of their wages (after taking \$19 maximum for themselves) to the camp from which they had come, which wages would be evenly dis-

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tributed among the workers there. That seems rather unfair in a way, although they are still members of the work corps, which receives a maximum of \$19 per month.

She also told me about a man who is running for governor or congressman in this state who came into camp today to find a schoolgirl to care for his home. All he wanted her to do was to cook breakfast and wash dishes in the morning and work a couple of hours before work, then eat out at noon, and return to work a few hours at night--which was to be compensated by room and board and a "few dollars"--very indefinite, but gave a wide margin for the imagination, especially of the employer.

L. N. received a letter today from a prospective employer (a very close friend of her former employer here), which was also very vague as to the conditions--make breakfast, tidy up the house, help with ironing, wash dishes, and "anything else she may be able to do"--which doesn't sound very encouraging. Moreover, they live ten miles from town (SLC), which doesn't sound very appealing.

Seems as if we'll never find suitable jobs, doesn't it?

I'm almost finished with "King's Row"--more tragedy--wonder if he finds happiness at the end.

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Today I was so disgusted that my work is still so unorganized. This afternoon I went to all of the departments to learn the accuracy of my personnel lists. Many of them were incomplete; usually many were omitted. I chatted with B. L. in the Community Welfare Department. She feels that she wants to be transferred to our department because her work is so boring. I feel mine is as boring, but I think we must start something on our own initiative. I hope he and L. O. will work in my department. I'm getting so tired of doing merely clerical work. For example, Miss M. said she wanted me to begin a personnel file of all of the

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people in our division. Any clerk could do that.

I'm planning to undertake the surveys on my own. Even if she feels we must consult others before we begin. I'm really mad. If she won't let me do something on my own, I'm going to quit.

I also looked at the catalogues of colleges; there are only a few left--mainly religious colleges. A few good schools are open--as the New York School of Social Welfare, but the tuition is about \$750 per month, so that the cost for the school alone would run up to about \$1,500 per year. Then living costs are about \$200 per quarter, so one can imagine the cost of living there one year.

I really want to attend Western Reserve. I chatted again with C. U., who also wrote to that college. She wants to get out very badly, too. It seems all of the Great Lakes schools are out. However, Wayne University in Detroit is not against our entrance--seems strange.

Tonight L. I. came over to look at the Sears catalogue. She wanted to see some mirrors and material for curtains (hangings). We both need pens, so thought we might order them, but they may be sold at the store.

There was yarn there today, but all knitting worsted, so that I couldn't buy any for long socks, which I wanted to do.

We finally put up the covering on our clothes closet. I want to buy some hanging material for the "bedroom." I get so tired of this idea of one room for every purpose. Also, the light bothers the rest of the family, so I feel I must have a curtain beside my bed.

E. N. came over again to chat. She said no one in her department seemed to know about the new police chief who is to arrive soon. I explained that one of my friends had heard that this man whom she knew in Tanforan (probably an escort or something) will act as police chief here. He is considered very friendly and considerate, so he should be able to adjust himself to this camp.

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She said she received a letter from one of our friends who is attending a small college (Cornell College, Iowa). She feels herself very simple in comparison with one freshman who is very "brainy" and one dramatic student (from our camp) who is extrovertic. She doesn't discuss much and her grades are merely passing, but she is also very extrovertic--which helps a great deal in her college associations. They like her for just that quality of simplicity.

There is another girl there who is very seclusive, and got out just for the sake of getting out. She rarely mixes with the group and is not creating a very favorable impression thereby.

I hope this last example won't be common because it creates a very bad impression.

I continued to read my book tonight; I hope I can finish it. It's really fascinating and fast moving.

Last night G. began her new job as clerk for the survey. She felt that it was too cold in that office. Moreover, she had to come home in a pick-up which gave her a very bad cold. There was no supervisor there so that the girls didn't do a very thorough job--nor were they to blame. The interviewers also were rather rushed so that the information was rather incomplete. It will probably require two more weeks before it can be finished (interviews), so that the tabulation, etc., will require another two or three weeks.

Friday, November 6, 1942

Today I tried to make a roster of all the personnel in our division with identification / number, address, position, date, education, hobbies, etc. Then I went to the Community Government Department to get some information about councilmen (and also got the names of the block managers), and also got a few statistics about the nominations. Then I received copies of the council minutes. I wanted B. L. to come to work in our department and sent a note for her, but I guess she

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didn't receive it because she failed to appear. I'm getting so disgusted I want to "quit" because it seems I can't (am not allowed to) do much. She wants me to make out cards for everyone, but I couldn't get near a typewriter till about one hour before closing time. Then I typed some more questions. E. M. walked in to notice this, but I told her that there was inadequate material to be included in such a file.

I also ordered supplies for my charts and graphs; manila folders and cards. I hope I will be able to use them.

I chatted with the fellow in charge of the historian section of the newspaper--he says that there had been some discussion of using a public opinion poll in connection with their department, but it would involve mainly topics of public interest as employment outside, etc. Ours would deal with our division and sections under it.

A. wasn't around all day so I couldn't get his help in getting the personnel for our work, etc.

At noon we girls were discussing the possibility of leaving camp. One girl who is very strongly bound to her family feels she will never leave. Another girl who works in the department which handles leave permits, feels she would leave if she could find suitable employment outside, because she wants to earn some money. I know that ^{if} I don't leave soon, I will feel so low that I won't be able to adjust myself very well to the outside world.

We girls want to go out just for a taste of outside life--maybe for a day--even to Delta, though we would prefer SLC.

Mr. B. was out at Delta this afternoon for his physical exam (draft) and took a number of Community Activity people with him. I doubt if he would ever take us with him.

Tonight I finished the book--Parris finally found some happiness after all the sorrow in his life. His friends all seemed to have some mental dis-

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orders. I presume the author is somewhat of a psychologist. It seems strange that so many odd characters in one town--maybe it's symbolic of humanity--that there are all degrees of insanity in each of us, and that no one is entirely sane.

Started to knit my sweater (cardigan) tonight. I hope my checks arrive soon because I'm broke now--I need so many things.

Saturday, November 7, 1942

This morning I continued to make the roster of personnel of the community services department. I'm getting so bored with that work. J. I.'s boss left this noon for another center, and left a box of candy for the staff--nice of him, wasn't it? She doesn't mind working for the two younger members of the legal aid department, but the two oldest ones are almost intolerable. S. I. is going to help her so she won't be too busy. She (J. I.) is really capable of the work. She went last night and early this morning (without breakfast). She couldn't even talk to me till noon when we came home.

I bought some variegated colored crochet thread today. I want to make some doilies. When I finish those, I want to finish a table cloth--I'm really becoming ambitious, I guess. I received my Tanfo. check today; it was correct, I think.

I bought a few things for the family, too. The yarn G. ordered was not the correct color, so she wants to give it to me. I don't know what I can do with it, but I may be able to use it.

This afternoon I knitted with the neighbors. We chatted about high school. The boy felt that this survey of communities to discover favorable homes for most of us within a year would be rather useless since we felt "once a J. always a J." I disagree with him because this will be the best opportunity for us to spread out and show what we can do as individuals, rather than to remain concentrated as groups with little contact with the community at large. This

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will be a valuable and difficult challenge, but I believe we can meet it.

A lady said that she felt we must be aggressive and get what we want. I felt this was a little strong, but it is true that we will need to take the initiative in many matters and show that we are "able to take it" and also able to "give " with our best and with what we believe is right. (She is from a Caucasian community and always has been connected with its affairs.)

The boy also discussed the high school teachers and felt that there was only one very capable teacher--the Math and German teacher. (He is brilliant, and probably admires brilliant teachers, as is to be expected and desired.) I feel sorry for the students though, on the whole, because the teachers aren't as qualified as would be expected--especially at this camp.

I chatted with B. L. about transferring into our department. She feels that the community welfare work is so routine and boring that she wants to leave. She handles permits and it is very uninteresting to her. One advantage of her present work, however, is that she can polish up on her J.

She wants to go out to work so she can send her younger brother through college. (He has only one book, which she feels is terrible. It is.) We certainly miss California's schools. We reminisced about college days and talked about books we had read. She enjoys the styles of books more than actions, since she took a course in novels at Cal. Wish I did, but I had a taste of it and do appreciate style and descriptions much more than I did. However, characters are what appeal to me most.

We discussed the possibilities of obtaining work. She wants to go to Denver. I believe her bf. is there (Colorado Relocation Center), but I'm not sure. She is not too keen about continuing college, but feels that if she wants to obtain a professional position after the war, it will be necessary (so do I). Also, she feels she must help support her parents even after she gets

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married. I know I will have to because I am the oldest. Hope I will be able to make enough before that so that I won't feel too pressed. We have a great deal in common.

Tonight I just knitted on my sweater. Mom started on a doilie for me. I hope I will be able to learn very soon, but I am not certain; I'll try, though.

Sunday, November 8, 1942

This morning I attended the Church service. It was about the need for ability to meet all the obstacles we will meet either inside or outside. The speaker was rather hypocritical in that he is really critical and cynical about the whole situation.

Two girls came from Salt Lake City. They told me their sister G. N. is looking for a job for me. As it happens I applied for the same job that she once had, so she will write to tell me all about it. What a coincidence!

This afternoon I attended the opening ceremony of the Protestant Church. There were about 300 present--mostly Issei. Also, the ceremony was conducted three fourths in Japanese, which was rather boring to the few of us Niseis present. The main theme was that we should all be willing to make sacrifices and to meet the challenge of the outside world, that we should consider this as a pioneering task, of showing ourselves as individuals (as well as members of a group), who are true Americans.

It was quite impressive. The director couldn't be present, so sent a letter stating that he felt it was a wonderful symbol of Christianity to have the United Church. Also, Mr. B. spoke, stating that he had worked a great deal with the Nisei and felt that this was a very important experiment in Christian brotherhood. He is really sincere in his desire to help us and has a deep-rooted, universal idea, as evidenced in his membership of the FOR and as a former YMCA secretary. If he leaves for the army, we will all miss him greatly, especially

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since he has the most direct contact with us.

This noon I chatted with L. N. She certainly wants to go to Salt Lake City--her bf is there. Of course, his former gf is there also, but he swears that the rumored engagement was untrue and that he isn't going steady with her. Of course, he is a rather impulsive fellow, so one can't tell if he is sincere in his intentions toward her. She has another bf in the Army, but she prefers the former, I think. He is coming next weekend and says he wants to come mainly to see her.

Tonight I attended the fellowship--with an FOR speaker (field secretary for the West Coast). He was very sincere in his discussion and tried to show that the only way we can gain for ourselves and for our group, was to undertake a process of education and by our own individual actions, show our belief in the right without harm to others. The negroes have found this is the most successful method and we will probably find it thus. (Violence or apathy are rather harmful to all concerned.) For those of us who leave and it is hoped that most of us will (especially college students and Niseis), we should consider ourselves as examples of the group and make a favorable impression for the post-war period.

The FOR is now publishing and distributing pamphlets, speaking to ministers to speak in our behalf, and it is up to us to write to our Caucasian friends to keep them alive to our plight.

He feels that California includes more of our friends and proponents than elsewhere, so that this contact will be important in building public opinion for us in the post-war period.

Organized groups for political pressure, with Caucasian help, will aid us, but a great deal of the work will have to be done by the individuals who go out to work. When we do work, we must start out on a lower level; than we expect to remain in, and rise up--it will all depend on our own initiative and perseverance.

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He feels that the Endo case has the best legal possibility, but it hasn't been decided as yet. When the defendants are charged with violating the evacuation orders, they have very little chance, but this case contended that the detention of J. is illegal. The Hirabayashi case was lost and he must spend nine months in the Federal prison at Dupont, but he won a moral victory because he stood up for what he believed in. I wish more of us could have had that distinction.

He spoke of the other camps and felt that the food here and at Heart Mountain was better than at Granada or Manzanar. Three very important problems are: the disruption of the family unit routine; the lowering of the morale; and the difficulty of readjustment after the war. There were about 150 people present (unusual), including Mr. and Mrs. B.

Everyone was very favorably impressed with his attitude, although he did show us that we as a minority group didn't consider other minority groups.

Tonight I finally wrote an answer to Q. N.'s question--it hurt me, but I had to decline his offer. I think in time Mom and Pop will change their minds.

Now I am awaiting the catalogue from Western Reserve and some word from the prospective employer.

Monday, November 9, 1942

Today I mailed a number of letters.

This morning I told Miss M. that I want to get assistance. B. L. came in to see me, but E. I. interrupted our conference, so that we couldn't get much planning accomplished. (He talks too much.) L. T. was there also, and I certainly didn't think much of him. B. thinks she will come in, but I'll have to settle it with M. Anyway, I told M. I want to get organized, so she asked me to come to the staff meeting tomorrow morning.

I finally received my catalogs from Western Reserve, and Pennsylvania Uni-

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versity. It was a long wait, but worth it.

Tuesday, November 10, 1942

Today I attended a staff meeting of the community services division. It was attended by about twenty-one (half appointive staff and half resident). The participation was rather poor on the part of the latter, except for a few objections and rather irrelevant remarks. The chairman is rather aggressive and though he listens to the arguments of the other side, subtly argues everyone into his way of thinking.

The topics we discussed were: 1) Research and reports--what types of information should be included in these? Many feel that these reports were rather futile and that the recommendations were never carried out. This will be an important function of the research committee, and I hope we will be able to carry them out efficiently. Then we listed some common problems of the various sections, as equipment and facilities, housing, delinquency problems, normal family life, personnel efficiency, etc. Then we discussed the possibilities of intra-division committees to find out these common problems and bring recommendations to the staff meetings.

Some (especially lay personnel) feel it would be too cumbersome to discuss special problems in a special committee. Also it was felt that the same personnel would be included in the special meetings anyway, but I believe there can be a limit to the number of committees participated in by each person.

(The question of delinquency arose in connection with the Halloween "vandalism" of sewing machines--breakage of needles and parts, destruction of sheetrock and locks from school buildings, and similar acts. It was the hope of the appointive staff that this was childish prankishness, but if it is to be an example of resident behavior, it would be dire. Also, the question of lack of wood was brought out by one of the resident staff, as an excuse for the "borrowing" of lumber, etc. The principal of the high school felt that this was true. The

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chairman distinguished between the "borrowing" of lumber and the breakage of sewing machines, and felt that this was certainly a problem to be investigated.)

There was a great deal of discussion about the advisability of intra-division committees, and finally it was decided that no standing committees should be formed but that these committees would dissolve after their recommendation was made to the staff.

The chairman of the Community Government section (resident) moved that a committee on organization be appointed to study the implications and possibilities of the problem, which would then be presented to the next staff meeting for approval; but since it appeared to the chief to be implied that he was the final "dictator," he refused to accept it. The final motion was that the chief appoint special committees as the need arose -- to study special common problems, with recommendations to the staff to act upon. It was unanimously approved. Then the question of lay committees on child, youth, and adult welfare in the fields of education, recreation, and community welfare, was considered. Some of the resident personnel (especially the community government department) felt that all this was becoming too cumbersome, but the Community Council had expressed some consideration of the problem, so it is awaiting discussion by the Council and part of the administrative staff. I believe the participation by lay persons should provide adequate opportunity for self-expression; even though it may seem superfluous, they would at least feel themselves an essential part of the administration.

Then Mr. B. announced a resolution, which would be in effect at least forty-eight hours to test its effectiveness, that certain recreation halls would be used for education and others for community activities, and that the community activities section would be responsible for clearance of, use, putting away of equipment afterwards, and the general condition of said recreation halls. It was rather arbitrary, but needed immediate attention.

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The general attitude throughout the meeting seemed to be that there was a certain division of feeling between the resident and the appointive personnel, although a number of the latter seemed to show agreement with many objections of the residents, especially in the matter of need to fulfill the promise of wood, and the doubt of having too many committees which might prove cumbersome (although the appointive personnel generally felt that such committees would be very useful to the staff).

The resident staff is composed almost entirely of college graduates, so that they don't feel hesitant about objecting to or criticizing the policies of the administration and the suggestions of the appointive staff. This is a rather healthy sign, though if carried too far might lead to constant friction between the two.

This morning I saw B. L., who was coming to ask me about the request Q. N. had sent for the two of us to spend a couple of days in Salt Lake City. However, I felt that since Mom might object, I should wait for consent from her. (She refused, and I suppose it would look bad if I went.) I would have liked to investigate the possibilities of employment, etc., and also see G. N. -- oh, well. We chatted about our bf's and the problem of convincing our parents that it would be rather difficult to say we would have to wait until the end of the war before we get married. Her bf is in Colorado (camp) now and thinks he will obtain a position in Denver very soon. (That's one reason she wants to go there, and to test her real feeling toward him.) He wants to help her send her brother to college, but she hesitates about accepting such an offer. However, she does feel that her just obligation is to send her brother through college. He is now out in Provo, working in sugar beets, and wants to remain outside and also continue his college education, if possible. She wants to leave for Chicago (where her married sister is now living, and where another sister hopes to obtain work), or to Denver, but her parents would probably be more willing

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to have her go to Chicago. Such a problem! Moreover, he doesn't speak J. which her parents object to. His parents speak English and are very Americanized, whereas her family is quite strongly Japanese (customs, etc.) I hope she finds a way. (I guess I'm in almost the same position as she is.)

This noon I heard from the Student Relocation Committee. They want me to apply as a "test case" to North Carolina University (Chapel Hill) for Sociology. They will arrange a room for me and maybe part tuition, but I feel that I will need a whole scholarship. Also, I don't believe I relish the idea of undertaking a sociology course, because the future isn't so good, except for this camp, and I wouldn't like to do that. Dr. T. told me that R. T. will be a test case for Chicago. I hope it goes through!

This afternoon I told D. U. about my offer. She couldn't get out in time to get her job, so someone else obtained the job -- as a stock girl. It was a shame. She's patiently waiting for another one.

Tonight I wrote a letter to the Dean of Social Welfare at U. C. to find out what he thought about sociology and about North Carolina. Then I wrote to the prospective employer in Salt Lake City, since I haven't heard for three weeks. Also I wrote a thank-you note.

I'm really undecided, especially since I want to attend Western Reserve, if possible. I know someone there and I think I like group work better than sociology or research. I've heard from almost all the colleges now -- Pennsylvania, New York, and Western Reserve. The only one outstanding now is Boston University.

Wednesday, November 11, 1942

> Today I received word that the Student Relocation Committee wants me to apply to North Carolina University as a "test case." There have been no Japanese there since the war began, so there may not be a possibility; but Dr. S. recommended me, so I sort of feel obligated. However, I'm not especially interested in sociology. Maybe I could enter the professional school instead -- in public welfare and social research. If not, I want to enter Western Reserve.

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Tonight I had a discussion with E. N. She is certainly disgusted with the Public Safety Department. They are certainly petty. It seems they (Issei office crew) are very opposed to the Niseis. As a matter of fact, the office crew has a strong political network all set up, anyway. The Council hates them, and that's a good healthy sign. These (former) people are very low in economic and social status, but have been plotting this "war" on the Niseis and the wealthier people for a long time, ever since Tanforan days. Thus, they have recruited practically all their "followers" into the organization. Moreover, they have many Kibeis (members of gangs working in their department who practice graft in the fullest sense of the word (in their watches). Thus, with the Kibeis on their side, they hope to overthrow the Nisei and the more skilled and professional Issei.

There is a Nisei who has graduated in criminology, who is to be assigned to JAA, but every time he tries to go to see the division head, he is kept back or is accompanied by some or all of the office staff, who try to assure the chief that he is not the man for the job. As it stands now, they are the heads over the Nisei staff as well as the watchmen, so they can wield their power. However, if this Nisei gets the position, he can fire them if he desires. He has the whole Nisei staff on his side, but they are also more or less helpless. They might all be fired, too, so a number of them said they want to leave the job first. He has the offer of a position in Boys' Town and wants to take it, but he can't leave without correcting this wrong thing done to himself and the Nisei as a whole. If he does that, his family might be harmed after his departure. Everything is very discouraging.

The backgrounds of these men are very low; a number of them were manual laborers (as gardeners, etc.), associated with pugilists, bums, etc., had "shady" backgrounds - in social and economic ways, and in general, don't have the respect of the Japanese community. Moreover, one was a criminal lawyer (or at least had the training), so his mind functions like a criminal, so that he can never be "pinned down" to

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a statement which might incriminate him somehow.

E. N. wants to leave her job and fears either a loss of her job or harm to her family, if she attempts to right the wrong being done.

She wants to leave for Chicago by January, if possible -- hope we can go together. I do so want to go out to work so I may obtain funds to continue my education.

Thursday, November 12, 1942

This morning L. T. came in again to continue with the personnel roster for the Church unit of the community activities section. She almost always makes some sort of derogatory remark about people she doesn't like (and that covers a wide territory). She says she wants to go to the Big Game rally and dance, but doesn't know any California fellows who might ask her to attend. She feels that college graduates are intellectually stimulating, but not very human. I don't know if that is quite fair though. Then she remarked that third generation youngsters were, on the whole, rather attractive, but not very obedient to their elders. The American background seems to have played a very important part in this fact. She is anxious to obtain outside employment as soon as possible because she hates the camp.

Today I went to see Z. T. about the Church personnel. She feels like resigning her position because they don't permit her to use enough of her own initiative. It's a shame because she is very capable. Maybe she could come to work in our department. She also wants to attend the rally. She is rather excited about Q. N.'s visit; she can entertain him a great part of the day while I am working. She really is a swell person, although she doesn't get along with too many people. She would like to go outside also, and she is quite adept at secretarial work, so I don't think she would find it too difficult. I hope I will be able to obtain some work also.

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Then I got a ride back to the office from our JAA; he's rather disgusted with the lack of human thoughtfulness of our boss. He feels that the latter doesn't seem to show his real feelings toward us adequately. For example, if he gives any of us girls a ride, he lets us off about five yards from the office, saying that he must turn off into his area and doesn't seem willing to drive the girls to their homes. Moreover, he almost always is "busy in conference and won't see anyone except President R. and Mr. E. (the director)" which is not very conducive to amiable relations with the residents! He does attend meetings, but somehow there isn't that air of informality which is evident in our director. Of course, he is efficient, though, and that cannot be denied. Anyway, he does seem to know the Japanese, and I believe he feels strongly for us, and is a member of the FOR and YMCA and other national group organizations, so that we will miss him if he must be drafted into the Army. He will return from his visit to his draft board in Los Angeles over the week end, I believe.

This noon I received a letter from an old chum in Berkeley. She told me all about the marriages, etc. of our friends and also about fellows who have gone into the armed services of the U. S. She says they all miss us in Berkeley -- hope that's true.

I also received my catalog from Boston University. It costs only about \$500, but the dormitory expense is almost equal to that, so that it will amount to quite a large sum. I am still rather uncertain about the advisability of attending North Carolina University. It sounds like a wonderful opportunity, but the expenses are what worry me.

This afternoon H. I. came in to work. She is to be my bibliography clerk. She is making a roster of all our research material at present; she thinks it's rather complicated, but interesting. It really is, because while one is glancing over the material, one learns a great deal. I was so angry today that I couldn't use a typewriter. I had to bring some material home to type. I also gave some

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to H. to do. (She had some other possibilities of jobs, but she felt this was much more interesting.)

At noon, everyone left at about 12:45 p.m. instead of the stated 1:00 p.m., so that Mr. H. (the assistant director) became rather angry and sent a memo to all divisions. It is a shame that the mess halls open up so early (about 12:45) so that we have to more or less rush home if we expect to get our food. From today we had to show our mess cards.

Today the "Times" announced the names of the streets (stones, trees, or shrubs found near here) and also the new system of numbering -- four digits, the last two of which will be our barrack number and the letter attached. The street will be the one (north and south) nearest the outer end of our barrack. It does sound more civilized, but yet we can't forget that it isn't quite normal.

Tonight G.'s friend came over to chat. She feels she can't be able to leave for that college in Tennessee, although she will receive a scholarship, because her parents feel it is too far and would cause them worry. It's really a rather unique college because it is an "international" campus, i.e., there are representatives from every nationality, except Japanese, now. She will probably be the only Japanese. The attitude of the campus and of the community, I believe, is that internationalism can be put into practice. It sounds very worthwhile, but I suppose it would be difficult for her parents, especially since she is only twenty years old.

Friday, November 13, 1942

Today I attempted to get the methods of research organized, but wasn't too successful. I again typed a little and had L. T. and H. I. help me, too. I will have to get them on the payroll as soon as possible. This afternoon Miss M. went to Delta with a bunch of community activities people, so we more or less took our time about our work. B. L. came into the building to do some statistical work

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on the community welfare section. I wonder if she will ever come into our section. I hope so.

We're still waiting for our typewriters -- don't know when that will be.

At noon I ate with S. J. She said that no more passes will be issued to people who want to go out to shop. I want to go out just to feel the outside world again. I hope I won't feel too uncivilized in town.

Today it was reported that the Japanese had bombed San Francisco -- (hope it isn't true.

Tonight E. E. came over to tell me one of her co-teachers is going to help finance her through college. She went to San Francisco to obtain the names of some good colleges in history and came back with Wellesley, Smith, Swarthmore, Knox, Oberlin (Ohio), and a number of other small colleges. I told her I thought she should write to a Y. secretary whom we both know to find if she could inform her about the sentiment in those communities. It would be swell if she could attend a college because she has only one year to finish. I heard from L. G., who is attending Western Reserve University in Cleveland. She was very enthusiastic about my attending that college also; in fact, she discussed it with the head of the group work division there. She thought the opportunities for me would be unlimited, especially in group work, and that placement would be easiest in that field (maybe at the Y). Also, she has worked with the WRA in relation of our camps and knows that there are very few qualified group workers. I am so anxious to go into that field and to make good. L. is very confident I will. She suggests I apply for a grant-in-aid. I think that will be a loan. I'm not certain I will be in a position to accept a loan. I wish it could be a scholarship. I'm rather uncertain about it all.

Saturday, November 14, 1942

This morning I worked, but had a headache, so couldn't accomplish much about the outline of procedures. at the mess hall today since the SA workers

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quit yesterday, the mothers and young people had to work. Old women about 45-50 and young children about 12-15 were working. It's certainly a shame that so many people had to "crab" about conditions before they could obtain other workers. It seems some people had accused the cooks of taking the best food home, and of not obtaining very good food for the kitchen.

All the workers left, except a few waitresses. There was a meeting last night for two hours, and another one tonight which lasted about as long. At the first meeting they signed up volunteers. Many school children and workers volunteered over the weekend. Practically all the mothers helped and a few fathers. In a way it made them realize the difficulty of the task. Also, it made them feel more unified since they had to work together.

Tonight they organized committees from the block. Dad is one of five in charge of workers -- hope he doesn't become too dictatorial.

This afternoon I attended a YWCA meeting. There was to have been a national secretary there, but she couldn't reach there in time. Thus, Miss M. said a few words about the need for girls' clubs. She wants me to obtain the names of the "Y" leaders for our files. Thus, they asked me to get the meeting together of strong Y leaders from the various communities. I'm not sure about some areas -- hope I can find out by then. There was a predominance of older "Y" board members (from San Francisco). For the first time, I heard Isseis say they wanted Niseis to take over, while they backed us as a board. This is to be a new group of Y members from all areas instead of an S. F. Y organization. Thus, they want to get representation from all areas in the steering committee. We are to have a meeting next week to choose a temporary executive committee.

Today I heard from J. U. of Chicago. She said the A. F. S. C. would answer me soon, but that they have a great deal of requests at present. Maybe I will be able to obtain some sort of work in Chicago -- hope so.

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Then I heard again from the Poston project of the Social Anthropology course which will give ten credits at Chicago University. It would be OK if I were planning to remain inside, but I think I prefer to continue my education outside or at least go out to earn some money.

I wish I could decide which school I want to attend. I think Western Reserve is my first choice, but my financial question is what bothers me.

I was talking to E. E. who said that the Caucasian teachers are bending backward to please the Japanese teachers -- hope it isn't all superficial.

Tonight I went to see "Back Street" with Margaret Sullivan and Charles Boyer. It was quite melodramatic. I felt that she should have married the other fellow when she had the chance, instead of remaining the companion of her true love. She suffered a great deal. Well, I guess it's rather different when one is in love.

Sunday, November 15, 1942

Today it was very windy and we had a dust storm, so I stayed home from Church to write eight letters. I want to go to Western Reserve because it's the best choice for me, I feel. I inquired also of North Carolina, of Dr. Thomas. I wrote eight letters. It snowed this afternoon and it was so beautiful because it formed on the ground. The "kids" went out to play snowballs and to make snowmen. After supper I made a little snowman, too.

The meals today were pretty heavy -- bologna, cheese, potato salad, bread, crackers, and jam, and apple for dessert. Then tonight we had roast beef with gravy, string beans, tomato and potato salad, and rice, with cake and stewed apple for dessert. It was surprising after the sparse meals of yesterday --
turnips, ^{one} strip of bacon and beet salad for lunch; turnips, corned beef and awful cornstarch pudding for supper.

Mom helped last night, but today she didn't. Pop was in the mess hall practically all day seeing that there were sufficient workers.

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Tonight I went to see L. I. We chatted about the rumor of the San Francisco bombing by Japanese, and the discovery of one of the lost captains. Then we listened to the radio and looked at the Montgomery Ward catalogue -- wish we could get snow clothes. Then L. N. came over to tell me she heard that all workers are frozen here and won't be able to leave for work -- hope it's merely a rumor. Maybe I'll have to take the college offer for North Carolina. I do so want to go out to work.

Also, she said that her kitchen had turkey last night (cost was one dollar per family which was very reasonable for most families). They had dressing, mashed potatoes, and peas, jello or ice cream and cake, orange (sliced) and other fruits, and trimmings on the table. This was in celebration of the completion of winterizing. I wish our block and kitchen would be as helpful. They seem to always have good food because their workers live in that block. We have that now, but it took a strike to make us realize the need for this change.

Monday, November 16, 1942

Today we were to have been interviewed, but I went to work to be interviewed there (occupational survey). I gave as my preference clerical work outside, but personnel or research inside.

We slipped while going to work, but there was a great deal of snow left on the ground around the empty lot near the office. It was pretty, but cold. By noon the ground was full of slush and we slipped all the way home. The roads which seemed to be paved and hardened in warm weather, was muddy and soft today. It was better than the softer clay on the sides around the barracks, but it was bad enough. Tonight the ground had hardened to some extent although there were a number of puddles.

Mr. B. returned from Los Angeles yesterday and said it was very cold there. There weren't many other observations he made to us.

Miss M. said I should get a typist and a personnel clerk, but that I. O.

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(one of the typists in this office) should be the bibliography clerk. The typist should work at night. I don't think that's quite fair because if I can get someone with a typewriter, it would be better. I hope I can find someone with a typewriter.

R. L., who went to Delta on Saturday, bought some Xmas candy, which we ate this morning. A boy who has been working outside gave us some cookies. Then, this afternoon I. O. brought some caramels -- it seems we eat all day. We girls were rather restless today since the bosses were at a meeting this morning and were gone most of the afternoon.

Schapiro (a pianist, I think) came today. He wanted to see Mr. B., but he was at a meeting so the former had to leave without seeing him. He has been in Japan a number of years, so knows us quite well. He seems to be very friendly.

About a dozen fellows returned from the sugar beet fields today. They seemed glad to see their friends again, but I'm sure they miss their freedom. G. L. has a brother who graduated from Davis and who went out to the fields. He wants to remain out there to go into partnership with a former employer for farm work. However, it will require capital. It's a shame that he is the oldest son (with five sisters), and so the family wants him to return. It would be a good opportunity for him, though.

The rumor about freezing workers is intended to be for only a week, but it may be extended, which would be a shame for ambitious people who know that they need more income than the little we get here. The "trust fund" points in the same direction.

The coders seem to be loafing most of the time. They look at magazines all the time. (I think they work about half the time.) It's rather a shame to have so many on the staff when there is inadequate work for them; moreover, they are sometimes inconsistent in their coding.

Tonight there was a roll-call. It is to be a permanent weekly feature. It's too bad such an obnoxious feature must be continued here, because it's very

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bad for the morale. It takes one hour for the block manager to cover the block.

Mr. B. complimented me on the outline for the section heads on the reasons for the need for reports. I'm working on procedures, now, but hope I can fulfill the position of head of the committee of research.

I sent notices to the various people I wish to have attend the "Y" meeting next Saturday. It makes me happy to think we will be able to continue as wonderful an organization as the "Y".

I knitted tonight and finished one side of the sweater. I want to finish it this week.

Tuesday, November 17, 1942

Today I attended another staff meeting. It was not as lively a discussion as last time. We discussed the question of housing to some extent. Some felt it would be best to submit plans (each section and division) to the housing section for consideration. The others felt that we should decide there. Still others felt that one block could be used for the time being (maybe block #1 which is now open). However, it was decided that a special committee (with representatives for each interested party -- practically every division) would make a decision on what buildings would be available for each. There is to be a group of two hundred coming in soon -- probably from zone #2 -- and those employed outside who wish to come into this camp. There are still 127 adjustments which must be made in the near future, mainly demands for partitions (from other families in the south room), smaller rooms for small families, larger rooms for large families, cases of illness and diet near the hospital, and separation from in-laws and friends. It's all very disgusting that the housing preparations were inadequate to the needs. Also, the offices need to be more centralized and conveniently located for the residents.

Then we discussed reports. Miss M. discussed what we are doing; it was rather embarrassing.

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Oh, yes, they announced a couple of engagements -- Miss M. and J. O. -- she is working in welfare and he is in the Army. They are both rather old (late 20's) so should be getting married. They both want to continue their educations, but for the time being, she will remain here.

Then we discussed what committees should meet next week; they are: finance, reports and studies, and the family. I talked to Miss M. and we decided our committee would meet on Friday morning. I'll have a great deal of work to do between now and then.

She is leaving in December. I want to leave around then, too, hope I can.

Tonight I knitted on my sweater and finished up to the shoulder. I'm really disgusted with the slowness of progress.

Wednesday, November 18, 1942

Today I received a letter from S. U. in Tule; she expects to leave for Chicago, but if she must return to camp, she wants to come here. It's much more congenial, especially since we have more education than the country people living there. I can sympathize with her -- it's pretty bad here, but it isn't as bad as far as rural and urban conflicts are concerned.

G. N. also wrote and said she would be glad to have me come to visit her. I don't think I will be able to, though.

Tonight I attended the dramatics class. There were only about four of us present; the reason was that it hadn't been widely advertised. However, I believe there will be more next week. We had an outline of background of drama which was very interesting. Then we each performed a pantomime of burglary, which showed some variety. Then he told us about the plan of the recreation department to set up dramatic groups in each ward (about four in all) which would be under an adult director (probably our own class) and which would perform once a month for four nights in each of the wards. This means exchange performances,

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which would be very exciting and entertaining to the residents, especially since they are becoming rather bored with life here. The movies aren't very recent or good, so if we can present well-performed plays, and later, well-known plays, we will have a really good entertainment program.

Thursday, November 19, 1942

Today L. T. came in to work as personnel worker. Also I obtained a typist this afternoon. The work is progressing quite well, I guess. I have decided on the agenda, now. Really, the office is so noisy nowadays, it reminds me of a Xmas rush somehow. I wish it were a store instead of an office.

It snowed again today. It was so pretty. However, by evening, it had melted so was very "slushy."

I received a letter from J. B. today; she thinks it would be wonderful for me to attend Western Reserve. However, she recommended my writing to the national board of the YWCA to find out the possibilities of work later. I did that, and am anxiously awaiting an answer. I also heard from Dr. S. who said that she is still working on the possibility at North Carolina. However, Province feels that the possibilities are rather slim, especially since three hundred students have already been relocated. I think I should pursue Western Reserve more fully.

We requisitioned for supplies today; it seems we can use so many things, especially typewriters, but those are especially difficult to obtain. I'm getting very disgusted with waiting around while others are typing.

Tonight I tried to fix the house, but didn't succeed too well, I'm afraid.

Friday, November 20, 1942

This morning it was so cold going to work; honestly, it isn't fair the way the workers at Administration Building #1 get rides to and from work while we just walk and freeze. J. J. told me that she heard a girl had lost her finger from playing in the cold and then putting it over the fire. I doubt the validity of that -- probably part of her skin might have frozen off or something like that.

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This morning we had the intra-divisional committee meeting of reports, statements and study. It was composed mainly of representatives from education. One fellow seemed to do all the talking and suggested a sort of opinion survey of the resident staff. It would be very difficult to obtain true opinions, but maybe something like a study of subjective outlook on various phases of work conducted here in this division might be feasible. Anyway, he kept bringing up the question of who would see various reports, etc., and that he wouldn't include as frank material if he felt that someone would harm him for it. It's typical of him because he always wants to be on the safe side, and gets others into trouble to save himself. However, he does seem to have quite novel ideas, so was elected chairman by this group. I was also nominated but I felt that I should keep my identity as a staff member in research.

Dr. M., who is curriculum director and who has a very superior and patronizing attitude, suggested that since he had been appointed to the committee first, that the reports which would be made by the various units heads should be given to him and then to Dr. C. (the head of education). Also, he felt that opinions always got people into trouble and might lose someone's job. It was all very amusing the way he kept emphasizing his position as an administrator. In fact, he felt that he could go on with any research study he pleased without anyone else's consent. We tried to explain that the research staff would probably have some part in the setting up of such studies, but he seemed to ignore this comment. He also was nominated, but he said that he felt a resident would be more suitable. I wonder how sincere he was in that. He doesn't like us; he only wants the money; that's what "gripes" us.

This afternoon I had the minutes for the "Y" meeting typed and also made up some lists of former Y members from Berkeley -- not a very impressive list compared to that of San Francisco, but nevertheless as complete as I could make it.

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J. J. received her typewriter (new) today. I haven't received mine yet, and I have been waiting over a month. G. J. brought her typewriter in today; I hope she won't have to use it very long because it's rather unfair. Of course, she may get rental for it, but even then I don't think it's the best practice.

Today all the head recreation leaders went into Delta to obtain costumes for the Thanksgiving celebration to be held next week end. Gee, they're lucky! I don't see why we couldn't go sometime soon (research staff). I'd find some excuse for it. They spent all afternoon out, and do it often.

Tonight I attended the big game rally; it was quite lively, though most of the enthusiasm emanated from high school "rowdies." Anyway, we had speeches from a couple of alumni from Stanford and U. C. -- then we had songs and speeches from the appointive staff of both colleges; then a couple of old-timers, class of '14 of both institutions spoke, and we ended with the singing of the hymns of both. Oh, yes, we had a couple of "Cal" yells, too -- all the appointive staff (except Mr. B. and a few others) got in the front, together. They enjoyed the jokes and ribbing running throughout the program, and those from Stanford wore red, but still the fact that they sat separate wasn't conducive to the best of feeling. The singing was a little feeble in parts, but probably that was due to the fact that most of the former Cal fellows are outside, and so those present were "outsiders" who didn't know the songs. The emcee was very versatile and made many good "puns" and jokes, so kept the show going. There were about 350 present, and I would say only half or less were actually former California or Stanford students. However, the old spirit was there, so we forgot our whereabouts for the time being.

Oh, yes, a reporter asked me "what I was thankful for." I said, "not much, except that I am very thankful for the few Caucasian friends I have who have continued to think of me and to help me now that I need them."

I received a letter from the U. C. Social Welfare Division. The director felt that the opportunities of placement were rather limited in social work,

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but if I am really serious, to pursue my goal. He feels that if I am interested in research, to continue the lead of North Carolina, but if it's group work I want, I should choose Western Reserve. It doesn't help me much, but I'm still hopeful and think group work is my first choice.

Saturday, November 21, 1942

This morning, I couldn't accomplish much because I was rather excited about Q. N.'s visit. He was to have arrived this afternoon, but he arrived this morning. I was glad to see him, but I don't think I looked very presentable. We ate lunch together, and it would turn out to be a "lousy" meal. It was very muddy walking home, so that we got mud all over our shoes. He got a ride in to Topaz from a farmer; he was very obliging and drove him all around the area before bringing him here (two hours). I guess people like soldiers around here.

Everyone seems to have been quite impressed with Q. He is quite handsome (even if I do say so myself).

This afternoon I had to go to the Y meeting, so I left him at Z. T.'s house. She was very glad to see him and entertained him for me.

The meeting was terrible; very few were present, and we decided to hold another meeting on Wednesday night with Miss B. from the national Y, to make plans for the organization here. I wish they would make up their minds as to when they are going to make the definite plans, because as it is, it is rather indefinite. After we definitely plan the organization, we can have a sort of pep rally to arouse enthusiasm. There were three of ^{us} from Berkeley and three from San Francisco, and the two board members from San Francisco. We decided on whom we would invite to this meeting (and to send postcards), as leaders of the various groups. I know the San Francisco people will predominate.

After the meeting (1 hour), I went to hear the game with Q. and Z. -- it was sad! We lost 30-7. Gee, I thought we were better than that. Oh, well, I guess we can't win all the time.

We listened outside of recreation 20 because it was so noisy inside. At

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recreation 34 where it was supposed to have been held, they couldn't get it. They used a wire outside and also a pitchfork to ground it. There were many high school people playing cards, etc. inside.

Tonight I wanted to go to the dance, but there wasn't any, so we walked around instead. Mmm! (But there really isn't any scenery or anything around here, and it's rather cold; I wish something could be done about it soon.)

Sunday, November 22, 1942

Today I went to church. It wasn't very interesting, rather vague. It was very crowded -- about 300, I should say. Afterwards Q chatted with some of his former friends. I guess his uniform makes a big impression. We had a swell breakfast this morning -- ham and eggs; and at noon it was lousy -- rice, beets, and romaine salad -- oh, yes, we had jello. Tonight we had beef roast, potatoes, romaine, string beans, and lemon pie.

Today we took some snaps -- Z. T. and her friends, and E. N. and myself. We also took one of us two. When we came home, he took some of the family.

He is getting quite insistent now, and brought up the financial side -- with his allowance for me (if we got married), would help put me through college, and also I could save up some for the family. He's really quite understanding about it all, but I wonder if it will continue the same.

E. N. and I want to definitely go out to Chicago to work, if possible. Then, if we had a domestic job, we could save enough for school and also maybe some more. I don't know what Mom thinks about it, but I'll have to ask her about the possibility.

We went to fellowship tonight. The high school kids predominated. We decided to held a separate meeting altogether for high school and after high school. The present national head of the Student Relocation Committee was here to tell us more about possibilities. He was very optimistic and gave us his address, and told us to continue to write to the Student Relocation Committee.

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I wanted to talk to him, but he left immediately. The worship was quite short and to the point. It was about "Finding Jesus" in our everyday life.

Monday, November 23, 1942

Today Q. ate with me. He wants me to get a couple of days off; I hope I can, but I'm rather dubious. Maybe I can go out for business. I didn't get to talk to E. M. because she was out all day (except for about an hour in Mr. B.'s office). I think it's rather unfair that she doesn't have a conference with me for a while each day. I had to type out the cards for the meeting Wednesday night. Gee, I wish I didn't have to go. There was some trouble about obtaining a room -- the principal of the high school kept putting us off as to which room so I obtained a room from the adult education section.

Q. talked to A. G. for a while, and then with G. G. who is supervising the coding. Also, he talked with R. O., who is working in the supply section. He talked with an M. P. outside (he said they were quite cordial). At noon the doorman of the mess hall we ate in, asked him if he was from Camp Grant, and said his brother was also a Corporal from there, and had come to visit about two weeks ago. What a coincidence!

This afternoon he visited the hospital and walked all through it. I guess it was quite interesting. I haven't even been in it yet. Tonight we just sat around to look at snaps, etc. It certainly took us back to the good old days. I hope we can do that for a number of years. I really want to get out to work, and then I may give in later, but I don't think I should yet. He has so many personality traits which would balance mine, and our interests are quite similar, too.

> Tuesday, November 24, 1942

> Today we had another staff meeting; it was quite good as far as participation went, because we discussed the best points in a staff meeting and everyone had an idea, of course. Naturally a few had a number of points, but I guess that's to be expected. Then we discussed the family problem. Old mothers and young

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girls were a problem -- the former were disliked by their families, and the latter by society as a whole. However, both needed some sort of tactful separation from the rest of the people. The solution of such problems will require some thought and careful manipulation.

Then there is the delinquency problem -- especially in relation to the kibeis. They need to be given special attention and their leadership developed. Moreover, their backgrounds seem to require special consideration in community activities, education, and welfare. They have a strong organization of their own already. It is better (according to the appointive staff), to drive all this into the open so that they won't act in an underhanded fashion.

Then the procurement committee met, but since the JAA and the procurement man in each section are the most vitally concerned, they should be the ones to be represented on that committee. The principles on which priorities are based are the most important from the standpoint of the sections concerned, so they will know what to expect and what not to expect.

There were a few announcements, as the arrival of a new staff person, but his function has not been clearly defined, so it was postponed till next time. Then we discussed the church (mess hall), and it seems the sewing machines there (used for school on weekdays) are being molested over week ends when the church has official use of the hall. Of course, it could be (and probably is) that youngsters come in after the church services to do most of the damage, but still some arrangement must be made whereby this property could be protected. This is another question of housing which must be discussed.

Mr. B. asked for the announcement of Thanksgiving week end, but the man in charge of community activities wasn't very enlightening. In fact, I don't think he knew himself. Anyway, he kept saying it could be found in the "Times." Finally, Mr. B. had to make the announcements himself.

This afternoon we went shopping in Delta. Q. N. got to go, too. Were we lucky! We only had one hour to shop, though, so I couldn't buy much, but I spent

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two dollars on food -- a cake, crackers, cold meat, bread, lemons, jam, and a shorthand notebook. I looked at some clothes, like long socks, but didn't buy any. We drank an ice cream soda. Poor Q. -- bet he thought I'm terrible to shop with because I couldn't decide on whether to buy a large four-pound jar of sour jelly or not -- I really wanted sweet jam, so I decided to go to another place to get it. There were three groceries (and one in a department store), two fountains (and one had a bakery in it), a 5¢-\$1 store, a dress shop, a drug store, a small theater, and a few other stores, but they were all on both sides of a long street. So one can imagine the size of the population. I think most of the people live outside the town. (Maybe a thousand people live in town, if that much.) On the way out, we passed the "town" of Abraham, which has a federal building and a few other buildings. The people in Delta are rather friendly, except in the fountain, the waitress was very impatient about orders we gave. Two of the girls took rather long in ordering, and she certainly looked aggravated; she wouldn't "crack" a smile. We had a soda, and they took hamburgers and a coke. I felt rather strange afterwards, but I think it was mainly from the soda -- such a strange feeling to be drinking a soda again after so long.

On the way back, Mr. B. was in a hurry because he wanted to get back, as usual. As a consequence, we had a blow-out. We sent for aid through a coal truck, but we had to wait an hour before help came. We girls had a nice chat with Mrs. BB. -- about her chats with her friends and about conditions in general. They are living under the same conditions as we are, so we shouldn't begrudge them as much as some of us do. Of course, some of them get two rooms while we have only one, but they are rather isolated from their friends, etc., so we shouldn't be too critical. We chatted about methods of removing soot from the chimneys, etc. -- by burning oil, stained paper, etc. We munched on chocolates she had bought. Mr. B. chatted with Q., outside. He started to ask him all sorts of questions. It was some experience. We almost saw the sunset from the outside for once.

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On the road, which is very muddy and sticky, a number of trucks were stuck. Coal trucks, a poultry truck (carrying our turkeys, I think), wood trucks, a steam roller (which didn't seem to serve its purpose), and a number of administrative cars passed by while we were there. We were jacked up quickly and reached Topaz at about 5:30 p.m. I didn't do much work after that. Mr. B. said he would take us in that direction, but we knew what that meant (a few yards), so we all took our own packages. Q. helped me

Tonight we wanted to go to the movie, but it was too crowded, so we walked around instead. The B.'s had invited us to spend the evening in their living room (where we would have privacy), but we didn't really take it seriously. It was rather cold out, but we discussed our problems without getting too much of a conclusion, except that we would wait awhile before we took the final step.

We had a sort of party with cake, sandwiches, and coffee, but I wish we could have invited some of our friends. The trouble with that would have been that they would have expected an announcement. I honestly wish I could do that, but Mom is a problem.

Wednesday, November 25, 1942

Today I didn't accomplish much work. L. T. kept saying she wished I would become engaged, and I wish I could, but with so many factors to consider, it would be a little difficult. I want to continue my education, help support my family in the post-war period, etc. He wants to get married immediately so that I could benefit from the allowance I would receive from it. If I don't enter until fall, I will be able to earn a little anyway by then. I do want to go to Chicago to work -- hope I can.

Tonight we attended a movie -- "Gunga Din." He had seen it already, so he told me most of the story before the action. Oh, well, I hope he wasn't too bored. I was sorry he had to sit on the floor, because it isn't a very comfortable position. Oh, well, we enjoyed being together, anyway. Too bad it wasn't a romantic picture, but anyway, it was a very good story and picture.

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It was rather cold, so I came home directly. My cold seems to be developing, too.

Thursday, November 26, 1942

Thanksgiving Day! As Q. said, "we have quite a lot to be thankful for, but wish next year, it will be more."

I had to work a half a day, but the afternoon free. We were planning to take a hike outside, but it was so cloudy and cold, we stayed inside. He fixed the radio aerial; we played "pick up sticks"; and in the evening, Dad started to talk about his background, and asked him some questions. He spoke about events in his life which we had never known before -- strange that he didn't tell us all about those things. I guess he is reticent to us (his family).

We read in the paper that there were a number of positions open for teachers of Japanese, and since he is quite capable, we tried to persuade him to take it, (in Boulder, Colorado). He's rather dubious because the living expenses are rather high. Also, he feels that if Japan should win, there will be more chances of his obtaining part reparations if he remained inside. Of course, it sounds good, but I doubt if Japan would be able to collect, or if there will be any money left. Anyway, I'm confident she won't win.

It would be swell if we could all live outside, but anyway, I'm determined to do so.

Tonight we had another midnight snack -- it's getting to be a habit, but since we bought the food, we might as well eat it.

I think I have a lot to be thankful for, too, but it's very difficult to break away from the family.

Friday, November 27, 1942

Today I didn't accomplish much again -- honestly, Mr. B. ought to be very disgusted with me, but he isn't. He encouraged me. He said I should take the afternoon off, and he teases me about not taking up his invitation. He's really

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very thoughtful about "romances." I noticed that before when a fellow wanted to get married, Mr. B. said he would do everything to help him. I wish he could do something in this case.

This afternoon we went for a walk outside. It's certainly swell getting away from symmetrical barracks. We only went about a mile, and then stopped. We spent the whole afternoon out there, talking, etc. Gee, I wish I could say "yes" right now (and I do informally), but Mom and Dad don't want me to get married till after the war, which would be a very long time. Maybe after I go outside, they may change -- I hope.

Tonight we had visitors, so we couldn't discuss the matter with the family. We had to go outside to get any privacy, and it was so cold that we had to come in after about an hour. That one hour was the last one we would have alone before he leaves tomorrow. Gee, I'll miss him, though -- much more than I did the last time he went away.

Saturday, November 28, 1942

This morning Q. left -- gee, I feel lonesome. I wrote a letter to him tonight. I went to see him off at the car; he embarrassed me, but I was sort of glad, too. Gee, I wish I could have gone to Delta with him, at least. There was room in the car, but I had to attend a meeting, so I didn't go. The meeting was rather dry. No one had any questions because each section was sort of up in the air about their respective functions. So next time I am supposed to bring a sort of outline of functions between and within sections. I hope I will be able to get all of the material by then.

This noon I received a letter from student relocation, asking me to send the WRA forms because they want me to apply to North Carolina. This afternoon, I spoke to Mrs. G., who was representing the committee here, and she said the feeling there isn't very good, so that it would be wiser to find another school. I told her I wanted to go to Western Reserve. She said a number of students whom they

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had recommended here had been refused. However, maybe in my case, it may be different. At least I hope so. She also said there may be a possibility for a scholarship for me, in light of my scholastic standing. It would be wonderful if they could, because I certainly want to go. She gave me greetings from Miss H. (assistant dean of women), and Mrs. P., a good friend of mine. It's good to hear they are fine, and that their busy affairs are the only reasons for their failure to write. This morning a lady gave me greetings from the "Y" people. Gee, it certainly is swell to hear from them.

I chatted with B. L., who said she applied for work through the Chicago "Y." She has enough money for travel expenses, but that is all. I don't have even that much. It aggravates me that I didn't save a little. I think I will apply to the Chicago "Y" too. I received a letter on Wednesday from a prospective employer, but it only pays \$7 per week to begin with. I am really very concerned about getting out. However, my main wish is to go to Chicago to work, because the opportunities and wage scales are better.

Tonight I went to the "Y" meeting. Miss B. from the national board was rather informative about other centers. Ours is peculiar in that no funds will be provided by the WRA. (Mr. B. is the one who said that.) In that case, it will be very difficult to obtain workers. We discussed some of the needs of our center -- social activities, a contact with the outside world, opportunities for leadership.

There were about fifty girls present, mainly San Francisco "Y" girls. A few Buddhists were present also. We will hold a planning committee meeting on Tuesday evening. We never accomplish much at our meetings, it seems.

Afterwards E. N., E. E., and I got into a "session" about the problem of the San Francisco vs. U. C. "Y" people. The outlook is very different. Of the two, the former is ? than that of the latter. I'm certainly glad I had the opportunity to develop a wider outlook on life.

Gee, I missed Q. tonight. It makes me wish to go back East more than ever.

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Sunday, November 29, 1942

Today I went to church, It was as boring as usual. The speaker is a very conventional person -- a member of the Holiness Church.

A few of us chatted afterwards. (Today was the first day of collection.) A number of girls wore heels for the first time. A number of trees (mostly willow) were transplanted today.

There are a number of rumors to the effect that we will be out of here by February -- wish we could; of course, it's a problem -- what will happen to the Issei?

E. N., E. E. and I got into a discussion about the negro problem. It certainly is a shame that they are being treated so badly, after all of these years. I hope they can attain their end without violence -- maybe that is the only way. We all feel so behind on current events because the papers here are terrible. No one mentions the Bay region, but we hear so many rumors that it has been bombed.

This afternoon I was planning to do some letter-writing, but it turned out that some neighbors came over to chat and knit, so that's what I did all afternoon. What a waste of time -- especially when I wanted to get my application, etc., out.

Tonight a few of us got together -- three of us crochet, and we could begin a good crocheting club. It takes pains and time, but the results are worth it. We began to talk about school and employment outside, but one girl is rather bitter about it because the Student Relocation Committee told her to finance herself. I can't blame her very much. Thus, we talked about other things, as good books (since two of the girls work in the library). The library has a few recent novels and it is hoped it can obtain books from the "Book-of-the-Month Club," but we don't have adequate funds at present.

We also talked about Christmas parties which will be given for the children in school, church, and through community activities; at least they won't be too bitter about it.

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We chatted about our jobs and about the administrators. Some of them aren't as good as we thought they were at first. The director is considered a "politician"; my boss is considered very clever at getting his way, and some accuse him of graft -- I don't think that could be true, though. E. N.'s job seems to have calmed down now; she wants to leave for Chicago very soon, with her sister. I wish I could go there, too, but I'm still uncertain.

Gee, October seems a long way off. Maybe by then, I'll change my idea about going to college -- hope not. Sometimes I feel like just settling down, but thinking of the post-war period, I'm anxious to obtain some sort of professional standing.

Monday, November 30, 1942

Today I tried to obtain the forms used by the various sections, so I would know what types of information are available for our use if we need it. But I couldn't get in touch with all of the sections or units, so that I don't have the information all on hand.

I tried to get all my files in order, and also the business outstanding, so I could have a good discussion with Miss M., but she was busy all day, so I couldn't speak to her after all.

This noon I received a letter from Western Reserve. They sent me an application for a grant-in-aid and also said I could enter in February, June, or October. I think I would prefer to enter in the spring because it would be a waste of time to wait. However, I wonder if I will be able to receive a grant-in-aid since I have no money on hand. I wrote to Miss H. to see if I could obtain a scholarship through the Student Relocation Committee. I certainly hope so. Otherwise I may have to borrow some money.

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✓? This afternoon I saw F. N., who is living in Salt Lake City. He said he was outside for eight months and has been in Salt Lake City for one month, after having worked in the rural areas around here. Anyway, he is at the Hotel Utah and likes it much better than being inside. He said that he had gone to ^{Lamar} Taman, Colorado, and that the scenery there is beautiful -- looking into a valley. There is no clay, but sand; it isn't as cold there, and all in all, the physical aspects -- as barracks, etc., are better. The outside walls are of wood or other sturdy material, not of paper as here. He said he saw our grandparents' family there. He is now trying to get his brother-in-law out of Topaz -- hope he can. He has a cousin at the front in England (the last he heard). There are a number of Japanese boys out there, especially in the air corps (I guess there are some), and in the intelligence division. He said every time they give a furlough to a soldier, it means he is about to be shipped out. Gee, that's tough, but I don't think it's general.

I also chatted with a boy who is a teaching assistant at Utah University. He said there are plenty of jobs available yet, especially for girls, but for boys, there aren't many more. Salt Lake City seems to be very crowded with Japanese now, especially since the population is only 8,000. It is somewhat like Oakland, maybe a little smaller. Some people object to it because there is very little to do there, but it's better than this place, anyway. He feels the feeling is very good there. The jobs don't pay well, but they don't require too much work, either. The living expenses are high, though not too high, there as compared to other places. He likes Utah University, but feels that the standards of Utah high schools are very low, because his freshmen students are very "dumb." It's too bad that our younger children have to be subjected to such terrible standards, because their futures will be somewhat ruined. That's why I want H. to go to high school outside.

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I also heard a rumor that no more Japanese could go to Salt Lake City because the "saturation point" had been reached. But I found out it was the JACL which was trying to press the matter because they didn't want us to concentrate. Of course, if they all stayed there, it would be bad, but as a matter of course, they don't have to stay, and many don't want to, so that they shouldn't be kept in here on that account. That is very near, so that traveling expenses are low, if any (for employees are usually required to pay them), so they work and earn enough to go East. That's what I want to do, anyway. Also the Labor Committee is trying to push the idea of prohibiting commuting among workers. It may be fairer for the majority, but it's unfair to deprive workers of wages. Of course, they could receive higher wages, maybe, but unless they do, it's unfair. It seems the Japanese are the only ones trying to prevent private employment and higher wages. It's not the WRA or anyone like that; it's among us -- that's what makes it harder to take.

Tonight I wrote a number of letters to references for application to Western Reserve, because Mr. B. received a letter about me. I thought I should at least inform the others of its possibility, and ask their help. I want to finish my application, but it takes so long, I'll have to wait until the end of the week, especially since I want to find out scholarship opportunities. Gee, what a problem. I also discovered that I need attend only one year, so that it won't be so late when I finish. That helps a great deal, but still the financial part is difficult.