

Okabe, Thomas

CH - 304A

"Dick Sasaki"

6146 Greenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PLAZA 9752

Remarks:

Okabe, Mrs. Rose Soyejima

CH - 304B

"Lily Sasaki"

6146 Greenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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OKABE, MRS. ROSE

Interviewer went to see Dick Sasaki the other night to ask him if he would cooperate in giving something of his experiences during the year and a half since the outbreak of war. He expressed willingness, but when I added that I hoped that we might eventually publish "the truth regarding the evacuation and its effect on the people", he inquired skeptically whether I thought any such publication would help the situation of the Japanese in America. "How many persons would be affected by such a publication?" I admitted that the influence of any account might be limited by the tendency of the people to accept the views written about. Dick then quickly admitted the truth of what I said, but the quickness and intensity with which he retracted his view and accepted mine seemed to indicate that he only wished to avoid any further discussion of the point although he continued to maintain his skepticism.

I went down to his apartment (Dick and Lily live in the same building as we do), and Lily, his wife, offered to go in the kitchen and iron while we carried on our discussion in the living room. The Kitchen is separated from the living room so she was absent during the interview. Dick started by saying, "I don't know what you'll get out of interviewing me, but I'll tell you what I can. I'm sure there must be better people to interview than myself." There was a touch of embarrassment in this initial situation, but I assured him that we were interested in what he had to say, and as the interview went on the strain quickly disappeared.

"I was born in Tacoma, Washington in 1914. When I was just one year old, my father and mother went to Japan, and took me with them. I was there until I was fifteen, and I returned to the U.S. on May 27, 1930."

"I'll tell you why I decided to come to America. In the village where I lived on the island of Shikoku, everybody wanted to come to America about that time. Everybody in Japan about then envied the Japanese in America, they all wanted to come to America, it was a great thing to go to America in those days. Being able to come to this country was really something important to the people. At the time there was no anti-United States talk among the people of that village. No, I can't recall any talk that was against America in those days. I suppose, in a way, the envy they had then was the source of their hatred later. Some of the Japanese who had migrated to this country would return to the village to visit, and they brought with them so many conveniences which people in Japan, at least in that area, never dreamed about that it seemed America must be rolling in wealth and comfort. Whenever any such visitor arrived, the people would go to talk to them, just to find out what the conditions were in this country, and they envied the visitors for what they had. I guess I was swept by the talk of the older people. Since I was born in America and could return to this country, I felt I had something that the others didn't have. America was a wonderful country, as the people thought of it, and I wanted to see what the place was

like."

"I was just fifteen then, and had finished the second year of chugakko (middle school). Well, actually it was an agricultural school, a high school, and I was interested in doing something with science in applying it to agriculture. My father died when I was still a baby, only about a year after we went to Japan, and although my mother wanted to return to this country, she overstayed her visa and couldn't get back. That was another reason, I think, that I decided to come to this country. My mother always wanted to come back to the United States but couldn't, and when I told her that I wanted to see America, she felt that I should go. I suppose she let me go because she wanted to return herself. She probably thought too that I should see this country."

"It happened that there was another fellow, born in America, who lived in the same village as myself, and he decided about then that he would come to this country. You remember Kay Iwago who operated the Richfield Station on Jackson St. in Seattle? He's the fellow. When Iwago said he was going to America, I decided that I'd like to go too. My mother gave me permission, so I left for this country."

"When I arrived in May 1930, the depression was just beginning and I had a hard time finding any place to live and any job to work at. I had no relatives in the United States, so I went to live with some friends of the family in West Seattle. Oh, that first summer I was here, I went to work in the country to work on the farm. What's that place out near Auburn and Kent---Thomas, that's it, Thomas. I worked there for about two months, picking berries, peas, weeding the fields, and so on, and I made \$100 in those two months. Oh, gosh, I was happy. By golly, I thought it was just wonderful. I was only fifteen then, you remember, and I'd never earned anywhere near that much ever before. One day, picking peas, I made \$7 in one day. I really thought I was rich."

"I lived at my friend's place for a half a year, and went to the foreign class at Pacific School during that time. You remember Miss Smith who used to teach that class? She was a nice teacher. There were fellows like Tom Uyeno, Hashida who got beaten up in Tule Lake, Hashimoto, Iwago, and a lot of other fellows. About that time, a couple came to Pacific School and asked Miss Smith to recommend someone for a school boy job. I don't know why she picked on me, but I got the job and went to live with this family out near the Rainier Golf Club, it's out near Des Moines. Miss Smith told me I should take the job, but when I left the school I was very lonesome at first because I'd had to leave my friends like Tom and Hashida."

"At first I thought it was a terrible place. The people were all right, but I didn't have any friends ~~ixw~~ and I was lonesome. And then I couldn't speak or understand the language very well. I'll tell you: sometimes when the people of the house weren't home

and the phone would ring, I'd have to answer it. I couldn't understand what they'd tell me, and they couldn't understand me, but I'd take down their number. Then when the man came home and called the number, he'd get something that was entirely off. Oh, gosh, it used to be terrible. Sometimes when the mister and missus stayed downtown late and were late~~x~~ getting home for dinner, they'd phone me and instruct me to start the vegetables. I'd have a hard time understanding them, and finally they made me repeat back to them over the phone what I was supposed to do. But those people were nice to me. They taught me American manners and customs, how to set the table, and even how to serve wines. Right now I can serve any kind of wines; oh, yes, I know how to wrap the wines in cloth and so on."

"I had a very hard time adjusting, and I probably picked up my moodiness then, I don't know. I spent a lot of time to myself because I didn't know anybody, and I'd think about things. I tried to write poetry then---no, not in Japanese, in English. I didn't know much English and I couldn't write poetry very well, but I tried. I suppose that was one way I tried to adjust to that situation."

"I started in at the Highline grammar school. The principle first put me into the 7th grade, but after I tried that for a while I decided it was too hard for me and asked to be demoted to the 6th grade. I tried the 6th grade, but that was too hard too, so I asked to be demoted to the 5th grade. By the time the semester ended in the 5th grade, though, I was getting along in my schoolwork, so I was advanced to the 6th grade. After a half a year in the 6th grade I was advanced to the 7th. Altogether I spent only three semesters in grammar school, and then they graduated me. English was the only thing that was hard for me. I'd had some English in Japan, but it didn't help me at all in school here. But I never had any trouble with the school work. Penmanship was one thing I was good in. Oh, boy, I beat everybody. I didn't know a thing about English, but I could write better than anybody in the class. The other kids couldn't understand it. They were surprised."

"One thing I remember distinctly is that I was able to draw well which made it easy for me to get along with the Caucasian kids and teachers. I've always liked to draw, paint, sketch, do mechanical and architectural drawings, and since the other kids would have trouble with it, I'd help them out and that way I got to know quite a few of the kids. About that time, the Highline Grammar School was having a new building built, and they had a blueprint of this new building. The principle asked me to make a copy of it which they were going to exhibit at a kind of open house, so I did it for him. That pleased him, I guess, and I think most people liked it. I got along well with the teachers."

"I've always been interested in sports, but at first because I didn't know anybody and I know any of the American games, I hied back. I'd learned something about baseball in Japan, but I didn't know anything about football, basketball, tennis, and some of the other sports. The teachers kept urging me to participate, and finally

I began to play baseball and football, and some of the other games. The teachers had to coax me pretty hard. I never played basketball because I had no shoes. I joined the Boy Scouts too. I was always pretty good at making things and doing handicrafts. I made posters for the school. Anyway, some of the scout leaders came to the people for whom I worked and asked if they wouldn't urge me to join. It was always an advantage to me because I could do a lot of things and people thought highly of me for it. I joined the troop, and whenever there was any competition between the squads in making things or doing things, our squad always won because I was in it. I could beat the other fellows at that kind of work."

"I got to know quite a few of the fellows in school that way, but I didn't know their parents very well. Sometimes when we took trips to the mountains, they were often sponsored by the parents and I got to know some of them then, but on the whole I didn't have many friends among the parents."

"During that time, too, I got to know Iku Nishikawa, who lived out in Sunnydale, and the Mikamis, Hasegawas, Tamesas, and some of the other Japanese living around there. I used to go over to the Nishikawa's home on Sundays; they'd invite me to dinner."

"My duties around the home where I worked was washing dishes, mowing the lawn, cleaning house, and I also learned to drive a car while I was there. People used to come down to the place and coax me to join all kinds of activities, but I didn't have much time because of the work. Another thing, I was airplane crazy in those days. All the kids were, of course, and I was very much interested. There was the time that Pangborn and the other fellow was going to make a trans-Pacific flight, and they were showing the airplane at the Bon Marche. I wanted to see that airplane. So one morning I left home with my lunch as I usually did, but instead of going to school, I went to see this airplane. It was the first time I cut class. The teacher and principal at the school got worried when I didn't show up, and finally they sent the janitor down to my place to find out what had happened to me. When the janitor asked the lady of the house, she said I'd left for school, and when they went down to my room in the basement to see if I were there, of course I wasn't there. Then they got worried and began to wonder where I'd gone. When I got home, she asked me where I'd gone and I told her I'd gone to see the airplane. They bawled me out for skipping school. Then I got bawled out by the principle. I told him where I'd gone, and he said, "Of course, we all want to see the airplane, but we have to go to school." That's the only time in the last thirteen years of school that I've ever skipped class. Boy, I'll never forget the time I skipped school. I used to make model airplanes, and I was interested in drawing and sketching, though I've never done any oil painting, and of course I used to do some photography. I was only puttering around with photography then."

"I spent most of my time studying, especially at first when I didn't know many people. For about four or five years after coming

here I studied English. That was the hardest thing for me. I could finish my school work very quickly, it didn't take much time, so I spent most of my time working on my English. The school assignments in English weren't very difficult and there wasn't very much of it, so I'd spend my time reading other things. I was self-conscious about my English, I couldn't express my thoughts adequately and that bothered me, and I still have the trouble. My English isn't very good yet, and since my Japanese has dropped off in the last fifteen years, I'm not good in either language now. Oh, yes, my Japanese has dropped off tremendously. I haven't had very much contact with Japanese in the last thirteen years, I haven't read much in Japanese, and it's surprising how much I've lost of the language. When I started going into the Japanese community later, I found that I couldn't express my thoughts in Japanese any more. I didn't realize I'd forgotten so much until I had to use Japanese to the Issei. I suppose the fact that I'm not a strong conversationalist has something to do with my not having picked up more English. If you divide people into those who are inclined to be talkative and those who are inclined to be quiet, I'd fall into the latter category, I guess. I never saw a Japanese movie since coming to this country, and I've never wanted to see one. Of course, they were expensive, and that was another reason why I didn't go, but I wasn't interested in seeing Japanese movies."

"I entered high school in 1932, and finished in 1935. After I'd been in the 8th grade for a month at the beginning of the fall term, the teachers thought I should go to high school instead. I was one month late starting high school, but they thought I could do the work all right. So they put me in high school, and the funny thing was that I got all A's that quarter. It was the first and last time I got all A's in high school, but I got it in my first term there. The teachers thought there was something funny because I'd started the term late."

"The reason the 8th grade teacher thought I should be advanced was because I'd finish my school work very quickly and she thought I wasn't doing anything. Well, school work didn't take much time for me, so I started taking work by correspondence. I registered with the International Correspondence school---the one at Scranton, Penn., that was it---and it cost me \$100 to take the full course. I was getting \$3 a week then, \$12 a month, and out of that I paid \$5 a week for this course. Well, I got a complete course in automotive mechanics. You see, the other kids used to spend all their free time playing around, but I felt that was a waste of time. (Although Dick failed to put it so himself, apparently the teachers considered him a worthy student when they learned of his special studies by himself and decided to advance him to high school.)

"I got into high school one month late because I'd started out in the 8th grade, but that quarter I got all A's in high school. That's the first and last time I got all A's, at least in high school. Of course, in college there were some years when I got all A's, but in high school that was the only time. The teachers thought

there was something funny when they found out I got all A's in my first year in high school after starting one month late."

"I entered high school in the fall of 1932 and finished in 1935. Those three years were the most active and happiest times. They were my happiest years. I got used to getting around. The people I stayed with were very good to me. One thing, I couldn't participate in all the activities I wanted to because I had to work at home. The others had time for all kinds of activities, but I didn't although I was interested in sports and activities. I never faced any discrimination. Not a bit. I got along very well with all the teachers and students."

"That's the time I made friends with Ichiro and went to see him every Sunday. He was very active and popular, a very good student and he knew a lot of Caucasians. The art teacher in high school took special interest in us and he used to invite us over to his home some Sunday evenings. He was very nice to us. At that time there were no Nisei organizations in Sunnydale, and we tried to start a seinenkai, but the parents opposed it. I guess they were afraid we'd get to staying out late at night and that sort of thing. We had the idea of planting cherry trees at the high school during the graduation ceremonies one year; we felt it would be a good thing. But there was quite a mix up about it all and the trees weren't planted. The parents of most Nisei saw only two Nisei graduating that year, and they thought we were planting cherry trees as gifts from those two students. When we went around for contributions for the trees they wouldn't help us out. They said there was no need to contribute to the graduation of other people's children. The cherry trees were finally planted a couple of years later, but we didn't get our way then. When the school had its vodvil, we put on Japanese acts like the ondo, kendo, judo and so on. No, there was no unfavorable reaction to our performances; in fact, the people were curious to know what Japanese performances were like. I think they liked it."

"It never occurred to me then about anti-Japanese talk. I never felt it. In fact, Ichiro still has a lot of friends among those people although I've lost contact with most of them."

"After graduating from high school, I went to Alaska. That was the only time I went to Alaska. I was at Noyes Island. I wanted to go again later, but by then the Alaska Cannery Worker's Union had come in, and since I didn't go in 1936 when the union first started, I couldn't get in later when I wanted to go. When I came from Japan I had no idea of going on through school, but by the time I finished high school, I didn't want to quit school. I had to go on. It's hard to say when I first began thinking about going to college. When I entered high school, I had to specialize in some kind of course and I took college preparatory work. I suppose that's when I first began thinking of going on to college."

"By the time I got through high school, I was pretty tired of doing house work. Boy, I just felt I didn't want to do it any more. When I ~~went~~ came back from Alaska, though, and decided to go to high

college, I went right back to house work. I couldn't work out at Sunnydale any longer, that was too far to travel in going to the University. It happened that Kay Iwago, the boy with whom I came over from Japan, had been working in a home in West Seattle, and since he was quitting his job, I went right in after him. They turned out to be very nice people. When I went to the University the first year, I had \$150 and I thought that would be enough. I managed my school fees (about \$100 a year) and everything on that. (Since Dick took an engineering course and this course requires extra expenses of equipment and breakage costs, etc., it is surprising that he managed on so small an allowance. Of course, he was making about \$2 a week as a houseboy.) The next year, the people for whom I worked wanted to know what my plans were. They suggested that if I would stay to work for them during the summer, that they would help pay my expenses through school. I told them how much I thought it would cost, I thought it would be about \$250, and they said they would pay for the cost if I stayed for the summer. It actually cost me about \$250 to \$280 a year, besides my board and room which I was earning. That was the way I worked through school. It wasn't a very good way to go to school. It's not something I would recommend to anyone else. It was very hard because I didn't have enough to buy the things I wanted, and there were other limitations. Mrs. Roe, the woman for whom I worked, though, was a very fine person. She came from Virginia of a very wealthy and intelligent family, and she was good to me. Mr. Roe was an agent for the Northern Pacific Railway Co. In fact, I wouldn't have been able to go through school except for their kindness and sympathetic attitude."

"After starting college I didn't have much time for anything other than my schoolwork and the housework. I was taking chemical engineering and although it wasn't hard it took a lot of time. Whether engineering is hard for a person depends on the individual, but it takes a lot of time for anyone. I'd possibly have time for a movie on week-ends and a baseball game now and then. I hardly saw anyone during those years, except the students at school. I had no social life whatsoever. On the 4th of July I'd go out to see the annual baseball tournaments that the Nisei used to have, but I'd hardly meet any other Japanese otherwise. It took me five years to graduate. It took me $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours by street car to get to school and another $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours back. I'd have to get up before six o'clock to get to school, and I'd have to hurry home in the afternoon to do the work around the house."

"I got my degree in 1940, and went on to take one year of graduate work. I finished my academic work toward the master's degree, and during that year I got a readership in the math. department so that things were a lot easier. I lived with the Roes until September 1941, but I then got a job in wine chemistry out at Sunnyside so I went out there to work for two months. In November the work at Sunnyside was over so I quit and came back to Seattle. I didn't want to go back to West Seattle to work in the home again, but I knew the Nakatas and since they invited me to live with them I went over to their home. I was there until the evacuation, and that's where I got to know Tachan very well."

"About 1938 my mother died in Japan. I was very badly disturbed mentally; I didn't know what to do. I had met Chihiro at school because we were in the same honoraries and the similar type of work. He invited me to visit the young people's group at his church (Japanese Congregational Church in Seattle) and I felt that maybe I could find something in religion that would help to set my mind at rest. Anyway, I had known some church people in Japan in the agricultural school where I was, and I wanted to find out what Christianity was like. That's how I started to go to the Congregational Church. (There was probably a certain social value attached to his association with this young people's group, too, for it was a very congenial lot of rather serious minded yet friendly people. This was where he met the girl whom Dick later married.) I bought this book the other day. (He showed me a pocket book edition of Henry Link's "Return to Religion"). Someone told me about it, and I thought I might read it. I haven't gotten into it very far yet, but it looks interesting. I don't think it makes a very great difference to most people whether they have religion or not. I think it's probably a personal thing."

"Dick Sasaki" is a graduate in chemical engineering from the University of Washington, Seattle. He received his B.A. about 1939 and his M.A. about 1941. He is about 27 or 28 years of age, 5' 7" tall, 130# in weight, wears glasses, and generally speaking presents a clean-cut appearance. A Kibei who came to this country at 15. Attended Seattle Japanese Congregational Church. Made excellent grades in his field, received a teaching fellowship in his department. Quiet but well liked.

"Lily Sasaki" is also from Seattle. High School graduate but no college education. About 24 years of age, 5' 3" tall, 110# in weight, wears heavy glasses, and fairly attractive. Comes from a religious Congregational family. Quiet and unaggressive but friendly. Married Dick in Tule Lake in Sept. 1942.

Dick and Lily just moved into the same apartment that we live in this morning, and to relieve them the trouble of cooking on their first day here, Michi invited them to supper. Before dinner was served, Dick and I had a chance to chat for a while about his experiences here as well as in Fruitland, Idaho, where they were prior to their arrival in Chicago about the middle of April.

Dick: I came to this country when I was fifteen years old. After spending one semester at the Pacific School foreign students' class (Seattle), I went to work as a schoolboy in a Caucasian home about three blocks from the Rainier Golf Club. That's a little beyond the South Park district in Seattle. There weren't any Japanese around there and I was very lonesome at first. I attended the Highland High School. You knew the Bushman boys, Bob and Fred, who lived out in Des Moines and their father was the manager of several salmon canneries in Southeastern Alaska? I got to know them at the high school; I didn't know Bob so well, but Fred, the one who was killed in the boat accident, I knew pretty well because he was in my class. Hideko N. was in my class, and I knew her. Her family lived out in Sunnydale, and since they invited me over, I used to visit them almost every Sunday. That's where I met Saburo H. I don't know whether Mr. Kono was any relative of Saburo's folks, but they had a farm right next to theirs, and I knew the Kono boy. He was in the high school about the same time too. Yes, I knew all of them pretty well.

(Our discussion went on about all the people we knew in common who come from that district. The information about Dick's life in the following years is written up separately from my personal knowledge of him, and other information will be received from further interviews.)

Dick continued: We left Tule Lake on October 6, 1942 and went to work for the fruit drying plant at Fruitland, Idaho. I was working directly under the Italian, Arata, who operated the fruit drying plant, but the whole outfit was owned by the Growers and Shippers Association. You see, the Association had a membership of some ten fruit growers in that region, and Arata was only running the plant for these growers.

Dick Sasaki (Alias) is a B.A. and M.A. from the University of Washington in Chemical Engineering.

We rented a four room house out there. The place didn't have the conveniences we have here, but, I don't know, I think I'd rather be back there now ~~and~~ than to be here in Chicago. I certainly preferred that life to the hotel life we've had for the past month and a half. (Lily chimed in to express confirmation of the view. "We didn't have any running water in the house," she remarked, "and we had to get all our water by pumping from a well. It was the first time I ever pumped water, but it was all right and I liked the place. Oh, it was a lot better than the hotel room we had.") Yes, we didn't have any running water and there were other inconveniences, but the people were good to us and life was more pleasant than here in Chicago. Life here is so hectic, there are so many problems. That was the first time we had a house to ourselves, and Lily did her first cooking for me there. We had a lot of fun trying out different things.

We didn't know anyone when we got there, of course, but it wasn't long before we had quite a few friends. We got to know them through the church. There was a Methodist Church in town, the town itself is a very small place of about 3,000 people with only one main street of shops, and we decided to attend that church. There weren't any young people of our age around, I guess they must have all gone into the Army or to the city to do war work, but all the people who were there were very kind to us. Major Lewis, the man who rented us the house, also went to that church and we got to know him well. He was in the last war, and due to wounds which he received on his shoulder, he couldn't lift his arm and had to have hired hands to do all the work on his farm. In spite of the fact that he's a major, he had no prejudices against us, and frequently invited us over to his home. Major Lewis said that after the end of the last war he felt that this country shouldn't have anything more to do with the troubles in other parts of the world, and he just wanted to have a quiet place to live and bring up his family. But now his views have changed, and he thinks pretty much as Wendell Wilkie does, that the only way to bring about a lasting peace is for all the nations to get together and work out a system whereby they can cooperate.

(Lily had been sitting with us all this time adding brief comments occasionally as Dick related their experiences to me. But Dick, who had noticed that Michi was working quietly by herself in the kitchen, turned to Lily and said, "Maybe you'd better help Michi." Lily responded quickly saying as she left, "I thought maybe I'd be more in the way than I'd be of help." She repeated this apology to Michi in the kitchen. Lily is the second daughter in the Suyeyama family, and it has always been evident that the older sister is the more aggressive, responsible leader of the two. One notices a certain carry-over of her habits of dependence even though she is now married and on her own; not that Lily acts helpless, but she isn't as mentally alert to situations as if she had been on her own all her life. Dick, on the other hand, has more the habit of leadership and one notices that he makes most of the major decisions in the couple's relationships.)

Dick continued: Major Lewis had two sons. One of them went to Annapolis and took training in the aviation corps, but he died in an accident before the war. The other one was at the California Institute of Technology, but he also died although in his case it was from sickness. He also has two daughters, both of whom are now married to men who are in the service. They live with their father because their husbands are away on combat duty. One of the husbands is a lieutenant in the army. In spite of the war and everything, the Lewis family treated us very well and were very good to us all the time we were there. Major Lewis was a state representative at one time.

There was one woman in the church who was particularly good to us. They had a farm near our place, and she used to invite us over almost every Sunday. She took Lily around and got her into all kinds of clubs and women's groups. For instance, they had classes on the cooking of variety means, and Lily learned quite a bit about cooking from attending those classes. There were other clubs that she took Lily to. The women of the church would sometimes have potluck dinners; you know how country people are, they get all their food from right off their farm so that we used to have really big dinners on these occasions. We got to know quite a few of the people around Fruitland that way. There weren't any other Nisei in that area so all our contacts were with Caucasians. This lady and her family took us right in and made us feel as if we were one ~~member~~ of their family. In the winter time we used to go sledding with this family. There were some hills around there that were just right for sliding, one hill in particular that had a curve to it which made it harder to slide down, and everyone in the family would get out and go sledding on this hill. The wife was a large woman, but even she would take her turn, and of course their kids would take part too. The father would also join in. One thing I like about Caucasian families, and which surprises me, is the way the whole family joins in when they do things. I think it's very good.

In the winter time it was too cold to go out and it did get a little lonesome. Houses are pretty well set apart in the country, and it was a little hard to go visiting during the cold weather. We spent our evenings playing checkers. (Lily: I'd get mad at him because he'd beat me every time.)

The month before we left for Chicago, we moved to Ontario, Oregon, which is just about two miles on the other side of the Oregon boundary. We used to go there on Sundays from Fruitland to see some movies. We had to walk about a half a mile from our house in Fruitland and ride the rest of the way on a taxi. There wasn't any other way to get around. There wasn't anything to do in Fruitland about that time, so we looked for a place in Ontario. There was one apartment in Ontario where Ray N. and his wife were living, and we moved into that place. We had a nice little place with a kitchenette. After we moved in, several other Japanese couples moved in and by the time we left, the whole place except for two tenants were Japanese.

Ontario is quite a bit larger than Fruitland, and there were

quite a few Japanese around there. Before we got there it seems that Ontario was a bit hostile to the Japanese, but that gradually broke down. There was only one place in Ontario that wouldn't serve Japanese and that was a restaurant that had a sign out saying "No Japs Served." I never went in there, but I heard that a couple of Nisei fellows walked in and got kicked out. But Ontario was all right. We had no trouble while we were there.

Around Fruitland and Ontario, there was a Caucasian missionary worker who wanted to start a Japanese church and she got the other churches to cooperate in getting something under way. They also had a church for the Issei, and this missionary woman would invite a certain Rev. Schaeffer who had a church in that district to speak to them. Rev. Schaeffer had been in Japan for some thirty-five years and knew Japanese enough to preach to the Issei. He was a good man.

Did you know the Itamis who had a large farm up near Woodenville in Washington? They bought a large 150 acre farm near Ontario for some \$20,000 or so; maybe that included the cost of equipment and all. Ted Nakanishi was working for Mr. Itami. Mr. Itami would make out a list of farm machinery that he wanted and the price that he'd be willing to pay for it, and then Ted would go out to auctions that were being held in that region and buy up farm equipment. There were quite a few auctions of the kind, of people who were selling out because they had to go into the Army or because they were going to the cities into war industry. Mr. Itami has a lot of money, and I guess he'll do all right. He got everything he needed through these auctions.

The Japanese who are leasing farms and growing truck gardening crops are mostly thinking in terms of cleaning up during the war, and then of getting out of that area. Right now there's a market for truck crops grown in the mountain states because of the lack of sufficient truck crops on the Coast, but they figure that after the war when truck crops are produced on the Coast as in the former days, there will be a transportation disadvantage in being too far out from the Coastal cities. Right now they have a Portland and Seattle market, but this won't last after the whole thing's over.

I wanted to find some work out in Idaho if I could so I inquired around at least in two companies. One was the X company, but they didn't need anybody at the time. The other company was the Amalgamated Y. Company, and I almost thought I was going to get a position there. They wrote me that their chemist was leaving and that the position would be open to me. A little later, however, they wrote back saying that their chemist had decided to stay. I should have liked to stay in Idaho if I could have.

I wrote to Mr. Shirrell and he found a position for me with the company that I'm now with. This company turns out rubber rollers for printing presses, and is a subsidiary of the Cuneo Press. I believe Mr. Cuneo owns a lot of stock in our company, but it's still

managed and operated by the former president of the company. He's Jewish and most of the workers are Jewish. My job in the laboratory is to work with synthetic rubber in trying to fit it for use in making these rubber rollers for printing presses.

When we first arrived, Mr. Shirrell suggested that we take a domestic job, that is, that Rose do domestic work north of town, and we would thus have a place to stay. The home we went to was in the suburbs 35 miles north of town, and it used to take me a good hour and a half to get to my place of work on 26th south. The people were nice, but it was just a little too much for me to travel back and forth all that distance, so we finally decided to move into town and give up the domestic position. We quit that place on Sunday, unfortunately, and when we came in to find a place to stay for a while, we found that most of the places were filled up because it was the week-end. Rose and I went to the YMCA, but they didn't have anything open. We ran into Shin T. and he told us that we could probably find something at the Maple Manor where he and some of the others were staying, so that's how I got into there.

The Maple Manor is on the Near North Side right near the worst part of the city. There were too many Japanese living in that apartment and we didn't like that nor the area, so we've been hunting for an apartment ever since. I think there must be some twenty Japanese living there. We had a room facing north and east so it was pretty cool during the hot days. But living in a hotel isn't particularly pleasant, and we got pretty tired of eating out. We've been eating out everyday most of the time at a Japanese restaurant near where we were staying. The place was fairly clean and the food wasn't too greasy, but it just didn't taste like home cooking. Of course, it wasn't a first class restaurant.

We appreciate your help in finding this apartment for us. We've decided to take the larger kitchen downstairs; the other one seemed a little small. After we went home last night, we decided that we'd been so favorably impressed by the apartment after our life in a hotel room that we hadn't realized how small the kitchen was, and we decided after discussing the matter that we should take the larger kitchen across the hall. It gives us more room to move around in, and if we invite guests, we'll all be able to sit more comfortably. Mrs. Morris, the landlady, seems a very nice sort of person, doesn't she? It's closer to my work too. I guess I can take the street car going down on Cottage Grove, and get off around 26th. I could take the El, too, I suppose, but the street car would be all right. Rose could transfer to the Lake St. El. downtown and go straight to her work.

The fellows who work with me are all nice fellows. We have about seven chemists working in our laboratory. They're all Jewish. I think the fact that they're Jewish makes them sympathize with our position more than if they were of the majority group. I believe they talk among themselves about their Jewish minority position, but

I haven't heard them discussing it very much. Only once or twice. I guess they're conscious of the fact they're Jewish, all right. It's pretty hard to tell how good these men are in laboratory techniques because the work is somewhat routine, but I think over a period of time I could find out. Our head chemist is a very good man. He's a hustler, and always keeps all of us on our toes. I believe he was the ranking student of his graduating class from

College. Everyong seems to respect him. We have an Austrian Jewish refugee working with us. He's a very interesting fellow, and he and I have gotten along very well, I think partly because he's gone through a somewhat similar experience to myself. Then there's a young fellow, about 26 yrs., named Goldstein. I don't know whether he's Jewish, he doesn't look it. He's big and blonde, and doesn't look at all like a Jew. He's a very brilliant young man who graduated from Ohio State. I think his family set high hopes on him, but in college he became rather disorganized it seems and almost flunked out of school. He played around with girls and took to drinking; wouldn't attend classes regularly. But he's undoubtedly a brilliant boy and if he ever got himself organized, I imagine he would go far. The trouble with him is that he's not interested in getting ahead. All he wants is to have a job to live on, and then to enjoy himself as he wants. His philosophy is, what's the use of working one's head off to get ahead; it's enoughto have a job to live by. Others in the lab call him lazy, and I guess he is in a way. I think he goes out at nights quite frequently and spends his time drinking and foobling around until early in the morning. He often gets home about 5:00 in the morning and then gets up to be at work at 8:00. I don't see how he keeps it up.

Most of the fellows spend their lunch hour and spare time around the office playing bridge or some other card game. I just watch. But it's interesting. (Lily remarked that Dick has taken to reading the analyses of contract bridge in the newspapers.)

I'd like to get a little more interesting job with a future to it, but I think I'll stay at this place for a while until I can find something better. Since Mr. Shirrell found me this place and the head of the company has been quite decent to me, I don't think I should quit right now, or look for anything else. One of the fellows who's been working at this shop for the last thirteen years told me that he's going to quit this place as soon as he can find something else. He says this is a "cheap outfit"; doesn't pay enough. (Michi discovered that Dick is probably getting about \$35 a week.) I'll stay on until I learn something about the rubber industry, and then maybe I'll move on. I don't know anything about chemical engineering of bubber.

I'm going to night school right now. I wanted to get into a class on synthetic rubber that the school, the Illinois Institute of Technology, had scheduled, but they cancelled that class. I'm attending a class in plastics which should prove interesting. The class meets twice a week in the evenings, it's free and open to the public, and attended by all kinds of people who are interested

in the plastic industry. So far I haven't learned anything because the lectures have been pretty elementary, but I'll stay with the class. (Dick's characteristic self discipline comes out in his apparent desire not to miss a single class despite the fact that he declares there's little to be gained from attending just at present. He has a formal attitude of wanting to get a consecutive series of lectures even if the discussions at present are not particularly enlightening to him.) The subject of synthetic rubber is already in the chemical engineering literature, and the chemistry is pretty well known publicly. The particular industrial process by which it's produced, however, is something that most companies don't reveal. I can get the other out of books and magazines.

(I inquired what Lily does on the nights that he attends class. She remarked, "Oh, I do the washing and ironing, and I have a lot of letters to write. There's always plenty to do." So she apparently doesn't feel lonesome despite Dick's absence.)

We've been spending our leisure time visiting the museums and parks here. Have you been to the aquarium? It was very interesting. We've also been to the Museum of Natural History and Science. The other Sunday we went up to Lincoln Park to their zoo, but we haven't been out to the Brookfield Zoo although we hope to get out there some time. (Lily mentioned that the Grant Park free concerts are now on. She is seemingly eager to attend one of them some evening, and was acquainted with the fact that the Ravinia Festival Concerts are now on in the North End of the city.)

Addenda

Dick and Lily seem to have made a fair adjustment to the life of Chicago. In fact, one might say that their adjustment is much better than in most cases. One important factor contributing to their optimistic outlook is that their background of life in Seattle hasn't led them to expect too much out of life here. Dick, as he says, has always been on his own working in homes etc. to pay his way through school. Lily, on her part, comes of a family that has never been very well off due to her aged father's frequent illness over the past many years. One gets a hint of this attitude, of not expecting too much, from their willingness to accept the apartment downstairs almost sight unseen. They seemed to consider our place fairly decent, although Michi has many faults to mind with it, and is far from considering it a "nice home." When they were still hunting for an apartment two weeks ago and dropped into our place during their search of a place, they had a list of housekeeping rooms advertized in the newspapers, but seemed unaware of the fact that housekeeping rooms are quite a different thing from an apartment. However, they were still not unwilling to consider such a place even after our suggestion that they might be cramped in their cooking in a housekeeping room.

Another indication of this rather healthy outlook of theirs is the absence of complaint in their discussion. It is apparent that their room in the Maple Manor right next to Hobohemia on Clark St. was far from being a desirable place to live, especially in view of their having to eat out for a month or more in a restaurant. If they spoke of the disadvantages of the place, it would be a very casual reference to the handicaps, and they would generally balance the disadvantages with some remarks about the advantages. It is quite evident from discussion with this couple that they are confronted with problems and anxieties and that there are grounds for complaint if they wished to bring them out in conversations with others, but although with some resettlers it is quite easy to evoke lengthy discussions of all that troubles them and are sources of complaint, this is not at all true in the case of Dick and Lily. One might speak of this as Japanese stoicism (an attitude that is coupled, among Japanese, with a feeling of inappropriateness about complaining publicly about one's personal discomfiture, and also with the attitude of never expecting too much out of any situation although all the while being in a state of readiness to make the most of what is given.)

A second factor contributing their lack of discontent is that both Dick and Lily have jobs and together they are probably able to make between \$225 to \$250 a month. This minimizes any financial problems they may have, and knowing Dick, it may be assumed that they are probably saving for the future.

Thirdly, it is also evident that they keep themselves occupied with interest in objects outside themselves instead of moping over their personal situation. They spend their time going to parks and museums, and there seems to be a genuine interest in these activities. Although these activities are not such as to maintain an intensive round of social life, neither Dick nor Lily seem to crave that sort of thing very much and can get along with a minimum of contact with Nisei. They mentioned that they went out to the A's home the other day to look them up, but they weren't in. Otherwise, they seem not to have gone out of their way to look up their Nisei friends in town. Now that they are in this district where there are a large number of churches, they will no doubt begin to go to church, and thus make Caucasian contacts in that way.

One might summarize Dick's philosophy concerning opportunities in this way: if the individual seriously spends his time and effort studying, learning, and enlarging ~~ix~~ his experience, he will generally get ahead. In other words, the individual person cannot count on others to accomplish things for him, but he himself must expend the maximum effort towards gaining his goals. It seems clear that Dick has a definite goal in mind, of learning as much about chemical engineering as he possibly can. On the basis of his personal knowledge about his field and on his ability he feels fairly confident that he will sooner or later realize his aim, of getting ahead in chem. eng. Dick remarked, "One of the fellows in the lab. was remarking to me the other day that opportunities these days are pretty limited. I didn't agree with him, although I didn't tell him so, but I guess I'm more optimistic than he."

Present hardships, then, are not something to complain about, they are experience that should be absorbed for the benefits they may give the individual in the future. This is only a superficial analysis of Dick's view of life, for behind his mask of friendliness and pleasantness, there may very well be a deeper mental life that does not come out in ordinary conversation. One would suspect so, for Dick speaks freely of himself, yet he never reveals entirely what he thinks and feels. He has a considerable self discipline, not of an unpleasant kind, and he uses it habitually to restrain signs of emotion on his face.

Lily is a somewhat simpler personality. In her case, there is apparently no driving ambition to achieve goals, except as they are identified with her husbands ambitions. She is generally very pleasant in a quiet way, but on longer acquaintanceship, one discovers that she shows her feelings more readily than does Dick. Her ideas and opinions are less clearly formulated than is Dick's. As has been mentioned previously, she shows a dependent character that was probably developed in her relation with her older sister who has more qualities of leadership and responsibility. One would judge that Lily is dependent upon Dick to do most of the thinking in the family. Yet she makes a good wife for she apparently doesn't demand too much of Dick, and seems industrious enough about keeping up their home.

"I was at Lily's place (they were then unmarried) having lunch with their family on December 7th right after church. We had finished lunch when Chisato came over. He said, 'Have you heard the news?' So we turned on the radio, and we heard that Pearl Harbor had been bombed. I guess it really shocked us. I guess we were afraid. The announcer was saying that it didn't make any sense because a peace conference was going on in Washington, D. C., with Japanese ambassadors and yet there was this bombing of Pearl Harbor. I kept hoping that the news wasn't true; that it was the Germans who had bombed Pearl Harbor."

"We had earlier decided to attend the music concert at the University of Washington that afternoon, and when Chisato came, we decided to go anyway so we drove out in his car. We went to hear the concert, and all the while we didn't feel very well. All of a sudden in the middle of the concert, Ted Bell came out to make an announcement. What was it he said.....? Anyway, he said a state of war existed between the United States and Japan. I felt scared, and shocked, and lost. It made me self conscious; I was sick about it all. All the time we were at the concert at the University, the fact that war had started made us uncomfortable, and we didn't enjoy the music. All the way coming back, of course, we talked of nothing else except the war. I don't know all that we talked about, but one thing I remember very distinctly, we hoped it wasn't the Japanese."

"That night we had a stag dinner at church, and Mr. Hurkey cooked the dinner for us. Anyway, the food didn't taste very good, and all we talked about was the war. The thing that I remember is that the one fellow who talked the most that evening was Tom Iki. (Tom is JACL, and typically of that political philosophy.) Going home everything looked quite normal, and the only thing that was different about us was inside ourselves. I don't know how to describe it, but I don't think my feelings were any different from that of anybody else."

"I was staying with the Nakatas then, and that night after getting home, I guess we talked until quite late about what had happened."

"The following day, I got kind of worried whether to go to school or not. But I decided to go no matter what happened because it would look worse if we didn't go as usual. Mike Nakata invited me to go with him in his car down to Sumitomo Bank; I had some money deposited there. It was a sad case. A lot of Japanese were standing around in front of the bank---I guess they had money in the bank and they wanted to get it out---, but the bank was closed. Out at school, of course, everybody was talking about the war. I overheard some people in the stockroom of the chem. building saying that some Japanese here were okay, but that some couldn't be trusted."

"I decided to go around and see all the profs to find out what they thought. Professor Buschlein took a very broad view of the problem, he understood our position, so I asked him about the job

that the department had promised me as lab. assistant. He said he thought that I would get the job all right, but he wanted to check with the administration to make sure. I next went to see Professor Smith, and he said that the nisei should continue with their schooling, and he saw no reason why I shouldn't get the job in spite of the war. Then I went to see Professor Tartar. He laughed and said I was worrying too much. Everybody thought that we were all right, so I decided that there wasn't anything to worry about."

"About a week after, I went to see Prof. Smith about my job again. My job was to set up experiments in the lecture room so that Prof. Smith could give class demonstrations. He called up the comptroller's office to find out if there had been any change in their plans, and they okayed my taking the job. I didn't worry about the job after that; and I started work in early January."

"I didn't find any antagonism among the students or the profs. In fact, I felt that school was the best place. I made several friends among those whom I didn't know before. I got to know Loren Nef, and a couple of others who were especially interested in me after the war began. Then I got to know the husband of a woman who was working in social welfare and was in contact with the Japanese. He was a classmate of mine, but a much older man than us, and I got to know him well. I still correspond with Loren, and some of the others."

"At home, living with the Nakatas, the picture was quite different, of course. People dropped in, and we heard of all those who were getting picked up. We started burning lots of things. It must have been after New Years, a letter I had written to my sister in Japan before the outbreak of war came back to me censored. Some time before Christmas we had to turn in our cameras because Mrs. Nakata is an issei and she was living in the house, so we used up three or four films that night."

"There was one prof. who was a major in the last war, he's now at California, directing chemical warfare, and he told me of an incident that he encountered. He went into a Japanese grocery store in the University District, and he saw a woman come in and start dumping all the fruits and vegetables on the floor. This professor got mad when he saw this, so he grabbed the woman and told her that she was being more un-American than any Japanese and that her action in dumping food could be considered sabotage. Anyway, he understood our position, and he tried to help in every way."

"I looked at the newspapers, of course, and followed all the articles on the Japanese. I thought of them as mostly lies. Many of my Caucasian friends began telling me about rumors of sabotage in Pearl Harbor, but I couldn't put up any arguments against these stories. I thought the less I said the better at that time."

"I felt that the issei might be evacuated, but I didn't think the Government would evacuate the nisei too. Maybe I felt that the nisei might be evacuated, maybe, but wishful thinking led me to hope that we wouldn't be evacuated. I went to the JACL rally held at the Bukkykai, and when I saw the super-patriotic exhibition that

the JACL put on, I began doubting doubting the people's mind, whether they were sincere about their loyalty. To test your loyalty, I think the best way to do it is to lock yourself in your room and decide the question of loyalty to yourself. That's the best way. I begin to doubt the sincerity of a people's loyalty when they have to shout it before others and make a show of it. A person has to know in his own mind. It's much easier to make others believe that you're loyal than to decide it for yourself."

"Before the Tolan Hearings in Seattle, the Seattle Council of Churches wanted to prepare a report for the Tolan Committee, and they asked all the Japanese Christian churches to help in getting questionnaires answered. There was one question I remember that the questionnaire asked. It inquired whether the person would prefer to stay in this country regardless of what happened. Most people in the territory I covered between 14th and 20th between Dearborn and Jackson answered "Yes" to that question. I had no difficulty in getting those questionnaires answered, the people were cooperative perhaps because it was put out by the churches."

"Around December 7th it didn't matter to me whether I finished my degree or not, but as time went on and things returned to near normal, then I felt as I did before, that I wanted to finish my degree. I made a special effort to attend school regularly. I felt that our absence would create more suspicion than anything else. When the war broke out, I didn't know whether I should go on to work for my master's degree, but after reassurance from the profs. I no longer worried about it. When evacuation talk began, however, I knew that I couldn't finish so Professor Buschlein allowed another fellow to be put on my research, and he finished up after I left although most of the work was completed by the time I left. The Army was inducting other students who were working on their thesis research, and the faculty had decided on the policy of judging whether to give these students credit or not on the basis of what they had already completed, so Professor Buschlein thought I should have the same consideration."

"I didn't know that evacuation of nisei would take place until it was announced in the newspapers. A year and a half before the war, some of the fellows were one day discussing what might happen to us if the United States and Japan went to war, and Shoichi said that we'd all land up in a concentration camp. I didn't think so, but I guess Shoichi had more foresight than the rest of us. Even as the newspapers talked about the evacuation, I was hoping that it wouldn't take place. I guess I was more or less trying to escape the reality."

"Mrs. Roe, the lady I worked for in West Seattle while I was going through college, told me not to come up to their place when I called her one day. It was two days after Pearl Harbor. Her home is on the top of the hill overlooking the bay, and she said they had a lot of anti-aircraft guns around there and a lot of soldiers were always coming and going around their place. She thought it wouldn't be advisable for me to visit them, but she was very un-

derstanding. Kay Iwago used to work for Mrs. Roe before me, and when she heard that Kay's brother was in the army, she used to think that it was rather funny he should be in there, but I guess she got over that."

"My problems at evacuation weren't very much compared to other people. I was alone ~~except for~~ without any family, so it wasn't much of a problem for me to evacuate. I helped Mrs. N. and some of my other friends to pack for evacuation. Mrs. N.'s husband was taken by the FBI, and she didn't have anyone to help her pack."

"I was so busy and concerned with so many things that I didn't have much time to think about the evacuation as an issue. I was busy running around. Lefty Ichihara called me one day and told me that I'd been appointed section leader in Area D at Camp Harmony under him, so I was busy finding out what my work was to be. At Church, I was busy. We had a program trying to figure out some of the problems we'd encounter at the center and preparing for them. We had seven or eight committees organized to study each of such problems as health, education, recreation, feeding, and so on. There was a lady who had been a missionary in China who had been through evacuation in China, and she told us of some of her experiences there and tried to help us get some idea of what to expect. She helped direct our program."

"On the whole, we were too weak, too much cowards to protest the evacuation, and I was like all the other evacuees in that respect. So, in other words, I guess I knew that the evacuation was ^{not} quite right, but I felt it was something we had to go through. I felt that we weren't in a position to oppose it. As a result, I tried to help others in every way that I could help."

"I felt that the evacuation and the center life wouldn't be quite like a concentration camp. The lady who was evacuated in China described her experiences, but I didn't expect that. They were evacuated when the invading army approached them, and they had no time to prepare adequately for evacuation. In that respect, I felt that our evacuation would be different, that it would be planned, that we wouldn't be forced to do many things we didn't want to do, that we wouldn't be thrown into some dump and just left there. I had more faith in the American people than that. I felt that my friends wouldn't let that happen to me, or to the rest of us. Some people worried about getting enough to eat in camp, and of getting adequate medical attention, but I wasn't worried."

"We were evacuated to Area C in Camp Harmony on May 9, 1942. Lefty Ichihara called me and said I was to be section leader in Area D, but I found myself in Area C and couldn't get over to Area D, so I took a position as area chaplain in that area. Lily was in Area A with her family, but I wasn't worried that we'd ever get entirely separated where we couldn't be with each other. I was confident that my friends wouldn't permit that to happen."

"Camp life was pretty hard for the first couple of days, but as we settled down to camp life, I don't think very many of us felt that we were being very badly mistreated or that we weren't getting enough to subsist on. I don't think it was necessary to complain as much as some people did for it wasn't that bad, but I guess it was only because of the injustice of the evacuation that people complained. As time went on, the main problem was that we had too much time on our hands. I didn't read any books at the assembly center, I didn't feel like it, and all we did was to get together and talk. I guess the future was the main subject of discussion. We wondered what would happen to the Japanese in this country in the long run."

"I really got sore about going to Tule Lake. Tom (his brother-in-law since marriage to Lily) came over the evening before we left for Tule, and told me that I was among those going on the advance crew. I didn't want to go. I had signed up as a chemist when the announcement was made that an advance crew to Tule Lake was wanted, although I knew that the job must be as a laboratory chemist in the hospital and that I wasn't trained for that kind of work. I'd signed to go, all right, but they told me nothing about going so I assumed that the whole thing was all off, and I'd decided that I didn't want to go anyway. I blew up when Tom came over with the news. There was another young fellow in our area named Taniguchi who didn't want to go, but his father had signed up for him and he was sore too. The two of us got together and went over to see Jim Sakamoto about having the orders changed so we would stay, but there were so many people trying to see Sakamoto that we couldn't see him. That's why I went along to Tule Lake. Tom knew a lot of people in the administrative staff in headquarters, and I felt that he'd pulled strings to get us to go. That's what made me sore."

"I was sore all the way down on the train. We left on May 26. When we got down to Tule Lake, it was all right, I felt much better. The camp looked much better than Puyallup. When I first saw Tule Lake, from the train about 11:00 in the morning, I thought, oh my gosh, what a place. It was bare, in a kind of desert, with houses, and houses, and houses. But it didn't scare me at all, although I wasn't happy by any means. The thought of being confined disturbed me, and the main concern for me right along was to get out the first chance I got. Then I found out that the jobs we signed for at Camp Harmony didn't mean anything. The WRA at Tule Lake hadn't heard anything about them. Boy, I blew up again. I wrote back to a lot of my friends in Camp Harmony and told them to pay no attention to the job assignments that were made before a crew left for the relocation center. I went to see Dr. Carson, Mr. Fagan, Slattery, and none of them seemed to know what to do about the problem. Then I ran into Frank Smith and told him of my problem. He said that there was surely some kind of job for a person of my training and he promised to get me something, but nothing ever came of the promise. The project had nothing organized at the time---it was too early in the game to get into any specialized work. The food was okay, especially when we first got there, and the apartments were all right. The administration gave me a very favorable idea, especially when

I first talked to Mr. Smith. The way he talked I sure thought he was a wonderful person."

"In the beginning there wasn't anything for me to do with my chemical engineering training, so I got into housing. Mr. Smith said that as long as I wasn't doing anything else, why shouldn't I go into housing where they needed men. It was an easy job, but it was very busy. I enjoyed it all right. But one thing I didn't like was the way Friedman rushed things. Every morning before the new arrivals came in he would say, see how quickly you can run all the people through the reception office. We were assigning apartments as the people came through. But each independent family is different, their problems aren't all the same, and we had to take time to discuss these problems with the people coming in. It made me mad when Friedman told us to rush them through. We organized three different groups of workers: (1) those who took care of the bachelors, (2) those who took care of the large apartments, and (3) those who took care of the small apartments. We had to assign the families according to their size. But the fellow who took care of the bachelors always had more difficulty in the morning than the rest of us so we ~~used~~ had to rotate our work. It was comparatively easy when we assigned new rooms to bachelors, but the difficulties came when we had to assign bachelors to rooms that were already partially occupied. Some people didn't want certain persons with them, and so on. We also had considerable trouble over people moving without notifying us. They'd just pack up and go into an empty apartment, and the next morning when we'd assign the apartment to some newcomer, we'd find that the apartment was already occupied and we'd have to reassign all over again."

"I don't think Friedman handled housing very efficiently; he was a poor organizer. In the first place, he wanted to handle people like merchandise. It could be done in the morning when we assigned apartments, but we'd run into greater problems in the afternoon when they came back to complain. One day we got the brilliant idea of assigning apartments to families on the night before. A list of people coming in was always sent us on the day previous, although the list wasn't always accurate, and we hit on the idea of making apartment assignments from the list before the people arrived. We'd have all the assignment sheets made out, and when the newcomers came through in the morning, we'd just hand out these sheets to the people. Boy, we ran through the list in no time. We thought we'd hit on a great idea. But in the afternoon we got more complaints than ever before, and we found ~~out~~ that the system didn't work. The only thing we could do was to handle individual problems as carefully as we could as they came through."

"The California people were tough. They had more complaints about their housing. I found them much more aggressive and demanding than the northerners. I guess people who came first wrote back to their friends as to what to ask for and what was best. Anyway, everybody wanted apartments on the south end of the barracks, and near the messhall. I don't know why they preferred the south side. The project ~~exwere~~ wasn't quite lined up north and south, you know,

so we'd draw diagrams for the people to show them that there wasn't any apartment with a southern exposure, but that didn't make any difference. They wanted apartments on the south end of the barrack. They'd give us all kinds of reasons for getting the particular apartment they wanted. They'd tell us of their sick parents or sick children who had to have sunlight. It finally got so that we told them right from the beginning that they'd have to get written statements from the health officer requisitioning a certain apartment before we'd give it to them."

"Friedman just didn't know how to organize things. For example, when we had the midnight census, I don't know whether that thing ever came out right. The procedure in the census was that the census taker was to write down the names of only those persons whom he saw; if a member of the family wasn't present, his name wasn't to be recorded. People on duty at night, like the firemen, wardens, some farm workers, hospital night workers, and so on, were to be recorded at their place of work. But some census takers didn't get the idea and put down everybody in the family whether they were present or not. Some names would turn up in two or three places. We never got the figures to match. I tell you, the whole thing was a mess. The trouble was that workers weren't prepared right; Friedman should have given them much more careful instructions than he did."

"We had trouble with the firemen. The firemen were to live near the fire house, so we assigned them one whole barrack near the firehouse and all the firemen were supposed to move into these apartments. But most of them didn't want to move so they refused to move from their old apartment, and they used the barrack assigned to them as a play house. Then Friedman wrote out orders that they had to move, and we had to carry out those orders. There were only ten firemen, and there were four apartments in each barrack. We tried to put all ten firemen in two rooms because we needed the space for other families, but they refused to give up the other rooms. They said they'd put up the partitions, and after going to all that work, they weren't going to give up their apartments. We had to go out there and try to move them out; Friedman gave out the orders but he'd never go out to see them carried out. Friedman talked to Chief Rhodes about it, but Rhodes felt that the firemen had a right to those rooms and refused to back us up. I guess Friedman had a couple of big arguments with Rhodes; I'm sure he didn't get along with him. Once our staff went down to the firemen's apartment when they were out on duty, and they said we'd broken into their apartments. We almost had a battle royal over that. Whenever trouble came up, though, we felt that Friedman never backed us up. We felt that he was yellow about that kind of thing."

"In the beginning work was all right, but as time went on, we got into more and more trouble and the work piled up. The troubles in the department arose because there were always social problems behind the mere administration of housing. We used to get complaints all the time. When we first got to Tule Lake, there weren't any small apartments built for couples, so we assigned couples to large apartments. Then Friedman issued orders that the couples had to get

out. That day we saw a whole mob of couples bearing down on our office, and when they started to argue, Friedman backed out and said, "No, you don't have to move." Then, another time, Friedman issued orders that Block 37 people had to move to make room for grammar school classrooms. A whole gang of people came down to the office, and Friedman backed down that time too. He said the classrooms could be put in recreation halls. We always felt that he never gave us support when he handed out orders."

"One day a family came in among new arrivals who had a crippled girl in a wheel chair. We could see that her case needed special attention, and the family talked to us and requested an apartment near the messhall and near the lavatory. We were assigning apartments beginning at one end of the block, but in her case we wanted to give the family a choice of apartment. Friedman, however, said that we couldn't do that. He argued that if we gave this family special consideration, we'd have to do it for all the families. Those were the things that made me feel that Friedman wasn't a very good administrator. We went ahead and gave that family the apartment they needed anyway."

"It was the student relocation program that gave me the first encouragement about going out. No, I wasn't interested in going to school, but I wanted to get out, and when I saw that students were getting out, that was the first ray of hope. When we went to the relocation center, we didn't have any definite idea about getting married, although both Lily and I knew that we'd get married some time. But I wanted to be married when I went out, and that's why we decided to have the wedding in camp last September."

"I didn't feel the inconveniences of the camp very much. All those things seem insignificant now. I lived in a bachelor's apartment in Block 4. You remember the people there; Najima, Mr. Obayashi, Mirikitani, Tani, and Takayama. I felt no inconvenience about living with all those men in one room. I was all by myself for the last ten years working for other people's families, never had a house that I considered our own home, and I was always more or less restricted to one small room. I didn't feel any inconvenience at all for that reason. I didn't mind living with several other people; in fact, I found it interesting, and it was good for me because I had more social life than before. I got to talk with the other men, and it made life interesting. We never had any trouble among ourselves as far as I know. Everybody did his part. We never had any schedule of work made out, but none of us minded doing our part voluntarily. I think we were fortunate to have that group together; it was a rather unique group. In fact, even Mirikitani wasn't bad, and he worked like the rest of us in keeping up the room. Mirikitani swept and mopped the room every morning. The only thing about Mirikitani that I objected to was his taking too much room in one corner of the room. Each of us respected the property of others, and I don't think there was every any case of hard feeling because of taking somebody else's property.

"I didn't do much reading except of the Digest and a few things like that. Somehow the time was pretty well taken up in camp. In fact, my time in camp was filled much more than it was in Seattle. I guess the activities of the Community Activity's Section, such as dances, baseball, and so on, kept us pretty busy. I used to go see the baseball games. I liked the dances very much at first. Rose and I went quite often, but that was when it was mostly for the Northwest people. Rose and I got to know some of the Northwest young people through those dances; there weren't any California people at those dances. But when the fellows started coming with boots and overalls on, I didn't like it, and we quit going. I had the idea that even in camp the young people should apply etiquette when they attend dances."

"I got to know the California people through the church. I went to church practically every Sunday, in fact, I had to go. They made me do a lot of things. I acted as usher, and as ward steward, and the latter group had meetings quite often. In fact, I got to Tule Lake on a Wednesday, and by the Wednesday following, a program was already made out. We had a minister from Tulelake come to preach to us. Reverend Kuroda arrived about two weeks after that, and he took over. The Young Adult Fellowship developed much later, for the original group was only a church organization in English, but the YAF got started about the latter part of August. (Bily: 'That was one group we hated to leave when we left camp. We just got started knowing several of the people in the group, and we liked them very much.') Perhaps some of the people who attended were there only for social reasons. If they came for religious reasons, I'm sure they had their religious beliefs before they got to camp, and the influence of the group at Tule Lake couldn't have changed them. At least I felt that my religious belief helped me in adjusting to the center.

I have always felt, and I still feel, that attacking social problems from a religious point of view is very good, and no matter what anybody else says, I'll continue to believe that. Until people can act like Christians, and I don't mean just church religion by that, I don't think social problems can be basically solved.

"I was there when the farmers struck in August. I can't tell you what it was that led to all the trouble in Tule Lake; I frankly don't know. I can understand why the farmers struck all right, and I can appreciate their view. I was at the mass meeting which they held in the fire break. But I felt that the farmers didn't need to strike to solve the difficulty. I had enough faith in the WRA to believe that the WRA would see the thing through. I felt that the speakers said unnecessary things, that evening, to arouse the people. With reference to the trouble at Tule Lake, I am inclined to blame ourselves rather than to blame the WRA. Some of it may have been the Army's fault, some of it might have been the WRA's fault, but if we could have thought through our problems more clearly and acted with greater wisdom, the trouble wouldn't have come about.

"My feeling was that the WRA policy was much more lenient than I'd expected before going there. In thinking through the evacuation of American citizens, the propaganda value of a good relocation program to the WRA was a very natural thing. The Japanese Government was condemning the U. S. Government for their evacuation of citizens, and I'm sure this government wanted to do everything possible to maintain a favorable situation in the centers. Maybe the WRA was too eager to make good and therefore made too many promises which they couldn't keep. Personally, I wasn't concerned by the fact that the wages weren't paid on time. Of course, if we try to think through the whole thing, the wages were low all right, but I just took things as they came. Maybe it's my main fault. I've always had to make the best of what I could get, for I've had to work to keep myself in school ever since I came to this country, and that's the philosophy I carried into the center.

"Of course, the food sometimes did bother me, but on the whole it wasn't bad. In fact, many of the people probably got better food than they were accustomed to before. The family atmosphere was missing in the messhalls, but you know all about that.

"I attended all the block meetings in Block 4, but I never said anything at the meetings. Those meetings never got anywhere. Mr. Muasa was the block representative when I was there, and I thought he was doing a capable job. But attendance was very poor. I was about the only nisei there, the rest were all issei. Most of the things discussed could have been conveyed better by newspaper, and, besides, the things talked about could have been done by a few people instead of taking the time of the block people. The meetings only gave a place where one or two of the issei could argue. There were always a few of them around at our block. I guess I went only out of curiosity. The real reason was that I was elected barrack representative for some reason, and I had to go.

"Lily and I were planning to get married some time anyway, but when the evacuation came we didn't know what to do. There was a rumor in Puyallup when we were still there that part of the ~~Tule Lake~~ people would be relocated to Tule Lake, while the rest would be sent to some other relocation center. Rose got worried, but there was nothing we could do about it, so we let it go. Then the request came for volunteers to Tule, and that was when I got mad. I told you about that already. Even when we got to Tule Lake, we didn't have any definite plans of getting married. But I was anxious to get out of camp, and I felt that if I were going out, I wanted to be married so that we could go out together. When I got the first letter from Mr. Arata, it hastened our marriage. We didn't have any regrets about getting married in the center. We couldn't enjoy a honeymoon, that was the only thing. (Rose: All of our Seattle friends weren't there. That was our chief regret.)

"Mr. Arata first heard of me through some of my friends. His nephew was studying Japanese at Washington State College. One of the instructors was Yukie Yoshihara. Yukie's girl friend was Yuri Tashima. Yuri knew all about me, of course, and when Mr. Arata wrote to his nephew asking to look for a chemist among his friends, and he happened to mention this to Yukie who was his teacher. Yukie mentioned this to Yuri, and she wrote to me. About the same time that her letter arrived, Mr. Arata wrote to me himself. This letter came about the latter part of August, and at first I was undecided because he only offered me \$125 a month and wanted to charge \$1 a meal. But then he wrote back saying he'd pay \$150 a month, and also included a house in which to stay. I accepted the offer then.

"We left camp about October 6. I told everybody that I might have to come back since we were going out on short term leave, but I didn't want to come back. Since that time, however, the WRA made rapid progress on her relocation program, and it turned out that we didn't have to go back there."

"From the first moment that I arrived at a camp, my chief desire was to get out. In the first place, the atmosphere of the camp was bad psychologically. Everybody was talking about how bad the place was, and it didn't make me feel inclined to stay there. Then I felt that I wasn't useful in a place like that. I don't like to sit around wasting my time, and that was what I was doing there. Finally, getting out was a kind of novelty at that time. Everybody wanted to get out, but not everybody could. We felt that it was something for us to be able to leave."

"We went with a busload of sugar beet workers. When we first left the camp, we felt joy at getting out of the place, but during our trip we forgot about the camp very quickly, and our mind turned to wondering what kind of place our future home would be. It wasn't until we settled to our new work that we really began to realize the joy of getting out of the center. When we stopped at the towns during our trip, though, we heard people talking about how good it was to be out."

"We stayed the first night at Nyssa, Oregon. Our bus got in there about 10:00 in the evening, and we had not means of getting to Fruitland from there although it was only about twenty miles away. Sumio Miyamoto and Mr. Takeda were with us going on their tour of the farms at the invitation of the sugar companies, but they'd made reservations in town at a hotel, and they had a place to stay. They called uptown for us to see if any hotel rooms were available, but they had nothing for us. It made me kinda mad because Mr. Arata knew that we were coming but he hadn't arranged to meet us. We had to unpack our bedding and sleep on canvas cots in the tent. It was terribly cold that night.

"The next morning I got in touch with Mr. Arata and he had one of his foremen come down to meet us in an old truck. Thinking back, I don't see why I wasn't worried about how people might treat us, but at that time I didn't worry about how we would be accepted or how we should behave. We never met anything unpleasant while we were there. When we got to Fruitland, the house wasn't ready at all, and there wasn't a stick of furniture in the place. We had to bring in the stove, and all the furniture, and so on. But the people who owned the house, the Lewises, were very kind, and between them and Mr. Arata, they gave us enough furnishings for our needs. We used only three rooms because that was all the furniture there was, and we left one room completely empty. Mr. Lewis took us into town and introduced us to the grocer and other people. Rose was lonesome at first."

"When I got there, they were so busy packing apples and there was no drying going on so that I wasn't very busy. At that time I spent my time writing to all the Agricultural Experimental Stations in that district for material and advice on drying. But when the apples began moving, I was quite busy then. I was working with the state inspector and federal inspector, who used to come in all the way from Seattle. Once in a while we had a man down from Boise. I met quite a few people and I was quite busy. The packers also kept coming in and I'd have to see them too. I enjoyed the work while I was there. In fact, my laboratory was across the street from the home of State Senator Young. His wife ran a grocery store and I got to know him very well and found him a very fine person."

"Later in the season, we heard from one of the church members whose daughter was attending the College of Idaho that the students were objecting because Japanese students were being allowed to enter while the Caucasian students were being drafted. That was the first criticism made of the Japanese that I heard of. Personally, I met no discrimination and didn't hear of very many either. Mr. Lewis told me of one trouble that they had. Some nisei beet sugar workers came out to Weaver one day, and went into a restaurant. I guess there were two boys, but, anyway, they began to wipe their knives and forks the way some of those fellows do. I guess the proprietor didn't like that, so he told them how clean his place was. The boys talked back in Japanese and laughed at the proprietor

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and that started the trouble. The sugar beet company had to come in and straighten out the trouble. I guess that was the fault of the evacuees. I heard it from Mr. Lewis who was on a committee that the towns people formed before the beet workers were brought in."

"Mr. Arata had a little trouble, too, with some apple pickers that he brought in. There were about 40 fellows who came over from Minidoka to pick apples. He had considerable trouble with that group because they were young and wanted fun. There was one fellow especially who acted as a kind of labor leader and practically controlled the workers. He tried to urge ~~the~~ a sit-down strike, and finally gave a five day notice to the company that all the workers were quitting unless they got certain demands. They sent Mr. Arata their demands in the form of a petition with the threat of quitting, and there was so much trouble that the WRA had to come in and hold a meeting to discuss the problem. At that meeting everyone, except the one fellow who had acted as agitator, wanted to stay. Mr. Arata agreed to tear up the petition and forget about the whole thing, and permit everybody to go back to work, but this one young fellow---his name was Saito---refused to cooperate. The WRA got after him for attempting to control the labor group, and after putting considerable pressure on Saito, he finally consented to stay and cooperate. The next day everybody went back to work and worked hard, but Saito only picked a couple of bushels of apples and then just fooled around. I don't know what they finally did with him. That was one difficulty that Mr. Arata had. This story is Mr. Arata's view, of course."

"I never had any problem about my relations with other workers because I was by myself in the laboratory. People were coming over all the time, though. Whenever I didn't have anything to do, I went over to the State Inspector's office and visited. Late in the season, there was a lot of leisure time, and we used to drag out a pocket sized quizz book and quizz each other. Things like that."

"Our social relations with the community people were practically entirely through the church. I got to know a lot of nice people in Fruitland. It's a small town with a population of about five or six hundred. There were two churches, one Methodist and another, and the people who went to one church patronized one set of stores, and the other group had their own stores. Most of the rich fruit and vegetable packers, though, didn't live in Fruitland, but they lived in Weaver or Payette. Most of the people we got to know didn't live in town but rather in the outlying districts. We got to know them through the church. There were the Champions, for example, with whom we got to be very good friends. Mrs. Champion was a very liberal woman. She'd attended Oregon State College, and graduated from the University of Idaho in Moscow. She was a native of Payette. She took a great deal of interest in us, wanted to know all about the camps, and had a very good understanding of our position. She made us feel so much at home that we did whatever we wanted to do. One thing I admired about that family was that

every member of the family participated in any activity. Byron, their son, was only seven years old, but the father and mother enjoyed playing in the way he did. We became part of the family. When the snow came, the whole family used to go sledding, and the father and mother had as much fun as the kids. Mrs. Champion still writes to us. Right now she's so busy that she sends us one of those "buddy-people's cards" on which you just check off the appropriate remarks.

"We did miss some of the conveniences of town while we were staying out there on the farm. There was no running water and we had to bring it in from the well. That's why when the season was over, we moved to Ontario. We had to go to picture shows once in a while. I really had no serious idea of going back to that job. I had in mind looking for something else because the Arata job was only part time, and while I didn't have any definite plans, I had plans of going somewhere. I placed my application with Boulder near the end of that season, but I never got a reply from them.

"Mr. Lewis was in California from November to March when the farm work was just starting. He came to me and asked if I wouldn't work for him, and since I wasn't doing anything, I went out there to help him on his farm. The work was mostly pruning and that sort of thing. I used to ride out every day on a bicycle."

"We found it much more convenient in Ontario than in Fruitland. We had a small apartment with running water and a bath, and we were closer to the grocery stores and the movies. We were there less than three months in March, April, and May. About two and half months to be exact."

"I was anxious to go somewhere, so in April I wrote Mr. Shirrell asking if he could find something for me. I got a reply from one of his assistants named Lytell, or somebody, saying that the immediate task of the WRA was to help those in camps to relocate and therefore that they couldn't help me to find anything. The day after I got that letter, another letter came, this time from Shirrell saying he'd do whatever he could to find something for me. About the first of May he wired to tell me about the job I've got now. The President of the company, Mr. Rapport, asked me to telephone him collect, so I talked to him over the phone and got an idea of the job before I came out. Mr. Rapport is a gifted man as far as talking is concerned, and he talked his head off at me to make the job sound appealing. I accepted the position. I imagine he understands the position of the Japanese all right, and tries to help us, but I imagine he doesn't remember everything that he promised."

"Coming out, the train was so full of soldiers that we felt a little awkward, but we didn't feel too bad once we got started. We had to pay our own way, of course, Mrs. Shirrell was supposed to

have hotel reservations for me. We got in about 11:00 in the morning. It was raining when we arrived. I went through the old telephone books looking for the WRA number, but we couldn't find it, so we took a taxi carrying our three suitcases with us. At the WRA we found out that they don't make any more reservations because so many of those for whom the WRA made reservations broke them when they came out. I didn't like the idea, naturally, but ~~she told us~~ Mrs. Ross told us to go to the YMCA Hotel. That's where we went and stayed for the first night."

"That afternoon Lily got a job through the WRA in Highland Park, but it was too far for me so we came back to Chicago again. It would take about an hour and a half to two hours on the train from Highland Park. (Lily: You know how nervous Dick is. The train ride was hard on him.) Besides, the train ride added up to about four or five dollars a week. The employers were Jewish and had two children. They were very nice. They wanted us to stay, and they did everything to persuade us. They thought we didn't know Chicago yet, and told us that Chicago people travel everyday on the trains and think nothing of it, and that we'd get used to it soon. At that time, I couldn't stand all that."

"We came back, but it happened to be the week end and we couldn't get any rooms at the YMCA Hotel. We were in Chicago only one day when we first arrived, so we didn't know Chicago and didn't know where to look for rooms. We met Wilbur Takiguchi at the Y, and he & others told us to try this place and that. Frank Tanabe was living at the Maple Manor and told us about it, and we were able to get a place there. When we went there first, the landlady seemed very nice so we never thought of the kind of place it was. Of course, we didn't know anything about the district (the Near North Side) although we heard that Japanese were living nearby, so we just assumed that it was a pretty nice place to stay. When we heard of the large number of Japanese living in that district, and the general condition of the area, and when we heard that there were 18 Japanese living at the Maple Manor, I didn't think it was a very good idea to stay there."

"I didn't like Chicago when we first came, that's a cinch. In the first place, the city is so big and people were rushing around so that I hardly felt they were enjoying themselves. The city is too dirty, too."