

Watanabe, Dr. Ted Tsuyoshi

CH - 303A

"Ray Nishimoto"

Harvard Hotel, 5714 Blackstone,
Chicago, Ill.

Remarks:

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WATANABE, TED

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WATANABE, MRS. ALICE

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Miyamoto
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Ray and Mary dropped in again today. They said they had called us last Wednesday when they were in town, but failed to find us in. Mary has been working at the Children's Convalescent Home since last May as a Registered Nurse, while Ray had remained in Chicago waiting to hear either from the University of Chicago or University of Michigan X-Ray departments that they were ready to employ him. However, Ray probably became a little discouraged waiting out here, and he is now out at Wheaton with his wife doing odds and ends of jobs as a doctor in the hospital. They have Wednesdays off, and make it a practice to come to town; and when they come in, they invariably call us at least once in two weeks. It's quite evident that Mary enjoys dropping in and fussing around the kitchen with Michi, and I assume that Ray enjoys chatting with me.

Today,

Ray and Mary Nishimoto dropped by at our apartment this morning just as we were finishing a late breakfast. Mary works as a registered nurse at a Children's Home in Wheaton and gets Thursdays off so that she can come into Chicago to meet Ray who is remaining here until he receives definite word as to whether the Univ. of Michigan will accept him or not. M. and I expressed our pleasure at seeing them again, a genuine pleasure for we like the Nishimotos, and invited them to sit down in the kitchen to chat with us.

I asked Ray whether he was making any progress in his effort to get a position at the University of Michigan. He is taking graduate work in medicine, specializing in roentgenology, and since he has one year more residence to put in before he may take his specialist's examination, he has been trying to get into the University of Michigan medical hospital as a resident physician. If he gets this position, he will get \$1400 a year and then may also pursue his studies.

Ray: "No, I haven't heard anything yet from them. Since the last time I saw you (two weeks before) I've been up in Michigan twice, once to take Mrs. Hill up to the summer home, and the other time to visit Ann Arbor to see about getting the position. The hospital wants me right away, and the head of the department thought there would be no problem about getting me in there. They knew I wasn't an American citizen because I was born in Japan, but they didn't seem to realize the problem involved. Their idea was that as long as I've got my Illinois license, that they could gain permission for me to practice in Michigan on the basis of reciprocity. I pointed out to them the fact that most of the medical schools now have a definite ruling against the employment of Japanese aliens. They hadn't recognized the problem, and they're now working on it. I don't know how it's going to come out but I should hear in a week or so."

"After looking over Ann Arbor, though, I've got my doubts about going up there. The housing problem there is terrific. Chicago is nothing compared to Ann Arbor. At the hotel where I stayed, there were families living in one or two rooms waiting for something to open up. People have reservations on prospective vacancies two and three months ahead. When the offer of a position came from Ann Arbor, I thought that was going to be very good since it didn't occur to me that they'd have a housing problem. But, you see, the new Ford factory was built only ten miles away from Ann Arbor at Ypsilanti, and when all the homes in that town were occupied, the overflow came into Ann Arbor. Now, I don't care whether I get a job or not in Ann Arbor."

"As an assistant instructor, I'll get paid about \$1400 a year during the first period, and Mary could work as a nurse. Then, I could finish up my year that's left over before I can take the examination in X-Ray. Once I finish up that work, then I can go out and establish my own office,

"If I get a position in ANN Arbor, I'll probably leave right away, but if I don't get anything there, I may stick around here for a little while to see what other contacts I can make. Mary can join me up there if I go; the hospital wants her and both ~~us~~ of us can work in the same place. Between the two of us, we'll make enough to get along. The problem is one of housing; I don't know how we're going to find anything with conditions there as they are. Even if we had the jobs, we may not be able to live together, we might have to take rooms in the hospital. Anyway, I should know in another week whether I'm going up there or not."

Myself: Why don't you try some of these other places like Minnesota? They've got a good medical school, haven't they?

Ray: Well, there you'd have the same problem as at Michigan. I'd still have to get permission to work in the university. As long as I'm not an American citizen, there's nothing I can do about it. It doesn't matter, Mary is working and I can take it easy. It's amazing that I'm not doing anything, but I still keep myself busy. About two days a week I'm out at Wheaton with Mary, and the rest of the time I drop over to Dr. Hodges' office (at Billings where Ray used to work) and go around seeing all my friends who have come into town. My time is fully occupied.

Mary: Isn't it terrible how easy going he is about it all? He never worries about anything.

Ray: I'll stay around here for a while longer, and if nothing turns up, maybe I'll go out to Wheaton where Mary is and do some work there. They want a doctor on the staff. It won't be much but I'll have something to do.

Mary: Wheaton is all right, it's a nice quiet place, but there's so little to do. The nursing work is all routine. It's not like St. Lukes (San Francisco hospital where she took her training) or at Tule Lake. The work is so simple that I just work almost by habit. Tule Lake was different. I think that girls who are taking their training there are very fortunate. There's always something new happening, you have to be on your toes to see that things go right, and because of the inadequate equipment and personnel there, you have to have ingenuity in getting along. Oh, I learned a lot while I was there.

The other day a case of G.C. turned up at the children's hospital in Wheaton and caused quite an uproar. The child had to be isolated right away, but there isn't any isolation ward there and the other nurses didn't know what to do. They just stood around wringing their hands wondering what they should do. I told them, "At Tule Lake when we got there we didn't have a thing, and we often had to improvise isolation wards." The others said, "If you know what to do with this case, go ahead," so they gave me permission to take full charge of the case. I just stripped the room of all its curtains and accessories, stripped it bare, had the child placed in this single room, and there was no problem to it at all.

But the other girls didn't think of doing any such thing. The experience at Tule was just wonderful because I learned to get along even if we didn't have the best hospital equipment, and you've to know how to get along if you're going to be a good nurse.

The youngsters are very nice out there, and they seem to like me all right. There are some very cute children and one develops an attachment to them. But the work isn't very exciting, and it's not like a regular hospital. A good part of the time I'm just tending the children. The pay isn't anything like a R.N.'s wages either. I'm getting ~~xx~~ \$50 per month plus board and room. And I get so lonely out there. There's absolutely nothing in Wheaton; there's not even a drug store where you can go to get a coke or soda. I often think to myself, "Oh, if I were only in Chicago." Then I could see Michi and go out shopping with her and do a lot of interesting things.

There are three other Nisei girls working out there. They're pretty lonesome too, but they're afraid to come into town because they don't know how to find their way around. One of the girls who lives near there took an application for a position at Michigan for the Language School. But I don't think they accepted her. She took an examination and Dr. Yamagiwa, the head of the department, told her she needed a little more work before she could take a position teaching Japanese there. Her pay would have been about \$100 a month, she told me. That's about what an assistant instructor would get. I knew her in Hawaii. She took about three years of jo-gakko (girl's high school in Japan) work in Hawaii.

Michi: My sister also made an application for a teaching position at Michigan but wasn't accepted. I guess their faculty positions were filled, and although she knows a lot of Japanese, she never was in Japan or had formal education in the language, and I guess they couldn't measure her capabilities without something like that to go by. You know quite a bit of Japanese language, don't you, Mary?

Mary: Well, I have a normal diploma for teaching in Hawaii. I suppose maybe I could teach Japanese. You see, I was in Japan for a while and studied there. When I was small, I thought I'd like to study music, but there was always one thing that worried me. My parents were pretty old even when I was a youngster and although I have an older brother, I was always worried that he would get married and leave me alone to take care of myself in case my parents weren't able to support me. I guess that's why I've always been practical; I was always worried that some day I might have to support myself and there would be no one to look after me. When my folks wanted to go to Japan, I decided I'd better go because I at least have an uncle over there who would take care of me if my father died. That's where I learned a lot of my Japanese.

I was about thirteen when I went over. When I went to school, the teachers decided that I should learn my Japanese so they put me in the third grade. Here I was with all the little kids, much smaller than myself. I knew most of the things they were teaching

like history, except for Japanese history which the others knew better than myself, of course, and arithmetic. They were just learning fractions and divisions and that sort of thing, but I'd had all that in school at Honolulu. So I asked the teacher if I couldn't concentrate on my language because that was the thing that was holding me back, and they told me to go ahead with that. In a few months they advanced me to the sixth grade, and in the year and a half that I was there, I finished the second year of jo-gakko (girls' middle school). About that time my brother decided that he didn't want to stay in Japan and he wanted to go back to Hawaii. I thought I'd better tag along with my brother because he promised to look after me, so we went back to Hawaii. When I got there, the Japanese school teacher said I knew enough Japanese to teach, since they were in need of teachers, so they gave me an examination and a normal diploma. That's how I got the diploma to teach elementary Japanese.

I finished high school, and my brother wanted to know what I wanted to do. I thought I'd like to go into music, and he offered to send me to a music conservatory, but about that time my brother was talking again about getting married. That worried me, and I thought I'd better go into something where I could support myself after finishing training. Besides, in nursing there aren't the high fees to pay, and some schools even pay you to train in their hospital, so I thought I'd better take up nursing. That's how I happened to go to St. Luke's; I guess it was just as well. My brother still isn't married, but because I was always afraid that he might get married at any time and leave me to look after myself, I've always considered the practical ends in the selection of my career.

I took music lessons for a few months when I was about twelve, though. My niece, who was just a little girl then, also started about the same time. She had a good ear for music and played everything by ear, but I was much older and studied my notes more carefully. But she could play from memory much better than I even though she was several years younger than myself. She'd learn a piece and then come to me, close the book in front of me, and tell me to play the piece by memory. I'd make all kinds of mistakes, but she'd sit down and play it right off. But when I opened the book to something she didn't know so well and told her to play, she couldn't do it whereas I had a much easier time. My niece kept up her music lessons and I guess she's pretty good at it now.

Michi: With your background in Japanese, you could go up to Michigan and teach Japanese if you decide you want to do that instead of nursing. Gee, it's nice to be able to do a lot of things. I'm just absolutely impractical.

Mary: Yes, I suppose I could teach Japanese. If I get tired of nursing, maybe I'll do that.

Myself: Ray, why can't you go into the Army to try to get your citizenship. I should think that you'd make your future in this country, and as long as that is true, that you should have your

citizenship in this country. If you're a veteran of this war, you'd probably have a good chance of getting your citizenship after it's all over.

Ray: Yes, if they'd take me I'd go, but so far they've rejected me. I volunteered at my local board, but they wouldn't take any action on it. The thing is, the Army is willing to have Japanese medical officers for the volunteer team, but I guess they're afraid that it might not work so well to have them in corps with other Caucasians. And so far they've already got enough Japanese doctors for the volunteer combat team and they're not going to take any more until there's a need for us. If I could get a commission in the Army, that's the thing I'd like to do, but at present it doesn't look very likely that I'll get in. Maybe, later on they'll find a need for more doctors and they may open up.

Myself: I hear that Dr. Seto is coming here? Have any of the other Tule Lake doctors come out?

Ray: Yes, I hear Seto is coming out. I don't know what his plans are. Dr. Hara is out at Elgin working in one of the hospitals there, but I guess he's not entirely happy with his situation. I've heard that he's lonesome for Japanese. He seems pretty glad to see any Japanese who comes out there. He's working as a resident physician, which means that he gets paid no better than \$150 per month plus board and room. I doubt that he's getting that much; maybe \$100 or \$125 per month. He's married too so he wouldn't want to live at the hospital. That's the only kind of jobs that the Japanese doctors can get now. They can't start offices of their own because all their equipment is on the Pacific Coast, for one thing, but also because there's no telling how the Caucasian clientele would react to a Japanese doctor.

It seems he's doing pretty well at the hospital though, and the people seem to like him. I hear that the hospital is rapidly turning to specializing in O.B. cases since he's come out there. He apparently likes O.B. work, and he's pretty well trained. These days it's pretty hard to get good doctors, and the Japanese doctor would rate well with others in his training and ability. Since hearing of the doctor at the hospital that takes O.B. cases, there's been a rush for attention there, and it seems he's kept busy morning and night answering these calls. I imagine the hospital would hate to lose him.

Myself: But Dr. Hara already has done his interne work and has enough training and experience to run his own office, hasn't he? Why is it the hospital doesn't pay him more?

Ray: Well, that's about all resident physicians get. The position is usually filled by students who have just finished medical school and want additional training, or those who are marking time until they can get an office of their own. Ordinarily, the resident physician only helps around the ~~office~~ hospital for emergency cases and that sort of thing because the regular patients are taken care of

by doctors who maintain their offices outside. You see, there's no place for physicians on the hospital staff in normal times because the idea of the hospital is that it's a service which doctors with private practices can use. If a hospital were to maintain its own staff of doctors, that would be socialized medicine. Places like the Mayo clinic are the only ones that have that kind of set up.

Myself: But now, as in the case of Dr. Hara, it seems to me there's a need for the physician who works in the hospital. The way I see it, because of the shortage of doctors on the outside, the people are rushing to the hospitals for medical care, and the resident physician is doing work which in normal times would be taken care of by private physicians.

Ray: Yes, that's right.

Myself: It looks to me as if Dr. Hara is getting exploited. If he has adequate training, and if he's doing work that needs to be done, why doesn't the hospital pay him more. As you say, I imagine the hospital wouldn't like to lose him, but after all he should be compensated for what he does. As it is, the hospital is getting the benefit of Dr. Hara's very inexpensive services.

Ray: That's just the thing. The hospital should make some kind of arrangement whereby Dr. Hara would be compensated for the work that he does. But the resident physician never was paid more, and I guess they're unwilling to change the set up. The hospital is in a position to exploit people like ourselves who aren't in a position to start a practice of our own and have to depend on organized clinics for employment. Another problem for the evacuee doctors who are interested in setting up offices of their own is that they have to get hospital service. A doctor can't have an office of his own without that. But most hospitals are so crowded now that they're unwilling to offer service to any new doctors; they'll do it for their old practitioners, but not for new ones. That's why it's impossible for Dr. Hara, if he were to decide to open his own office in Elgin, to do anything about it.

Michi: How many doctors are there left in Tule Lake?

Ray: I guess there are about six of them left there. Most of the Issei doctors will stay with the relocation centers for the duration. They're not interested in coming out for various reasons. Dr. Hashiba will probably stay there, Dr. Akamatsu, Dr. Ito, and some of the others.

Michi: Do you think that the feeling of responsibility to the evacuees is a factor in keeping doctors at the center? That is, all the doctors consider the problem, don't they, even when they leave?

Ray: Yes, that's a very important consideration to all of us. The WRA tells us that it's all right for us to go out because they'll replace us with Caucasian doctors if we leave, but the thing is that

The WRA is going to have a hard time finding doctors to go there, and anyone going there will be your country horse doctors who'll take the job because they can't get anything better. I hate to think what the medical service in these center will be like.

(We adjourned our session at the apartment and Michi and Mary went off shopping on 63rd St. while Ray and I went to the office so that I might attend our weekly conference.)

Ray: It seems too bad that the Nisei are having such a hard time adjusting to the life in Chicago. I should think that some kind of counselling program is necessary to help them make their adjustments to this city. I'd hate to see them get together as they did on the Pacific Coast into their own segregated groups. If you could create some kind of Nisei organization to promote their assimilation into American society, I think that's the thing that needs to be done.

Myself: The trouble with starting a Nisei organization, for any purpose, is that the very organization becomes the focus for further voluntary segregation among the Nisei. The ambiguity of the problem is that, in a sense, you have to have some kind of organization to promote assimilation, and, on the other hand, the formation of an organization starts the very tendency you want to avoid.

Ray: I suppose that may be true. But what are you going to do. You can't tell a lot of Nisei to join American groups and expect them to go out by themselves to make their contacts. A lot of these fellows just aren't making adjustments, and it would perhaps be better if they didn't come out of the centers.

I've been thinking along that line, too. I wonder why the WRA doesn't attempt to create a more normal condition in the centers so that those who remain behind won't become maladjusted because of their life there. For one thing they should raise the pay of the workers. Like at Tule, they have a lot of farming land that could be turned over to productive use, yet the WRA refused to sell the produce except to their own centers. If they were to turn the vegetable crops that are coming off these farms into the open market, the WRA could pay off the evacuees at a much better rate. There are a lot of productive occupations that might be promoted in the centers if the Government would handle the projects so that people have a little more individual freedom for establishing individual enterprises. The case of the doctors is an excellent example of the problem. A lot of the doctors would stay in the centers to help the people even at a minimum salary if they were able to make a little more than \$19 a month. The people need the doctors and sooner or later the WRA is going to have to get doctors for them. But why not pay the doctors who are there a little better so that they'll stay; the evacuee doctors will be willing to work twice as hard as any coming from the outside.

Myself: But what are you going to do with the people in the centers at the end of the war. If you assume that the thing to do is to

preserve these relocation center community, when perhaps your idea is sound. But if the people are going to think in terms of leaving the centers at the end of the war, it's better to get this relocation program under way now rather than to wait for the end of the war. It's going to be impossible to get people out then, there'll be so much competition for jobs from the returning war veterans, and there will be such a shortage of ~~labor~~ productive occupations into which the Japanese may go.

Ray: Yes, but you know that most of the people in the centers aren't going to be able to get out. Look at all the Issei in the centers. How are you going to get them to make adjustments to the kind of conditions on the outside. The Nisei have a bad enough time, but how are the Issei going to fare? As it is the relocation centers aren't doing the people in them any good at all. It's making them lazy, discontented, and useless for productive life. The people have to be employed in some competitive system where they feel an urge to do things with a purpose.

(later in the evening the discussion turned to the Bretheren's and their work in providing the hostel ~~of~~ for resettlers. Ray revealed his previous connections with the Bethany Church.)

Ray: What you tell me about the strictness of the Bretheren's hostel, about not smoking, and being in by ten o'clock at night, fits in with my experience with the Bethany group. You don't know it, but I was connected with the Bretheren's way back in 1932 when I first came to Chicago. The first summer vacation, I was offered a job in one of their camps up in Wisconsin. I was with that organization all summer, and travelled all through the Middle West with them. In fact, I was with them for two summers and met a lot of their important members.

They're strict all right. They had a policy that girls and boys shouldn't go in swimming together. If both groups were at the same beach, they would arrange to have the boys go in first and then the girls, or vice versa. I changed that though. I kept pressing the matter, and the organization finally changed its policy. If some of them remember me, they should remember me for that at least.

I've probably had more contact with Caucasians than most Nisei. I've been around quite a bit with all kinds of groups.

Ray and Mary Nishimoto dropped in today from Wheaton. I met them first down at the WRA, but they promised to drop in at our place later. They came in shortly before supper. Ray seemed in somewhat better humor than when I saw him last. He then seemed a bit discouraged.

Myself: "Did you get things straightened out down at the WRA?"

Ray: "Oh, I went down there to see about getting into the Army. This morning I went to the recruiting office and they told me to go to the induction center because they don't recruit soldiers any more. When I went to see the officer at the induction office of the 6th district, they told me to go somewhere else. They were shuffling me around and I was pretty tired of it. We had a luncheon engagement with Dr. Tashiro, and he said, 'There's no use your chas-ing around like that. You'll never get anywhere seeing the small fry around here. Better have Mr. Shirrell write to Dillon Myer and have Myer see the War Department for you.' That's why I was up at the WRA office. Shirrell promised to write to Dillon Myer for me so I guess he will."

Myself: "Yeah, I think that's the better way all right. There's no use seeing people around here."

Ray: "Well, I guess it's all right. I was getting pretty tired of getting pushed around from one office to the next. I wasn't getting anywhere. They told me at the induction center that they didn't know what could be done about it. Shirrell remarked that there was no precedent for my case. (Ray is a Nisei from Hawaii, except that he was born in Japan and came to this country when he was only two or three years old. He is an M.D. and wants a commission in the Army, but even if he can't get that he wants to get in the army so that he may get his citizenship.) I admitted there wasn't, and he said it might take an act of Congress to get me into the Army. I suppose it will take an act of Congress."

Myself: "Maybe so. Still I don't see that it would require an act of Congress. I'm sure there must be citizens of enemy alien nations fighting for the Allies right now."

Ray: "Well, ever since Dr. Hodges mentioned the possibility that I might get into the Army and then get my citizenship after ninety days, I've been working on it. He saw this Colonel friend of his. The Colonel said there wasn't any possibility of my getting a commission right away, but he said that if I went in as a private and got my citizenship after ninety days, they'd probably give me a commission right away. All I need is to get my first papers. My idea is that if I can get into the Army as a buck private before somebody checks on my case and decides that I shouldn't be in there, that I'd be all right. I don't think they'd put me out if I ever once got into the Army. Mr. Shirrell was surprised when I told him I was willing to go in as a buck private, but if that's the only way that I can get in, I'm willing to take the chance."

Myself: "By the way, I looked up that business about the persons eligible for citizenship according to the Constitution. I didn't have much of a chance to check on the information, but in the book I looked at it said that there's nothing in the Constitution specifying who can become citizens and who can't. The persons eligible for citizenship are those of the white and black races. I suppose that must be some kind of legislation. I take that back; there may be something in the Constitution to that effect. Any way, the Government can specify those persons who are to be eligible for citizenship, and it happens that Orientals, not being either of the white or black races, are excluded from gaining citizenship."

Ray: "What about the case of the Filipinos?"

Myself; "Well, as far as I understand it, there's some controversy regarding their case. According to this author, the case of the Filipinos has never been finally decided, but one interpretation is that since they're nationals of the United States, that they are eligible for citizenship. I guess no final decision on the question will be made until the matter is taken to the Supreme Court, but no such test cases have arisen so far."

Ray: "I was talking to Henry Takeda, the lawyer, in the WRA office today and he told me that although the Japanese were able to gain citizenship after the last war if they were veterans of the war, a law was passed sometime around 1933 or 34 revoking their citizenship."

Myself: "I don't see how that could be. Most of the Issei who got their citizenship as a result of their service in the armed forces were still acting as citizens at Tule Lake as far as I know."

Ray: "Maybe the law exists but nobody enforces it. I dunno. Henry seemed pretty down and out too didn't he. I think he was feeling lower than we. By the way, some interesting developments are taking place down at Shelby. I hear that the Hawaiians and the Mainlanders don't get along very well. The Hawaiian boys are pretty sore because all the Sergeants and Corporals in the new combat teams are Californians, and these fellows order them around and act cocky."

Myself: "I thought the Hawaiian team at Camp McCoy had their own officers. Why couldn't they use some of the boys who've been trained up there?"

Ray: "Well, I guess the Army wants to keep that team as a unit. But they don't take consideration of problems like that. Of course, similar problems occur among all the boys, I suppose, but the case of the Nisei is a little different. It would be a lot better if the Hawaiians had their own officers and the Californians were by themselves too."

(Ray had to leave for the X-Ray seminar that's held at Billings Hospital every Wednesday evening, and we promised to wait for him before serving supper. In the meantime, I picked up the conference with his wife, Mary.)

Mary: "Ray's brother is down at Shelby, you know. Ichiro must have come over about two months ago when the Hawaiian volunteers were sent over. He's just a buck private yet, but because he's only a private, he has to take orders from those who know a lot less than he does. He's in the band down there, and they've got a sergeant leading the thing who's from Los Angeles or somewhere that doesn't know anything about bands. Ichiro writes and tells us that this fellow gives instructions on how the band is supposed to perform, and he has to sit there and listen while the fellow gives instructions that are all wrong. Ichiro studied band and instrument work at Lawrence College in Wisconsin, you know, and taught for over a year in Hawaii. He really knows his band music. But just because he's only a private and the other fellow is a sergeant, he has to take orders from the other fellow."

Myself: "Of course. There are very few Nisei who have studied music, at least among the fellows, and I'm sure there isn't anyone who's taken special work in band organization as Ichiro has. By the way, your brother is down there too, isn't he? Have Ichiro and your brother gotten together down there?"

Mary: "Oh, yes. Sam and Ichiro have met each other down there and they seem to get along very well. We haven't seen them yet since they came over but I guess they'll get their furlough sometime in the fall. Sam is quite a bit older than I am. He's thirty-five. He's more like a father to me than a brother; that's the way I've always thought of him. I remember one time when I went to the first movie; he was fifteen then and he took me with him and held me right in his lap all through the picture. Sam is a man's man. He'll never look at a girl. Among fellows he gets along fine, but when he's among girls, why he gets so nervous and flustered and he never says anything. He calls me the "brat". He wrote to Ray, when we got married, "I feel sorry for you marrying the brat." Isn't that awful?"

Myself: "How much younger than Ray is Ichiro?"

Mary: "Oh, Ichiro is six years younger than Ray. ~~He's a small fellow~~. He's twenty-two. He's a small fellow, kind of chubby, but very nice. He's even smaller than Ray. They're the only two children in Ray's family, and although they're several years apart, they've always been very close to each other. You know, whenever Ray is troubled about anything, or if he has any good news to discuss, he'll say, 'I think I'll write to Ichiro,' and he'll write him every time. They're very close to each other."

"I knew of Ichiro when I was in high school. He's the same age as I am; oh, I guess I'm eight months younger than he. But we were going to high school about the same time. Of course, he

went
/to the regular high school and I went to a private school, so I didn't know him personally, but I've seen him and heard about him. One year, he and another fellow were candidates for the student body president of the school. The other fellow was a great big fellow, and Ichiro's awfully small. You know what he did? He got up in front of the student body and said, 'You don't need a big fellow for the president of the student body. What you need is a small fellow with a big brain.' I guess that got them all right. He was elected. I heard about it from my friends. They said he pounded the table as he said it; I can imagine he must have been cute, small as he is, pounding on the table."

"Ray's father is very well known in Honolulu. He was principal of the Japanese language school there before the war. Now he's working for the intelligence service of the U.S. Army. I can remember him when I saw him at one of the high school formals. He and his wife came. She's not as Americanized as he, but Mr. Nishimoto is a very well poised person who knows how to get along with Caucasian society. I saw him pushing his wife ahead of him, although she's a little reserved, and he introduces her to all his friends just like any American, saying, 'My wife doesn't speak English so well.....' I think he's more Americanized than Ray in a lot of ways; Ray doesn't go out to meet people as his father does."

Myself: "Yes, I've heard that Ray's father is quite a distinguished sort of person. It's too bad that Ray doesn't have American citizenship. After all, he's much more Americanized than most nisei."

Mary: "Yes, I think citizenship means more to Ray than anything else. He thinks it's the most important thing to him, and I don't see why they won't arrange it so that he can get into the Army and get his citizenship. All these Filipinos are getting their citizenship, but it doesn't mean as much to them as it does to Ray. They hardly know anything about America, and they can barely speak the language, but they can get citizenship and he can't. I don't think it's fair. He's tried so hard to get into the army. Ray says he doesn't care if he has to start out as a buck private; if he can get in long enough to get his first papers, he'll be happy."

"I've received a lot of letters from the Red Cross asking me to join their service, but I can't go until we find out about Ray's army situation although I'd like to go. The St. Luke's hospital in San Francisco where I took my training sent in my name to the Red Cross as a prospective candidate, and that's why they know that I'm qualified to serve. Eleven of the girls in our graduating class, of fourteen who graduated, have already joined. The Red Cross is apparently forced to take a lot of women who've already been pensioned for old age, nurses that are over sixty and seventy. You can understand why they want the young girls so badly. The old ones don't know anything about the new techniques in medicine; they just haven't kept up, and with medicine as advanced as it is today, it's pretty hard to carry on unless you've kept up. My best friend in school is

in the Red Cross in San Francisco, and she writes me that she's supervisor of the surgical department now. She tells me how much she wishes I were there, and says it's awfully difficult to work with the older women. This girl friend and I just got along very well together. She could sense my mood, and I could sense hers; sometimes when I was feeling a little low, she'd kid me, but she'd know just how far to go. I was the same way towards her. I wrote to the Red Cross saying that I'd like to come out there, but that we'd have to get the problem of getting Ray into the Army settled first. Still, they say they'd like to have me in anyway."

"If I join the Red Cross, I'd get a commission right away as a second lieutenant, and I'd get \$170 a month to begin with. Besides that they give you two uniforms for street wear, two uniforms for the hospital, and they take care of all the laundry. It would be very nice. I'd go to San Francisco, of course, but I'd be wearing a uniform so I could get into the Western Defense Area."

Myself: "Gee, that sounds wonderful. (The discussion turned to the work out at the country home for convalescent children where the Nishimoto's are now working.)

Mary: "The work at Wheaton is all right, but I'd like to get back into a hospital. Hospital work is much more strenuous, of course, but it's exciting, it's never dull. At Wheaton the work is more like playing nurse maid to children. That's what it is most of the time. They really don't need nurses so much as someone to look after kids, teach them the right manners, see that they don't get into trouble, and keep them interested. That's what I'm doing most of the day. Of course, there are some cardiac cases that are more like hospital work, but there isn't very much else for us to do."

"Ray doesn't have much to do either. He checks up on the children now and then, and takes an X-Ray when he thinks there's something that needs looking into further. The other day Ray caught a tuberculosis case. ~~Then he~~ After he got out there, Ray went over some of the old records on all the children there, and he noticed in one case a slight rise in temperature every afternoon. Well, he suspected the possibility of TB. The boy coughed quite a bit but his sputum didn't have any blood in it although it was rust colored. Ray immediately had the child isolated for closer observation. I found Ray awake at two o'clock in the morning listening to the boy's cough; it certainly sounded like the cough of a tubercular patient. The next morning he took an X-Ray right away, and sure enough there were a couple of small lesions in his lungs. They brought him out right away to Billing's Hospital; that's where he is now."

Myself: "It was certainly fortunate for that boy that they had Ray there. It might have gone on for quite a time before they'd caught it."

Mary: "Well, they have to have a doctor there. But it's pretty much routine, and Ray doesn't have much to do. The other doctor who used to be there played with the children because he had nothing else to do. I don't know why but Ray never does that."

"The hospital needs a lot more workers, and they've been asking for more nisei girls to come out and help. We told Mr. Shirrell about it, and he thought it was fine that we'd opened up the way for a lot of other kids. But I wasn't the one who started it; it was Kiyo Nishiyama's older sister who first went out there. She's a very efficient girl, and I guess the hospital thought very highly of her. Some of the other girls will be quitting and the hospital needs replacements. There's one girl who is very intelligent and a very nice person who went through three years of college and then decided that maybe she should become a nurse instead. She was doing very well at school, I think it was UCLA, but her older sister is a registered nurse and all the others in the family have held good positions, and I guess she got a little restless. Anyway, I don't know why but she became dissatisfied with college and decided to get an R.N. instead of finishing college. I told her that if I were in her shoes, I'd get the B.A. instead of going into nursing. This girl is engaged to get married to a very fine young man, and I told her that the six months training as a nurse that she's received will be enough for her purposes. She may not have anything as definite to show for her college training, but I feel that college training offers something that is really worth something. Nursing is all right, but I think college education has more to offer to a girl who's thinking of getting married to an educated young man."

("Mary is a person who possesses a considerable degree of intelligence and sees facts in a ~~prax~~ broad perspective. She realizes the value of the practical training she received as a nurse and finds excitement and interest in the work she does, but she also seems to regret the narrowness of this training. One suspects that she somehow feels that a college education, especially in her companionship with Ray who is a college educated man who shows some degree of culture, would have been a considerable asset to her. In this regard, it may be that she looks up to Michi for the training that she has had in music, and culture, although recognizing the superior training that she possesses over Michi.)

(Ray returned after the seminar and we had our supper out on the back porch while chatting about this and that. Ray as usual had opinions to offer about various problems of Nisei society. These opinions, although they are offered as the views of an amateur on the subject, shows some understanding of the situation. For example, he criticizes Dr. Tashiro, who is one of his closest friends here, for the optimism the latter shows about the possibility of resettling Japanese in this area without taking account of the realistic problems that are involved in this resettlement. Since he himself is finding difficulties in gaining a place in American society, the main difficulty of which he interprets as his lack of citizenship,

he realizes through personal experience the barriers in the way. One of Ray's closest friends here is Dr. Seto, or perhaps it should more accurately be said that Ray likes Dr. Seto. Mary cannot understand this for she regards Dr. Seto as one of the cruder persons she has met. She can't understand why Deki married Seto.)

As they left to return to Wheaton, Mary turned to ~~said~~ say to Michi as she frequently does, "It's always so enjoyable to come here. I like to help around the kitchen, and it's always so good to talk to you. Every time I go home after visiting here, I'm encouraged to practice on the piano again." (I gather that she genuinely likes Michi, and Ray seems to feel much at home with me. Mary is the type of person who could get along with almost anyone, but Ray is rather selective of his friends.)

Ray and Mary Nishimoto dropped in again this afternoon. This is their weekly day off from work at Wheaton. Ray didn't stick around for long since he went to the X-Ray seminar at Billings, but Mary stayed with us and told us something about her family.

"I'm like my father. He's very easy to get along with, and he has a rather progressive view of life. I even look like him. He knows a lot of Caucasians, and he speaks English quite well. My mother is just the opposite. She was brought up in the strict Japanese manner, learned to play the o-koto (a large string instrument), and was brought up to be a Japanese lady. When I was small, I was only five then, she started to teach me to play the biwa (a small string instrument) because we didn't have the o-koto. I studied the biwa for several years and learned many of the songs that go with it. While all the other kids were learning to play the piano and other western instruments, that was what I was learning. She was always getting after me for not acting lady-like, and she used to be horrified at the manner in which I'd play with my father and climb on his lap and everything. She said she'd never been permitted to do that in Japan in her home."

"You know what my brother wrote us the other day. He says I used to be a terrible pest when I was small. He's ten years older than I am, my next brother is five years older, and then I'm the baby of the family. I guess my oldest brother had to look after me because I was still small, and when he was about ten or fifteen, he'd want to go out with other boys but he'd have to take me along. I guess that used to bother him an awful lot, although I didn't realize it until he mentioned it the other day. I always tagged along, and did everything the boys did. Oh, I've played baseball, and football, and I'd go swimming with them--- I did everything like a boy. I always played shortstop on the baseball teams. Do you know how they taught me to swim? My oldest brother took me out one day, and then told my other brother to watch me because he was going to throw me in, and then he threw me into the water. I was about five then, and I didn't know how to swim. I bet you I drank an awful lot of water, and I'd keep going up and down in the water. My brothers were shouting at me to kick my legs and move my arms. I learned to swim."

"My brothers always treated me a little different. When they went to high school, they went to the regular public high school. They used to tell about all the fun they had there---I guess they really had a good time there---and I wanted to go to the public high school. But when it came time for me to enter high school, no, I couldn't go to the public school, I had to go to a private school for girls."

Ever since Ray and Mary Nishimoto left Chicago for Ann Arbor, where Ray was to resume his studies in Roentgenology while working at the University Hospital as a junior instructor, we hadn't heard from them. This evening Ray suddenly called us to say that he was again in town, and incidentally dropped the bombshell of a news that he was now the father of a baby boy. Ray declined to discuss his life in Ann Arbor, because as he said, "It was a long story," and we therefore called him over to our home to tell us all about it. Ray's story follows:

"Well, tell us first about yourselves, how you liked your Washington trip, and then I'll tell you about myself. (I told my story briefly.) Well, my story is a long one. We left Chicago about the last of September. I sent ~~myself~~ ^{Mary} ahead to Ann Arbor to look over the place because I wanted her to get a picture of the difficulties that might be involved in getting housing there. You see, when I last saw you, I had about decided on the position at the Joliet Hospital. You remember that I told you I'd take that position unless ~~myself~~ ^{Mary} changed my mind when I went back home. That evening we talked it over and she did change my mind. I told her that we wouldn't have as much at Michigan, but she thought that I should complete my graduate studies in X-Ray and she was willing to go along with me on it, so I said, 'All right, we'll go to Michigan.' And that's how we'd decided on Michigan rather than Joliet. Still I wanted her to see the conditions in Ann Arbor before she finally made up her mind, so I sent her there to see what the housing situation was like."

"The people at the hospital were apparently very nice to her. Of course, they were short of nurses and wanted Mary on the staff, and Dr. H. wanted me on his staff. They wanted us to come up right away, and they told Mary that they'd arrange a place to stay for us. She was so favorably impressed with everything there that she didn't even ask any questions, and she returned to Chicago very enthusiastic about getting up to Ann Arbor. She seemed so happy about it that I thought it was going to be all right, so we immediately started packing. We were very busy those last few days here. That's why we didn't have a chance to call you. Mary's brother Sam came up from Camp Shelby, and he suddenly decided to get married to a girl from Denver on a moments notice. I was the best man at that wedding, and I had to take care of that as well as the preparations for leaving. Mary had to go up to Ann Arbor even while her brother Sam was around. You can see how hectic it all was."

"We got up to Ann Arbor and then discovered at the hospital that no accommodations had been made for us. They told us that they hadn't expected us quite so soon, but that they would arrange a place to stay very soon. In the meantime they suggested that Mary sleep in the nurses quarters, while I stayed in the interns section where they had room. That was agreeable as a temporary measure, so we temporarily made our homes there."

"I had to go to work right away in the X-Ray laboratories because they were very short handed, but I told Mary to spend the first couple of weeks hunting an apartment. So she tramped the streets everyday for two weeks looking all over Ann Arbor. She really walked the town, but in all that time, we didn't even find a prospect of a place. In the meantime, the hospital became very anxious that Mary start her work as a nurse---they needed her badly. I told her that she should work half a day, and spend the rest of the time hunting an apartment, and that's the arrangement we worked out temporarily."

"We inquired again about the arrangement that the hospital was going to make about a home for us, but it turned out that the arrangements couldn't be made. They told us that the thing they'd been counting on hadn't materialized as planned, and they had nothing to offer us. We kept looking around, and continued to stay at the hospital although it was a rather inconvenient arrangement. We were very anxious to find an apartment, but it was almost impossible to find anything there."

"In the meantime, trouble began to crop up with regard to my position. Dr. H., the supervisor of the department, had promised me a junior instructorship because that was the best arrangement he could make for me. When the first payday came around, all the others got their pay checks but mine didn't come through. I couldn't understand this so I finally went to see the boss to find out what had happened. I thought there might have been some error and a failure to get me on the payroll. When I went to see him, he said he knew about it and told me that some trouble had developed with the regents of the university about having me on the staff. However, he hoped that the matter could be straightened out and asked me to be patient."

"The trouble wouldn't have developed, probably, if I had been merely a member of the hospital staff, but it all developed because he was trying to place me on the faculty as a junior instructor. The hospital is maintained under a separate account from the university, but because the boss was trying to get me on the faculty, my name came to the attention of the Regents. There are some rather conservative business men on the board, and when they saw my name on the new payroll, their reaction was that it wouldn't do to have a Japanese on the staff. The trouble is that I don't have an American citizenship because I was born in Japan. The Regents felt that it might cause trouble to have me on the payroll, and they hesitated about hiring me."

"Dr. H. went around to see all these Regents, or influential friends who might be able to sway their opinions. I guess he went around to see quite a few people; anyway he did everything he could to get me established. He told me that the next meeting of the Regents would come right after Thanksgiving, and he hoped to get sufficient pressure on the other side by then to change the minds of the Regents. I was willing to wait, so I

let Dr. H. handle the problem. The day after Thanksgiving when the decision was to be made, I again went to Dr. H.'s office to find out how the thing had come out. He told me that the Regent's hadn't reached a decision yet, and asked me to wait another day or two. When I heard that, I thought there was something wrong because, as you know, Regents are business men and they're the type who like to get their business over with quickly. The next day I again went to see Dr. H., but he wasn't in and I couldn't find out. I caught him in the day following. He told me that he was sorry but the Board of Regents had decided against placing me on the faculty and had recommended that it wouldn't be wise to have me around the campus. He said there was nothing further he could do about it. It seems that Dr. H. had been able to change the minds of all but two of the men on the Board. But these two men felt that since the University of Michigan is a state institution with several war contracts, it wasn't wise to have any member of Japanese ancestry on the staff such that the university would be open to public criticism. They also seemed to think that my presence on the campus wasn't desirable in view of the many war research that was being carried on there."

"I guess if Dr. H. hadn't tried to get me placed on the faculty, no trouble would have arisen. There are others, nisei, who are around there, but nothings been said about them so far because their presence hasn't been brought to the attention of the administration of the university. If he'd only wanted to get me on the hospital staff, there wouldn't have been any difficulty, but Dr. H. had felt confident that he could swing the deal, and he wanted me to get the best possible offer. They need doctors and instructors badly and I guess he thought this consideration would be in my favor. Once my name was brought to the Regent's attention, it wasn't possible to work back and put me on the hospital staff merely as an interne. Any snoop who wanted to make trouble could check up to find out that I was still around the campus, and since the Regents already knew of my case, it could cause an awful lot of trouble for Dr. H. Under the circumstance, the boss thought it would be best if I left the campus."

"Of course there's an inconsistency. After all, there are some 200 nisei around the University of Michigan campus. Quite a number of them are working at the hospital as orderlies and nurses, or doing odd jobs as dishwashers and janitors. Then there're quite a few teaching in the Japanese language department. If there were to be sabotage, any one of them might be involved. And they're all right on the campus. They wouldn't say anything about the instructors in the language department, though, because they need them around the campus."

"I could have made an issue of it, and I did think of making a fight of it. But I decided against it when I thought of the other Japanese on the campus. As long as nothing was said, of course, the people already there could stay on the campus without being disturbed, but if I made a fight of it and got a lot of

unfavorable publicity, it might react on the whole group. That's why I didn't make an issue of it. By the way, I met your friend Bill Takahashi. (Bill married a Caucasian society girl about a year ago.) Quite a few of the people around the hospital don't like him. He's interning at the University Hospital, and some of the people feel that the only reason he got on was because he married a girl with a name and a lot of pull. I don't know how true that is, and I haven't got to know Bill because I've met him only once or twice, but that's the feeling among some of the people there. (I mentioned that Bill is a rather aggressive individual and may be disliked by some for this characteristic.) That's just it. Some people don't seem to like him personally, and they don't speak well of him around the hospital. There are others who think he's all right. Anyway, I didn't know until now that Bill was born in Japan, too, and that he doesn't have his citizenship. I realized that if I raised an issue, fellows like him might be affected too, and that's why I didn't want to push the issue."

"In the meantime, we found a small apartment. That was just about a month ago. We hadn't known just what plans to make, but it was very inconvenient living at the hospital, and we were glad to get a place where we could settle down. Of course, the apartment really wasn't anything; it's just like going back to camp. There are only two rooms, like a hotel suite of two rooms, without any kitchen or any of the conveniences. We couldn't even cook in the room because it didn't have a stove, and we finally bought a little stove for ourselves. We couldn't kick because it was the best we could manage. We've been living there like that until Mary went to the hospital to have her baby."

"Mary worked right up until about four weeks before the baby came. The baby's quite small, it was five and a half pounds, and Mary had quite an easy time of it. Oh yeah, they're both very well. We've named him Ken Charles---Ken is both an English as well as a Japanese name. There are three different Japanese characters for Ken, so we're going to let my father, his grandfather, decide which character should be used. We were hoping for a baby girl and everything Mary made for the baby's in pink. We didn't even have a boy's name thought out when the child was born. Mary will be out of the hospital Sunday."

"When I found out about my status at the hospital, I decided the only thing to do was to look around for something else. I wrote to Dr. Seto to let me know if he heard of anything at Joliet. I wasn't any longer in any position to bargain for what I wanted; I was willing to take anything I could get. A few days later I got a wire from Dr. Seto telling me to come down to Joliet to see the supervisor of the hospital because he wanted me. That's how it happens that I'm in Chicago again. I ~~went down~~ came in from Ann Arbor last night and phoned you, but you weren't in. I called again this morning, and heard that both Michi and Shig were working now at the Japanese Language Dept., and that's why I didn't get you this morning. I went down to Joliet this morn-

ning and spent the whole day down there. I just got back before supper, and came over here. It's decided that I'm to go to Joliet and now the problem is to look for a place to stay."

"I haven't made up my mind whether we should live in Chicago or in Joliet. I rather prefer Chicago. Mary says Chicago's my home town anyway, and I was bound to get back here sooner or later. I guess that's so. Anyway, we could live in Chicago and I could commute to Joliet, everyday if necessary. It's only about 48 miles away and an hour and a half ride. I could make it everyday. Of course, the ride would be tiring. The thing is that it would be much easier living in the city than in a town like Joliet. Mary would have an easier time shopping, and she could get what she wants. In a place like Joliet it has its inconveniences in the matter of shopping and other things."

"Another thing that people in the cities don't realize is the difficulty of getting fuel in the smaller towns. Out here the apartments are kept warm and nobody has any trouble getting enough fuel, but in the small towns people have all kinds of trouble keeping their houses warm. You'd be surprised what the difference is. We'll look around anyway, and decide whether or not we'll live in Joliet or in Chicago."

"Well, that's the story of our stay in Ann Arbor. I haven't had much time to worry about all these things because the baby was coming and there were so many other things to think about. Mary's delivery was remarkably easy, and I didn't even walk the hall; yes sir, I took it pretty calmly. Yep, we've come a long ways since Pearl Harbor, and plenty of things have happened since then."

(The conversation shifted so I asked Ray what he was doing at the time of Pearl Harbor.)

"That morning I slept in late at the hotel, and then I went out to have breakfast at the restaurant with a friend of mine. We were sitting around eating and reading the morning paper when some people dashed in and said something about Japan attacking Pearl Harbor. We thought this was just another of those stories and didn't pay any attention; I thought these guys had picked up another of those wild Orson Welles accounts over the radio and were getting excited over nothing. Pretty soon, however, more people dashed in and yelled around about the attack on Pearl Harbor. They said the reports over the radio were full of the accounts. We dashed over to my hotel room, and sure enough the reports were coming over the radio. The regular symphony hour of the New York Philharmonic was on, but they were just closing that program out at noon because of the unusual circumstances. We listened to the radio for quite a while. Several of my friends gathered at my room, and we sat around listening to the radio accounts of the bombings. My friends were in the habit of gathering at my room on Sunday mornings, and we'd usually sit around and

then go out visiting together or possibly take in a show. The months after that were busy ones. I was in on the organization of the Japanese Medical Society, and we had to prepare for the evacuation."

"One of the fellows who was down in Los Angeles then is here in Chicago now working in the X-Ray laboratory of one of the commercial clinics. His name is Ronnie Nishimoto; yeah, with initials just like mine. We attended Rush together, we were in the same class, so I've known him for a long time. No, he's not an X-Ray specialist, but that's just it. Have I ever told you about him? As I say, Ron and I were in the same classes at Rush Medical School, and I often wondered when the grades came out whether our grades weren't sometimes mixed up or what. (Ray implied, though he didn't say it, that Ronnie sometimes may have camouflaged his own name to get the benefit of Ray's grades.) Anyway, I haven't been able to decide in my mind whether I got him through school, or whether he put me through."

"Ronnie's one of those fellows with a terrific inferiority complex, but he takes it out by compensating way over on the other extreme. Let me tell you of one example to give you an idea of what he's like. When I first went down to Los Angeles to take the position in the Japanese Hospital there, I looked up Ron because we were old classmates, and I liked him well enough in some ways. He'd opened up his own office. He handed me his card that day---I kept it and it should be around somewhere, but I can't seem to find it just now. Anyway, the card had on it, "Ronald Watanabe, Gastro-intestinologist." Ron never did specialize and he qualified only for general practicing, but he'd picked up a little information about gastro-intestinal diseases, and he was going around posing as a specialist in the field. I never said anything about it to him, but I always thought it rather queer that he should call himself a specialist in the field when I knew darn well that he'd never had any special work along that line."

"I was hunting for a place to stay since I'd just got into Los Angeles, and since Ron had a car, I thought it would be convenient to have him drive me around. I asked him about it and he says, 'Oh sure, anytime you say.' He's that kind of guy; big hearted when you ask him to do something for you. I thought I'd like to find something as soon as possible, so I asked him to go around with me that afternoon, so he agreed. Well, the first thing he does when he takes me around in his car is to drive up to the swankiest apartment-hotel district in Los Angeles, and he stops in front of one of the ritziets and says, 'How about this.' For a minute I didn't know what to say, I was so surprised. He was serious about it too. I guess he somehow got the notion that I must have a lot of dough, and that I expected something like that. I was making something like four or five hundred a month at the Japanese Hospital, but I was just starting in and didn't have anything saved up. I told Ron, 'Now, look Ron, I'd like to do this sometime, but just now I'm only getting under way and I want to

save up a little. I think it would be better if I looked around for something more in my class." Ron didn't bat an eyelash; he says, 'Okay', and drove me around somewhere else. I would have felt as uncomfortable as anything living in a place like that way over my head. Those apartment-hotels cost anywhere from \$80 to \$100 a month and up just for one room, and I'd certainly have been a four flusher to live in a place like that. Imagine what my friends would have thought if they learned what kind of place I lived at. But Ron is that kind of fellow; he believes in being flashy and putting up a big front. The funny part of it is that he wouldn't do it for himself, but he somehow has the idea that I should. This gives you an idea of what kind of fellow Ron is."

"I used to see quite a bit of him after that. He called me one evening shortly after I got there, and suggested that we get some girls and go out. I told him that I didn't know anybody so that there wasn't much use my going out, but he said, 'That's all right, I'll fix you up with a girl.' Well, he got a couple of girls. Ron had the idea that we should take the girls to---what's the name of that place---anyway, it's one of the swankiest night clubs in Los Angeles. I don't know whether that's the sort of thing the nisei in L.A. do, but I didn't think it was the right thing for us. I was sure we'd be uncomfortable trying to move up to something that we weren't accustomed to. Besides the girls didn't want to go either, so I suggested that we go somewhere more within our class. Another thing, Ron doesn't dance, and the girls didn't want to go since all that his partner could do would be to sit around and watch others. Well, after we'd been out that evening, and we were on our way home, Ron starts telling the girls of all the other places we'd go to. He says next Saturday we'll go to -----Beach, the Hollywood Bowl on Sunday, and so on. That just about floored me. I had no intention of going on in that way, and I'm sure the girls weren't particularly attracted by the idea. He'd call me up every now and then and suggest that we go out, and he'd always suggest some swanky place that was way beyond our means. The thing is, he'd never go to such places with a girl himself, but with me he'd be brave enough to suggest it. The girls used to tell me, what do you want to bring that fellow along with you; why don't you come out by yourself. I used to tell them, well Ron has the car hasn't he, and as I understand it L.A. girls don't go out with fellows who don't have a car. I did take one girl out though and made her walk all the way."

"When we were in school Ron was always the one who studied, and I never did. I'd just study a little, and then go out and have a good time. He was very conscientious about his studies, but never did as well as I. I don't want to make myself seem conceited, but I rather suspect that he always envied me, and perhaps he always wanted to do the things I did but couldn't. He's a small fellow about my size, wears glasses, and isn't ~~very~~ particularly attractive. He's got that Japanesey type of round face, and has some of the characteristics of the type of fellow. He's not the kind that girls would go for, but he's always wanted a girl for himself I'm sure. The trouble with him is that he doesn't

want the type of girl he can get, and he can't get the type of girl he wants. He's got an illusion about getting one of these classy girls; it all falls in line with his general personality characteristics. For instance, the kind of girl he'd like to get is---again, I don't want to make myself seem egotistical,---but it's the type of girl I could get."

"When Ron first went down to L.A., he interned at the Los Angeles County Hospital. He immediately got off on the wrong foot because he went around telling the people he was from Rush Medical School as if he were far better than the others by reason of the school he'd gone to. Of course, Rush is an outstanding school, but it was natural that he'd get the rest of the people down on him bragging about it, and they all used to kid him a lot about it. Everybody was surprised when he had the card made calling himself a "gastro-intestinologist". But he's that kind of guy; he's got a lot of crust, and nothing you say to him can phase him."

"After the war broke out and the evacuation came, he went along with us to Manzanar. I later went to Tulare, and then to Tule Lake. It was while I was Tule Lake that I read somewhere, I think it was in the Pacific Citizen, that Ronnie had received a job as a roentgenologist in Nevada somewhere. I was quite surprised to see that because he'd never studied X-Ray, and he didn't know much about it. Ron used to come over to the Hospital now and then in L.A. to ask me about things. A gastro-intestinologist has to consult the roentgenologist about internal diagnoses, and I'd tell him some things. I guess he picked up a few ideas about radiology that way, and studied a little on his own. Anyway, very soon letters started to come in asking whether the Pacific Citizen hadn't misspelled my name since my friends knew that I was the X-Ray man and not Ronnie. But that's the way he is; he's not afraid to bluff his way and from his way of thinking there's nothing wrong with it. If you point out to him that he's no X-Ray specialist, since he hasn't any training in the field, he'd be surprised."

"I met him one day when Mary and I went to Tai Dong. He was there with several of his friends, some of whom I knew, and he handed me a card on which it said, 'Ronald Nishimoto, X-Ray Specialist.' I kept that card too. Somebody told me that he got a job in an X-Ray laboratory here in Chicago, and that he was making piles of money. I found out that he's in a laboratory downtown where they do mass work for one of the clinics in town. That's about the only kind of place he could get into without any specialized training. I guess Ronnie will get along; he's just got enough crust and yet is dumb enough to make the grade."

(I asked Ray whether he'd seen Dr. Tashiro since coming back.) Said Ray, "I called him up, but I guess he's pretty busy. He's working pretty late these days." (I remarked that Doc Tashiro was a pretty good man at that.) Ray replied, "I guess he's another one of those fellows like Ronnie Nishimoto." (The latter remark

surprised me for I had never heard Ray speak so critically of Dr. Tashiro before. Ray and Dr. Tashiro are old friends by virtue of their common background from Hawaii, their frequent association at the International House during the many years that both of them were residents there, and the long association in other respects that they've maintained with each other. In fact, Ray is obligated to Dr. Tashiro in some respects for Doc has always treated him like a younger brother and he is the one person that Ray could go to for financial or other help and get it. This reaction from Ray concerning Dr. Tashiro was the first sign I noticed this evening of the rather sharp tone of his language. As the conversation went on, I saw that Ray was in an especially argumentative mood, and not only that, but his mental facilities were especially geared for sharp criticism of all that was said. Ray has a rather sharp perception of things, and when called upon to use his critical faculties, he's capable of arguing rather strongly and pointedly against others, but he doesn't indulge this capacity too much. Today, however, he was inclined to oppose everything that was said by others. Ray doesn't display his emotions much but he does show his personality in one way or another. Both Michi and I felt that Ray was reacting to the discriminatory treatment that he'd received at Ann Arbor, and although he never said as much, he probably felt that his lack of American citizenship has something to do with his misfortune.)

(Shig came back and started telling us about the argument which some of his Japanese language students had about the Negroes during their get-together this evening. One of the men from Oklahoma had expressed the idea that he'd have nothing to do with Niggers, and some of the others had taken him up on his view.) At this point Ray joined the discussion, and said, "That's just it; it's because the man's from the South that he has these feelings. And as you say, those who argued against him were from the North. It all depends on the kinds of contact you've had with the Negroes as to your attitude towards them. When I first came out here, I held the same opinion of the Negro problem that the rest of the Northerners hold, but I took a trip through the South one year and I can understand now why the Southern White feels as he does about the Negro issue. When you see what the Negroes are like in the South, how disorganized and illiterate they are, of how little use they are for anything except the kind of work that's allotted to them, then you see the Negro problem in the South in a quite different light." (I protested this view pointing out that it was only because the Negroes weren't being given the opportunity to advance that they are what they are. Ray replied expanding his view of the problem.)

"It's not only the Negro problem when it comes to the question of offering opportunities to the people. The Southerners argue that their own people don't have the advantages that the people of the North and other sections of the country have. Look at the kind of governmental appropriations that are made; the South is always limited to the smallest portions. What the South

asks for is that the whole section be given a chance to advance with the rest of the country. The South has always been left behind, for instance in the matter of freight rate differentials. The whole country points to the South as the most backward part of the nation, yet nothing is done about improving its position; that's what the South resents when Northerners talk about their problems, especially the Negro question."

(Our discussion went on this way until it was time for Ray to leave. He said that he would return to Ann Arbor on Sunday morning and then Mary and the baby would come down as soon as they could travel.)

"The one thing I don't like is this business of moving around. I've got to pack up everything all over again. Gee, I hate to think of all the work that's involved. I'm not sure yet how we'll come down here from Ann Arbor either. It's only about a five hour ride, but the trains are crowded these days and it's awfully dirty. We'll have to find some way of arranging all those things. I'll call you again as soon as we get back."