

Feb. 3, 1943

Letter to Dr. Balderston
from George Kita, Law School, Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa

Dear Dr. Balderston:

Thanks for sending me my test. It's a big load off my mind. Now I can carry the necessary two units in the College of Commerce and carry a full load in the Law School. I enrolled in school a couple of days ago, attended my first class yesterday.

Glad to hear that they are going ahead with plans for a J.C. I think it'll be a great help to these kids who are graduating from high school. Keep thinking about Poston all the time. I feel a little homesick at times, but I'm getting over it now. I'm taking Contracts II, Torts II, Agency, Real Property and maybe I will take Insurance Law since I don't have to take the econ course. The law students here in college are awfully nice, the most cooperative bunch of students I've ever met. It's rather hard to get started in Law School at the middle of the year but a couple of fellows offered to help me out. The classes are small, seven to ten, and there is plenty of discussion. We have little difficulty in picking up the points. I'm having trouble now in analyzing cases. This legal language is driving me crazy. I spent 4 hours last night on seventeen pages.

It's surprising how far away the war seems in Iowa. People hardly talk about it. Their feeling is sort of lukewarm. The Pacific War rates the 3rd page. There is plenty of clothing and food here. Prices are up but not as much as I expected. Wages are low 35 cents per hour seems to be average. I hardly read about the war now. I'm getting just like these people. The surprising thing is that most of these families have a son or two in the service. The home in which I stay has two sons in the marines.

It was cold when I arrived but has gotten a little warmer. Spring seems to be just around the corner. This is all until the next time. Thanks again.

George

Longdale, Nevada
March 28, 1943

Hi Ben:

Well, how's everybody in Poston getting along these days? For us we're still alive in all I can say. The trip was O.K. after what we've been through, but was sure disappointed when we reached our destination. The housing facility is sure a _____ no running water to wash our face or plate, no shower or bath, and the whole setup is a s-----. At the mean time we're washing our face, plate and cloths in a running creek near our barrack. Daily meal we cook voluntary, so we only eat twice some day at all different hours. We..., so far we haven't worked a day. Logandale is just a one horse town, but Overton ten miles away os ;ett;e more of a town cuz it has a theatre. Last nite we walked to Overton and took in a show and saw "This Above All." Today Mr. Ishimatsu is going to loan us two cars so we could visit Las Vegas about 60 miles away. Boy! the people here are all very sociable, except for Mr. Ishimatsu who gave us such a raw deal.

Yesterday we phoned Mr. Kennedy in Poston but we couldn't get him on the phone cuz he was out to Los Angeles. Probably we'll try again Monday. Hey, Ben if it's not too much trouble how about talking to Bennie Shimizu or some of those big shot and find out whether they could give us a pass back to Poston or transfer us to any sugar beet contract. In the meantime we'll try to contact WRA or Mr. Kennedy. We'll probably give Mr. Ishimatsu a try Monday, but I guess it's no use for us to stay here if we could get a pass back, cuz by the looks of this valley there's no future staying. Well, thanks for the trouble.

I'll close here and write more again. Gave my regards to all and say hello to Junior and Sachi.

Your brother
Bob Yamamoto

P.S. Don't say too much to my folks, cuz it's not too bad. Naturally it's nothing like California.

Chicago, Illinois
April, 1, 1943

Dear Dr. Balderston,

Pardon my not writing earlier. But have been quite busy studying and working.

Chicago is not certainly as good as California. It's too sooty. Otherwise I wouldn't mind this weather. The weather is worse than California. In the morning, one starts out with the sun shining, by the time time 15 min. later I get to school its snowing, by the time I'm out for lunch its a blizzard. At least in Calif. one could just about predict 1 day ahead, but here only 5 minutes.

It is getting warm now and Spring does seem to be in the air. The grass is green but not the trees. Chicago is an eye Doctors paradise with all the soot getting into one's eye. Enough of the weather.

For the last month I have been rooming in a couple's apartment with another fellow which the American Friends found for us. The couple are just like our parents only they don't get after us.

The feeling of the Caucasian people seems to me one of a clear thinking public with an intelligent view towards the whole situation. But of course there are always some as there are in our race (kibel for example) who are unintelligent about the whole thing. Recently one case was of an optometry graduate of "Cal" who was all set to work for Sears & Roebuck as far as the manager of the Optical Dept. was concerned. But when the head of the company was consulted he was turned fown on account of his nationality.

But as far as school is concerned the student body all like us and have come to an understanding as to our avility, patriotism and consider as we were with those who knew us as true Americans. The city is so large we as a whole are ignored or pass as Chinese on a glance. The irony of it all is when a fellow came up and asked me "if I had heard Madame Chiang Kai Shek my country man." which brings to light we must educate people that there are hinese-Americans who are citizens too.

My sister at present is working in Michigan, but plans or hopes to come back nearer to me. Please give my regards to Mrs. Masuda.

Sincerely yours,

Tad Imoto

Washington, D.C.
April 3, 1943

Letter to Mrs. Henriette Johnson
From Marvel Maeda (excerpts)

We were seven hours late in Chicago. There was time to just eat and hop on the train to Washington. Was on a better train this time because it was only 3 hours late. Gee, I was a tired sourl when I arrived here! McEntire sent the car for me at the scheduled time but I didn't arrive on time. However, 2 minutes after I came in a bright and cheerful woman came dashing for me and I was whisked to the "Y" where I bathed. What a ring I had in the bath tub! Then I reported for work at 4 just 2 hours after my arrival, but I was all shot, so they sent me home to bed. Everyone is so nice and considerate. I like ti tremendously. and I'm not lying a bit. Of course I miss you. No one is as nice as you. But they're not bad. Why can't you inveigle a job here as much as you hate Washington. The work isn't hard at all. I am on the day shift from 8-4:30. Then another batch comes in after ~~xxxx~~ that. There are 17 of us here now and no more to come. I was just squeezed in before the freeze. That's why McEntire was so worried about my getting here.

This morning we had the newsreel men take moveies of us in front of the Capitol Building. The captured Jap. submarine is there and they thought it would be a good publicity stunt to have us take this shot. 15 pressmen or more were there from the magazines and the newspapers. Boy we're going to be in your favorite newspaper soon. Maybe even the Chronicle will have our mug.

I am staying at the International Student House. Big, airy room-- private bath, breakfast and supper at \$45 per month. My only expense will be lunch around 50¢. This isn't at all bad. On top of this I have access to the library, parlor, music room, guest room, play room, etc. And they are all young people of all nationalities. I am rooming with an American girl and a Czechoslovakian. I think I have met only one. The other is an a date. The house mother is kind and understanding. She knows the Balderstons. Her name is Mrs. Maul.

Tomorrow a female missionary is taking me to the cherry blossoms for a picnic. Also to church. Don't know where she heard about me. But she came to meet me today and wants to have me spend the day with her. She is nice. I appreciate it -- I hope she doesn't convert me though. Then I am meeting some girls to see "Random Harvest".

April 14, 1943

Dear Kaz:

Cleveland is a pretty nice city. It's clean, roomy, well laid out, as an efficient transportation system (better than L.A.'s) and is a hustling, bustling modern metropolis. It is the 6th largest city in the country, you know, ranking right behind our own Los Angeles. In many respects, it is ~~right behind our own Los Angeles~~ vastly superior to L.A., although, of course, I sorely miss the old home town and many is the time I wish that I may go back to California. The weather is cold, very cold. The chilly, bone-touching cold just sweeps in from Lake Erie and sends rattling shivers up my spines. It snowed this morning, and as it did yesterday. In route to work we saw the lawns in Edgewater Park along the scenic Lake shore just covered with a blanket of white. It was a beautiful sight, and the snow flaking down to earth like so many pieces of cotton was a real thrill to this native Southlander.

The people in Cleveland, however, can't be beat. They are, for the most part, understanding, sympathetic, open-minded and very hospitable. Of course, I've been coming in contact with mostly Christian people; so that probably makes a difference. But nevertheless, I've been very much impressed with the gracious attitude of the Clevelanders. I am staying at the home of a middle-aged couple in Lakewood, a suburb of about 75,000 population and located about seven miles out from downtown Cleveland. It is a large two-story house, and I've been given the room formerly occupied by their son who is away to college. They treat me very nicely, are understanding enough to leave me alone, and allow me free reign to come and go as I please. (I was flirting with the idea of moving down to the "Y" but I am planning on staying here, if they are willing to let me.

I've been doing quite a bit of speaking since arriving here. I was hired by the WRA primarily for that purpose, anyway to help educate the people as to the actual status of the Japanese Americans and to explain the work and objectives of the War Relocation Authority. Last night I spoke to a women's missionary society. Sunday night I appeared before a young adult group. Next week, I am slated to speak before the downtown business men's club. And in the ensuing weeks, I am scheduled to talk to the Lakewood High student body, the Kiwanis club, Rotary, and various other civic, religious and business organizations in Lakewood and Cleveland. It's all very interesting work, but very strenuous. I work in the office from 8:30 to 6 p.m. and these speaking engagements are filled on my own time. So that I find very little time free to myself. Whu, in the two weeks here I haven't seen a single movie or taken in any kind of entertainment. What few nights I have free, I spend in trying to catch up on my correspondence or in catching up on some much-needed sleep.

When I first arrived here, there were only about 12 or 15 Japanese in Cleveland. I imagine there are about 25 or 30 now. Tomiko Okura (Kiyoshi's sister), formerly of Wilmingon, Calif. arrived Monday night, applied for a job yesterday, went to work this morning for the Federal Housing Administration. It's as easy as that. Every day sees one or two nisei pulling into town, coming to fill and take proffered jobs or to seek employment.

Very sincerely,
Bean Takeda

1231 Locust St.
Denver, Colo.
April 15, 1943

Mr. Kaz Oka
Poston Chronicle
Poston, Arizona

Dear Kaz:

Your keen interest in the welfare of the Nisei, has prompted me to write. For the past year, I have been working for the United Christian Missionary Society of Indianapolis, Indiana, and I have been thrown more than close to the Nisei work and welfare in the state of Colorado. From the time last year, when practically every restaurant in the little town where I was stationed carried "No Japs Served" signs till today, I have seen the slow but sure progress, till only one saloon has that sign now.

Having had the opportunity to travel practically all over the state addressing Caucasian churches and service clubs, has given me a chance to weigh reactions first hand. Many places have never heard a Nisei speak, and were quite surprised at my ability to speak English, and more so to learn that I am a citizen of the U.S.A., the same as they are. Some groups were distinctly hostile at the outset, but after listening and the question and answer period following, most of them understood. The greatest difficulty in overcoming prejudice and misunderstanding from groups that have ~~heard the Nisei speak~~ had some contact with the people of the Japanese ancestry, such as the Greeley, Fort Lupton, and Rocky Ford areas have been the fact that the Japanese always had their own baseball teams, basketball teams, and every other kind of team, and worse of all language schools and none Christian environment. It is beyond these Caucasians, who are sympathetic to helping these people, just why they always want to be by themselves and not mix in with the general constituents of the community in which they live. That gregarious habit has lent fuel to those that would like to see fault and make us suffer, and their cry being "they are not to be trusted, they always travel in gangs, and are secretive."

With the exception of a few that are looking forward for tomorrow, instead of fun and socials today, the battle has been a lone one. With the tension easing up in some districts, such as the one I lived in, the old "gang" is back at it again after the temporary halt that was forced on them last year, making more "Jap Clubs" and the like. There are other communities, such as Denver, that the pressure is becoming greater. because of the enormous influx of peoples of the Japanese ancestry,

This leads me to the point, that I wish you would try to influence with your writing ability -- We have at present in Denver a situation fraught with danger. Many have come in and are still coming. Housing is acute (practically no homes are now being rented to people of the Japanese ancestry in the middle or better districts). Pool halls are springing up adding to the confusion, and other questionable places, in the worse section of the city -- NOW IF -- the nisei will only have gumption enough to go further east when a chance is given them and those that live here will recognize the fact that they cannot live by themselves, we might have a chance. Otherwise we are doomed to the lot befitting those that do not want to face the hard way.

To see nisei walking down the downtown district of Denver in smeared sweat shirts, or dirty ogeralls and not walking by himself, but with always a gang, isenough to break ones heart. I am no snob as I know what work is but if those fellows must go there why they don't go singly, and why they cannot put on clothes to fit with the place and occasion, I do not understand. Always they draw the epithet "Those dirty Japs" from someone.

Well I am beginning to realize that this rotten typing of mine has become more than just a letter, and I have been pouring my heart out to you.

Perhaps I have stressed the dark side a lot, but there is the side that I want to thank God for, and that is the side that this is still America with justice loving people everywhere trying to lend a hand to those who need help and to see that justice is meted out. And among the nisei themselves we have those that will gladly take "the hard way."

Sincerely,

James Sugioka

Letter to Dr. Balderston
from Mary Sonoda

May 5, 1943

The hostel has been filled to overflowing ever since ^{it} have been in Chicago. For a time, the hostellers were mostly men but lately there have been a considerable increase in the number of women and families. The Nakanes and Takahashis are still there. We have had difficulty in not having enough room at the hostel to accomodate all those who arrive. The Brethern have been very cooperative and assist us whenever they can by taking in some of our people, but, they, too, usually have a capacity crowd. Some of the evacuees who arrived on hostel invitations have recently been put up at "Y" hotels and downtown hotels. This arrangement has a distinct disadvantage in that the evacuees invariably become extremely lonely and feel a great sense of insecurity. At our staff meeting this morning, this question was discussed, and it was decided that Bob and Garry Fort would make a special effort to call on these people at these hotels to make them feel that the Friends are still definitely interested in them even though we were unable to accomodate them at the hostel.

I am afraid that thereafter people are going to be asked to wait for quite a long spell if they wish hostel accomodations. We have over 700 applications to date, and they are going to take them in order. It tis probable that many of them will prefer to ~~move much faster than~~ make their own housing arrangements, in which case the schedule will move much faster than we anticipate. Housing is critical. People have a difficult time trying to find apartments and rooms for rent. Trying to locate vacancies is not the only problem -- being accepted is another snag. However, all those who have come to Chicago have made housing arrangements of one kind or another. Chicago is reported to be 99.7% full as far as housing is concerned so one can see what he is up against when he begins on a "house hunt". Unfurnished apartments are more plentiful than those that are furnished. Evacuees will have to forget that Chicago is not a new city like Los Angeles, they will need to come prepared to find a little grime, coal dust, and smoke. Buildings will not be new and shiny -- at least ~~that~~ in the moderate rent range. People should not be discouraged when they have received hostel invitations and find that the hostel is full when they arrive. We will always accomodate them somewhere. They need to realize that it is a bit task to keep the hostel full at all times to help meet expenses and at the same time make reservations for new guests. It is impossible to leave a room unoccupied for a week to accomodate one invited guest. People are served as they come. Once they do become a guest of the hotel, they usually remain until he or she has found permanent housing elsewhere. People are never asked or forced to leave the hostel. This is another complicating factor; if we could set the date for an evacuee's arrival at the hostel and also determine his departure date, then life would not be so difficult. But since this cannot be done, it becomes necessary for us to ask some people to go to another place upon their arrival.

People pay about \$6.50 per week for a two room furnished apartment in a fairly decent district. Allyce Hirabayashi and Alice Maeda have a nice one near the Bretheren's Hostel. It is on the second floor. They have a small new gas range and a good sized electric refrigerator besides a bed, dresser, table and chairs. Each girl pays \$3.25 per week. They figure on spending about \$10.00 per month per girl for week. Food prices are much more reasonable than I anticipated. The abundance of fresh vegetables and the variety is amazing.

I live at the Eleanor Club No. 5 which is located on the west side.

I pay \$1.00 per day for room and two meals a day. I also have maid service. I do not think that one can manage all this for \$1.00 unless one lives in a place like this club which houses thousands of working girls in this city. We have nice living rooms, piano, etc. It is very similar to the International Houses. No doubt you know all about this organization. Peal and I will be sharing a room together. Living only two miles from the Loop and only one third of a block from the elevated street car, and across the street from the bus line is a distinct advantage. Now, I must work on Louise. I am the only Japanese here at present. I hope they will not object to having three of us here. The residents and the staff are wonderful to me. They go out of their way to be nice to me -- I wish they would not overdo it but I am grateful for their kindness. In fact, I have had no time for anything since I have moved there -- I am constantly being entertained by one person or another. It is fun -- but I do not get any letters written.

It is my belief that the cost of living angle of relocation is being exaggerated. I am positive that by careful planning one can live decently for as low as \$85.00 or \$90.00. Perhaps, I am too optimistic, but I cannot say that I am at all skillful when it comes to living economically, and I know that my \$100 per month is going to be enough. Of course, if you buy clothes every other week, go to the hairdresser's on Saturday afternoons, then you will need more -- but I don't think how is the time for evacuees to be striving too hard for higher pay. The main emphasis should be placed on relocation -- and for that one does not need to wait for a "real good offer" to come along. So many of the people come to Chicago anticipating at least \$150.00 a month -- to those people, the salaries paid here prove an awful letdown."

The people in Chicago are extremely friendly. Even with the Tribune screaming awful headlines concerning the recent execution of American soldiers in Japan, people kept their "heads" On street cars, at stores, everywhere, one finds innumerable evidences of good will. On cars, soldiers stand up to give you seats (and this did not happen in Los Angeles during peace times --not often anyway). Some people go so far as to denounce California for the move that she made.

Poston seems to lag behind other centers in the number of evacuees relocating themselves in Chicago. Minidoka leads all the rest. Perhaps this is due to the ~~last~~ location of this city with respect to Idaho, I do not know. The Arkansas centers are "waking up" fast. Gila also seems to be doing all right.

MS

May 6, 1943

Letter to Tats Kushida from Kaz Nadaoka

Since I am settled down now, I am writing you a few lines to let you know how everything is panning out.

My train ride was very monotonous. At Ashfork I met Sam Furuta and his wife and baby. I reached Chicago on Friday morning and the first thing I did was to visit the American Friends Service office on Madison Street. There I met Mary Sonoda, who was Elvin's secretary, the bit cheese Mr. Morganroth, and Togo Tanaka who is taking care of housing. He said he will write to you in regards to a job offer for a farmer. You probably heard from him by this time.

I met Sam Furuta again at the WRA field office, and he was having a lousy time finding housinf for himself.

At the WRA field office I met Mr. Shirrell who, in my opinion, is not so hot. It seems that there is a lot of buck passing done in that office. He tells me that Poston doesn't seem to be up to par in getting applications in. Here I met Mine Yamamoto who is staying at the hostel. Also at this office is Marko Komatsuka working as secretary, and from Camp III Audrey Fujita. Ben Yoshioka doesn't seem to have any personality. I think the job's gone to his head.

Jobs are easy to get, but the main problem is housing. It's all right for a single man to come out to work, but a family man will have difficulty in getting relocated.

Cleveland is a dirty town and very sooty. The reason for this is that this city is highly industrialized and the smoke from the chimneys floats all over the city. The people, however, are very nice and I do not have any trouble anywhere. I can go eat anywhere without feeling conspicuous.

My work is a snap. I keep track of the time cards, hob cards and plan out the production schedule. There are four other Japanese fellows working in the plant. I make about \$48 a week; and my living costas are figured as follows: \$5 a week for room; \$10.50 for meals, and \$7 for incidentals. With taxes deducted I should be able to save about \$20 weekly. A single man by all means should get out and find a job. Rooms are available for them but housing is tighter than our clothing allowance.

At the Wra field office here I met Mr. Fistere, Mr. Fred Ross, Mr. Bean Takeda, and Mrs. Kunitani. I didn't get to see Mich as yet. These people seem to be doing a much finer job proportionately. As you know Chicago has about 18 working in the office whereas Cleveland has 6.

/s/ Kaz

Letter to Jimmy Yamada
from Mary Toyoda

May 15, 1943

Hi ya Jimmie,

Well, guess you've been wondering all about Springfield, how the people are treating us, and the usual stuff that an information scout would want to know. Is that it? To begin with, Springfield is like any other good sized town with its usual run of stores -- all kinds -- Sears, Monkeys, (sure sound familiar to me!) Kresses, Grants, Newberrries, Owl Drug, etc. The population here is about 65,000 or more, and for the amount of people here I'd say that the town was sure tacky. Looks like the city officials spend all their spare time with their feet propped on their desk, anyhow from the looks of the streets. Most of them are cobblestone, you know, in the gay 90's kind, and the whole town in general. The people here are very easy going -- just like the south, and you find that most of them are pretty slow thinkers and also a good bund of illiterates. Don't get me wrong, I'm not thinking that I'm so smart but about 60 miles from here there are the "Hills" where Tobacco Alley Folks live. You know them kind? I'm not kidding when I say that you really find them 'cause they're as true as can be.

They have two universities here. One is what they call Southwestern Missouri State Teachers College, and the other one is Drury, which is quite highly recommended by everyone here. They say that students from France and Europe came to study here at Drury. It is a very lovely looking campus, brick buildings with the loveliest leafy trees -- that's about the only thing really beautiful about this place anyhow. They also have Droughon's Business University which is an accredited school, and so far as getting an education is concerned, I'd say that this is an ideal place.

Living conditions here are high in some respects and low in others. You can get three garments dry cleaned for a dollar, but food prices are the same, the only difference being you never notice the shortage of meat, candy and rationed goods. Wages here aren't worth talking about. The highest paid laborers here get anywhere from \$12 to 25 dollars a week, which is really the most, so I'd say that if anyone were a money-monger this sin't the place to come.

As far as I'm concerned I'm only here for an education, only I didn't know it when I started out. My plans are going to Droughon's Business College and taking a stenographic course which will also give coaching for civil service, and then if it's possible and that things work out that way, I would be, or should say hope to go to Chicago. However, that's something that at the end of six months will tell! The people here know very little about Japanese, and therefore don't know very much about having lots of racial prejudice against the Japanese, but it's something like this -- what few there are here, they expect them to be just like the newspapers picture them, extreme slanted eyes, you know, lots of propaganda and stuff. When I was interviewed by Droughon's I felt like I was being cross-examined by a jury, and it was a most uncomfortable feeling. But they made it quite plain to me that if the pupils were going -- rather, I should say, that if there was going to be any friction among the students there just because they were enrolling me, they'd feel it best not to. They even talked to an attorney about it, and the attorney suggested that they talk to the students and explain my case to them so they'd understand. Wow! When the registrar told me that and asked me what I thought, I thought a plenty but must merely said that wouldn't it be better just to let me go in and act normal, as you were not judged by your face value, but by the way you acted.

Well, I knew that didn't set with him 'cause he said, "Well, how about getting up and giving them a few facts yourself?" I was sure getting peeved by that time, so I told him to go ahead and do anything he thought fit! Nrdifrd, I'm not ashamed of being Japanese and if they don't like me the way I am, I'm sure not going to let it bother me. This time I'm going to school to learn something and not for a lot of fun like I did back home.

The people here are friendly in the stores, and because they don't see very many Nihongenes, they look at you with great amazement and curiosity more than anything else, especially everytime I go down town. They're very religious-minded, more so than in California, and are willing to take take trouble to go out of their way to help you. This I'm saying with actual experience!

Lots of farming is done around here -- that is not farming, but lots of farms are here, if that makes sense. Most of them are cattle ranches with lots of pasture land, ideal places for just talking life easy. The grass is really green here as you may gather from the name of the county, "Green County". The soil is rich here and one can grow practically anything, but during the summer it gets so hot that if you irrigate anything you scald it. That's what they say, anyway. The weather is wet. We had five inches of rain in 48 hours so that gives you somewhat of an idea of what I mean. Let's see now -- am I getting everything you want to know -- that's about all I can think of. Only one more thing -- don't ever recommend Springfield for anything except for educational purposes, and if they have a huge sum of money that they'd like to start a farm raising dairy products and the like, it's o.k.

Now that I've that assignment over with, I'll act natural. Life here is nicer than being in camp, but I sure miss my friends. Of course my Aunt and I don't agree on lots of things now, such as my living amongst my own people, and she feels that perhaps my place is amongst the Caucasians. But being in her shoes, I can easily understand ~~how she feels~~ how she feels can't you? Here, there are no Japanese except for a few old couples that live a good ways out, and who've had chad children but have gone off and are married. I've been here almost a month, and I haven't seen one yet, which is quite sad when you get down to it. You know, there's a feeling that you get when one is with others of his kind that -- Well, just makes you feel good all over, but that feeling just doesn't seem to exist when you're the only odd being in the town and feel that no one has anything in common with you -- well, I can't quite explain it. nyhow, I'm quite -- in fact dreadfully lonely and will be glad when I start to school this Monday, and then pray that the six months will pass by so fast that I won't have to stay here. Even St. Louis would be better than here, but I've no kick coming even so.

Say, I feel like ducking. Another storm is brewing up and there was just an ear-breaking crash of thunder just then! In fact it's so dark that I have to have the light on again, and now it's starting to rain -- darn it. Guess that means another five successive days of downpouring again. Quite different from good old Poston. Noy, sure miss the old place. nyhow I really had some fun in spite of the rotten food that we had at times, and some of the spats Dusty Dorm had when it existed, and even the dust storms, nyhow it was good training for the soul, and wouldn't have traded the experience that I had there for any amount of money.

Sincerely, Mary Toyoda

May 21, 1943

Dear Tomoko,

This is really the first night I've had enough time to write decent letters and my stationary ran out so that's the reason for the "filched" stationary from the Morrison where we stayed the first night two weeks ago. That night we went up to the 45th floor and looked out onto Chicago with all its lights and out onto the lake. Sunday morning we looked out from our room on the 35th floor and saw -- and fell right back into bed after we saw -- tall, dirty, old buildings everywhere, and we could hardly see the Lake 3 blocks away. It was very disappointing, our first look at Chicago, but they say you get used to it.

It has rained every day since 2 weeks ago Saturday (tomorrow) and today and last Sunday were the only completely dry days. Last Sunday was perfect, but windy. We ate breakfast, read the papers and went out to Lake Michigan 3 blocks way. Grant Park is on the lake shore and is very well kept and beautiful with a museum, statues, bridle path and lilacs. The lake is bordered by Lake Shore Drive, then Michigan Boulevard, then a sidewalk and then down onto a wide walk lined with trees of all kinds and the water comes right up to the walk and is very deep.

Because of the Great Lakes Training School not far away, our district is full of naval uniforms, which are beautiful, and the WAVES are spic and span too. The district around the Lake seems to be the prettiest and cleanest.

On Wednesday night on our way to the Fourth Presbyterian Church on Lake Michigan Boulevard, we found a beautiful apartment. Let me tell you of it, we're so crazy about it, Masa and I. The apartment house was formerly a mansion. The room we will occupy was the dining room so it is on the main floor. The ceiling is 14 feet high with wood-work highly varnished and is of mahogany; a large wood-burning fireplace and steam heat; 4 windows 3/4 as high as the room looking out onto a quiet, wide street; twin beds, 4 overstuffed chairs, a rocker, a book case, dresser and end tables; window seats and oriental rugs. The kitchenette was the butler's pantry and runs the width of the room -- the room is a large as your former room (the conference room), through a little wider. The pantry is lined ceiling high with China cabinets and down below are silver drawers. It has a refrigerator and a range. The bathroom will be shared by an ensign and his wife down the hall, and there are 4 stories with a winding staircase down to the main floor. So the address on June 1 and after will be 1238-40 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

Our work isn't so interesting, but we are very green yet, so time will change us, no doubt. I work with Mrs. Fickenger, who is really wonderful. Tells me what stores to go to, where to go for shoes, where the ration board is, how our budget is coming along, etc., a real help to us. Mr. Fickenger is really wonderful too as are all the rest. Chicago is a very dirty, crowded city, but the people are truly sincere in their kindness toward us. Masa and I haven't run into any unpleasantness at all. In fact, the people on our street, in church, in the groceries, in the department stores, on the street cars, at the apartments we've looked at, in the hotels, in the movies, in the restaurants -- all of them have made us feel we are welcome. They don't stare at us, but rather smile and sometimes say hello when we just pass them. Scared as I was of how people might react to us, I'm not exaggerating when I say that we're not conspicuous and the people treat us as we are -- Americans.

There are lots of stores around and two dime stores are handy to us every day. Things are plentiful here -- canned tuna, salmon (fresh and canned) hot plates, irons, soap, clothes, candy, accessory shops. Anything.

Poston -- old, dusty Poston -- but how I miss you! We've been busy looking for apartments, trying to find our way around in the rain, shopping, etc., but we always quiet down at night and feel lonely for ~~f~~our friends whom we hope to see again.

Would you consider coming out on a domestic job here if it paid well enough? I want you out here so much. Think it over and I'll send you the paper if you wish.

It's 11:15 p.m. and tomorrow's a full day and then Sunday! Mr. Head came in today on his way to Washington. Says he'll stop in on his way back again. What about this rumor of relocation centers being abandoned? Tell me all you can, hust as I have tried to, about yourself mostly, your friends, what's going on in Poston, what Teye, Ruthie and Hide are doing, etc., because I'm so darned homesick.

/s/ May

May 31, 1943

Dear Mr. Zimmerman:

It has been exactly one week and three days that we have experienced the big city life of Detroit. Each day brings home new experiences and new pleasures which we relate around the dinner table at night.

Starting today, you will be interested to know that I have obtained a reinstatement of my Federal Civil Service and am working for the War Department, Tank Automotive Center, in the Union Guardian Building. I am so happy and thrilled working again in an office. I am classified as CAF 3. We work from 8:30 to 5:15 with 45 minutes for lunch. The Penobscot Building where the WRA office is located is just one block from here so I go there quite often and make myself feel at home. In fact I believe I'll take some sandwiches there and eat at noon because the restaurants are so congested around dinner time.

After arriving here we stayed in a hotel for one week and then moved to the above address which is a rooming house run by Jack Shimoda, a restaurant owner who has been here for two years. He is trying to help the evacuees find temporary housing at his place until they can find a house. It feels so good to do your own cooking again.

In passing Kalamazoo and looking at it from the train, we thought it looked like a swell little city. Everywhere we go people are so pleasant and nice. We feel so much at home and live it here. Things are green after the recent rains, but most of the people are complaining that their Victory gardens are beginning to get washed away.

There are so many jobs. After being out, we wonder how people can stay in the camps--that is, there is so much to do and so many people idle ~~in~~ there.

We stopped in Granada 3 days to visit our folks enroute and it was quite windy and dusty there. We enjoyed seeing our nephew who had grown so big and do hope it will not be long before everyone can come out.

Sincerely yours,

/s/ Gladys Onoye

253 E. Forest Ave.
Detroit, Michigan

[May, 1943?]

Dear Jim:

I'm sorry for not having ~~were~~ written to you sooner. Return to campus was quite a whirlwind campaign and I'm finally settled. The trip across the country took 6 days, which was longer than I expected. and the train ride got rather boring near the end. It was just my luck to get into town when not a soul was stirring -- a very ungodly hour of 2 a.m. I went into a local diner three times to eat my breakfast.

The fellows greeted me in a very friendly manner. I thought they had been coached, until my few weeks' stay showed me the geniality was spontaneous and sincere. Frankly, the campus and facilities were a pleasant surprise. The library and the college building were both built as recently as '40 and the campus is reminiscent of Tilden Park with a forest behind the campus proper. Competition is something terrific -- and it wasn't surprising when I discovered 3/4 of the student body are receiving one kind of scholarship or other. One fellow is receiving so much, he's sending money home to his parents.

I went to New York a couple of weeks ago to speak at a forum. I was so interested in seeing the town, I almost forgot my main reason for going. I only saw a panorama of the city from atop the Rockefeller Center and a tour of radio city itself. Took the wrong subway and almost went to Long Island but I got off by instinct 2 blocks from the tube.

As for tolerance and such stuff, I think there's a bit more friendliness. Possibly because there are so many immigrants from Europe who are less competent in their American ways as the majority are on the West coast.

So far I haven't met that so called conservative and high-minded element in school that the East is reputedly noted for. the fellows are just as regular and enjoys as much cutting around as any bunch I've seen anywhere. Occasionally we have had snow-fights between the dormitories and it isn't infrequent that a window or to is broken. When I first came, I was thrown in the bath tub, clothes and all, in what was known as "whisking"; now that I've gotten my baptismal share, I'm dishing it out too.

My gal sent me up a copy of the "Trek" the other day and I got a kick out of the story "The Dance They Saved for John". It reminded me of the experience I had back at California. Now, I think I'm getting along much better. I've gone to all the main dances, asked a girl for a date to a show (she consented), and now I'm after a date for a dance. I'm really beginning to think what a sap I was to have let a lot of such opportunities go in the past.

In debating, we went to Princeton the other week; the week before my colleague and I went Rhode Island U. It's one sure way of making friends.

Some of the corny sayings they sling around here are such lines as "Yo ho, the way to go!" "Just got to do it" -- which reminds me of some little thing for tomorrow's class.

'Til later,
Sincerely,
Ben

Chicago, Illinois

June 10, 1943

Dear Jimmy:

A few simple advice evacuees should be given, according to my observations, should be listed. First of all they should be told that all boxes and baggages must be tied up with a stout rope if they are to pass on the baggage train. It may mean a few dollars' saving for someone. I almost made the mistake of letting some of my things go untied. Someone called my attention to it before I left. They should also be warned that they may have to stay at Cadiz a couple of hours where it's real cool at night. An overcoat sure comes in handy; but the weather may have become much warmer since the day I left. Oh, yes, evacuees departing on the train should particularly in the matter of observing time. Time counts very much on the outside. When the train stops for 30 minutes, you can expect it to leave in half an hour. Did you hear that two of the girls who left on the train with us from Unit I got left behind at Albuquerque? No, sir. There's no dilly-dallying as in Poston, even though the trains are not always able to keep up to schedule.

Another discouraging thing is the fact that the majority of evacuees completely fail to understand the reality of a nation at war. "Time doesn't mean much to you and me, pal," says one simple-minded evacuee on the train to a soldier. "It does to me," snaps back the soldier, "I've got to catch a train." He was to transfer to another train at Chicago at a certain hour. Later, I heard him comment to his companion:

"These fellows who are getting out of a concentration camp will have to find out how far we've progressed in this war."

He's absolutely right, too. While Nisei have suffered because of the evacuation at the start of the war, the war spirit which gripped the nation later never did penetrate into the centers. There is a certain grimness and determination noticeable on the outside, and people don't go out to have a good time as in the old days. The populace in general seems to be held back as if by an invisible leash. There is a conscientious effort to conserve things, get more work done, and pitch in on the war effort. In contrast, the Nisei are easy-going and act as if on a lark, which I notice does not meet the approval of the people have been on the outside.

The point is: Nisei contemplating to leave the center should be made to realize that there is a war going on in which a spirit of determination and seriousness prevails. Unless Nisei face this reality and get into the same spirit, an evacuee is bound to create ill-feeling among a people who otherwise would have no prejudice against orientals.

Of course, my heart goes out to the evacuee who is trying to make an adjustment. It takes a great deal of courage to step back into a nation at war after having been conditioned to the deadening camp existence. I all too clearly understood the feeling of one of our group who expressed his intention of buying a return ticket and hopping on the first train back to Poston. His friends persuaded him against such cowardly action, but all of them admitted that they were taken somewhat back by the immensity of the city, rather the unfriendliness of cement skyscrapers in contrast to the easily understandable barracks, which feels like home.

However, within a couple of days, anyone can become used to the place, and the memory of the center slowly fades away so that one isn't any longer certain whether or not the camp was real or just a strange dream.

Housing accommodations aren't as difficult to obtain as one might have imagined from the center. There are plenty of rooms of all kinds available. However, if one's place of employment is in an out-of-the-way district where there are no bus lines or streetcar rails, it may be a little hard to get located.

I had several rooms to choose from, most of them being fairly close to my place of employment. Rates ran from \$3.50 to \$7.50. I'm paying \$5.50 weekly for a large room meant for two persons. It's run by a hakujin, a Mrs. Collins, who received me gladly when I went to the door. Neither the WRA or AFSC suggested trying this district, one block north of the river and two blocks west of Michigan Avenue. It's close to the loop and the business section of town, and much better than the places owned by Japanese which were recommended. (A fellow employee at ~~the first~~ Consolidated pointed the area for me, and I got the desired room at the first place I tried.)

For the time being, at least, Chicago, can absorb many more evacuees as far as housing availability is concerned. There aren't any high paying jobs, however. Many capable hakujin are getting along \$20 to \$30 weekly. There are many openings for menial work, such as, dish washing, waiting, etc. Of course, there is also a shortage for technically trained workers, particularly of a mechanical nature.

/s/ Isao

Nobu, Kaz, Michi and I went to visit the Shirrell's this evening since Nobu and Kaz wanted to visit with them during their visit in Chicago. We had phoned them and they were expecting us. It was pleasantly cool in their large house by contrast with the sticky heat outside. Mr. and Mrs. Shirrell sat with us in their parlor talking of friends from Tule Lake who are now in Chicago, of events back at Tule since the Shirrell's departure, of our respective experiences since our last meeting, and of the work down at the WRA office. Towards ten o'clock, Mrs. Shirrell called Ruth Young down from her room upstairs, and treated us to ice cream and cake as we continued our casual talk. It was after 11:00 when we left; everything considered a very pleasant evening.

The highlights of the conversation ~~was~~ are recorded.

Train Trip

Shirrell: Well, how did you get along with the people on the train?

Nobu: Oh, no. Everybody was very good to us. There were a lot of babies on our car, and there were two or three women sitting opposite us who were terribly curious to know whether we were Japanese or Chinese, but we didn't tell them. But we got along very well with everybody.

Shirrell: Well, that's the experience we've heard from almost everybody who's come out. When we came out, there were only a half dozen women on the car and the rest were a bunch of soldiers who were returning from somewhere out in the South Pacific, and anti-aircraft team, all of whom were being sent to an officer's training school for their commission. They were swell kids, the kind you'd find coming off any campus. When I told them of our work, they were very much interested in it all.

Mrs. Shirrell: Yes, they were so interested in what we were doing, and their attitude was that the Nisei had gotten a very tough deal. There was no antagonism whatsoever against the Japanese in this country, yet they'd been out there from shortly after Pearl Harbor fighting against the Japanese forces.

Shirrell: It seems that almost in all cases, the soldiers are among the most sympathetic Caucasians on the trains toward the evacuees. That's the report we get almost without exception. I'm glad to see that's so.

Michi: Why, yes, one would expect that if anyone is to be antagonistic, it would be the soldiers who have been fighting on the fronts against Japanese. One could understand if they're bitter against any Japanese, but it's remarkable that they're so sympathetic.

Domestic Work

Shirrell: Now that you're here, what do you plan to do? Did you see Miss Ross the day you were in our office? Did she find something for you?

Nobu: Yes, we saw her, but told her we'd come in on Monday after we'd rested and then could go over the openings with her. She said that would be all right, and also mentioned that there were a lot of domestic positions open. We thought we might look them over and then go out to interview some of these employers. You mentioned something about a position out in Winnetka in your letter?

Shirrell: Yes, this couple up there is badly in need of someone to help them out. The husband is a business man here, and the wife is quite prominent in the community there, so that they just have to have someone to look after their home. The secretary has called me several times inquiring about domestic workers, and she told me that if I couldn't find someone for them soon, she might have to go out there and work as a domestic herself. There's a very great demand for domestics now, and I'm sure you'll have no trouble finding something for yourselves. It's a good way to save money, and it's one way of solving the housing problem. When the kids come in asking about housing, I tell them that this is the way they can solve it. Why, there's nothing better for most of these kids. Generally, they get good accommodations instead of the dirty holes they have to live in if they stay around the city, and they couldn't possibly get any better food than if they were to work in one of these places. With food costs what they are now, domestic workers are pretty well off by comparison with most of us.

Nobu: Yes, we've noticed how high the food cost is out here. It makes us almost afraid to buy anything.

Shirrell: We had a call the other day from a couple out here in Oak Park who wanted a domestic worker. She was desperately in need of someone to help around the home---she has two children---and finally she asked us if we could at least find someone who'd stay in at nights and over the week ends just to look after the youngsters. Well, we had a girl in the office who was looking around for a place to live, and I thought she'd be just the person for the place so I suggested that she take the position. We got her placed out there, it was agreeable to her that she stay in and help watch the kids, and she's made out very well. The people are extremely nice to her, and they're pleased as anything about Miyako. Of course, I'm sure she helps around the home a lot. But the husband drives her into work every morning and lets her off right in front of the office so that she won't have to walk the extra four blocks from the El. And she worked it out with us so that she could come in a little late and stay later in the evening. You see, we've got to have a girl at the office who arrives at 8:00 in the morning and leaves a little early, and another who arrives just before 9:00 and stays after we close at five to get the evening mail off. Miyako took the hours from 9:00 and that gives her a chance to help with the dishes before she leaves in the morning. That girl is better off than if she were to be in some little room out here. She has a large room and a bathroom to herself, and the people treat her as if she were one of the family. She's just found another family to live with; it's like home to her. And they're pleased as anything about the arrangement, of course.

Shirrell: You remember Sally Ito, the girl who worked as head waitress in the Personnel Messhall at Tule?

Us: Sally Ito?

Mrs. Shirrell: Yes, she's Margie Ito's sister. She's much older than Margie. Margie's only nineteen or so, but this girl is about thirty-two or three, I imagine. She's a very nice girl.

Nobu: Oh, yes, I remember whom you mean now.

Shirrell: Well, the Cooks who have a large place in Evanston near the Lake were badly in need of someone to help around the house. Mrs. Cook has two children, and also a four months old baby, while her husband runs a factory of some sort in which the business has trip~~led~~ed and quadrupled since the war. Mr. Cook's been going crazy because of business wor~~ries~~ies, trying to keep things straight with all this rush; and Mrs. Cook has been having an awful time trying to keep their huge house under control with all these children to take care of. I think they lost their last worker because she went into defense work or something. Anyway, they wanted someone who could take care of the kids and help around the house. Well, it seemed to me that this was just the thing for Sally---I'd just had a letter from her asking for a place. So I wired her right away about this job, and we knew that the people were all right because we've had a chance to get to know them. Sally decided she'd try the position so she came out and went out there to Evanston. Well, the first two or three days she was out there, she really had a bad time of it. I wanted to know how she was getting along so I kept in touch with her, and for the first week or so she knew that she couldn't do the job. She'd never done anything like this before, the colored maid there told her how rowdy the youngsters were, and so~~m~~ on, and it seems she was terribly lonesome on top of that. I was afraid she might quit the job, but I told her to stay on and give the job a real try. Now, she's gotten herself adjusted to the position, Mrs. Cook told her that she should have Margie out to stay with her, and Sally's just getting along wonderfully out there. And as for the Cooks, they just think the world of Sally and Margie. Mrs. Cook told me the other day that of all the help they've had around their place, Sally is the first one who's been able to manage the youngsters. I think the difference is that she doesn't yell at them, so they mind her.

"I'm pretty sure the thing that clinched the thing for her when she was uncertain about staying on was that the Cooks told Sally she should have her brother stay with them when he came down from Minneapolis on furlough from the Army. Sally wanted him to stay downtown at some hotel, but the Cooks wouldn't think of it. They insisted that he should stay with them because it would give him a chance to be with Sally more, and it'd save him the expenses and all. That must have clinched it for her because she could see then that they were really fine people. The amusing thing is that when this soldier brother was around, the two kids just took to him, and they'd stick on his heels all day long. It wasn't only that he was a Nisei, but

the fact that he was a soldier in uniform must have really taken hold of their imagination. Anyway, they shadowed him all the while that he was around, and they just adored him. When Marjie came, the Cooks told her she could just stay with Sally because there's plenty of room at their place. But Marjie insisted that she should pay something for her room, so they charge her two dollars a week. Marjie told us that she was sure this didn't pay for her expenses, But really there's nothing for her to worry about because they've got an enormous house and the two girls have a lot of room in a part of the house that's set off a little from the rest, with a bathroom for themselves and all. Marjie's working as a clerk in some store near there in Evanston."

"There's a couple down in South Bend, the Flemings, who want someone to work for them. Did Miss Ross mention them?"

Nobu: No, I don't believe she did. Where is South Bend, is that far from here?

Shirrell: South Bend is in Indiana, about two hours ride by train from here. It's not very far, and it's a nice little town of about sixty thousand people. On one side you have the Dodge factory that's turning out parts for anti-aircraft guns, and the Studebaker factory is on the other end of town producing engines for bombers. The Flemings have a very nice place out there, and I'm sure they'd like to have someone like you there. The last couple they had was with them for thirteen years or so, but they quit to go into defense work, and now they want someone else.

"I must tell you about the South Bend situation. It's very interesting. When I got here in January, one of the things I heard was the very bad racial situation in Indiana. The Ku Klux Klan have been very active down there in the last several years, and we saw some of the extremely nasty articles that were coming out in the Indianapolis papers on the Japanese evacuees. One day when I was at the office very busy trying to get things started, I got a letter from a Mrs. Cunnard inquiring if she could get domestic help through us. I wrote her back immediately that we were trying to find employment for the evacuees, but that we'd heard unfavorable reports of Indiana and that we couldn't send anyone there until we'd done some work in that area. I sent her some of the quotations from their papers too to indicate what I meant. Very shortly we received another letter from Mrs. Cunnard pointing out that Indianapolis is way down at the other end of the state, while South Bend has had nothing to do with the sort of reports that were coming out down there. I was still skeptical, so I told her that it still didn't make any difference, that we'd have to have a field worker out there first before we'd consider any part of Indiana for resettlement. The next thing I knew, Mrs. Cunnard showed up at the office, and she wanted to know if I wouldn't come down there and meet the people to find out for myself what the situation was in South Bend. Well, just at that time we were only getting started here, I was trying to build up my staff and only had Miss Ross and Ben Yoshioka to

help me around the office. I was interviewing applicants for field work, and was sending them off to the relocation centers for two weeks to get a feel for the evacuation and the Japanese. Some of them had never seen a Japanese before, and most of them knew nothing about them, so they just had to have that minimal training. I told Mrs. Cunnard that it was impossible for me to get away for another six weeks, or to send anyone down to Indiana. After we'd discussed the problem for some time, she then put the proposition to me that she be permitted to do the work down in South Bend since we were so short of help around the office. Well, I saw no reason why she couldn't do the trick, so I told her to go ahead."

"Mrs. Cunnard went back to South Bend, and the first thing she did was to get about twenty of her friends who were interested in the problem together and began to tell them of our program. She's quite an influential woman down there, very charming and full of energy, and she did a marvelous piece of work. Anyway, she got quite a group interested, and, you see, Mrs. Fleming was one of those who attended that meeting. She had a couple working for her then, but she was interested in the thing, and now that she's lost her help she wants to get someone else."

"About a month later Mrs. Cunnard phoned me again and wanted to know when Mrs. Shirrell and I could come down there to stay over night to see how the situation had developed. She'd kept in touch with us, every now and then wanted to know something when she got stuck, and had become a regular field worker for us. I spoke to Mrs. Shirrell and we set a date to visit them."

"Mrs. Konnode (Cunnard?) has a very nice place down in South Bend, and had a very nice room for us. We met a lot of people there and found that Mrs. Konnode had done a very good job of advertizing our program. We talked things over and decided to send some couple interested in working as domestics to her place. Mrs. Konnode had done a lot for us and the evacuees, and we wanted to send someone who'd do a good job for them. Just about that time we got an inquiry from a couple down in Jerome, and since they had very good recommendations, we thought they might do. They were a young couple, the girl was a very pretty thing. But things didn't work out so well. The young man was all right, but the girl---well, she had no intention of working and all she did was to complain about her work. It seems she'd never worked for anyone else in her life, except in her father's restaurant or something of the kind, and she had no sense of responsibility toward her work. Mrs. Konnode did everything to make that couple happy. She owns a laundry that she inherited from her father, and she sent all her laundry out to this laundry company so the Nisei couple didn't have any of that to bother with. In fact, she even arranged to have the shirts and other laundry articles sent out for the couple so that they had no washing of their own to do. As far as conveniences went, they just had a wonderful set up."

"About a couple of weeks after we'd sent out these two kids to South Bend, the wife decided that she didn't want to stay there any longer and began to put pressure on her husband to get out of the job. Mrs. Konnode realized what was happening and she was extremely disappointed in the turn of affairs. After all she had gone all around South Bend telling the people what the evacuees were like and how they might help by trying to get positions for them, and it was terribly embarrassing to have her own workers, the first evacuees to come out to South Bend, let her down. I talked to the couple to try to impress them how important it was that they should stick it out at least for a while longer, ~~the~~ but there was nothing I could do with the girl. The husband wanted to stay on, and he felt pretty badly about his wife. He did everything he could do to make things work out. He'd work outside to take care of his job, and then work inside the house as well, while the wife just lay around doing nothing. The young fellow finally told Mrs. Konnode that he'd send his wife back to the center to her folks and he'd stay on to work for them. But Mrs. Konnode told him that wouldn't do, that since he was her husband, it was his duty to be with her."

"Our office then went to work to find some couple to replace the young people whom we'd first sent out. It happened that there was an Issei couple who had worked for some people of some influence in California, and this Caucasian employer wrote us inquiring if there weren't some means of getting these two out of Jerome where they were. He spoke very highly of them and seemed very anxious to do what he could for them. The Issei couple who were in their early fifties and had grown children had been farming for many years prior to the evacuation, but they had at one time done domestic work and they felt that this was the kind of work they wanted to return to now. It immediately occurred to me that this was the couple for Mrs. Konnode, but the one thing that made us hesitate was that Dr. Konnode is an outstanding pediatrician in South Bend with a considerable clientele, and anyone who works for him would have to speak English well enough to answer phone calls. We immediately wired down to Jerome to tell these people of this job, but we also inquired if they were able to handle English. We got a wire back right away, "Oh, yes, they could speak English quite well, and they wanted the position." We arranged for the transfer of this couple and had Miss Young go down to the station to meet them when they arrived. It's marvelous the way Miss Young describes how she met them, this couple who were exceptionally tall for Issei---the man was, I should say, pretty close to six feet tall, and the wife was a tall woman, too, both of them standing as straight as you please---and they came up to her, bowed and addressed her with the utmost reserve and courtesy, and spoke in beautiful English. We sent them off to Mrs. Konnode, and, as far as we know, things have gone along very well since. Mrs. Konnode just can't get over the courteousness of these people; she's extremely well pleased with them. And the couple seem quite happy with their position too. One of their sons is in college in Cincinnati, and they're pretty close to him so that the son can run over now and then to see them. Another son is in the army somewhere around here, and I think there's a daughter who's working out here somewhere. I think they'll get along."

Nobu: "I think that's wonderful. You remember Mr. Mitoma, the block manager of 13? I understand he went out to work as a domestic somewhere, with his wife. According to the story we heard, Mr. Mitoma decided that the life in the camp wasn't good for his son---you recall the tall gangly Mitoma boy that used to be in the rec. department---and I guess after the registration trouble he must have made up his mind to take the boy out at any cost. I believe he had gardening experience at one time, and both he and his wife spoke fairly good English, so they must be getting along all right. (Mr. Mitoma was one of the most prominent and respected leaders among Issei in Tule Lake. He was chairman of the Block Manager's Council, and was constantly being called upon to act in important capacities, though he frequently excused himself from these jobs on the grounds that his block manager position took up most of his time. As far as is known, he was operating a greenhouse and nursery prior to the outbreak of war.)

Shirrell: "You've heard of Mrs. Platt whose husband is a professor of geography at the University of Chicago, and who has been going around doing a lot of work to help the Japanese. She's a very unusual woman, very intelligent, full of interest in all kinds of people, and the kind who stands up and tells people exactly what she thinks on any issue. They have a large estate of about five or six acres with a big house and garden down near Lake Calumet, and the place is just always open to anyone interesting who wants to visit them. The place is just constantly filled with people of all nationalities and professions. She's visited several centers and has been helping to promote public relations in this city. She felt that she'd like to have a hostess to look after her home, that is, direct it while she's away, so she asked us for someone mature enough to direct things around there and keep things under control while Mr. Platt and she are away on one of their frequent trips away from Chicago. It just happened that a Mrs. Izumi dropped into the office about that time asking for a position. She had come out from Topaz, she'd originally lived in San Francisco, and had brought three daughters with her. She must have been pretty close to fifty, probably an Issei, but she spoke beautiful English and seemed very intelligent. We decided that she was just the person to act as hostess at Mrs. Platt's home, and we arranged the position for her. She and Mrs. Platt get along like sisters, they just talk the same language and understand each other as if they'd been old friends."

Counselling of Resettlers

Shirrell: Frank, I want to speak to you about establishing some kind of counselling program. You know Yatabe, and this young Takahashi fellow? They came around with some idea of starting an integration program. When I went down to speak at a luncheon at the University not so long ago, I met Hayakawa, this young fellow who is at the Illinois Institute. He's a remarkable young man, very well thought of around here, and nationally famous, as a matter of fact. We'd been having a lot of trouble with these zoot-suit boys and some of the others who have been coming into

Chicago with no conception of their problems of adjustment here. In talking to Hayakawa and with some of the others at the luncheon, we came to the conclusion that some kind of counselling program is necessary among the Nisei and the resettlers. I've come to the conclusion that it's not something that the W.R.A. can handle as an official function, but this matter of integration has to come from the people themselves, or the members of their own group. It won't do any good for me to tell these kids how they should behave; they only look at me with a look as if to say, "What does this antiquated bird know anything about what we should do." The counselling has to be done by members of their own group if it's to be effective. I'm going away to Washington for a few days next week, but when I come back I want to get a group of say fifteen people, including fellows like you and Shibutani, Hayakawa, and Yatabe and Takahashi, together with some men like Redfield and Wirth, to talk things over. I wish you'd think this over and talk to Shibutani about it.

Zoot-Suiters

Shirrell: "I can't understand how these young kids can come out of the centers dogged out as they are in these long coats, narrow trousers that fit tightly around the ankles, and long chains that almost drag the ground. The other day Tom Holland and I were sitting in the office when six of these fellows walked into the office. They were trying to get a job and they were terribly anxious to see me. I told them to come into my office one at a time so that I might talk to them. Well, the first one came in and he had one of these funny looking suits on. He told me that he was trying to get a job, so I told him, "Young fellow, first of all I want to ask you if you think those clothes are appropriate around here. After all, you're out looking for a job, and as sure as anything no employer is going to appreciate that kind of an outfit. I gave that young fellow quite a talk about appearances, but it didn't seem to phase him a bit. Well, by the same the second one came through the door, Holland practically blew up. This one had one of those long hair cuts, and his hair was piled up on top in beautiful curls as if he had a coiffure of a Geisha girl or something. It was just piled on top of his head. And a black silk shirt, with a bright tie, and a zoot suit just like the other fellow. It was more than Holland could bear to look at it, and he just went right after that fellow. But those young boys---they were mostly about nineteen or twenty---just didn't seem to be bothered with what we had to say at all. We were just two old fellows way behind the times as far as they were concerned.

Their trouble was that they'd had a job, but now they wanted another one. All six of them had been working in restaurants; I don't know what they'd been doing, but they'd been working. But they found out they could get a defense job at better pay, so one day they all quit their jobs and applied for this other position. But the employer of the defense industry asked them for their releases from their first job, and they didn't have it. They'd just walked out without having said anything to their bosses. It had never occurred to them that they'd have to have a release from

their restaurant jobs.....they'd never heard of such a thing.... and this request put a crimp into their plans. So they came running up to the WRA office to ask our help in getting their releases for them. Those boys wanted me to telephone the restaurant operators for their releases. I told them I'd do nothing of the kind, that we'd got the job for them and weren't intending to look out for them every time they got tired of what they were doing. I told them to go back to their restaurant employers and ask for the releases themselves, or to take a thirty day lay-off before going on another job. They didn't have any money to take a thirty day lay-off, and wanted us to support them in the meantime, but I told them they were on their own and they'd have to look out for themselves."

Mrs. Shirrell: Well, I think it's understandable why these young boys want to wear these zoot suits as funny looking as they are. Lots of them never have had anything, they've been on farms all their lives and haven't ever learned how to make any impression on others except by adopting some extreme form of behavior.

Mr. Shirrell: Well, I don't know what I'm going to do with them. They're just utterly irresponsible, and all they're doing is hurting the whole resettlement program and the rest of the evacuees who are coming out here. I hope that something like the counseling program will help to solve that problem.

"Some of the girls are just as bad as the zoot suit boys. We've had one girl, she's from Tule Lake, who's been a headache for us ever since she got here. (I asked who she was, and though Shirrell hesitated, Miss Young replied, "Her name is Hisaye Miyake." Nobu remarked that she was the girl called "Sae" who had hung around the post office all the time and talked to the soldiers there, and also got into trouble because of her affairs with the Caucasian soldiers among the MP's. Ruth Young then realized for the first time the association between the nickname and this girl, and recalled all the stories she'd heard at Tule about her interest and affairs with the soldiers.) It seems that she was a problem to the Miyake family all along while she was at Tule Lake, and when her older sister came out, they sent this girl, Hisaye, along with her to get her away from the camp. But ever since she's been out here, she's been going wild, and the sister has been completely unable to control her. It was at her request that we decided to send her back to Tule, but I'm not sure just now how we're going to do it. We can't send her back along, that's certain; she'll never reach Tule Lake if we send her on her own. I told the girl that we were going to send her back under military escort, and her eyes lighted up as if this were going to be another adventure. I assured her immediately that it wouldn't be a soldier but probably Mrs. Zimmer. We'll have to have someone to meet her at Reno."

Michi: "I don't see why the projects let out anyone like that. They should control the problems back there, especially if they know the history of the person."

Nobu: "Yes, I can't understand how she ever got out of Tule Lake. I remember that when she was making an application for leave, her case was sent to our office. I was working in Social Welfare then. Miss Montgomery asked us if we knew anything about her, and I'd known about her since I'd been working at the post office when she was carrying on with all the soldiers down there. We sent in a recommendation that she not be released, but apparently let her go in spite of the recommendation. I should think they'd be a little more careful how they'd select those who leave the projects. One person who makes an unfavorable impression like that could over balance all the good that sixty others might do."

Ruth Young: "I'd say more than that. One person who gets into trouble can do more harm than all the good hundreds of others do."

Kaz: "Yes, they should catch 'em before they get out. They know back there what kind of fellows they are."

Shirrell: "There was the other case too; what was the name of the two girls we had so much trouble with a few months ago? Matsushita? The Matsushita girls had gotten their releases; one was sent to Des Moines to work in a home, and the other went to Rochester, Minnesota, also to work in a home. Well, about two or three days after they'd started work, ~~one~~ the girl in Rochester told her lady, her boss, that she had to go down to Des Moines because her sister down there was sick and needed her. At the same time, the girl in Des Moines told her lady that she had to visit her sister in Rochester because her sister was ill. We didn't know about all this until the F.B.I. became interested in the case. It seems that instead of leaving Rochester, the older Matsushita girl stuck around the town. Rochester is just a small place, all it has is the Mayo Clinic and a few other things, and everyone knows each other pretty well. The Matsushita girl just had the town in an uproar by the end of the week, and that was how the F.B.I. got wind of the problem. One of their men walked into my office one day and wanted to know where the two girls were---they weren't in Des Moines nor in Rochester. I got on the telephone right away and talked to the woman in Des Moines, and then to the one in Rochester. Both of them gave the same story, that the girl she'd had working for her had left to visit her sick sister. But we couldn't find any trace of them. Well, the F.B.I. kept after me to locate the girls, and Washington was pretty anxious to get trace of them, but I wouldn't have known where to look for them. In the midst of all this, what should happen, but the younger sister, the one who had been in Des Moines, walks right into our office. I had her sent right in."

"The girl came in and told me that her name was Elsie Matsushita. I said I remembered her and asked her what she wanted. She said she wanted a job, so I asked her what she'd done with the job in Des Moines, and what was she doing here in Chicago. Then she gave me a story that her boss in Des Moines had fired her and that she had come to Chicago to look for a job. I told her that her story wasn't true, and gave her the information as I'd gotten it. I said, "You weren't fired, you quit without even telling your boss that you weren't returning, and left on the pretext that

your sister in Rochester was sick and needed you." She admitted this, but without even blinking an eye over her lie, and just picked up with her story where I left off. I then told her that she should have known the W.R.A. office wasn't going to look after her all the time, and that after the first job, she was on her own to look for employment herself. I asked her where her sister was, and she said she didn't know. Then I told her she'd better find out and find out quick because the F.B.I. and the Washington office were demanding to know both their addresses in twenty-four hours. Well, the next day she turned up again and said that her sister could be reached at "General Delivery, Spokane, Washington." I said, "You knew your sister's address yesterday, didn't you, when you said you didn't know it. You knew that address ~~the address~~ that would reach her; you couldn't possibly have found out about it overnight; but you wouldn't tell us." She admitted she had lied to us, but it didn't seem to bother her at all. She seemed to think nothing of telling one lie after another. I warned her that hereafter she and her sister had better keep our office informed every time they change address or I'd have the F.B.I. after her and said them right back to Tule Lake. At least they've been pretty good about keeping us informed since then."

Ruth Young: Those three girls are the only ones we've had trouble with who came from Tule Lake. Most of them have been very good.

Shirrell: Some centers have sent us very good people, but others haven't done as well. The Arkansas centers have sent us some pretty bad ones. (Shaking his head) We've had some headaches from them. We had a couple of difficult cases from Minidoka. They were two boys, one was an Alaska-Indian Japanese and the other a Hawaiian Japanese. Miss Young has been having a terrible time with them ever since they arrived. One of the young Nisei girls in our office from Minidoka came up to me and said that those boys weren't typical of the ones in Minidoka, that they were something of outcasts there too and that I shouldn't judge Minidoka people by them. I suppose she wanted to explain Minidoka to me. In any case, when they turned up here, we sent them out to the Hyde Park YMCA. We'd had a little difficulty cracking the YMCA down there although we'd got along very well with the other branches, and this was the first offer of any kind that had come from them. Those two boys went down there and just made a mess of the situation. They were to work in the kitchen as dishwashers or busboys or something. But the first day that they turned up for work, one of the fellows carried a bottle in his hip pocket, right out in the open where anyone could see it, and they were in no condition to start work. We've been having all kinds of difficulties with them.

Merchant Marines

"You remember those Santa Anita boys that we had at Tule Lake with whom we had so much trouble. I used to shudder everytime they turned up at my office. They were arrogant, they had no manners, and although they wanted to get out of the center very badly, they

were doing everything that would keep them in from the standpoint of their conduct. Well, the other day they came through here on the way to the East Coast where they said they were going to join the Merchant Marine. That was what they had wanted to do all along. I don't know why, but they stuck around here for two days. And when they came to our office, although Miss Young and I never had anything but a lot of trouble with those fellows, they were as glad as anything to see us. It was as if we were their long lost friends. Finally, after about two or three days when we thought we were never going to get rid of them, they came in and said they were on their way to New York. I told them we certainly didn't want them here, and I also mentioned that they weren't going into a soft job. I asked one of the fellows, "Do you know how to swim?" At first he didn't understand me, and then remarked that they all knew how to swim all right. "Well," I said, "You'll want to know how to swim when you get out there on the ocean. I understand some Nisei have already been killed in the Merchant Marines." That didn't seem to phase them at all; what they wanted was to be back on board ships. Tom Holland told me that some Nisei in the merchant marines had gone down though I don't know how true that is.

Detroit Race Riots

(I asked Mr. Shirrell whether he knew about the Nisei who had been caught in the race riots in Detroit the story about which Togo had told us. He asked me whether the story was widespread and of how it was being told. So I told it as I'd heard it from Togo.)

Shirrell: I guess they're telling the same story yet. That sort of thing is bad. The hostility towards the Negro could very easily be shifted to the evacuees. Besides, if the newspapers get some evacuees tied up in the thing, they'll naturally play ~~back~~ up the possibility of their role as saboteurs.

Myself: I understand that the FBI had now been put on the job of uncovering the source of race hostilities, and that there is some indication of the possible connection of the Ku Klux Klan and some other similar organizations in stirring up race hatreds.

Shirrell: That's very possible. The Ku Klux Klan has been most active in Indiana during the recent years, more so than in the South. The Anti-Catholic, Anti-Jewish, Anti-Negro philosophy that characterizes the KKK has gained some prominence in those areas. But I think the main source of the difficulty there is the crowding together of workers, especially of Southern Negroes who have migrated northward under the impulse of a booming war industry with the so-called Southern white trash who've also moved northward in great numbers.

Negro-Japanese Relations in Chicago

Shirrell: When we first came in here in the early part of the year, we had some problems with the Negroes of the city. They were a little

afraid that the competition from incoming Nisei wouldn't be good for them. Do you know this fellow Adams, a Negro chap, who works under Spencer, the former Dean of the B.A. school at Chicago? Adams is a marvelous man, very intelligent and energetic. Spencer told me that Adams knew more about the race relations problems of this area than anyone he knew, and that's why they have him in the War Manpower Comm. office. I talked to Adams about the situation with the Negroes, and it was decided that we should have a meeting with a small group of their leaders down there. We held that meeting, and there was considerable understanding of the problem that was confronting us. Those leaders were very intelligent men. They suggested that a meeting of a larger group of representative Negroes should be held to explain our program to them. At this second meeting there was a considerable attendance; there were men from the unions and those who represented other Negro organizations. I spoke to them, they understood what we were doing and was sympathetic, and we've had no trouble with them since.

We had some difficulty with the Laundry Men's Union which is largely composed of Negroes since they've gone into that trade in large numbers. For a long time they decided against having anything to do with evacuees, and we just weren't getting anywhere with that organization. Finally I called in Adams one day and told him of our difficulty. He said, "I see no reason why evacuees shouldn't have that field opened to them, and they'll open up or I'll know the reason why." In about a week we heard that the Laundry Union had passed a resolution to give membership in the union to evacuees.

(It was getting late and we decided that we should take our departure. At the door Mr. Shirrell remarked about his relations to Hayes, a subject that came up in the course of conversation about some of our friends in this area.)

Shirrell: Coffee Oshima says to me the other day, 'How is your daughter, Mrs. Hayes, getting along.' I asked him, 'Are you one of those who's still passing around that rumor about Joe Hayes being my son-in-law?' I don't know how such talk gets around but it certainly goes the rounds. Chester Ugi asked Mrs. Shirrell the same thing. I don't know why people persist in such talk. The first time I ever saw Joe Hayes was after I got up to Tule Lake.

August 1, 1943

Dear Tats:

From August 5th I will be located at the above address. It's 30 miles west of Chicago and takes one hour ride into town. I came here from Columbus for the weekend trip and to see the place. I will be second cook -- cook breakfast alone and then assist lunch and dinner, room and board, laundry and free medical care. The salary is \$75; I have some possibility of making extra money by giving manicures to the patients and nurses.

The reason I am leaving Columbus is that I feel the case is hopeless. I have waited two weeks and the action is too slow; the manager of the shop has my booth, etc. all prepared. One week of vacation was grand, but, when the second week rolled around, it's unbearable.

You can realize the expenses I have to make. I do hope the WRA will pay for the days I loafed. I referred the matter to Mr. Dakon.

The local WRA stated that I could leave for Naperville; however, they will put my case thru for cosmetology license. The exclusive residential shop here does not compare with California's or even Ohashi's of San Diego. Not only that, but my fiance is working at the Naperville's sanatorium, as landscape gardener and receives \$100 a month. Shortly we will be married, so in a long run it's better for me to work here instead at Columbus.

One of my sisters who is working in wholesale firm makes over \$100 per month; the only thing she saves is war bonds. Otherwise she doesn't have anything left. She certainly doesn't live extravagantly; everything is budgeted. So you can see that \$75 per month which I will earn is purely saving with the exemption of income tax.

Could you find perhaps two girls who would be interested in doing pantry work at the sanatorium? Duty: prepare trays (set) for patients, dish food and sometimes serve -- usually the nurse assists -- wash patients' dishes in dish washer, little dusting on one of the worker's day off; two or three hours free in afternoon. I believe the hour is from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. At least that's my hour; I have free time too. Salary is \$55 with room and board, laundry and free medical attention. We all have to have medical exams and X-ray taken. One girl for women's cottage and other for men's -- same type of work. Patients, nurses, superintendent, workers are all nice. This place is like country -- large grounds, trees, etc..... wealthy people cater here. In a room where 5 patients sleep one pays \$30 week; you can imagine what the private room would cost.

Besides my fiance, there's a gardener from Gila and another one is coming from Gila in assisting kitchen work.

I have interviewed the superintendent, Miss Kate Mackenzie, R.N. and she's really lovely. He is very much satisfied with nisei workers. In fact, she wrote a letter to Manzanar Project Director about my fiance's work, very commendable letter.

Tats, would you be so kind enough to see if you could get 2 girlsdo advertise thru employment sheet. Miss Mackenzie is willing to pay telegram. The Chicago office: 3435 Dearborn Street. Miss Mackenzie would appreciate your direct contact to the sanatorium in Naperville.

In the meantime I am trying to see if the two girls at Columbus would consider the job. I have my doubts. If I find girls I will wire you.

Last Sunday, Professor and Mrs. Charles Blackman of Ohio State University were hosts at pot-lunch in honor of my arrival in Columbus. I'm the 38th evacuee there. The first night Lwyer Torn and Mrs. Okawara came to call on me. At the supper there were 38 Caucasians and evacuees, CIO leader of the state, news correspondent, University professors, Mr. and Mrs. Dakon. We had a wonderful time singing, playing games, etc.

Okawara has been here over one year and bought a home near campus -- retired too. His youngest child, 18 years, graduated high school. His daughter is the only nisei at Ohio State University. This university does not accept nisei from relocation camps.

In Columbus one meets nice people ----Chicago will have or having problems now. Most of the firm use this slogan "Six weeks Jap" ---majority work six weeks and quit either the boss cuts their salary or they do not receive the stated salary when they apply for job, or some do not know about unions. I understand the fault is with the employer. They do not pay the quoted salary which one finds on employment sheet in camps.

I do not have the fear of losing job as I thought about it before leaving the camp. To be out of barbed wire fence is a grand feeling.

Poston I's evacuees, Kathryn Kobashi, formerly blk. 44 resident and nurse aide at hospital, and who came out here on domestic work was married last week to Ralph Murata, Poston I too. I presume you saw the picture and article by now. Two other newspapers had their marriage news -- very favorable.

There's a long story about their picture. Someone from somewhere found about Kate and Ralph's marriage. Only Okawara's witnessed it. The press went after the ceremony to the church to take their picture. By that time they went to their apartment -- press followed. They couldn't find them at home as they went out to dinner. Later they returned and commenced cleaning house, etc. The press appeared again. So they immediately changed their clothes to pose. Pretty good, eh?

Any beauty operator who leaves for such work should make the WRA check about their license before departing. I really lost interest. The Ohio board promised that I could work on temporary license and when I reached there, they changed their plans.

Apartments are expensive and food too. I haven't found anything cheap as reported. Cheap food is not worth spending money. There are

of fellows in Chicago-- perhaps in 5; two work for awhile and make the living for 5; then if these two get tired working other fellows work. Just like Philipino style. That's why I am keeping out of Chicago.

Don't work too hard and don't encourage everyone to go out with high hopes. Good thing I came out with expecting some discouragements.

Always,

/s/ Chiduyo Imoto

c/o Edward Sanatorium
Naperville, Illinois

(CONFIDENTIAL)

(COPY)

519-D, Tule Lake

Oct. 18, 1943

Dear Margie & Abe:

Look who the H--- writing a letter? Yes, you guessed it, probably. The lord and master of a "cubby hole", 519-D, a proud papa of a yumping infant and a gentleman to be.

I say Abe, when are you going to become a papa to a little Margie or are you still an expectant father? You know I can very well afford to sound off after having a "boy" but I must confess, frankly, I didn't give a darn boy or girl while Lil was in the hospital. Lil and baby is due to return from the hospital on the coming Thursday. In the mean time I'll be pretty busy loafing in real Tule Lake fashion. Sleep 'til noon, leaving all household chores to my mother next door, etc. Boy whatta life! but until this Thursday.

Incidentally, I have a batch of pamphlets about how and what to do with Mrs. and baby. Do you have ample supply of them there? I just got through "Prenatal Care" so you see I have a lot to study yet. Yes, I'm acquiring quite a lot of new vocabulary. Well, Morris, I hope you have a good-looking gentleman to be. I understand you have less number of diapers to wash, then. Why?

The life in the Tule Lake have drastically changed as you know. Not merely the changes in the individuals alone but in all other respects. Father Dai made a remark over a cup of coffee last night that he rarely sees real genuine smile and laughter any more. How true!! People here are extremely Japanesy! with stiff stoical faces and long "aisatsu". Then to the feeling of

"what the hell and devil may care" attitude seem to permeate the whole camp atmosphere. Few days ago a bunch of rowdies busted every windows in the canteen book store to emphasize their disapproval of seeing American magazines there. Then another kibei fellow slapped a nisei girl receptionist at the Housing Dept. and threw an ink bottle at her to boot. Some one hoisted a Japanese flag over the 41 canteen. Right now the camp is in a uproar because twenty odd farmers got hurt seriously in an auto accident. As a matter of fact a young 18 years old driver was having a good time racing and passing trucks on his way back from the farm and his truck with those twenty and some unlucky passengers turned over. Yet the people here are calling for Spanish Consul to demand all sorts of things instead of looking at themselves. I think that this camp will have lots of bloody incidents in the near future and the worst part is that the soldiers stationed here are really itching to come in and tear around if they have a chance and I suppose some applies to some of this blood thirsty Jap here.

Well, I'll be heading to Minidoka just as soon as Lil would be O.K. to travel in few weeks.

Do write a letter, if you care.

Good Luck,

/s/ Tom Uyeno

(COPY)

Letter to Tom Okabe from Tule Lake

About Nov. 5, 1943

.....Say! all this about our baby reminds me something. When are you going to have one for yourself? Be sure to let us know, Thomas, you aint a man unless you can please a mama and a baby at some time. It seems like I have just begin to live so called married life.

Now I should write something of this Tule Center. It surely is not the same camp no matter where you're at in this camp. People here are living under a high tension or rather atmosphere in which some great tragedies and hardships are inevitable in near future. Let me explain.

After that tragic farm truck accident, the people here have taken attitude that since the W.R.A. is at fault in allowing such a reckless driver; hence, incompetence, let's get together and have a sweeping reforms once for all time to come. The people here reasoned that the primary reason for a sad state of affairs here is that the people had never displayed "Yamato Damashii" to the whites in control. So it is no wonder that the course of events in this camp have taken rather drastic manner. Immediately after the accident farm strike was called when harvesting of crop was at its height. And a community wide election of a negotiation committee took place. Then while the negotiation was under way rather slowly, the W.R.A. officials pulled a bad stunts that made the people here bailingly mad. The employment office went ahead and terminated all packing shed employees without explanation or notice. Terminated all strikers. Then recruited large number of "loyal" Japanese from

other centers and brought here to complete harvest under army guards. Started taking large quantities of food supplies from the warehouses here to feed the farm workers. So the people here seemed to have lost all good faith on the part of W.R.A. to conduct a negotiation accordingly in order to impress the W.R.A. that the people here really mean business and to share its solidarity behind the negotiation and to show our dissatisfaction, all the people in the center--about 15,000 marched over to the Ad Bldg. area for a mass demonstration. Boy! really all the Ja. here including women and children were down there. Of course, the army got excited and dragged out few tanks, armored cars, jeeps and posted machine guns around the fence and made ready to come in to the Project. And the young Ja. fellows led by kibeis and isseis guarded all exits facing the soldiers on guard. All the Caucasians here were packed in Ad. Bldgs--some forced and all doors were guarded by Ja. Dr. Petticord about whom vicious rumors are circulating, was dragged from his office and beaten up. For a while, the situation looked bad and I had almost anticipated some bloodshed but fortunately the W.R.A. did not call in the MP so nothing serious took place. I think the reason was that Mr. Myer, the national head of W.R.A. was here so that the director was not able to exercise his power in a way he might have done. Right now the negotiation is, I believe, still continuing.

Last night, there were some trouble in the warehouse area and this time the Army marched in. And they really mean business. This morning when lots of people started to go to work, soldiers were on guard and send all of them back and whenever Ja. collected in a group near soldiers on guard, they let go with tear gas bombs. Boy

thing really make you cry and choke. A boundary line is drawn at the road running ~~parallel~~ parallel to block 4, 5 and 6 and people are not allowed to cross that line further toward Ad. Building. Tonight there seems to be something going on since I hear tear gas exploding now and then. Tonight armed soldiers were delivering groceries to mess halls. I don't know what is going to happen. I hope the Army takes over the Tule Center. It is unfortunate in many ways but that is the only solution to this chaos here.

I am surprised at how much I wrote. Will you send my best regards to all our friends there. I shall write again.

Good night

/s/ Tom

8 November 43
Co. E, School Bn.
Bancks?
Camp Savage

Dear Chas: -

T/S Bill ~~who~~ who recently saw Shilbani in Chicago, and Pvt. James ~~who~~ who recently saw you in Chicago prompt me to write this letter to you. Also the fact that I may be dropping by one of these days on leave. I understand you are still working on evacuation and the aftermath. There are some of my own experiences, observations and opinions for all they are worth.

In Syracuse, I was most favorably accepted by two widely divergent groups: the church group and the ~~the~~ YC League (now disbanded). I had the feeling that the professors in general distrusted me. This may be peculiar in view of the fact that Syracuse had opened its halls of learning to STs. The only explanation I could find was that the semester prior to my coming (the first semester STs were accepted), there was a change of chancellors. According to the Methodist student counselor, the old Chancellor was a -zap-is-a-zap fellow. While the new Chancellor was a church liberal who is said to have replied to the board of directors who asked him

if there were any Japanese at Syracuse,
"No, we don't have any Japanese. On the
other hand, we do have a few Americans --
of Japanese descent". With the Chancellor
I felt entirely at ease. I felt opposition,
however, from the Dean of the College of Liberal
Arts, the Dean of Men, and certain members
of the faculty. The only reason for this
that I could see was that the head of the
History Department had prepared a
pamphlet covering the different phases
of American history since Pearl Harbor
and including a section on evacuation.
This part included, as gospel objective
truth, such things as Japs-located-
around-strategic areas, Sabotage
at Pearl Harbor, etc., etc. Apparently,
the rest of the department was
passing this line on to the students
without any special efforts at
verification of these accusations.

I happened to know two teaching
assistants who were inclined to
disagree with this line. They gave
me a chance to speak to their
classes on evacuation. This I

did, but met considerable opposition from the students. They were inclined to follow the line, and distrust everything. I said, it was the first time I'd actually experienced the feeling that I was butting my head up against a stone wall.

I had ~~then~~ ^{number of} other occasions to address groups. ~~with~~ church groups. Here the opposition was not so noticeable. Most of the people had never heard of vaccination.

The Church group accepted me because they were Christian and not because they considered me an American. There were a Chinese student and a Japanese (woman) student in the same bunch. The leader of the campus Church group was a Pacifist. It seems to be the regular "line" of the Federal Council of Churches. At any rate, he embarrassed me considerably one day when introducing me to a group of young people in Rochester (N.Y.) by apologizing for the Jap attack on Pearl Harbor by describing it as a brilliant military stroke strategy! This is why I say they accepted me not as an American but as a Christian. I still had my doubts about the Church despite all the good work it has

done for warblers -- and did not hesitate to tell him about them. But he answered somewhat unconcernedly that I would see the light some day. About this Chinese friend: -- he is an American citizen but grew up just outside of Jap-occupied Canton. His folks are still there. He fast became the best of friends, and wherever he went, he did not hesitate to voice his doubts about the shortcomings of American democracy, especially in relation to race attitudes. Again this proved embarrassing to me. The fellow was a pacifist. He is now in a CPS camp for the duration.

This church group attempted, with colossal failure, to better white-Negro relations within Syracuse by the only method known to them: weekly discussion get-togethers. I angled for private invitations into Negro homes, got them, and received from them the feeling that the get-togethers were total failures. If anything, they worsened relationships; for, as one Negro girl told me, "They're white folks, and we're Negroes, and no matter how hard they try, they look down upon us. I feel that every time I go to these 'discussions'." She was bitter and didn't try to hide her feelings. This

was before the crop of race riots. In Syracuse, or elsewhere, the Nisei has no problem comparable to the Negro, or in the East, the Jewish problem.

Some of my first friends were among the Jewish young people of the coop where I lived & boarded. Whenever the young Jewish kids get together, the talk drifts to their problem. At times, I felt I was back in post-Pearl Harbor Berkeley listening to various young Nisei discussing the Problem. Their attitudes were the same as Mrs. If you're a Jew, you don't have much of a chance. You're branded. You can't marry gentiles. People call you "kike". It hurts. Jews don't control business. Eh They were always on the defensive.

The YCL, the second group in which I was most favorably received, was a downtown group composed largely of the frustrated. As far as I could see, except for the organizer and a lecturer who came down from New York to "instruct" us, no one was especially interested in either Soviet Russia or Communism. There was not even the "intellectual" element we found in the Berkeley Nisei group. They were pro-labor, anti-capital,

pro-democracy. The organizers' line obviously followed the Soviet line, tho I could see no connection (if any existed) at all between the two. The not-so-interested members were too cynical to take any ideology seriously. They just knew they were dissatisfied, or hurt, and approved of Russia's methods, but couldn't quite ~~bring~~ interest themselves enough to activate any real program. I don't think it's necessary to explain that most of the YCL's were Jewish Americans, and that their dissatisfaction and hurt came from personal experience of race prejudice & baiting, and perhaps from their own liberalism.

Curiously enough, even among this liberal group, who were constantly on the defensive regarding generalizations about races, nevertheless accepted as fact the numerous generalizations used by race-baiters against the JAs. "after all," they would say, "if there's

-4- one display of 34 among 1000, "a 'salvage' at Pearl Harbor". There are no arguments against such statements, since they seem to be emotionally fixed within a person. I don't suppose they ever stopped to think that just as they fixed their emotions within themselves and would not give them up despite a barrage of facts, so others who held similar fixed emotions against them, would not, or perhaps, could not give them up.

Meanwhile, Syracuse was gradually changing from a civilian to a war college. First the Air Corps trainees arrived. Then the Army Engineers and the A.S.T.P. One by one the fellows in the house were being drafted. I told everyone I was an American and yet I remained in curries. I began to feel that I was sincere. That others thought ~~thinks~~ so never entered my mind. Little boys constantly stopped me on the street and asked me what I was. 'American', I answered. "But what are you, really?" I began to

wonder, and have doubts. I volunteered - to
prove myself, to prove to others that I was
American. I had often questioned the
sincerity of JAs who waved the flag
not all their might, called themselves Americans,
were super-patriotic, and protected
their complete innocence. Well -- the
shoe was on the other foot -- my foot --
now.

I've wondered why JAs at Shelby and
elsewhere have volunteered. I'm quite
sure it wasn't out of sheer patriotism, tho
I'm sure that most JAs love their country --
Hawaiian America -- with a devotion that
is hardly matched by other Americans.
Furthermore, I'm quite sure that JA volunteers
didn't volunteer because they hated the
Japs or the Jerny. That will come later on
the battlefield when their buddies start
staying wherever they fall -- forever. By
then, it will have become a personal grudge
fight. As long as we're in training, the
war is still too far off, too impersonal
to stir us deeply enough to hate the
enemy we are being taught to fight and
kill. Why did JAs volunteer? I suppose

It's because most JAs had a weather-eye cocked to the future, and saw or sensed that if they didn't do something now, there would be hell to pay later. Later became they were determined to stay in this country and not be deported to Japan or any other country. That is why I have said that most JAs really love the country in which they were born and reared. That is one thing no one can take away from the JAs. If you want to define patriotism as this kind of love for country then I suppose you can say that JAs volunteered out of patriotism. But it's obviously a different kind of patriotism - that is commonly held by most Americans. Too, I suppose most of the JAs have never lost faith in American democracy. In the end, most JAs feel that like a fairy tale, everyone will live happily ever after. I'm quite sure that the boys from Hawaii training at Shells and in Italy have never lost that faith, though it may have been rudely shaken by the evacuation. I would say that in general Hawaiian JAs are much more democratic-minded than mainlanders. This is from personal opinion only; whether it will stand scientific altitude tests or not, I don't know.

This may come as a sort of rude shock to mainlanders, and especially to the JAs who, if I remember correctly,

were ~~about to~~ want to believe (in the period of
confusion following Pearl Harbor) the tales of Jap
salvage at Pearl Harbor. Incidentally, whereas
IT soldiers congregate, the official ITL organ,
the P. Citizen, is ~~known~~ also as the official
Morale Buster. The only encouraging reports IT
have read in that sheet for a long time have
been the newsreports from Italy
describing the heroism of ITs in Italy.
ITs are really proud of their boys, and wish
to tell they were right up there with them.

In the Army, we are supposed to ignore
controversial issues. I don't know whether
or not I've overstepped the bounds of
discretion by writing what I have. I
hardly think so. At any rate, I have
stuck to opinion, and haven't
consciously released anything that
might be of comfort and to the
enemy. Hope I'll be seeing you
and Phil one of these days.
Wally

Chicago, Illinois
May 1, 1944

Dear Jun (God, I make a slip from the very start) Dear Pruneface.

Far be it for me to address you as Handsome or Goodlooking, especially when I know you so well; therefore, I am taking the liberty of calling you by a name that you were accustomed to when we were back in camp together. Last week, I received a suspicious-~~ly~~ looking envelope from the landlady when (her name is Mrs. O'Sullivan -- yes, Irish descent and a very good egg) (especially when she's not scrambled). I thought it was an April Fool's joke when I saw the name of a certain private cluttering up one corner of the paper. I had to open the letter and scan through the pages of what may be called handwriting before it finally dawned upon me that the Great Agari had finally decided to write a letter instead of the usual postcard. Could it possibly be that the stringent decorum of the U.S. Army could change the habits of a person so much within such a short period of time. If so, I am all for the Army; for, I could stand quite a bit of improvement as far as getting rid of bad habits is concerned.

Perhaps I should let you know the good news since it may help your morale. I have been classified 1-A, have taken my physical three weeks ago, have received my physical fitness paper and ~~am~~ now waiting for the induction notice from the local draft board (#87 in Chicago). Who knows how long it may be before I am a comrade in arms with you. If our luck holds out, I may be assigned to the same station with you and we may be able to continue our friendship in a better capacity than through correspondence. By the way, don't forget to let me know of any changes in your address by writing to me here in Chicago (as long as I am here) or to my brother Mas who resides in Rohwer (8-7-A). My brother Mas was rejected for having a skull fracture when he was four or five years old.

Your description of the departure of the Shelby boys was very touching and left me with the impression that it won't be long now ~~were~~ the evacuees in the centers will be doing or rather going through the same emotional state was witnessed by you. Then there will come the time when black-bordered letters will bring news of disaster or (should I be more melodramatic and say) news of heroism and sacrifice of individual nisei who had partaken the bitter cup of martial strife and had entered the realm of Valhalla. But all that is in the future to come, the near future, true enough. Those of us who may come marching back to the military tunes of victory will not have won the war when the struggle in Europe and the Pacific is over. Our battle would have just started and we must have the will to break down the racialism that exist within our national boundaries, the avarice that leads to future wars and the pride and self-importance that will breed further animosity among mankind.

Your belief that assimilation will become a reality in a short time is more than half-true though I believe that it will take about five or six generations before its effect will be general. I

wouldn't be surprized if Pruneface himself took it on himself to set an example by marrying a Hakujin (or are you inclined to wed a wench like Bertha or Masake -- which will be a good thing, too. Not for them but for you.) I presume that the strenuous routine that you are subjected to allows you no time to feel around and I guess that the present Army life is far different from that you led while you were bivouaced at Fort Ord. No weekend golfing trips, etc.

Since I know that you are mostly interested in my romantic side of life, I shall divulge a few of the secrets that I have managed to keep hidden from all but my best friends. It may sound like the same old story of a boy and a girl, but I'm afraid that this one is going to end in disaster for myself. I met her just about a month ago at a small social (mixed group-colored, white and nisei) held on April Fool's night in a near North side home. Her brother who introduced us was a Cal. student who used to attend the Berkeley Buddhist church in which I was active. By a fortunate stroke of luck, she lived about 5000 south so I was able to ride home on the Cottage Grove streetcar with her and her brother. During the forty minutes ride, I found that she was a Sociologist, a pacifist and an astute liberal. From then on we have been corresponding fairly regularly though we live only 15 blocks apart. I have been to see her twice but as yet have been unable to date her out. She comes from a not-well-to-do farming family from Reedley, California and she is now a junior at Loyola University. She claims no interest in any male. Very countrified beauty (nothing spectacular, you understand, but wholesome) and intelligence are her dominant features. The progress is discouraging at the present and I am getting pessimistic. I guess you think that I'm fickle. But you must admit that I have never had a field composed of Bertha, Masako and June to choose from. Women in general shy away from me because I look like a typical wolf while they are usually fooled by the naive appearance and the smooth personality of the Great Agari. (No more comments on your better qualities since an Army private cannot be 'blown up' too much -- egotism does not pay off for a man in the ranks, especially if he has a tough sergeant.)

I am now putting in some time in helping organize a Chicago YBA with a small group of former Bussei leaders. Am acting as the temporary chariman for the group and we plan on Sunday afternoon meetings starting next week. Our purpose is to establish a purely religious and educational group with a definite de-emphasis on social activities. We feel that the Bussei in the city should be given a chance to continue their religion if they want to and that an interested membership of a few is better than disintegrated number of many.

Wrote to George Kimoto a few days ago. Our friendship is friendship for Friendship's sake and not for the sake of his sister. He said in his last letter that he may come to Chicago if he doesn't like New York.

That's about all that I have to write about this time.

How's your foxhole--digg,

(COPY)

July 20, 1944

My dear friend, Masa,

My belated congratulations to you and Deki. May all the worldly blessings be yours always.

I've just finished working on the expense accounts of the Victory Hop we had Saturday nite. Boy, am I glad that it's all over!! I'm sure you've heard about our block being the City Softball Champs, neh? We certainly splurged on everything for the dance. We had the money to fall back on because with the tortilla sale we had on the 4th and 5th of July we made \$128.00 with expenses amounting to only \$5.60.

We were fortunate in being able to secure the "Downbeats" for after this week there will be no band as three of the members are to leave sometime this week.

I received both of your letters and I must say I had one terrific time getting the puzzle letter together. But don't worry I made out O.K.

I've heard from other sources, too, of how bad the housing situation is in Chicago, and how disappointed, homesick and barely eking out a living they get out there. Makes me feel reluctant about leaving my folks now. Of course, I realize not all conditions are the same--it depends on whether one is fortunate enough to land where things are favorable and pleasant.

I should like very much to always keep in touch with you that is if Deki will not mind. I'm sure she wouldn't mind if I look up to you as a favorite big brother and friend -- like I'm hesitant to burden you with my numerous problems, but I know you will always be a good listener of my troubles.

By now, I think Fussie is Mrs. Woodie Ichihashi, according to the letter I received from her yesterday it was to be a matter of a couple of days. She's so happy and so in love. She gave me a bit of advice too but I don't think I can take it just now.

I've been negligent on my correspondence, and it discourages me to look at the mounting pile. However, I love to write and the only trouble with letters piling up on you is that you don't know if you are repeating something you said already--and monotonous because you have to write about the same topic.

It's kinda late now, but Johnnie and the kids in his block are starting a garden out in front of the office. Speaking of Johnnie he is getting ready to wed Yuri Matsuda. Remember Ziggy Akahoshi? He's taken a wife already. Remember Flo-Tanemura? Such a youthful couple! Mary Machida announced her engagement to Johnnie Yoshimura. Now you wonder when am I? I wish I knew.

I heard and it's still rumor that this camp is going to be a "no, No, Camp". I guess we'll know in tonite's paper. They say this is quite definite and the news is to be published tonite.

Gosh, I think the late hours I've been keeping the last couple of weeks working on decorations and lighting effects for the dance, worry and handling of all money matters as well as advising on all matters such as publicity, refreshments, arrangements, etc., is telling on me. I feel so tired, worn out I feel like sleeping all day. But then if I do sleep late I get headaches and I get pains here and there.

Now, now don't diagnos -- I'm just plain tired.

Well -- bye for now. Hello from all.

Always yours sincerely,

Sachi

(COPY)

August 30, 1943

Dear Masa,

You've really given me a full and descriptive account of everything in your letter -- and I marvel at your writing -- it's written so tiny -- but legible.

You say your family intends to go to Granada. It seems like one out of three is the only one not going there. I don't know how they're going to arrange it all. My uncle's there and he wants us to join him but my pop has definite ideas and he intends to stay put here -- consequently the whole family's staying. I don't know what I'm going to do when the time comes when I really want to go out. Probably you've heard the statement made that those who remain here voluntarily will have to stay here for the duration although there will be an appeal board for special considerations. If the plans for the segregation are really carried out according to schedule and everything else. You'll find that I'll be remaining here biding farewell to my lifetime friends. I'm really not going to be able to hold back my tears. This morning I saw a busload leave and did it carry a tearful loadful. The front seats and the next carried young girls who were leaving their friends and folks for the first time and were they bawlin'. Just looking at them made me feel like shedding tears, too.

I've left the block manager's office to work at the Ad. Bldg. Working at the Payroll Section gives me a lot of typing to do, but I don't mind it too much -- I need the brushing up badly. Yasuo Honda's the Chief there and he's staying in here also. When it comes down to it a considerable number of families are remaining.

I'm glad to hear you're a reformed boy since your marriage. It really settles a person down doesn't it? And Deki deserves a lot of credit too. I'm so glad for your sake that you have such a girl as Deki for your wife.

Gee, you make me feel sorry for you that you are being fed such poor food -- and so skimpy! It's almost as bad -- nay, it's worse than in camp. We get such meals as you describe, but just occasionally in our messhall.

My being able to work in the hospital here was fate. I never dreamed I would someday be rubbing elbows with doctors. I always hated doctors and hospitals -- Childish, neh? but I've had the phobia until I came to this camp. I'm glad I got rid of my one great dread.

I found doctors are human, too. It was fun, interesting, and wholly educational--working in the hospital clinic. I'll never forget those days. When I leave here, I think those memories will be the most vivid in my mind. I owe you a lot for everything I gained during my stay there. I'll always be grateful for that.

Latest addition I know of who is engaged is Toshiko Menda to Bob Ota. Remember them? Kinda surprised me, but I guessed it didn't the others. I wish I had good news to report to you, but I guess it's not time yet. I'm going to lose patience pretty soon. Latest I heard Allan was in Milwaukee looking for job opportunities.

I guess I better hit the hay now--I can't write like I used to when I was working at the block manager's you know. Regards to all I know out there.

Always sincerely yours,

Sachi

P.S. Let me hear from you soon.

(COPY)

Oct. 4, 1945

Dear Masa,

Here I am so ungodly late in my correspondence. Sumi ma sen.

It's just amazing--here I read your letter over--and I have to marvel at your minute writing. I don't see how a man's hand can write so small. I've said that before haven't I? Gee, it was swell of you to answer so soon. I know I won't deserve it the next time. Although it's a full month late, here's my belated greetings on your birthday. I'm sure you had a happy day.

I do long for the colorful and entertaining gay spots where I can enjoy myself, but I think I am gradually forgetting what real fun is.

Do you have Connie's address? I had it once but lost it--and I never did write to her. I would like to so will you give me her address? She's such a gem of a girl, I couldn't forget her, and I'm sure I'll never forget all the girls I was fortunate to work with during my stay at the hospital. I heard from Mary--she's in Jerome, Arkansas. She says Tule Lake cannot be compared with Jerome--facilities tops, and food swell, and nice, cordial colonists.

It seems like I'm going to stay here for awhile yet. I myself wonder how long, but my pop has definite ideas to stay put here no matter what! He lectures me whenever I say anything in favor of relocating or going to another camp so naturally I've listened so far and have done what he has wanted us to do. Letters are coming in to me from all the different camps and everyone, except one, had good news to report to me. It makes me feel so sad when I think how lonely I am, so to keep from thinking that way, I am trying to sew and sew and sew at nites, and work steadily during the days. The present job does afford me just that--I am now typing steadily from morning 'til time to go home. I really ought to be getting good at figures and names--but I doubt it.

My brother's resigned to stay because pop pressures him too, and he lost fight long ago. I feel ~~so~~ sorry for him, but I don't know what's right--to stay here with pop or go out and become separated from the folks and probably see all they say come true. If I start anything by leaving now--and I were wrong--I'd be blamed wouldn't I? I'd hate to think of it. Why can't I grow up--make a decision and stick to it? I'm influenced and swayed so easily to arguments.

You - remember Yas Honda, of Sae'to, don't you? Well he's really pro-J now and he sounds just like my dad--I listen to his views every day--going and coming from work. He talks sense too. Facts are facts. I still cling to my hopes of getting out--those chances seem slim--conditions being what

they are.

Things are mighty changed around here since the segregation. We no longer see the stars and stripes waving in the firebreaks. Yoshio Ota at the Ad. Bldg. also now refuses to raise the flag as he has been doing for so long because the incomers threaten to beat up anyone raising the "Old Glory". Sounds kinda tuff doesn't it. I wonder if the same group objects to dancing or jitterbugging, too. Oh, well, who cares now--there's no good dancers left in camp now, and dancing doesn't appeal to me so much.

You're so good to me. I want to tell you everything--to unburden the heaviness in my heart and mind, but that's taking advantage of you so I'll refrain a little from jabbering so much. Once I get started it's kinda hard for me to stop.

I guess you've noticed the change in address. We just moved to a larger room--that's all.

Don't work too hard. And you and Deki--please enjoy everything for me too. Regards to all 'til later then--so long for a while.

Always just,

Sachi

(COPY)

Oct. 20, 1943

Dear Masa,

Your letters are a constant source of encouragement, enlightenment, and everything nice--that it is my pleasure to receive them, and my enjoyment, really.

I now find letter writing my only diversion after office hours. And I wouldn't know what to do if I didn't have letters to answer.

These last several days--I've been more occupied, however, for I started Japanese school. It isn't a pleasure--it's a task for me to go to school again. The class I'm in is a "chuto-ha" class, and I feel like the dunce of the class. Golly--these young people--mostly nisei are awfully smart. Of course, they have kept up their studies all these years. I feel out of place like a fish out of water. But give me credit for going at least. Each time I start off to school--I have the dreaded feeling that the teacher will call upon me to read aloud. Wee is me! But so far I've escaped being called. We have an hour every day but with each passing day the length of the time gets longer. Someday I'll be able to read and write Japanese, I hope.

Do not fear--I shan't ever change about my real feelings for this country. 21 years of the American way of living is nothing easy to change overnite or any length of time for that matter. My folks and I still have mild quarrels about our differences in views. Sometimes I get so mad--I feel like storming out of the place, but I always realize my folks are speaking with wisdom and for my good. One thing is my folks keep telling me how wet I am behind my ears but yet they won't stand for my trying to go out on my own.

Oh, Mas--you should never kid Deki about your having liked me or anything like that. She's been just the kind of a person I could never have been--so steady and kind and of course, not scatter-brained like me.

Thanks for all your sympathy--and your generous considerations. I'll take a rain check on your promise.

I suppose Chicago isn't such a bad place to relocate, but somehow I don't feel like heading for there. I don't know why I should feel like that.

Something very strange, funny and unusual happened to me. Someone I haven't met yet, but whom I have known only through letters offered marriage, and wants to get me out of here. Of course that person is way out East. He knows me, but I don't really know him for I've never seen him as he says he has seen me. I have declined the honor, of course.

So Yori and Min are getting married--and Jimmy, too? Good

for them. I'm losing patience with myself. People ask me and wonder about me cuz I'm in here.

Anything about the 100th Inf. Bn. interests me for our old neighbor, Tom Kaihara's in it, you know.

Well--"bye" for now until the next time.

Always just,

Sachi

P.S. First real snowfall this year tonite.

(COPY)

Jan. 8, 1944

Dear Masa,

I was more than happy to hear from you again, and I thank you and Deki for the beautiful card. It makes me feel wonderful and happy to be remembered by my old friends.

It's swell to hear all those good news about the people I've known in here--old and new friends.

Bet Dr. Watanabe is pleased and proud as a punch over his brand new baby boy! With the stork hovering over so many homes--itsy and Fred--Woodie and Fussie--what about the Seto's?

Since the social life in this camp was snuffed out from the beginning--revival is almost impossible. But during the Xmas and New Year's holidays--the former Tuleans tried in a small measure to entertain themselves in their respective blocks by having small dances, parties and tourneys.

We've been taking the forced vacation now for over two months and most of us are plenty tired of doing nothing. Today all the divisions held separate meetings to determine their stand--whether we go back to work and try to work out a solution to the problems later, or don't go back to work and wait for something--which is nothing but more trouble to my way of thinking. Anyway, the Ad. Hlde. workers voted 144 for "Yes" and 29 for "No". "Yes" meaning we'd like to go back to work. Several other divisions have reached the same verdict, but I don't know how the rest turned out yet. Probably this will mark the turn of the tide--and we'll be able to live more happily and more harmoniously in spite of adverse conditions. Here's hoping!

It's so cold now that I rarely step my foot outside the door. I won't go out unless absolutely necessary. But tomorrow if the ice rink is frozen at block 6--we're going ice skating. I sure need the exercise bad. I seldom see the old faces and it's a pleasant surprise when I bump into them at meetings or at the canteens.

I guess the majority of the niseis are studying Japanese in their spare moments and going to Japanese schools. These schools have been set up by Ward's basis and I'm a student in this "Dai san Shute-Sakke Kokumin Gakko" (National People's School No. 3. This was written in Japanese characters). I'm learning from the bottom up.

We all now have an identification badge made of celluloid something like the follow sketch: (sketch inserted here) Doesn't it remind you of a rogue's gallery with the license number in front of us hanging around our necks? They have a good number of sets of our finger-prints too. This was done when we all had to be processed. We also got a kick out of seeing our wonderful likenesses staring up at us. Funny--some had their eyes closed in their picture. Have you heard of all the

new improvements around here? We've got nice sets of high wire fences up front--so we can't go to the Ad. area or the hospital at will. Ward 7 is now completely shut off from the rest by four fences all around it! I presume this is where they'll put the agitators. Don't know for sure however.

Santa was awfully generous to me this year!! So Xmas brought me joy and happiness in being remembered. New Year's also gave me a new friend.

Did I tell you I recently started to correspond with Haruo (Hilo) your brother? Toshiko Namba gave him my address when they met in Jerome. I was certainly surprised to hear from him but he brings back memories of those good ole' days. Shore 'nuf. He's really a classic music lover, isn't he?

I'm enclosing a couple of pictures. Will you please give one of the baseball team pictures to Jimmy Kozuma. Tell him I meant to send it earlier--no alibis. Johnny Kinoto asked me to do so some time ago. I hope he hasn't beat me to it. If you'd care to, you may take the others for yourself.

I've heard that George Nakao and Blackie and the remaining Downbeats have organized a dance band of about eleven pieces, but so far they've had no opportunity to play.

About my heart affair--I guess I'm still on the fence as you put it. Don't know how it'll come out yet--Maybe broken, I don't know. Oh well--Worry not Masa, Regards to all.

'Bye--and I hope to hear again from you.

Always just,

Sachi

(COPY)

Feb. 27, 1944

Hello Masa--

It's swell of you to take time to write to me. The card you enclosed showing the Latin Quarter is very interesting. I can see--it must be really a beautiful ~~ple~~ place. Gosh! It must be a heavenly feeling just to be in a place like that!

Am I busy--or am I busy! This block now has two clubs-- a ~~Sami~~ Seinen Kai and a Josei Club and yours truly is most unfortunately the elected president of the latter. It sure is a headache trying to get a successful club going--especially so because the usage of Japanese is quite essential in order to formulate any plans for future activities and I am seriously handicapped in that line. What a headache! This coming Saturday is our candlelight installation ceremony and preparations are being made for it.

Since the curfew was lifted--dances, movies and engel kais are coming back. Our block Seinen Kai presented the first engel kai since the curfew was lifted and it was a wow! I was surprised to see so many talents among our block residents! We have singers--dancers--actors--and musicians--and magicians, etc. I guess we can expect more programs and more activities from the Seinen Kai. As for the Joseis--our activities might be somewhat restricted because of my inadequate knowledge of everything and poor leadership--but since I've assumed the responsibilities of president I'll have to do my best.

I've attended a couple of dances lately, but these dances certainly aren't anything like the ones we used to enjoy. The newly organized Downbeats are doing pretty good, but they haven't quite reached the standard set by Riki. Incidentally I heard Riki is doing alright for himself by going under an assumed name of Dick Wong.

The flacky snowflakes falling so gracefully is really a sight to behold. We had the heaviest snow all during the past couple of days but as yet it hasn't exceeded the snowfall of last season.

Since there aren't any young bloods like Rumi Yabe or Toshi Namba or Helen to hang around with, I'm getting to feel more ladylike (if you can possibly call me that)--at any rate I don't think I'm quite as rowdy as before. Girls around here are so courteous and properly gracious and well-mannered that I feel awfully awkward and unrefined in their company.

Can you imagine me saying those ultra-Japanese words? It seems I have to learn some words anyway.

Sis Mas just finished making herself one of those shell corsages and it doesn't look bad at all. These women are so clever--it's marvelous the way they can turn out original and

clever corsages, lapel pins--gadgets and other ornaments. They still sell their wares at prices ranging mostly from 50c to \$1.00+.

The Manzanar people came in last week--and I'm curious as a bug to see what these people look like. I heard stories of how tall and dark as well as good looking the gals and fellas are. Kinda rugged--they say.

Tell--I'm getting along famously with the kibeis and this block since the engel kai, and I find they aren't such bad fellas once you help them make it easier for them to talk to us and vice versa. We have to go half way in most things I guess, in order to make them run more smoothly and successfully.

I do appreciate your ever reading words of encouragement. Don't worry--the only concern I have is over my Japanese lessons and the club.

Tell--'bye now--Regards to Deki, Jimmy and all I know.

As ever -

Sachi

Dear Dr. Steiner:

You must have wondered at my long silence. It's well over a year now since I last wrote to you, and I hope you will believe me when I say that I've had a bad conscience about it right along, but I have failed to finish as many letters as I've started. It was about a year ago that I heard from one of our mutual friends that you were very much ~~irritated~~ disturbed at my attitude, although I did not learn what specifically you disapproved, but I felt that I knew almost without asking that you disapproved of my failure to enter ~~the Army~~ military service. It was the feeling that you would ~~disapprove~~ only be disappointed with me whatever I did as long as I failed to follow your advice on this matter that has made it difficult for me to write to you.

I doubt that you will have any sympathy with my position. Notwithstanding our differences, however, I still hold a high regard for your opinions of me and it is difficult to ~~resist~~ avoid the impulse to explain my position to you. On the otherhand, I feel that any effort to explain a failure to be in military service at a time like this can only be an expression of weakness