

LETTER

Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

January 31, 1942

11:25 p.m.

WAR RELOCATION AUTHORITY

In reply, please refer to:  
Miss Bette Kikuchi  
74-1-B  
River, Arizona

Dearest Mariko and Alice,

Well, gals, get set for a wonderful surprise! Guess! What would you wish for most if you knew a wish was coming true? Right! Pop is here! Don't faint, yes, he's actually here and we were never so glad in all our lives to see anyone. Gee, we were so surprised. I came home this evening from the Pilgrims' Fellowship and found mom, Tom, and Mike hustling around. Then mom told me that Mrs. Minami (Alice knows her) came over and said pop was here. We went over and discovered that he had been there ever since 2:00 P.M.! Gad, and here it was 9 o'clock and we hadn't been notified. Well, we saw him, and gosh, he looks good. Really, his cheeks are pink and his grip is strong. But he still can't talk although he does understand a little when we speak to him. Gosh, we all cried for a while and then gradually calmed down. He's in the "E" ward, Alice, with Mr. Yanagi (Pius' dad) and Mr. Yamisaki is also there. So far, Emi and Chas. haven't seen him cause they went to the Y.P. meeting and haven't returned.

Gee, Alice, you just missed him by a day. We're all so relieved now that he's here. Gee, I can at last breathe freely.

Tonight we also had to go after "Blackie." The little rascal went to play with Yani's dog and forgot to come home. She was so glad to see us when we walked up to her.

Well, I guess I'll drop a line to Jackson and let him know about pop. He'll want to know. Don't you two worry about him cause now pop has us to take care of him. I'm so happy I can't sleep! 'Bye now!

Love, Bette

P.S. Mariko, I'll write you a long letter soon.

P.S.S. Alice, How was your trip? Please write me.

LETTER

Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

January 31, 1942

11:40 P.M.

WAR RELOCATION AUTHORITY

In reply, please refer to:  
Bette

Dearest Jack:

Yippee! I've got a surprise for you. Hold on to your hat. Since you've been studying so hard I want you to be the first to know that -- ugh! (he got me!) Kidding aside, I've got some swell news for you. Pop is here in the hospital now. Isn't that wonderful? He came about 2 o'clock in the afternoon but we weren't notified till 9. Imagine, making us wait that long. I'll sue them. He has a lot of coloring in his cheeks and he's got a strong grip but he still can't talk. Gee, it's sad, he tries so hard to tell us sump'n' but he can't say it. I'm sure he'll get better faster now that he's near us. When we saw him, we all started to cry cuz we were so happy. Now I can't sleep cuz I'm anxious to tell Chas. and Emi. They don't know pop is here yet cause they went to Church and haven't returned. Gosh, Alice just missed seeing pop. She left yesterday morning and he came this afternoon. We were so surprised cause we didn't expect him so soon. In fact, they said that all patients on the outside were frozen and couldn't join their families. I hope you can read my writing cause I'm writing like mad.

We got our cards last week and Tom is doing lousy. He got 2 D's which means Inferior. They don't give F's so you can imagine what kind of work he's doing. Miyako is getting along okay and I guess I am too. I got A in Chem., Eng., and History, B in Spanish, and C+ in Shorthand. The grading is a little different in Arizona. A means distinction, B is superior and C is average. Well, Jack, I hope you'll feel relieved now that you know pop is here. I'll let you know more later.

Love,

Bette



Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

LETTER

February 10,

Dear Mariko:

Greetings and salutations! I hope you haven't forgotten me. Saiko Oyama gave me your address while I was in Denver but I lost it and just got it again. Please let me know what your doing, and why. I will give a short summary of my life since evacuation -- just skip it if it is too boring. As you may have heard I moved to Colorado (near Denver) with the Yamagawas the day before the deadline for voluntary evacuation. We farmed all summer long and in Sept. I went home for a visit. I took the opportunity to go to Manzanar to see Sho and other friends. While in Manzanar I made a deal with a fellow to drive two of his trucks from Venice to Denver, which I did. I stopped en route to see a friend in Poston. After returning to Denver I worked out in the sugar beet field of a few weeks and then went up to Heart Mt. for four days the first of November. When I returned from Heart Mt. I joined the Army and was shipped to Kearns field, near Salt Lake City, I was there all through November and visited Lany Tajiri and the Ishiharas when I got passes. I was then shipped to the Air Force Clerical School in Los Angeles where I stayed until January 4 when I was transfered here to the Army Japanese Language School at the University of Michigan. The school here is fine but I don't like the weather -- it snows all the time and is fairly cold. However, they say we are all to be officers if and when we graduate so I guess it is worth a little discomfort. I am in the most advanced class and am getting along fine.

And now a little gossip. Sho is in Savage as is also Jimmy Oda. Kiyo Yamagawa is still working for the Government in New York and Shiko is going to school in New York. Mas Yamagaki is teaching at Boulder in the Navy School.

If you see Kayuo Minami or Frank Chuman in Chicago please say hello for me. They are both stationed at Camp Grant. Who is in Chicago that I know?

I am sending a picture I took in Beverley Hills -- just to scare you.

Be seeing you,

Fred Adam



# LETTER

Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

March 22, 1942

Sunday

Dearest Mariko:

It's 2:30 P.M. and I am spending a quiet Sunday catching up on my correspondence. It's a very pretty day and Mr. and Mrs. Swordling have gone out for the day which makes it very easy for me. I was so surprised to hear from you so soon -- I know how you dread writing letters and I doubly appreciated hearing from you. Of course, I received your last 23-page letter and have proudly showed it to Sachi and Cherry. I read certain phrases to the other girls. I think you could save yourself a lot of trouble by writing just one letter and we could pass it around but then I presume you have certain items to tell each one. I think of you often and whenever we get together all say "Wonder what Mariko's doing." I can't tell you how sorry I am to hear that Alice has left the Jariuses whom, I think, could have been more considerate. I'm forever thankful to working for such grand people and they offered to do what they could about keeping me which, of course, is impossible and I don't believe I could be very happy in a city rid of all Japanese. It is comforting to know, tho', how concerned they are. The first contingent of volunteers left Friday for Owens Valley and the group consists of bakers, cooks, waiters (Eric Hayashi), vegetable men (his father), stenographers (Oho Murata), clerks, and they are to work for the Government. Had I known in time, I might have volunteered but I must store our furniture first. Mrs. Swordling has kindly consented to keep my rug and sewing machine here and our washing machine will be taken care of by another American friend. We shall have to do something about the other furniture and it is all terribly disturbing with so many, many rumors floating about to confuse one. My Dad and Mother can stay at the hotel and so the house will be closed very soon, I hope. Tea hates the thought of going to a concentration camp and so they are planning to leave for Colorado or Nevada to settle down to farm. If I had the money I would go to an unrestricted area, but after what happened last Sunday evening, I am fully convinced that a camp is the safest place for a Japanese to be.

Last Sunday Sachi wanted to have an evacuation farewell for Peter Blamey who left last Monday to join the Army -- party and I offered 1053 R. (her house) despite the fact our china and silver has been packed. Yoshi, Sachi, Edna, Jean Tanaka, Sophie Kawano and I were the girls. Among the boys -- Peter, his brother Joe, Henry, and 3 or 4 of Sachi's current boy friends. Albert had to work until 10:30 and so when Isamu Naguchi phoned at 7:30 asking me to join him and Larry Tajira, the newspaperman who only recently returned from New York, I decided to join them for an hour or so. Larry was to be Wes and Sayi's guest for the night and we decided to have dinner near the house. We had a lot of fun kidding about Owens Valley and the night club we purposed to start. I told the boys that while I rested in New York they would rave and tear about in caged and barb-wired camps. I like Isamu and Larry T. is a very, very nice fellow whose beautiful wife, I understand, is a designer.

As we were leaving the restaurant in Isamu's station wagon a red light was flashed our way meaning only -- the police! They muttered something "making a U turn" and then one of them burst out with "What's all this?" -- meaning Isamu's tools such as axes, saws, and etc. that which he uses in his sculpturing. Evidently they took us for saboteurs and we were directed to the police station nearby. Poor Isamu patiently had to explain that the tools were for his art work and not for use in any sabotage plans. I was shaking with fright but after an hour we were released with apologies -- probably after they had investigated and had verified Isamu's position as an artist. The reason all the stuff was in his car is because they had arrived from S.F. late Saturday night. We've come to the conclusion that someone reported us from



LETTER

Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

March 22, 1942

the restaurant. Doubtless such unpleasantness will reoccur should I go to Detroit or New York, but fortunately, I had my birth certificate which had only been received several days prior. I don't suppose Isamu would like the incident repeated and so I trust you will keep it to yourself as even Saye is ignorant of our escapade. I asked Mr. Naguchi (he seems so much older) about the things you had left in his car and he replied that he had in turn left them with a friend in S. F. -- mutual, of course. I spoke to Saye yesterday and we are going to try and get in touch with Isamu to find out if he plans to return to S.F. soon. If so, we'll send your things -- if not, Cherry and I will parcel post them to you.

Speaking of Cherry -- she is well but has had a worries. First that quarrel with Yoshi -- rather Yoshi vs. Mrs. Fiyata. It was all very childish and absolutely uncalled for on Yoshi's part. She is so untactful and foolish that I really am disgusted. Consequently I haven't seen her since the day you left except for a few hours Sunday evening and even then, she was almost unbearable. I believe you were the quickest of us all to catch on to her ways. Since I was sort of listening post for both Mrs. Fiyata and Yoshi I can honestly voice my opinion on the matter and I believe that this was bound to happen. Apparently Yoshi has said many mean things to Mrs. F. such as boasting of her parents' education (you know how little Mrs. F. has had), boasting of many small things and poking fun at Mrs. F. about being sent to a concentration camp while she (Yoshi) would be allowed to remain under bond with Mrs. Borgage which is impossible now. All this has caused much friction between the two and Mrs. F. resented Yoshi's attitude.

On the certain Sunday I speak of, Yanebo jokingly called Yoshi "a dordo" or "robber" and Yoshi immediately openly accused Mrs. F. of calling her that. Well, of course, you can well imagine the rest. Mrs. F. swore and ordered Yoshi (which she couldn't admit) out of the house. Before Y. left she had the gall to tell Cherry, "You're losing all your friends because of your Mother" and naturally Cherry became upset and cried. Oh, Mariko, if you could have been here! I had to call Cherry and comfort her and assure her that Yoshi was just using words to hurt her. The principle of the thing was that Yoshi was disrespectful and should never have treated Mrs. F. as tho' she were of a lower class, and so I am disgusted with the kind of a girl Yoshi is and have decided that it is useless to help her. I told her that she'll have to mend her ways before she arrives in camp as apparently she doesn't understand the Japanese. Cherry stood for a lot from Y. and now the two have grown apart despite any efforts to bring them together. I do pity Yoshi yet I hate to tell her anything for she would not take it as friendly advice. I am in no position to give her advice, but I do know that she is deserving of it.

Edward has been ill with acute constipation which resulted from the wrong kind of food. Apparently he had cokes, pies and candy for lunch every day. He was quite ill but seems to be recovering. Youe-chan had the measles and so Cherry has had her share of troubles -----.

Just called her up to see how she was making out as nurse. Everything is coming along and her message to you is: "Tell Mariko I send my love and that I feel so guilty for not having written."

Shizu (her N.Y. friend) wrote the other day that my bed and dishes are still waiting for my return but of course, I want to see that my parents are settled before I venture off. I thought of writing to Mrs. McConnell but since both Mrs. Priesep and Mrs. Hillman are visiting her. I hesitate and I don't want to ask Martha -- you know



LETTER

Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

March 22, 1942

how funny she is. I spoke to her -- that is, she called me up and I believe she was lonely for she talked for 55 minutes. I hear from Sachi that she went up to Santa Barbara this week end as Mr. Hillman wanted to see her.

Sachi and I see each other often -- we all went bowling last night. A couple of weeks ago Mr. and Mrs. S. went to Palm Springs and Mr. and Mrs. G. went to Balboa so Sachi and I had some fun visiting the other. Wish you were back in town so that you might feast (?) on one of my dinners. I amaze myself at times when I taste the food. All right -- call me "conceited" but it tastes good when you're hungry. Of course, I don't take in to consideration the access I have to the good ingredients. My Mother isn't at home (I just tried to get her for the tsukemons recipe) and so I'll write to you again soon.

Albert is fine and I may weaken to accept his many proposals although I'd be sort of cheating myself out of love. Sure -- I love him in a way but it is not the deep love I had for a certain Ham. Mrs. Ikeda was taken to a concentration camp among the many other teachers seized last Friday. It was very sad. Have you heard from K? I believe that it would be best for the Kikuchi family to go to Camp Owens since your bread winners have all gone on strike. Couldn't we all get together there? I understand that even tho' we go to camp, if at any time we find that we have some place to go other than in the restricted areas, we are free to leave which should be good for you and I.

I hope that you don't have to work so hard that you can't write soon. As soon as I get more information on our evacuation, I'll write to you. In the meantime keep 'em laughing -- you can do it! My love to Alice and of course this letter is for her also.

Much love to you,

Toshi

P.S. Yes, Cherry received your birthday card.

This is the letter I was supposed to let you see, and forgot, Alice. It was sent to me in Vallejo while I was still there.



Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

LETTER

April 1, 1942  
1466 Temple Street  
Los Angeles, Calif.

(I was still in Vallejo when I received this)

Dearest Mari,

It was grand hearing from you indirectly through Sachi. We waited ages (have grown one gray hair) to hear from you. Sachi spent another age reading your charming letter over the phone. Now I can say -- I finally hear from Mari. My, but you have plenty to do on hand -- that's what you really call work. Better than her -- no? You don't have to spend an hour in the morning and night for making up, another hour in between to run to the mirror. Lucky gal!

Well, it looks as if we're really starting out for adventure we're getting jailed slowly, but surely. Now, Mari, where we're going we can't get dolled up and show off ourselves. We'll be wearing pants and boots like everybody else. Boy! what a life we will lead. I'm looking forward to our new life, but pop and mom look at it differently and I can't blame them. The business we built up is sold now. This leaves no hope for the future. We all got to face it. Our Chinese meat man is taking over the store and live where we lived. They're willing to let us leave some of our furniture and things with them so that is one problem off our mind. They're really nice.

Yoshi is leaving tomorrow morning for Manzanar with the Hayachis. We're probably be along soon. Haven't heard from any of the girls for ages. Guess we all have our own problems to face now. Intended to go see Cherry, but been busy lately. Do miss the girls and the fun we used to have.

Poor Peter finally went into the Army. I hope they make a "man" out of him. We gave him a swell time before he left. A going-away party was given for him the Sunday 'ere his leave, but I heard it didn't turn out so good. I wasn't able to go, cause I had to visit my cousins in W.L.A.

Gosh, Mari, now that we can't stay out later than 8 p.m. -- that fun can we have. Boy, what a quiet life I lead. So far, every night we've been playing poker at home lifting up the dullness. Our cousins, Mary and Tom from Garden Grove are here staying with us, so that makes the family larger. Tonight we're probably have another game of poker. We have a swell ha-qu-jin friend, Mr. Holmes and family who drop in and play with us. All and all it's not so bad here.

So sorry to hear about Kayo's transfer. One good thing about it is that he'll associate with the Niseis more and it'll do him good. Don't blame yourself for it cause he'll probably be transferred anyway whether you went there or not.. I'll still be rootin' for you two. Am looking forward for the end of this whole damn mess.

Well, this is all for the present, won't know when we're leaving, but drop me a line soon. Give my love to Alice.

Love,  
Miki

P.S. Be seeing you at Owens?



LETTER

Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

April 9, 1942

Dearest Mariko,

Well, here I am you lucky gal! What's cookin', good lookin'? Boy, is everything going solid with you? You're fine and rarin' to go, I hope? Gee, it's swell that you're staying with those people, yuh? How's the weather over there in Chicago? I'll bet it's snowing, isn't it? It's been raining here in S.F. Gosh, it makes me sick to my stomach. It's bad enough that we have to be in the house by 8 o'clock, but we can't even go out in the afternoon cause it rains so much. Oh, well, so much for that.

How have you been? Did you meet a lot of people? I man, on the train. Jackie was saying that by the time you got to Chicago, you'd be saying good-bye to the people on the train. Ha! Ha! Well, laugh! You're supposed to. Hmm, quit giggling up your sleeve. Say, I'll bet it was a thrill travelling all by yourself way over to the East. Let me know about it when you have the time, yuh? We got your post cards and Alice received your letter not very long ago. Did she answer yet?

Sammy Seike's brother was just over and he said we may have to move by next Monday. That's pretty near the time as it is. Today is Thursday already and that leaves exactly four days. Course that may not be true that we may have to move so early but you can't ever tell. They've been moving the people in districts and it seems our area comes next. It's about time, I was getting sort of impatient. Maybe by the time you get this letter, we'll be moved to Santa Anita already. Who knows? And just when we are going to move, I have to be in one of my periods. You know what I mean, of course? By the way, how do you like my typing? Do you think it is improving? I can type much faster now. I get a lot of practice when I type my letters. And do I type a lot of letters. I guess it's all right to type on both sides of the paper, isn't it?

Emiko and Alice are working down on Grant Avenue. The stores are going to close very soon so they need a lot of sales girls to help out. They seem to like the work, too. I wish I could work too but it seems that I'm too young. Besides, they want experienced girls.

Have you received your round suitcase yet? I sent it about 4 days ago so maybe you'll get it real soon. What kind of work are you going to do? I hope you can get a job doing art work that you like so much. Who knows, maybe I'll be reading your name in the papers one of these days.

Well, I'm running out of words so I think I'd better stop. Everyone sends all their love and mom and opo says to take care of yourself.

Love,

Bette



LETTER

Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

May 1, 1942

Dearest Mariko,

Surprise! We're here in Tanforan, finally, and darned if I don't like it! It's cozy if you want to call it, but I'll start from the very beginning.

Thursday morning, 7:00 A.M. we all woke up. We were to leave at 8:30 so that didn't leave much time. Everyone got dressed and we started folding up the beds and blankets. Since we had about 40 pieces of large luggage, it took all of us, including four other boys 6 trips before everything was loaded in a moving van. Gee, you should have seen us running back and forth, each time carrying heavy suitcases or packing boxes. Emi and I were carrying a big box on one of our trips. It was really heavy and we (try) tried to look as dainty as possible. A large crowd was there watching us and what should happen! Emi almost fell down and spoiled the whole effect. Doggone! To go on -- we were so busy we missed the first bus so we had to go on the second one. We didn't feel so sad having to leave cause we knew there'd be a lot of people we knew here in camp. (pause) We arrived at Tanforan about 10:00 A.M. and after going through a lot of red tape, we finally were assigned to our apartments. Notice the "s" on apt. Since there are 8 of us they gave us 2 apartments. I'll explain them to you.

Each building is a barrack, more or less and has about 20 apartments. Each apt. has 2 rooms. The back rooms are where the horses used to sleep. On the walls have been sprayed with a cream color and there is no odor left. (Doggone that Jackie anyhow! He's trying to make me stop writing, but I wanted to let you know how we were and how we like it here). We have two apt. so that gives us 4 rooms and 8 beds. Alice, Emi, and I sleep in the back room of apt. 4 and Jake sleeps in the front room. Mom, pop, and Mike sleep in the back room of apt. 5 and Takishi sleeps in front. Charlie came today so we were given another bed and he's going to sleep in front with Jackie. We've fixed our bed, Alice and mine into a double bed so we don't have to use so many blankets. Mom's and pop's is the same way. It's sort of cold at nights but who in heck cares? We have rooms to ourselves and enough privacy. There's only a partition between each apt. so we can't or they (neighbors) can't make too much noise. It's quite comfy altho everything isn't cleaned up yet. It rained yesterday and you should see the mud. Thank goodness we have boots. We sink right in. It was the first day I wore the boots and you should see it now. Simply filthy with mud. Now about the food. Everything is canned and they only give milk to kids under 6. The food is sort of gooey at times but a person's gotta eat, yuh?

We've seen quite a few of our friends here and it certainly is good to see them. They all live sort of far apart but still come to visit us. We're trying to get all fixed up but it'll take a little time yet. Gee, we sure to live far from the mess hall. That word sure fits it. It's about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile from our apt. to the hall.

Well, it's 5:00 and we have to go eat dinner. It's sort of early don't you think? Breakfast is served at 7:00 A.M., lunch at 12:00 and dinner at 5:00 P.M. We work up a good appetite going so we'll eat anything by the time we get there.

Jackie is getting on my nerves so I'll close and write you more later.

Every sends their love.

Love,

Bette



Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

LETTER

station hospital  
camp grant, illinois,  
august 4, 1942

dear mariko ...

having nothing better to do just now, i thought i'd waste some more time in doing nothing. does that make sense to you? frankly, it doesn't to me. it sounds like "a rose is a rose is a rose is a rose? or somep'n.

well, "bobbie" (ugh!) got home all right last night, and is, at the present time deeply engrossed in his work. (as witness.) i presume (and probably correctly so) that a miss mariko kikuchi awakened this a.m. with a torrent of vile and descriptive curses folowing from her torrid (?), red lips as her eyes (beautiful optics they were, too) gazed instantly at the heap of dirty dishes piled high on the sink. it's too bad that we had to leave so suddenly. i'm sure that kim and hard tack would have been delighted to lend their assistance to aid two beautiful damsels in distress. (passing the buck again, no less.)

well, the real reason for pounding out this "masterpiece" was to say thanks for the delightful week-end i spent there in chicago. kidding aside, for just one moment, i'll admit i had one swellegant vacation. thank you too much, the pleasure was all mine.

if this letter sounds as insane to you as it does to me, then lay the blame on to the fact that i'm back at my work in the neuropsychiatric ward. it couldn't be the party that's writing this, could it?

maybe some day i'll be lucky enough (providing may or mae can stand the woofing or woolfing) to enjoy another visit with you. hoping your thoughts are in the affirmative line.

before this literary piece reveals the streak of insanity running through my system, i'd better call it 'pau play.' do you remember your pidgin english?

being an optimistic soul, i'm even even expecting a letter from you. (conceited fool!)

Bob

p.s. -- speaking of pidgin english, you will note the omission of words throughout this sad excuse for a letter.

lazy buggah, no?



Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

LETTER

station hospital  
camp grant, ill.  
august 14, 1942.

hello yourself, mariko:

being as how i'm a sucker, i'm even answering your letter before answering the thirty-two (32) other girls.

well, what's buzzin, cousin? i'm hep and sad both. so you've got a lot more important things to do than to waste time writing to me, eh? well, ... (i guess i got nuttin' to say ...)

did i hear you correctly when you said 'lahvly manners?' i'm sorry ma'm, i think you got me mixed with two other fellas. wut am i doin' now? wastin' time writin' to a gal ... and among other things, looking forward to 'be kind to dumb animals week' so that i might drop over again.

if you are that intellectually inclined, we shall see the "burly-Q" together. two can go slumming as easily as one. so, you haven't seen the holy rollers in action, yes? i say that i have. you ain't a-missin' nuttin' either. i'll take the "bug-house" here. the people are more sane.

glory be! my vacation to Chicago resulted in more new experiences than i ever had before. foist of all, i got slapped by hurose (Hello, May, what d'ya say!) (you can go now, may, that's all for you. let some grown-ups talk in peace) and then to top that off, i got bitten by a little girl in her teens Betty Omori. did i take a razzing at the post tailor shop when i went to get that particular shirt cleaned. next time i shall wear my flaming red p.i. shirt so the lip goo won't show. if you ever see that little girl again, please convey my regrets concerning the four front teeth that are probably missing. and you can also tell her that i shall get her a new dental plate, custom built by dr. cowen, the friendly credit dentist.

don't know how soon i shall get my next pass, but i shall look forward to it ... (sucker!) that was my inner soul speaking out of turn. any similarity between it and myself is purely coincidental. well, i shall console myself with bringing a pair of boxing gloves for may and a muzzle for bettie, which should keep me well protected. (i hope!) by the way, you don't bite, do you?

my only regrets are that i don't know what flavor lipstick the girls in chicago use. (who said that?) the inner soul again. excuse, plizz. notice that "regrets" are plural. nothing small about me. i like raspberry and i'll probably get 'em, too, but in another way.

enuf is enuf.

... bob

P.S.

Drop a line when you feel that you can easte the time.



Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

LETTER

Station Hospital  
Camp Grant, Ill.  
Aug. 31, 1942

Miss M. Kikuchi  
14 W. Maple St.  
Chicago, Ill.

My dear Miss Kiek-oochi:

On the supposition that your constitution can stomach it, we are replying in like manner to your letter of the 21st. Unaccustomed as we are to pounding out missives in a formal tone and form, nevertheless, you can't say that we didn't try.

Note to May:

The reason for the childish tone of the last letter, May dearest, was for the simple reason that we have always been brought up to believe that if the condition of the recipient of our letters does not warrant his consuming a wisely constructed diet, deficiencies should be made good with specific supplementary substances administered in such a manner that they will be absorbed. (Not that we didn't think that you or Miss Kikuchi were not of sufficiently high intellectual calibre. No, nothing like that. We aim to please .. or do we?) You will please over look and pardon the plural "we" in the above lines. (It's a throwback to our editorial writing days.)

... And once again, Miss Kikuchi, we implore you to forgive and forget the nonsensical contents of our letters. By now the reason should be obvious. Yes, we are still working in the neuropsychiatric ward. The influences of our environment are strong felt in our work ... thus these screwball letters.

and ere we go bugs, let's get down to earth. i have good news for you. i won't be able to go down to chicago for quite a while as far as i can see. that should be of some relief to you. at least you'll have peace and contentment in your home for a space of time. oh yes, the reason? we have decided to go out for the gory sport of football. that, of course, means practice, practice and more practice. we are out for the essential but unsung position of right halfback (the blocking back position) ... and eventually, we expect to make at least 3rd string water boy. at the present time, we are merely a filler-inner during dummy practice. Naturally, i'm a natural for that. the team? it's the camp grant eleven. (how are you at setting bones, Mariko?) i'll be right down with a couple of broken bones<sup>of</sup> these days.)

we have practice everyday, rain or shine, with the exception of sunday, so that means no more trips to Chicago for a while. that means we shall have to forego our seeing the "burly-Q" and the cellophane lady and what-have-you. when you say that play, "goodnight ladies," would probably appeal more to my baser and carnal senses rather than to my artistic soul, mariko, you're probably hitting the nail on the head. at least i'm honest about it. (enter the villain.) where's my mustache wax?

i've conveyed my regrets through kim watanabe re: my not being able to see you all. he'll be down there one of these days, i think. jim ito has been to chicago since. i don't know if he looked you up or not.

well, the weather has turned a bit chilly, i.e., it did turn toward the cooler side a couple of days back. it's hotter than blue blazes again though. during that



Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

LETTER  
2

August 31, 1942

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sincerely yours,

... bob



Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

LETTER  
2

August 31, 1942

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... bob



Barrack 10-Apartment 5  
Tanforan Assembly Center  
San Bruno, California  
September 4, 1942

Dearest Mariko:

Thanks for everything you're doing for me. I do appreciate it-- more than you think, as I know how busy you must be, and how much time it takes to do all of those things.

So far, here is what has been done as far as my getting out is concerned. I wrote an airmail letter to the Chief of Police, and had Mr. Gonsalves write me another one -- I'll show you all of the letters one of these days, when we get together again, and you can see how much work I've done in order to effect a release.

Your letter has already reached Mr. Davis, and he in turn, turned it over to Mr. Gunder, who is the head of the bureau considering all transfers and releases. Mr. Gunder called me in and gave me the letter, telling me to send it in with my formal application. I haven't sent my letter of application in as yet, because it's no use sending it in without the authorization letter which hasn't come as yet. If I did, they'd only send it back to Mr. Gunder, and tell him to tell me what is necessary. By the way, did you get the bulletin I sent you? Well, that is the final authority, so no matter what else anyone may tell you, that bulletin holds. Mr. Gonsalves has also written to Congressman Tolan in my behalf, and he thinks that Mr. Tolan will also write a letter in my behalf. That ought to do it if nothing else does.

As far as my experience goes, I am pretty good in shorthand, and have brushed up on my typing, although it doesn't show in my letters. I can operate a mimeograph machine, and cut stencils, which should help, besides being able to file.



I don't have to worry one bit about my things getting to the station, etc., as the government will give me a ride to San Francisco, and from there, I am on my own. As far as I know, it isn't permissible to go on anyone's private car, you have to go by train, however, maybe I can fix it so that I get a ticket for someplace else, and then go with Angie the rest of the way. It would save me some money that way, and would be much more interesting to go by car, than by railroad.

As far as I know, Jack is going to go to the Relocation Center with the family, and then try to get out from there. He has already written to Louis Adamic, and has been promised a job, I mean, they have stated that they would help him find a job, part time or all day. From what I gather, his destination is Cleveland.

Charlie, Emiko, Bette, and Takeshi have already gone to Arizona. They left Tuesday morning 6:45 a.m., and Talley and Mimi Yusa went along with them with his mother and sister. As far as Dr. Hall is concerned, I think he's more or less out of luck, as all of the work Charlie is doing is tied up for the University of California Research bureau, and he is receiving a scholarship fund for the work he is doing.

Louis Adamic and a lot of other people are dying to have Charlie write for him, but all he is doing, is a personal journal type of document for U.C., which includes all of the family quarrels, and everything else that goes on in camp. He doesn't have time to write detailed letters even, so I don't see how he is going to do any more work.

Didn't I tell you that Mom and Pop approve of Angelo? Pop thinks pretty lot of Angie, and he says that anyone who comes so faithfully



every Saturday and Sunday to see me, and does so much for the family, just because he likes me, is all right with him, and should we be transferred to Arizona, or Utah, he says that Angie is the type who would follow me over.

Friday, September 11, is the last day for visitors, so even if Angelo did stay in town, it wouldn't be any use--he wouldn't be able to see me, and now that everything is definite, he is going to start for Missouri in a few weeks time. I guess you didn't receive my letter, as I told you that he was driving out, and would take you your radio, camera, and anything else you may have.

If I should be married in Chicago, and Ang gets transferred to the Pacific coast, or Atlantic coast, I could join him no matter if it is Military Zone #1, as they have let out Anna Matsuyama's brother to go back to Sonoma, California, and he has even returned here for a visit with his sister, Anna, who married Johnny Towata--or didn't I tell you before. And then there is a few cases where the wife is Japanese and the husband is Filipino, and they have gone right back to San Francisco where they formerly resided, so a lot of the things you hear back East aren't very true, and you needn't worry too much about how conditions are. The only thing that would keep me from getting out, is that things are going to be so rushed, they might make me wait till I go to the Relocation Center. In which case, I'll have to make another application. (gosh, my typing, but I can't help it as they are all ribbing me, and talking to me in the office, and I can't concentrate.) (They--being Mich Hayashida, Tets' younger brother, Min Endo, of the Endo Silk Company on Grant Avenue street, and Mr. Gonsalves.)

By the way, Bessie Orita Watanabe says that her sister in law is



Dr. Kahn Ueyama's wife, and that she may go to Chicago to join them. It was funny because she said that her sister in law was there, and I said you'd told me that there were a lot of Japanese there, among them Dr. Ueyama and his wife. Coincidence, n'est ce pas?

Baer Kawakami married the girl who was working with him in Alameda, and then left to go to Minnesota. I received a letter from him yesterday in which he said that they were getting along fine, and that there were a lot of domestic type jobs in Minnesota, and a few that I might be interested in. However, I don't want to go into any housework, as I don't know what type of people I might be working for, and they might not like it if I took the job, and then left right away.

I wish the letter would come soon so that I can get out of the camp from here. It would be too much work and a waste of time if I went along to Arizona and then to Chicago. Of course, it would save me some train fare, but it may take too long, so I'm trying all I can from here.

Chidori has written me several letters, and so has Miki. Miki is now in Wyoming, and so is Tak Shiozaki. This camp is going to Utah, starting from September 15.

By the way, don't send Emiko anything until you hear what her new address is, because it might get lost--if you want any suggestions as to what to get her, something she could wear in camp would be useful. A white blouse, size 36, or whatever size a person with a size 35 bust would wear. Or a dark color pair of slacks, size 16. Or a nice bandana, jacket of thin material--long torso style, or stationery. If I get her address soon, I'll let you know immediately, so that you can at least send her a card. Miyako has plenty of dresses, and slacks--she wears Takeshi's Levy jeans, and his green zipper jacket,



as he's more or less outgrown all of his clothes. We make good use of the Montgomery Ward catalog, you may be sure, and the stuff that comes from there is pretty good.

You may be interested in knowing that Charlie's stuff that went to Arizona--I mean, all four of theirs, weight 2,403 lbs, and I have never received such a ribbing about how much of the camp the Kikuchi's went off with. We had to take apart our table, benches, and packed all of the loose lumber we had, as I hear there is a lumber shortage in Arizona, plus unfurnished barracks, and you sure do need furniture. We had him take all that we could, so that we wouldn't have too much to take when we go. Now ~~ix~~ it would be funny, if our transfer didn't go through, and we had to go when the rest of them did; we wouldn't have much to take with us.

I have to stay here in camp until the last day of evacuation, plus maybe a few days extra, as all of the people who work in necessary positions such as the secretaries, and Warehouse crews have to be on hand, till the end. That's all right with me, because that gives us that much more time to get our transfer out, and for me, it gives me that much more time for my transfer.

Well, that's about enough for the present. I think I've answered all of your questions now.

Everyone is fine, but the house sure is quiet with the kids gone.

Love, Alice



Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

LETTER

September 8, 1942

Dearest Mari,

How's the glamour gal enjoying life out in the free air? From your letter, or shall I say manuscript, you seem to be having a grand time. Really enjoyed reading your letter.

What's new here? Well, nothing much has happened. We are now in the wilds of Wyoming, where life is just as dull as was in Pomona. The camp is much larger as it will hold twice our number. Folks from Portland and Santa Anita came in the last week or so. No such luck of having Cherry and Martha here. Martha seems to be going to Arkansas, while Cherry will be right below us in Colorado. Did you hear the good news about Cherry and Eddie? According to Marcha, Cherry has changed her name to Mrs. Edward Hotta sometime last week. Isn't that wonderful? Of course, we knew that would happen sooner or later. And Mari, Martha and Cherry haven't heard from you in ages, so sling them a line or two across the continent. Toshi is expecting her bundle sometime in March. Wish we were all there to celebrate her first babe. She done beat all of us to the draw, eh Mari? Also wish she would write to me. Haven't heard from her in a long time. Must be in Gila by now.

At present I'm not working as I'm taking a long needed vacation. Just wait, they'll probably draft me in the mess hall again, which I wouldn't mind. All I do now is just sleep and eat. Eats! Woe, but what a meal! They seem to serve us plenty of meat, but hardly any fresh vegetables. Food in Pomona was much better. Of course, we had fried chicken, but that was only once.

Tomorrow 200 farmers, who volunteered, will leave for outside work in the bean harvest. They will be paid \$4 a day, which isn't bad at all. Wish they had jobs like that for girls. They are also planning to get farmers for the beet fields. This would be hard labor, so I heard.

Rumors flying around that Manzanar might be moved inland. I feel sorry for the people there. After all, they thought it would be permanent so were settled down for the duration. If they do move, I just hope and pray Yoshi would come up this way. I do miss here even though we did quarrel a lot. Later on, we ought to try to get outside job and get out of this "hole."

Now listen, Mari, what's this about a new beau. Keep him at a distance or Kayo will be mad. "You and Kayo are made for each other." Have your fun, but don't leave broken hearts behind.

What a dust storm we had today! It really was awful. There was I standing in the midst of it waiting to receive my \$8 check -- pay from last month's work in Pomona. It rained a little, but not enough to harden the soft ground. You just can't keep our apartment clean here when it blows like that. The dust seeps through the windows somehow. It's a mess! Oh, happy days!

Heard from Tak that part of your family are now at Gila. That means that Alice would still be in Tanforan. Wrote her last week, but haven't received her answer yet. I bet you do miss her and the rest of the family.

Can't write such long and interesting letters like you as nothing exciting happens here. So, Mari, I'll let you do all the talking as usual. Write soon. Find time between your many beaus to drop us folks back here a line or two. Take goodcare of yourself.

Love,  
Miki



September 9, 1942

Dearest Mariko -

Gee, I'm really sorry that I didn't write to you sooner, but I guess I was just too lazy to do any writing. Am I forgiven?

It's really hot here in Arizona, but the camp isn't half as bad as we heard. We arrived here on Wed. at 10:30 a.m. after traveling 26 hours. (left S.F. at 8:30 a.m. on Tues.) We hit L.A. at 6:00 p.m. on Tues. and the darn guard wouldn't even let us go out to take a walk even though we had  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hr. before train time. He couped us in a little office and was it hot. Tally and Mimi Yusa and his mom and sis. traveled with us, and his mom sure got on our nerves. Takeshi had to go to the toilet at Los Angeles, so Chas. told him to go. When Fuddy (the name we gave our W.P.A. escort) found out, he got excited as heck, and nearly threw a fit. He said "what if we miss the train" etc. and when Tom came back about 10 minutes later, he gave him heck. The soldiers there were swell. They joked around with us and everything. When we said we wanted a coke, he said "Go on" but Mrs. Yusa got so scared (she thought Fuddy might get mad) that we didn't go. Tally sure got mad at his mother though. . .told her that we didn't have to mind him like a dog, and then she said that Chas. should know better since he was the older brother. We traveled on the Daylight, and was it comfortable. I couldn't eat lunch, because I got sort of sick facing all the telephone poles flying by. The lady sitting ~~across~~ across from us gave us a Look magazine, and when Chas. tried to tip the "Redcap", he said to forget it because he knew how things were. From "Ellay (Los Angeles) to Arizona, we traveled on the "Argonan", and what an uncomfortable thing! We had to sleep two in a seat, and straight back seats at that. On top of it, it was hot as anything and we weren't



supposed to open windows! Takeshi finally slept on the floor, but me and Chas. only slept for about 2 hrs. Gee it was awful though. And our Mr. Fuddy-pants kept telling us how lucky we were to get seats at all since he worked for the government or something. When we had breakfast on the train, he told us to order No. B. which was ham and eggs, but since we only ate 2 meals altogether instead of 4, we ordered No. A which was lamp chops. All the rest were finished, and he came over to our table and we weren't even served yet. Then the waiter said "here's your chops" he got mad as anything and said "What's the big idea." I guess he was sore because he didn't make any profit on that meal. No. B. was \$1 and A. was \$1.25, so altogether for the 4 of us we had a \$3.00 breakfast. Was it good though Mm! We arrived in Casa Grande at 10:30 and this Bob Spencer who is also working on the same project as Chas. and Tally met us. (Gee, we were roasted by then. . . we had on boys slacks too!) He let us do a little shopping at the little store there, and we bought those large Mexican hats (only 98¢) blouse, curlers, combs, etc., Chas. bought a Frank Buck styled hat too. . . you really need them around here. You should have seen those people crowd around and look at us as if we were freaks. It sure was funny though. We had a chance to go to either Camp 1 or 2, but Chas. decided on 2 because all the administration, etc. was to be there since it was larger. Our camp is the 4th largest city in the state of Arizona. Funny huh? It's population is 10,000 and camp 1 is 5,000. We had to go back and forth to look for a place to live, because the first place (went there 5 times) there was a sassy young couple, and they didn't want us in there. After the 11th time, we finally found a place, and I was half dead. Our place is pretty good though. One large room for the 4 of us (there's supposed to be 6 in a room, but they finally gave it to us since we couldn't find any



other place) and when the rest comes, we get another place - 2 rooms for 4 persons to a room. The camp as a whole is pretty good...especially the administration. Nothing like Tanforan's administration (that's what they called it). This place isn't quite finished, but I imagine it'll be pretty good when they do get it finished. The latrines, showers, laundry rooms, wash rooms, etc. are all near us, so its pretty convenient. Camp 1 is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  mi. away, and you can go there anytime you feel like it. . .Walk, ride or otherwise. Only 2 guards for the whole 2 camps and no fence, so you don't feel like a prisoner anyway. There's no hot water as yet, and we can't drink the water from the pipes so each mess hall have 3 cans of ice water outside. We're supposed to drink that. The first few days we drank so much that I got sick. . . Diarrhea. Boy, is it awful. Running bowels all the time, and still you want to drink water because it's so hot. (We sleep with no covers every night). The roofs of the houses are double, and the walls are asbestos, so that keeps a lot of the heat out. Before we came here, everyone was telling us about the Gila Monsters, snakes, scorpions, etc. but so far we've only seen some cute little lizards, and plenty of bugs and flies. (Don't mind the scattered sentences as I'm just putting them down as they come to me). The mess hall is 5 barracks away, and it serves pretty good food. We sure are good at getting bottles of jam off the tables to bring home, and hunks of ice to put in our water at home. Canteen opened yesterday, and they sell quite a wide variety of goods. The sodas are awfully small though. Puny! Oh yes, the lavatories and showers aren't partitioned like Tanforan's either. Sure is inconvenient when your in your menstrual period cuz so many little kids stand a gape at you. Before we came,



they had those toilets that were just holes in the grounds. Ugh! Turlock camp said that theirs were like that too. We sure were lucky in Tanforan though. I sure hated to leave though. The Stablemates boys' club of Tanfo. gave me and Bette a goodbye party, and so did the Totalizer staff. Gee, they were a lot of fun though. Then the night before we left they all came to see us, and Bette said that 2 of the boys had tears in their eyes. I didn't cry until Mrs. Iwanaga cried just before we left on Tues. morning...then you should have seen me, Bette, Patsy and Yuri bawl. Gee, I couldn't stop even when we were  $\frac{1}{2}$  way to S.F. It sure is sad when you leave your friends and maybe not see them for yrs. and yrs. or maybe never.

Yesterday we climbed one of the many buttes around here, and we met 2 little Indian kids there. For 12 and 13 yrs. they sure were grownup like though. Then when they started smoking, you should have seen the little boys (Japs) the same ages gape at them. Chas. interviewed them, and they sure can lie! They scare me for one reason. They asked us what our names were, and afterwards we asked them the name of their horses, and they said Bette and laughed like anything.

So far, Chas. and Tom have built a table and shelf, and they're pretty good-looking. They sure do wish Jackson were here though. After our 3rd day here, guess who came to see us? Sam Seiki, the boy who lived next door, and the owner of our house on Buchanan St. Small world no? Also, the Navy Laundry people are here, and all of Susuin, Vacaville, and places near Vallejo are here. It seems funny to hear the kids around us talking about Vallejo, Times Herald, Hanlon Theatre etc. It makes us homesick. One man that lives next door to me said I had a smart sister because her picture was in the paper many times during graduation. He was talking about me, but I didn't tell him.



I sure must have looked ~~different~~ different in the pics. That's all I can think of about Gila, so I'll think of what I can about Tanforan. (I think I'll lose weight here though, because I perspire a lot, and don't eat much because it's so hot.)

Alice told me that she said I would tell you about the Talent Show that I sang in, so I will. I certainly was nervous though, and it embarrassed me like heck when the M.C. handed me a bouquet of wild flowers with a large purple ribbon on it. I knew Alice sent them as soon as he read the silly poem in it. I sang I Don't Want to Walk Without You, but it sounded lousy to me. I sang again at our Mardi-Gras...There I Go with the record, at the councilmen's meeting, and the parties that the Stablemates gave. It's a lot of fun, and I don't get as nervous anymore. The Totalizer got their movies taken by the soldiers, and I squeezed myself in too. That day I seemed to be everywhere, and Al Kinoto and I got into 7 pictures that day. I'll bet that soldier thought we were following him. The last few dances in Tanforan were pretty sad, because they were for couples only. Bette and I had more fun at the Rec. halls. The only thing was the I worked, I didn't have much time to meet people, whereas Bette did. A bunch of kids got mad at her, because they wrote a speech for her, and without telling them, she gave an ~~mag~~ altogether different speech that Chas. wrote for her. That hurt them, and I knew they'd spread stories or something about her, so I explained to them and told Bette to explain too. Bette is forgetful in things like that, but I guess she'll get out of it sooner or later. One boy named Yosh Takakuwa started to bother Bette so much, and he couldn't help it if he liked her. Bette treated him so mean, that I felt sorry for him and payed a lot of attention to him in talking etc. so that Bette could have a little time for herself.



and what happens? He starts making and carving my names out for me (in class too, so all the kids sure kidded me about robbing the cradle . . . he's 16) and making rings, belts and everything. Then he'd come for me in the morning, and instead of walking just up to the gate with me and going the rest of the way with Bette and Patsy to school, he'd come all the way to the office door with me, and be late for 1st period. At 10 o'clock I look out of the window, and there he is sitting on the stairs doing his homework right in front of the office. At lunch time he'd wait (classes end at 11:15) to go to the diet kitchen with me to get pop's food, carry it all the way home for me, dash home and eat on the second shift, and dash back again and takes me to work. At 5 o'clock he's waiting again to take me home. 4 minutes after rollcall, he comes over with some excuse about his records or something. Gee, I knew exactly how Bette felt, so I told him that he'd better not come over so much because mom was sick, so for awhile I had a little. I guess I kinda showed my feelings because pretty soon he started coming over to see Tom. What next, huh? He was a good kid though, and I actually miss him down here. I also miss Marguerite the girl I had so many  <sup>fights</sup>  with at work. Towards the end we got along pretty good together, and she came over to see me a lot of times.

Well, I guess I'd better close for now. The reason I thought of writing to you was because today was my birthday, and I didn't want you to think that I forgot yours. There's 3 days difference in our birthdays, and I think it takes about 3 days for a letter to get from here to you. Happy Birthday Onesan (means "big sister" in Japanese) and I hope you have many more of them. I hope you don't



mind my not sending you a birthday present, because I haven't got a Montgomery Ward catalog here. Please don't bother about me, because I really don't need a darn thing . . . just your wishing me a happy birthday.

Bye for now, and write when you find time.

Love, Emi -

I don't feel like 18! Bette says she'll write separately.

Our address is

Name  
Block 65 9 B  
Gila Relocation Center  
Rivers, Arizona



Barrack 10-Apt 4 & 5  
Tanforan Assembly Center  
San Bruno, California  
September 14, 1942

Dear Mariko:

This is going to be a short letter, because I'm writing while at the office. About my coming to Chicago--evidently the Chief of Police doesn't want me to come there to your fair city, because he still hasn't sent me the letter I asked him for. Mr. Gonsalves also wrote him a letter in my behalf, and Congressman Tolan was to have written one too, I'm not sure. At least, he was asked to do what he could, as he is a personal friend of Mr. Gonsalves.

There has been a little trouble about our getting the rest of the family to Arizona, because Mr. Gunder, the man who does all of the moving, forgot about the rest of the family still being here, and now it's too late to apply for transfer from within the camp; we have to have the WRA or the Army do it from the outside.

The first contingent left Tanforan on the 9th, and their families will leave on the 15th; after which 500 a day will leave until the camp is cleared. My name is down for the last day of evacuation--about 100 workers are supposed to stay to clear up the accounts and books, and then leave on the last train, but if our transfer to Arizona comes in sooner, I'll have to go to Arizona first, and then start proceedings all over again.

Before I go on any further, let me say how sorry I am that I did not send you any birthday greetings of any kind, but I have been pretty sick for the last week, and although I come to work on and off, I was in a bad way up till about yesterday. I don't know what's wrong with me, but I have been going to the Hospital, and they said to wait a few days and they'll let me know what's wrong. On top of it all--or



maybe that's the cause of it all--I have a cold. Guess I'll live through it all, the weather is very nice now, not too hot, but still a little windy. We didn't have a very hot day since our arrival here, and when it was hot, it still was windy, so I don't know what our reactions will be in Arizona. Anyway, I hope you had a nice birthday, and we all wish you a belated "Happy Birthday". I was going to get you something, but no more visitors are allowed in starting from the 11th, so I couldn't have anything brought in. Ang was pretty swell about getting us stuff, but now that he can't come in, we'll probably have to depend entirely on Monky Ward.

We received some clothing from Sears Roebuck and Co., and for getting in free, it isn't too bad. I got a couple of print dresses, a pair of pajamas, some ankelets, slips, etc., and so did the rest of the girls while the boys got a nice heavy woolen plaid jacket, pants, shoes, sox, etc. The government allowed the WCCA a certain amount per month for each family, and by the time we got the allowance system all set up, we'd been here for three months, so we were allowed about \$90.00 worth of stuff for the family. We received about \$85.00, but some of the stuff isn't worth the price, so all in all, we didn't fare too badly. You probably would turn your nose up at the stuff, but when you're in camp, you sure can use work shoes, jeans, cotton dresses, etc., and now I think that everyone is more or less settled as far as clothing goes, except that I think we'll order more cotton dresses for Mom. It's going to be too hot in Arizona, and we don't know how often we'll be able to wash at first, so she'll need a few more than what she has.

What with Emiko, Bette, Charlie, and Tom gone, the house is pretty



quiet as Jack, Miyako, and I aren't as noisy as those four. We're managing pretty well without them, except that when I was sick one day, our next door neighbor Patsy, (Aiko Iwanaga, who used to be the Boy Scout's Drum Majorette) had to get Pop's food for him from the special diet kitchen. She's 16, a little younger than Bette, and very glamorous looking, and was a very close pal of Bette's, so she used to go with Bette to get the food once in awhile, therefore, when I said she'd have to take Bette's place and be my sister, she took me up on it and we get a big kick out of her, and her sister Yuri, who is Miyako's age, and an inseparable pal.

Well, I guess I'll close now. Miki is about the only one of your friends I hear from, and she's in Wyoming now. Her address is 17-8-B Heart Mountain War Relocation Project, Cody Wyoming. Tak Shiozaki is up there, and I introduced them by mail, so she always mentions him in her letter--for instance, she said, "saw Tak on the train, but didn't get to talk to him much, as he read funny books most of the way up."

Well, guess I'll go back to work now. Received a letter from Rev. Stone, and have already written him thanking him for his interest. What's new with you? You owe me a couple of letters, I think.

It's going to be a little hard at first at Arizona, because this whole camp is going to Abraham, Utah, while mostly Turlock, Tulare, and a lot of other countrified people are going to be at Arizona. Charlie says that Dr. Baba is there, as is my old friend, and Minkey's ex: Jean Yamasaki, who lives around the block from them. Haven't heard from Minkey or Helen Oshidari at all, and I guess they've moved by now to a Relocation Camp.

Write soon,

Love from all, Alice



Barrack 10-Apt. 5  
Tanforan Assembly Center  
San Bruno, California  
September 16, 1942

Dear Mariko:

Don't be too surprised to find this money order enclosed. I know it's an awfully long time, but I haven't cashed it as yet, because it needs your signature, and I always forget to send it to you. Please sign my name on the line that says "Pay to", and your name on the line "Payee".

I could have signed your name on it I suppose, but the postmaster said I had to have identification, and I couldn't argue him out of it. I had signed your name on it, but as you can see, I erased it. When you sign over it, it won't show. Will you send it to me right away, or keep it if you think I might be gone from here? You see, you could cash it, but then you'd have to send me the money, and that wouldn't be safe. This was originally part of the money Mom had, but she needed cash one day, and I changed it for her, and have been carrying this around ever since.

Tentatively, I have my name in to leave Oct. 3, but the Army order to go to Arizona, might come in sooner than that, and that means that we'll have to leave. Quite a few from our barrack left yesterday, and some more are leaving today, but either we'll be moved closer to the main mess hall, or else more people who are being left behind will be moved in the vacancies, so we're not worried about being left all alone.

Well, have to close now, as it's lunch time, and I have to get Pop's food. Grace Fujii was over last night, she lives next door to us, and said that the last time she heard from her brother John, was in Singapore.

Dave Saito says to say hello. So does Tomate Sakai. Love, Alice



\*Barrack 10-Apt. 5  
\*Tanforan Assembly Center  
\*San Bruno, California  
September 24, 1942

Dear Mariko:

Well, I see my love has finally reached your fair city. How is he holding up? Are you showing him the ropes and getting him settled? Gosh, it seems such a short time since he said goodbye and left here, and now he's way over there, thousands of miles away, and I'm still left stuck here, with no possibility of getting out until after I reach Arizona.

Perhaps it's just as well, for Jackson has won a scholarship to the Drew University (or Brothers College) in New Jersey, and will be leaving any day. If there is any stop-over in Chicago, he'll probably be dropping in on you one of these days, but I can't say when definitely. He received a \$400 scholarship from the National Student's Relocation Council which should take him through a year for tuition and fees. Now all he has to do is to take care of his board and room and clothes.

This morning at 6:00, Henry Fujii left for Iowa to go to college, and it sure was a funny situation. After his folks and Grace left for Utah, we practically adopted him, along with Yuri Oshima, who is staying with us now. (She took Emi's place in our office, and is a good singer, and cute.) Well, anyway, last night Pop and Mom sent him to bed early, after the show "My Favorite Wife" with Cary Grant and Irene Dunne, and then since he had to get up so early, Mom got up at 5 and started calling "Henry, Hen-ry", but received no answer. She got a little worried that he might oversleep, so she told Pop that he didn't answer, so he took a stick and hit the wall, calling "Hen-ry, Henry Fujii, Hen-ry Fujii", until finally he answered. He left camp about an hour later, after coming into our dark bedrooms to say goodby.



Yuri is 19 years of age, comes from San Leandro, and looks something like Doris Louie. She has a nice personality, and is pretty well liked by everyone, and getting right into our family group. She helps a lot, because ever since the rest of the kids left, she fills in the empty gap that they left, and we make just as much noise, and have almost as much fun as before. Miyako likes her very much, and does little favors for her such as washing her dish bag for her. We all carry a bag to the mess hall with our tin dish, spoon, fork, knife, and cup in it, and then wash them all there, and put them right back in the bag for the next meal.

Have you heard from Emiko and Bette as yet? So far, they've written a couple of letters apiece, and a lot of postcards. Emi says she received your birthday card and money that I forwarded to her, and will probably write you soon, if not already.

By the way, Miki says that Toshi is expecting, from what she heard from Yoshi, and if you write to anyone of the girls, will you ask them what her address is, because I'd like to get rid of the package you left with me, the skirt and sweater that you were going to return to her.

When I get to Arizona, I'll have to sort out all of my junk, and leave half of it behind, as I don't want to be traveling around with a lot of things that I don't use all of the time, and to keep the cost of baggage down. Right now, I have my sewing machine, a big trunk, a large suitcase, a small suitcase, and a hatbox. Maybe you can let me know approximately how the weather is and then I'll know what kind of clothes I'll need. I haven't much of any clothes, and will have to start all over again, as far as hats, shoes, etc. go, after I reach there, as all I wear nowadays, are ankelets, low heeled



shoes, and cotton print dresses, white blouses, and dirndl skirts. And will probably need a new permanent by the time I get out.

How was Helen Takahashi? Is still in Chicago? Her mother came over to say goodbye to me, and I really felt sorry that her father and mother had to go to Utah. Her father is so old, and has no teeth, that it's probably very hard for him to manage his food, and not having any children with them, it must be awfully hard on their peace of mind. Perhaps Mom and Pop are spoiled because they have their children to look after them, but they really are dependent on us for a lot of things, and it's a good thing we're around when some of the rumors come in because they are so silly. And the poor older issei are willing to believe anything. Pop very conscientiously listens to all of the newscasts all day long, about every hour, and listens to the news commentators so much that he can spot Fulton Lewis Jr., Raymond Gram Swing, or Kaltenborn right off the bat.

Last night we took Pop and Mom to the show to see "My Favorite Wife", and Pop was really impressed with a colored cartoon called "Dick Whittingtons' cat." Tonight he says he wants to go to the talent show that Tommy Hoshiyama is emceeing, because Jackson is going to sing My Devotion, and so is Yuri going to sing. The Tomorrow night he may go to the show again to see "The Magnificent Brute" starring Victor McLaglen. It's pretty good, because we have to sit on the floor under the grandstand, and after an hour or so, you get pretty tired. Pop used the back rest last night, so I guess it was all right for him, and we all spread an army blanket on the floor and wear slacks which enables us to spread our legs in any direction.

I hope you aren't bored by all these little details, but through all of my letters, I'm trying to give you a picture of camp life and



our reactions to it, and I want to read them myself over again when I get out of camp, to see what my reactions were.

Does Angelo still have the car, or has he left for Missouri by this time. I sure do miss him, especially on Saturdays and Sundays, because he used to visit so faithfully. Of course, I miss him all day long, but when one is busy at the office and at home, I can't spend all of my time thinking of other things, so last night in the picture, there were parts when Cary Grant looked like Angelo, and then I really did miss him.

I guess Angelo is pretty well disgusted at the whole situation by this time, and I wouldn't blame him at all if he changed his mind, but try and explain to him, won't you, that all of the excuses I make to him are really to cover up the real situation. Mom and Pop are really dependent upon me, much as Charlie and Jackie say they aren't, and I can really understand their sense of fear, when I say I'm leaving them, because the other kids can do everything and more that I do, but Mom and Pop don't like to ask them to do things as much as they do me, because when they ask me something, I like to get it over as soon as possible. Pop was really happy for awhile when he thought that after we arrived at a Relocation Project, we wouldn't be able to get out, because he thought that I would have to stay. If it weren't for Angela, I wouldn't leave camp, and heck with anything and anybody, but I realize that I have my own life to live, and that I've waited and put him off long enough. Now that the Diet kitchen has closed down, and Zeng has gone to Utah, I have to get food from the other people I know in the mess hall, and then I think our mess hall is going to close on the 28th of this month, which means that for the rest of our stay in camp, we will have to come back to



eat at the main mess hall, which is now opened for the rest of the people whose mess halls have already closed down. I'm thankful that our mess hall is the last one to close down, as it has been so convenient to go there to eat.

So far, I don't know when we leave, but I have an idea that it will be pretty soon. There are trains leaving for Utah, on the 26th, 27, 28th, 29, 30 and 1st, and then that will be the last train until the 10th, when all of the workers will leave. At least that's the general setup right now. Things are liable to change any moment. And then because we are going to a different place than the rest, our order may come in suddenly without advance notice. We're all packed, so it doesn't make much difference. The only thing that will be inconvenient, and this won't make Angelo happy, is the fact that after I arrive in Arizona, I'll have to wait a week or two for the rest of my baggage to arrive, and then leave from there. Gosh, it's a tiresome job to write letter after letter and then receive no answer. That darned old chief of Police hasn't even acknowledged my two or three letters, plus the one Mr. Gonsalves wrote, and the one Congressman Tolan wrote in my behalf.

Well, guess I'd better close if I want this letter to get off to you. Take care of yourself, and Miyako's birthday is on the 27th for your information.

Love, Alice

P. S. My love to Angelo, and I'll write him right away.



September 29, 1942

Dearest Mariko -

Received your letter a few days ago, and it was really swell hearing from you.

Glad to hear that you found such a swell job, and good pay too! Good for you.

So Angelo is in Chicago huh? What a surprise, and how he gets around. One minute he's in S.F. and the next thing you know, he's in Chicago. I'll bet the people that you introduced him to like him, don't they? He's very friendly and considerate. I know all of Alice's friends thought he was tops. At the present though, I'm mad at him. Favoritism - that's what it is. He writes to Bette, but not a word does he write to me. I don't think I shall ever forgive him.

What a surprise to have dear little Geo. Yoshisato pop up after all these long months. Did you give him our address? We'd like to hear from him once in a while.

You needn't worry about Mom and pop not being able to join us, because this is a special case, and they'll be able to join us very soon. I don't know exactly when, but it'll be before the 15th of October, I think. By the way, remember old "fuddy" that accompanied us on our trip from Tanforan to Arizona? Well, we thought we heard and saw the last of him, but I received a letter from Alice and she said that he kicked like blazes when he got back to Tanfo. He yelled at Alice or something, and Ang nearly hit him too. Such a hopeless case that. Fuddle-brain ne?

Before I forget, Toshi Ikida and Sachi Egima (?) came over yesterday to look for Alice, but since she wasn't here, we gave her her address. They said that they never expected to meet your family, and they say I look like you so-o much.



The last issue of the Totalizer was really good huh? They fooled Chas. at first by saying that they were only going to have 10 pages for the final edition... Chas. sure got mad though, because they send him 4 of the pages which were his pages. He got fooled though. The Totalizer editor, Taro K. and the girl who cut the stencils, Yuki Shiozawa, are engaged now, and will be married on relocation. I guess the long and late hours working on the Toti bore fruit. How about that?

The heat is much more bearable nowadays. Maybe I'm getting used to it or something, but it seems much cooler. Still a lot of dust flying around, but I think they'll have that fixed in due time. Yesterday we got hot water, and it certainly feels swell to take a shower in. You feel so clean when you come out. The laundry room was completed today, so that'll be convenient from now on. The ironing room will be finished some time next week. Camp 1 seems pretty well settled now and they've been there for 2 months, so I guess it'll be about another month before we get settled. The canteen sells any amount of foods, dry goods, etc., and it's just about a block away from where we live. They're planning to open another canteen soon too. I had a chance to work on the mimeographing in camp 1 by commuting, but Chas. thought I should take a little longer rest. Lately I've been having backaches, and the doctor said it was from overwork (cranking the machine, etc.) Soon I'm going to do some sketches of the camp for Bob Spencer's research work for the U.C. Since they can't have cameras around, they need drawings. He said something about paying me 50¢ per hour, but I don't know when I'm supposed to start. It's pretty good though isn't it?

Camp life isn't bad at all though. It's only the freedom that I miss, and although the heat and dust is pretty bad now, I'll think



it'll be better later on. The food isn't anything to kick about either. Today we had steak for the first time, and it was really good. We usually have stew, fish, or massi-gohan (mixed rice), it isn't too bad.

Before I forget, I want to thank you for the \$2 you gave me for my birthday. It was really swell of you, and I'm only sorry that I couldn't get you anything. Speaking of presents, Tom and I made Miyako a dolls closet and hangers. I covered the hangers with finger nail polish, and it looks pretty good. Even some doll's skirt hangers. They work too. Won't Miyako be surprised when she gets here.

About the sun suits for me and Bette, you don't have to bother about it, cause if we really need them, we could always order them from Montgomery Wards or something. You don't have to get us an ice-bag either because they sell them at the canteen.

I heard that there were a lot of tears shedded when the Iwanagas next door left. Poor Miyako! Yuri left for Utah so she feels so sad and blue. It made me feel like crying when Jackie wrote that Yuri played the violin for pap before she left. She plays so good for a girl her age! Patsy said she didn't cry until she saw mom and pop and then she really let loose. We really felt awful about leaving our friends too, but it couldn't be helped. We met a bunch of girls the other night, and had a swell time talking. We've met quite a few people here now. Jean Yamasaki (Minkey's ex) lives right on the corner. ( $\frac{1}{2}$  block away from us) and in back of us lives Charlie Iwanaga's wife's family. Couple of girls our age, and they're pretty nice. Remember Sam Seiki who lived next door to us on Buchanan St. (owner of the house)? Well he and his family is in camp one, and so is Mrs.



Ebesie's daughter and granddaughter (Navy Laundry) Geo. Yamasaki is there too (driver of the truck) and he said to say hello. We can't go over there to camp 1 anymore, so we won't be seeing them unless they come over on business. Remember Mr. Tamaki, the next door barber in the alley a long time ago? Our next door neighbors knew their family and he said that Mr. T. died last year. His son is in Japan now. And remember Dorie Ridola, that  $\frac{1}{2}$  Jap and  $\frac{1}{2}$  Filipino gal in Vallejo? Remember how quiet she was? Well, she got married last Saturday. It sure was a surprise to me. What next?

By the way, what happened to Monroe Shintani, Albert Nakagawa, and Victor? We never did drop them a few lines did we? If they're still around, tell them to drop us a few lines first. I don't know how to start a pen pal letter. Hm! Albert was kind of cute wasn't he? Well -- oh, oh. better watch it Emiko. Also is Roy Ashigawa around any place? When and if you ever see him, say I said hello. His sister Sumi, well we knew her pretty well in Tanforan. She cried when we told her we were going to leave.

I wish the family would get here soon, cause I really miss them. Ho hum! it's 3 minutes till 12 midnite, so I guess I'd better close. Boy, have I got a writers cramp. I wrote Alice a 7 page letter (big paper) Shig (hmm!) an 8 page letter, and now you an 8 page letter. How'd I do it? I've heard from Minkey 5 times since I've been here, and he says hello to you. He's still in Stockton Ass'm Ctr, but will be going to Arkansas (?) on the 3rd of October. He had a postman's job.

Chas. Bette, Tom and I send all our love to you (generous huh?) and be good, and try to write soon. Yippee! I made it!

Love, Emiko



WRA Camp #2  
65-9-B  
Rivers, Arizona  
Oct. 1, 1942

Dear Mariko:

We finally received our notice yesterday that we are to move to Arizona on Oct. 6. For that reason I'm giving you the above address where Chas, Emiko, Bette and Tom already are staying. We expected to move long before, but since Alice is working in the supply office, she put in an application to stay until the last few days. The reason for requesting the stay being that Mom was still ill until last month and we felt she should have time to recuperate before leaving. Now that she has fully recovered, we are ready to leave. Evacuation of Tanforan has been in progress since Sept. 15, and people have been leaving at the rate of 500 per day for the relocation center in Utah.

As Chas. had some job lined up in Arizona, he requested to go there. Now I hear he is supervising the social welfare program there.

Emiko and Bette don't like it any too well because there are no jitterbugs there since most of the people living there were living in the rural districts before evacuation. I think they will soon get used to it.

Now that Tanforan is closing there isn't a thing to do. This place is really sad so all I can do is take sun baths and write letters.

I've been expecting an army release so I can go to school, but there seems to be some delay. Drew University in New Jersey has awarded me a scholarship for \$400, but I can't go until Wash. D.C.



approves the college. The Student relocation council has also awarded me \$165 for travelling and incidental expenses. For my board and room expenses, I'll have to find some sort of a job, but that shouldn't be difficult. I've done it before when jobs were few, so now with the labor shortage it should be easier. John Fujii attended Drew University, from what I hear from his brother. His family was our neighbor including mother, father, Grace and Henry. Henry just left last week to go to school in Iowa. (John Fujii is interned in India as he was working for Domei).

In the event I don't get a chance to leave for school, I'll be in Arizona so write to me there. If my release comes through I'll stop over in Chicago for a couple of days.

School has already started so I don't think I'll be attending school this year. However, I'll go to New Jersey anyway and work until the spring semester in New York which is just across the river. Perhaps I'll drop in and see Louis Adamic in New Jersey. I wrote to him before, and he's working on getting me placed in some mill around Cleveland. I haven't heard from him lately, but there is a good possibility of getting work since he knows quite a few industrialists.

Alice is getting fat these days because she ~~has~~ eats so much and exercises so little. Lately she has started to exercise, but I don't know how long she'll keep it up. Yuri Oshima, our guest who has been staying with us because her family has already gone to Utah, is also exercising with Alice. But they laugh more than exercise. I think they laugh because they're embarrassed when they can't lift those huge logs of legs vertically from the floor. When they weighed themselves



yesterday at the commissary Miyako was the only one who lost weight, losing one and a half pounds. Alice claims that Yuri gained four lbs. but I think she's jealous because I kid Alice about her fatness. Alice claims that the reason why her belly plops out so far is due to the weakening of her abdominal muscles since her operation. Ha! Ha! Lately I've been encouraging her to run around the track, a distance of 1-1/8 mile. That should knock off some weight.

Miyako has been fooling around the supply office playing with the typewriters because her friends have all left.

Well write me a few lines if you aren't too busy.

Yours truly,

(Sgd) Jack

Bessie Fujimoto is in Chicago and is getting married. I gave her your address so she could look you up.



POST CARDS

October 6, 1942.

Half way down on trip to L.A. from there we change cars. Pop is not very well now - too much traveling or heat - will write immediately to let you know about everything. Please don't worry- Jack is with us and everything is under control. Love to Angelo.

Alice

October 6, 1942.

Pop had a stroke on trip and was taken off at San Luis Obispo in a stupor. Now at General Hospital there - couldn't stay behind but have wired asking permission. Doesn't seem to be too serious so don't worry too much - will keep you posted. (Darn train going downhill now). Mom and rest O.K. Love to Ang. and if I don't get a chance to write him, let him read your mail. Nothing you can do except to take care of yourself and not worry too much. Love from all.

Alice

October 9, 1942.

Am waiting in Mr. Fryer's office to find out if I can get back to San Luis Obispo to see Pop. Telegram arrived saying he was still unconscious yesterday and outlook doubtful. Please try not to be too upset about it as we aren't too sure how he is, and remember what happened the last time they said it was serious. My authorization to go has come in and maybe I can get a ride from someone going back to S.F. Don't think you could come in zone if you wanted anyway, so in the meantime keep your fingers crossed and I shall write immediately.

Love, Alice



Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

LETTER

October 8, 1942.

Dear Mariko,

Hello there. Well have you hibernated, as yet? It must be getting cold in Chicago by now. Is everybody wearing coats by now? Well in one word I just wanted to ask if it's cold there. As for us, we are having very good weather. And besides asking about the weather, how are you lately? I? Well the same as usual. Nothing new or nothing old. Tell you what I have been doing last few days, and you can decide for yourself, of how fate is dealing with me. The other night I went to see a boxing match. It was an amateur boxing match. The kind I like to see best because it does not have a lot of technique. It's all swing and hoping that it will hit the opponent. The fun in it I think is that you don't know just who will win because they fight so funny. Of course, there were some very good fighters, and I think some of them could have been in the golden glove's. You can tell them right off from the start. What I got the most kick, are the ones that seemed like they never in their life had a pair gloves. In one of the matches, one of the fellows had his body so low that he almost touched the ground with his chest. The other was just the opposite, he tried to look tall and always stood on his toes. The match was as follows: All though the three rounds the one who tried to bend low kept hitting the opponent on the leg. While the other was hitting him on the back. It looked more like a rooster fight then anything else. Then another that I got a big kick out of was when one of the fellows was rather tall and the other short. A fellow that sat near me looked back laughing and said, "One of the guys is scared of the big one and the big one is glad that the little guy is scared of him." I said that rather funny, but I think you understand. -- I hope. -- Just in case you liked to know (I know that your are not interested) but there were to knock outs.

Of shows. The other night I went to see "Desperate Journey." It was rather good. I'd say that it was something like "Men Hunt" in a different sense. But it was entertaining.

Of books, I am at present reading "Du Barry." You know, the famous Barry that King Louis XV had for a mistress. I know that it is a more or less a woman's book, but it happened to be on the shelf everytime I went there, and I looked at the title everytime but just didn't take it out. Well, finally, I pulled myself together and after looking around to see if anyone was watching me I grabbed it and checked it out. On the way, I did manage to get another book by Cronin. It is titled "Grand Canary." I believe that it is one of those doctor story. Though I find the book a little droll in some parts I do enjoy reading about the life of the French Court before the revolution. It is funny to think that at that time while all this baby play was going on at the court, men like Voltaire and Napoleon and many others were there trying to make France great.

Well, I guess it's here. I am going to try to get a furlough next month. Destination? Guess? No long ways from you. The place I am trying to go is a little town called, "Chicago." Ever hear of it? Guess not, huh. Now to get more serious. You see I have to have an address of the place where I am to go or rather I did rather word it wrong. What I mean to say is I have to have a letter address just in case I am called back in an emergency. Or rather where they can reach me by mail when they need me. You don't mind, if I used your place for my mail, would you? I thought I'd better ask a head of time this time. Say, will you give me a quick answer to this matter for I'd like to send in my paper as early as possible. Just a reply. I'd feel much better, if I knew.

Well, I'll be seeing you again. Good night.

With love,

"Yosh"



POST CARD

October 12, 1942

Dear Mariko: First stop on way back to Pop - it's pretty serious as he's been unconscious all this time. Will wire you if urgent. Have to get back to Arizona by the 15th if I can't get more extension of leave permit. This is not quite up to L.A. - so I'll be seeing Pop tomorrow aft. Love to all.

Alice



74-1-A & b  
Camp 2  
Gila River War Relocation  
Project, Rivers, Arizona

General Hospital  
San Luis Obispo, Calif.  
October 12, 1942.

Dear Mariko:

You may have received my postcards, and you may not, as I will send this special delivery and it may get there ahead of time; but just so you will know what is going on, I'll start from the beginning. We left Tanforan 6:45 in the morning of Oct. 6, and arrived in San Francisco in plenty of time to catch the 8:15 train (Daylight to L.A.). Pop was feeling pretty well at the time of departure, but by the time he reached San Jose, he was a little sick, presumably due to the cigarettes he smoked, the train ride, nervous exhaustion, and lack of sleep. He became a little ill, so he went to the washroom. I don't know if he vomited or not, but he came back looking rather pale and ill. He didn't look very well, so we made him lie down and take it easy. By the time we reached Santa Marguerita, 8 miles from San Luis, he was in a sort of stupor, and apparently "fainted." We had to take a bus from there due to a freight car accident ahead of us, and so Jack had to lift him off the train and on to the bus. After the 8 mile ride, we had to carry him on to the train at San Luis O. again, and while waiting, Jack and I thought we'd better call a doctor since he was in a semi-conscious state. The doctor arrived soon after and announced that Pop had suffered a stroke and would have to be taken to a hospital. The ambulance was called and since we ~~were~~ couldn't go with him, he was taken to the hospital here alone. We were terribly worried, but could do nothing - our escort Mr. Stamm wired Mr. Davis, and asked if we could stay - one of us if not all, and the answer came back "no." It sure was heck to have to leave him and spoiled the rest of the trip for us all. While on the train, Jack



and I wrote a brief case history of Pop's case and sent it "Special" to the hospital.

We missed the "Argonaut" at L.A. due to the fact that we had been delayed by the accident, and had to take the "Golden State Limited" the rest of the way. We traveled from 9 o'clock that night till around 12:30 the next a.m. Taking this train was a 50 mile longer trip and when we arrived at Coolidge a little past Phoenix, we were met by Army trucks and brought to Gila River. It was a desolate sight with not a house in sight - only a few small adobe huts, and just miles and miles of sand and sage brush. We finally arrived at camp and while the rest of them were being registered, Charlie and I went to the teletype and switchboard offices to send a message. First thing I did was to bump right into Toshito Sato Ikeda, working the switchboard. We sent a message to the hospital asking for information about Pop's condition, and then tried to start proceedings for me to get back. The next day the answer came which read "Mr. Kikuchi still unconscious. Outlook questionable. Daughter's presence not necessary. Letter to Jack Kikuchi follows." We were very worried, because that "outlook questionable" sounded serious. We saw everybody we thought had influence, and finally I received my authority to leave camp. Luckily, Mr. Fryer, who is head of the WRA, was down at Gila, due to the former Project Director quitting just before we arrived, and that saved us all that red tape since when he asked for anything it was supposed to be important enough to grant a "yes" answer. Charlie and I told the family how serious it was, since we wanted them to be prepared for the worst, and I returned to California Sat. morning 9.a.m., driving with Mr. Kimball who was returning to S.F., and my escort Mrs. Watterson, who's husband came along



for the trip. We stopped at Banning, Calif. near El Centro, at a motel and then came here the following day, arriving at 6. I went to the hospital first, and was told that Pop had regained consciousness only the afternoon before, but could not talk, nor move his right side at all. This paralytic stroke has paralyzed his right side, and also his vocal cords, so it will be sometime before he is able to talk. He recognizes me all right, but seems to be in a stupor as yet. Seems to know what is going on at times, and then gazes blankly at me at other times. As I write this, he is asleep in this ward, and since I have to be back by the 15th, I'll have only all day tomorrow to see him. This is bound to have an after effect on him, and it will be a long time before he is well, this being his second and more serious stroke. So, what I have planned to do is to leave him here until he is much better - the next two weeks should tell - and then the ambulance will take him on the train, put him on a Pullman, and then take him to the camp with a nurse or someone to accompany him. If he gets through the next few weeks all right, he will have to rest and convalesce for a long time, and might as well be near the family. We have a pretty good hospital building near the hospital, and live directly across it, so I think under the circumstances that will be the best thing to do. The government is paying all expenses for the whole trip (his, mine and my escorts) and as soon as we hear how he is as far as a trip goes, I shall try to come back up and accompany him home. That is about as much as I can tell you now. You may as well know the facts, and he is an old man who has been sick before, so whatever the outcome I want you to be prepared. He is having the best of care now, and will later, and so there isn't much we can do except to hope that he recovers very shortly and hasn't any serious after effects.



It must be pitiful not to be able to talk, and so far he doesn't even motion or make it plain that he understands and comprehends things. I wish he could read more and understand so that I could write him notes, but he just lies there and looks at me, and occasionally holds my hand if I put it near him. He has eaten, and can drink thru the straws, but not much more. He seems to have gained strength since my arrival, probably due to a mental release that we are all right, and that I am around to take care of him. Will write more later. Please tell Angelo and tell him that it still seems as though "Fate is keeping us apart" - Love and take care of yourself so that we won't have to worry about you. You cannot enter Military Zone #1 so guess it's no use to think of visiting.

Love, Alice



Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

LETTER

station hospital  
camp grant, illinois  
october 19, 1942

my dear mariko:

they'll do it everytime ... it's a balmy day out. the work is slow. i decide to type this letter to you -- then what happens? the phone rings, my typewriter is in use, someone wants to get through the gates. (oh yes, we have gates to keep the sane ones out and the others in.) no wisecracks, please, i only work here ... yet.

so i'm missed like a toothache that suddenly stops aching, eh? well, that's something. i should feel insulted, but i'm too ignorant.

now for some bad news. lay down a pillow and prepare to swoon. mayhap the day will come all too soon when you shall be blessed (?) with a revisit. "darn it" did i hear you mutter? of course, i know that it was about your stocking to which you were referring, so we shall overlook that remark. i've quit the manly art of pursuing the porkhide in order to conserve my energy for typing. my work here on the ward has kept me pretty busy for the past month, so i've had little time for anything else. i did indulge in a few games of chance of nights with the frolicking cubes ("african golf," "galloping dominoes," or just plain "craps" to you) and came off second best. some fun i didn't have. maybe if i can save any money out of next month's pay after paying off my debts, i'll come around ... maybe; if you can stand the corn. i dunno.

kim says he's going to the hallowe'en brawl on the 31st, so i'll send my love to you through him. take it easy, kid, and don't do anything i'd do.

by the way, before i close ... you asked for a picture of this frankensteinian monster for your rogues gallery -- well, how's about one of yours first. yea verily, i would fain take a gander at one of your pictures which you say will give me nightmares.

curious (but doubtful)

... bob



Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

POSTAL CARD

October 19, 1942

San Luis Obispo  
October 19, 1942

Dear Miss Kikuchi:

Just a line to say your father is still gaining and is very much better and stronger, his mind is clear and he tries so hard to talk, makes lots of noise but can't say a word when I told him just now I was writing to you and asked him if he wanted to tell you anything, he tried awful hard but couldn't make me understand.

Respectfully,

George Hardin  
R.D.Box 15, S.L.O.



Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

LETTER

October 19, 1942

Dear Mariko,

Thanks for the letter. By the letter it seems like that you are really busy. Gee, if your busy and you admit it, I can imagine just how busy you are. No kidding, your're a real hard working gal. Wished I had about half your ambition. I just seem to lack the kick some people have. Well, I'll learn some day, maybe, huh? I was glad to read that part where you said that you would survive, because I certainly hate to have any sick friends, when I want to enjoy yourself. It takes all the fun out of it.

I hate to rush you like this, but I want to make some reservations on date for the end of the next month. I know, well maybe I'm talking too much in the future. But you see I had a hard time in getting my furlough this time. The fact is that I took my sweet time on the matter and couldn't take it when I wanted to take it. I thought that I had a lot of time. Well, I'll know different next time. And another thing is that, I found out that I lived in a very fast world. The by-word "Think twice" is really taking too much time. Well, maybe the world isn't going that fast, but I seem to think so.

Tell you what I have been reading lately. Well, for one, is "Of Mice and Men." I'll have to admit that I did not like it very much. I'll admit that in one sense that it was a story, which could have been very near too reality. But for the fact that his writing in that particular book was so near realistic that it lost it's value as a story. Like in drawing, maybe. I have to admit I'm no authority in that field or anywhere near it. But of what I did take in High School, I remember a teacher saying, that a picture would lose it's value if you could not put insome of your imagination to make it beautiful. By that, I mean, if you drew everything just as you saw it and did not put some colorful imagination in it, you might as well take a snapshot and be done with it. So with a book, I think. Of course this is not true in all the books. But the fact that I took that particular book as a novel made this impression.

Now I am reading the "Fall of the Russian Monarch." At the present I'm not far enough to say anything about it. But I can say, the author made a very thorough investigation for his book. I find it in some parts a little difficult to get straight unless I read it over again. Tell you more about it t he next time.

Really, Mariko, I haven't anything to say right now, so I'll just close and say good night.

As ever,

Yosh

P.S. Bet it's getting awfully cold up there.



October 22, 1942

DEAREST MARIKO:

Emiko is writing this for me as Miyako and I are in bed with a slight cold. Nothing serious. I would write you myself, but it would be delayed and I wanted to write to you as soon as possible, so I've called on Emi to write for me.

About pop, I'm sorry that you had to worry so much and went to all that trouble, but I guess there won't have to be any action on your part, because as you can see by the card I'm sending you, he is getting much better, and will be transferred here at our hospital, as soon as the hospital opens. He is having the best of care, and the card is from the man who is in the same room, and who promises to keep me posted. Then to, there is a chance that I may be able to go out once more to bring him back. At least we are working on it. The doctor says that chances for recovery are good, and that he will be able to talk pretty soon, but, as you know, these things take time. We are living right near the hospital, so we'll be able to visit pop every day, once he comes here. I don't think there will be any trouble on the trip, because they'll send a nurse, or an escort of some kind.

Mom is feeling fine, and is mad at me because I wrote to you about it, but if you're anything like me or Emiko, I'm sure that you would have liked to have known just in case. Jackie is leaving Saturday morning for New Jersey. If he goes by way of Chicago, he will try to look you up, but don't count on it too much.

The weather isn't too bad here as it is getting towards winter. We have ice water every day, as much as we want too, and as soon as we get some outside window shades, the rooms won't get too hot.

Chas. Iwanaga came over this morning. Although he is living in



Poston, he and his wife got leave to visit his wife's family. They live in the same camp as we do. Among other people you know are: Sachi Eguma, working in the dry goods store; Frank Yoshimura, head of the shoe dept; good ole Toshi at the switch board in camp one; her husband Albert in the education dept; Shig Kawai (?) the boy from Pasadena who reminded us of Jimmy Yatabe; Doc Baba, lives next door; Verlin Yamamoto and wife, Daisy Tomizawa; Grant Shimizu, Jean Yamazaki (Minkey's old girl), Mimi and Tally Yusa, and the second Sakai brother. Just read in the Gila New's Courier, that Joe Oyama got married. Her name is Asami Kawachi.

The kids have started school already, and have to walk quite a ways to school every day. Chas. is the only one who is working as Supervisor of Social Welfare...has some pretty interesting cases.

That's about all we will write today. Sorry about the lack of postage in the last letter. Excuse the lousy typing...Jackson is looking around. Tell Angelo I'll write as soon as possible. Tell him not to get too restless because I can't help how things turned out. Everyone sends their love and kisses smothered with onions, and mom says not to get too discouraged about your jobs and that you are better off on the outside. Toshi and Sachi send their love too, and Sachi says to write. She sent you one a couple of days ago or was it weeks? She has one of your coats, and will return it if you need. Toshi is expecting, and is very happy about it. She will try to get out to go to Detroit after the baby is born, but I don't think she can since she worked at the Jap. Council in Japanese. Wait a minute, Charlie just said that she can, so I guess she can. Don't you think this sentence sounds like you?

Will really close now, so rest easy, sorry I upset you so much, and made Angelo pay so much for the telegram that I didn't get. You'd better pay him back or else...Signed, Emiko.



Jackson is going to Drew's University but Tom calls it Drool's University. He sends his love smothered with Tomato Juice.

Will send a plan of the house and camp later. Alice bought a dog to camp too. She's the cutest and fatest dog you ever did see. It's spoiled like heck cause she's about the only dog in camp, and every body pets her. Sure is cute though.

When you write to Jackson next time, put "Dear Nichean". We all call him that at the mess hall, and he gets embarrassed because he always sits next to some girl.

Don't do anymore on your side about pop, because it might get things mixed up on this end. We will keep you posted about all details.

Chas. says thanks for the mags. He wants to know if you can send him a copy as it comes out, but don't pay for it...steal it. That's what this camp has made us into.

Will really close now.

Love and kisses,

Alice

Miyako sends undiluted love and Emiko



74-1-B Camp 2  
Rivers, Arizona  
October 26, 1942

Dearest Mariko:

Guess your letter to Jack came a little too late to reach Jack, because he left for New Jersey on Saturday. He may even have looked you up by this time, because he said he would try, and in that case, you'll have all the news you want about all of us.

I just received a letter from the hospital, and the doctor in charge of Pop said that he could be transferred to any hospital at any time. He still can't speak, but the mobility of his hands and legs seems to be a little better.

I'm writing this in bed because I have what is called Valley Fever. I have spots all over me, bumps all over my hands, that itch like heck, and had a very high fever for a few days. Dr. Baba is taking care of both Miyako and myself, and says he thinks Miyako has a case of German measles, being different from mine in symptoms. Her poor little back, tummy, face and all over her was a mass of red stains. She had some sort of rash on her hands and feet too, but hers are different from mine. She really has a bad time, because her whole body feels itchy, and she knows she's not supposed to scratch.

Alice Mori has just come in to see me, and so I'll have to stop for awhile.....Tom says to say that she was here for two and a half hours, but she wasn't here quite that long. She is the sister of Masae Mori, a nurse I met at Tanforan, and the sister of Tom Mori, the boy who came down from Tanforan with us, and was so much help when pop had his stroke. She's <sup>just</sup> about my age, and I like her a lot. She's quite attractive, but not in the way that attracts any attention. She's the only one who comes over so much besides Sachi, and I really am glad that



Sachi comes over, because we all like her, and she lives so far away it's a wonder she takes the time to come over. Last time she brought over a girl named Miye Kondo, who says she's met you in Sachi's place in Pasadena.

Toshi hasn't been over for while although she lives much closer than Sachi. Maybe she's mad at me because I haven't called on her mother as yet, but then the way it goes, I haven't had the time. I came to camp, stayed here for two days, was out for six, came back, and about a week and a half later I was taken ill and am still in bed. In that week and a half, I had to go in search of wood for Jackson, with which to build doors and closets. I shall explain after I am up, can't depend on the kids running into her someplace, because she works in camp 1, and the kids are too busy at night to be running my errands.

Bette is having a lot of fun with Blackie, our dog, who is the cutest little thing. She is only three months old, and was born in Tanforan, in a litter of nine pups. All black all over, with spots of white on her feet and under her neck, she is a spoiled little thing, but cute. She loves to lie on my bed and sleep at night, but she was getting into the habit, so I had to make her stop doing it before she got too big and shoved me off the bed. At present she is pretty small, but shows indications of being a pretty big dog. Pop likes her too, but didn't want us to have her at Tanforan, because he thought we might become too attached to her and then would have to leave her, but I solved the problem by having the veterinarian give her a shot (for hot weather) and sent her down in a crate via Railway Express.

The doctors and nurses are giving a birthday party right across the way in the Rec Hall tonight, so I guess it should be pretty noisy around here. All around here are nurses, dentists and doctors, I think



we are about the only ones not connected with the hospital, and will be able to stay here only for the fact that pop will be a medical case. The district around here is supposed to be pretty exclusive, but it's on the edge of the camp, and the grounds aren't fixed as yet. But after awhile, I suppose, things should be pretty good, as the medical staff usually gets the best of things. We don't know very many people around here, so we aren't in the group as yet, but it seems that they are always having parties around here, and that makes it pretty good in case we have one of our own, we can make all the noise we want.

My hands are itchy scratchy, notice the errors. That's when I take time out to scratch.

So far, Jack built us three large closets, shelves of all kinds, a table, a big desk for Charlie, and you should see it, it's something..... Then we have three chairs, very large ones, the kind you usually see on sun porches or lawns. Two singles and one double. We have built a porch in front, and so in the evenings we will be able to sit out there. Jack built a dresser for the gals, and a chest of drawers, plus other odds and ends of furnitures, and they are all painted a creamy yellow, with a brown trim eventually. Soon as we get the paint.

All of the buildings around here are a creamy yellow with a red roofing; a double roof to keep out the heat, and the walls are of asbestos. At present the inside floors are bare and what dust accumulates, but there is a rumor that soon they will install red linoleum. I hope they do, because it is awfully inconvenient keeping the board floor clean.

Let me see, what else is there about the barracks that you might be interested in? There are five large windows in our B apartment, and 6 large ones in the A apartment, which opens with a door in the middle of that end of the barrack. B and C open from the side, and D on the other



end. Since the block Manager lives next door to us, that makes our family and his the only ones to live in the whole building, because the D apartment is reserved for his office.

Gosh, you seem to be doing a lot of work. Well, don't overdo it, and throw Ang out once in awhile if he gets pesty and doesn't do the dishes right. I know he must be a problem to you what with not knowing anyone, and not working, and thanks a lot for all you are doing for him. I appreciate all the time you must be spending to keep him from getting too bored, and feeding him, although I don't doubt that he does his share of the buying. I know that he doesn't go out of his way to make friends and do things on his own, and that was one of the things I thought he would overcome by going to a strange place. In a way it's too bad he had you to depend on, although I'm sure he really feels grateful for having one person around that he knows well.

Did Angelo tell you all about what happened as far as your radio is concerned? What I think happened to it is that he might have taken it to his father's place in Benicia to store away with the rest of my things.

Don't worry too much about Pop, because it won't be long before he will be able to talk/<sup>once</sup>more. The doctor says that that is certain, and as for after effects, that is something he can't say for sure, although he doesn't think it will be too bad or serious. About the most that could happen, will be that he won't be able to walk very well, a little worse than before, but with the aid of his cane, he will be all right.

Must eat now, Emi is waiting with my tray, no~~x~~, it's Bette, and so I'll close, with love from the whole family. All's well. Alice



POST CARD

October 28, 1942

Dear Mariko:

Nothing new or unexpected as far as pop is concerned.

Has Angelo left Chicago yet? Tell him he has to have a pass to visit so for him to write me and I'll fix it up - that is, if he hasn't already left town.

Weather nice and cool here and it isn't at all bad.

Am up out of bed now after a week's session, but Mike still in bed with a heavy red rash which might be German measles, the Doctor isn't sure.

All's well with the family - Love,

Alice



LETTER

Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

October 30, 1942

Dear Mariko,

This letter might be a very unexpected one after so many months, but ever since the war broke out I was always thinking about you and your family. I also wanted to write to you, but there seemed to be an abstacle which made it very hard. I really don't know exactly what it is and how it came between us. All I know of is that all of a sudden we stopped writing to each other. It's a shame for us grown ups to act that way and I think it is high time we push that certain object aside and join hands again. Or is it too late for me to act this way. At any rate, I am going to do the talking so you might as well just sit and read.

How are you, Mariko? And how is Alice, your parents, sisters, and brothers? According to the reply I received from the Tanforan Assembly Camp, after inquiring about your present address, I find that you are all together. I'd give a million dollars just to see you and your family, but such ideas are unwise at the moment. I'll appreciate it very much if you could write to me as soon as you receive this letter.

Since my release from the confinement, I have been living here in Washington D. C. Many things happened during this past 11 months and those memories shall never leave my mind. As I have expected, life wasn't so easy after my release. Although I am living in a wartime boom town, the Nation's Capitol, it is impossible for me to get a job in the Government until next Spring. Many times I have decided to join the Army, but my physical condition was not fit for active duty (remember the left leg you saved from being amputated?). I spent some times in New York also but the reaction to me was the same as in Washington D. C. There were many odd jobs but nothing in the line I wished. Back to Washington D. C., I entered the George Washington University where I will probably spend the duration of the War. That is, unless I am called for some government services.

It's a funny life, Mariko, and yet you've got to keep on moving or else you are sunk. I find my university life quite interesting and I can also say that I am enjoying it. Next spring I will get a government job, but until then the investigation on my case is still on.

I really can't believe myself writing you this letter, Mariko, and I hope that you will get over that non-writing term and tell me all about yourself. It's almost a year since we sort of got things tangled up, but I still don't know what caused it. Although I didn't write to you I always had you in my heart. Whenever I heard the song, "You are always in my heart," I silently dedicated it to you. Of course, "Sweet Lelani," and "Mexicali Rose" are songs that shall never be forgotten with the good old days in Frisco.

My life is really a crazy one and if I should ever have a biography written it is going to be awfully complicated! I never seemed to actually get in my possession what I am really after. Something always happens at the wrong time and I'd have to start all over again. I never thought that I'd be a student again, but here I am carrying books again. And this time I'm determined to see it through.

Well, Mariko, I hope you and the family are doing all right there. Give my regards to your father, mother, Charles, Jack, Alice, Emiko, Betty, Takeshi and Miyako. And take good care of yourselves.

Your forgotten friend,

Paul



74-1-B  
Rivers, Arizona  
Nov. 3, 1942

Dear Mariko:

There hasn't been any new developments as far as Pop's condition is concerned, but I don't think it will be very long before he will be transferred here to the hospital, since it has now opened.

I see Jack arrived there safely enough. - and that Cecie Fujimoto got a chance to meet you. Toshi was going to give her your address, but forgot. Toshi said that Cecie's sister-in-law received a letter, which is the reason I knew Jack had invited her to meet you.

Has Angelo left Chicago as yet? I wish he had written definitely when he would arrive, as he won't be able to come into camp without a military pass which he can get by writing and stating the definite time he will be here - or else I could get it by saying when he will arrive. As it is, my hands are tied - I can't get him a permit, and can't tell him about it since he told Emi not to write him in Chicago any more. He'll find out soon enough if he comes here, but I could have saved him a trip - a long and dusty one.

Charlie's friend Bob Spencer came back to camp today and was over to visit. He's doing the same type of work as Charlie and is going to live quite close to us, so I guess we'll be seeing a lot of him.

Well, I'm finally out of bed, as is Miyako. We were a little worried about her since she developed a red rash all over her body, arms and legs. It's at the scaly-peeling off stage now, and she's up, but hasn't gone back to school as yet.

Bette stayed home today - feeling a little ill - guess a cold is coming on, and Charlie seems a bit weary too - probably due to the same reason.

Mom keeps marveling that here we are in Arizona - and it's cold -



almost frosty in the mornings. The clanging of the breakfast gong sends us shivering out of bed, and then by afternoon it's quite warm. Evenings are pretty nice.

Sachi was over again yesterday afternoon, and I feel a little guilty because I haven't gone to her place once - it's so far! You see, each block has around 14 buildings, and she's in block 38 or something, while we're in 74 - at the other end of camp. She lives near the dry goods canteen and shoe store (Frank Yoshimura is head of that dept.) and so I see her only when I go there, and that isn't very often.

Toshi's mother is the same as ever, and sends her best to you. Did you meet Albert's sister-in-law Ruth? Well, she lives near Toshi, and I've gotten acquainted with her as well as some other of Toshi's friends. Jack knew some from L.A.C.C. which helps too.

Since I got out of bed, I had a chest ache, a dry cough, eye strain, and now a peculiar bump on my forehead where my bump is (my G.G. bridge accident bump). It's a very pronounced bump and I haven't the slightest idea as to where it came from.

Toshi's baby will be born some time in February, and she is in the midst of knitting baby things and making flannels, nighties, etc.

I'm not working as yet, as I want to see what develops first.

You know Mariko, I'm a little peeved at Angelo. After all, it isn't as though I sent him to Chicago, and then didn't show up on purpose. He has plans to deliver the car which coincided with my plans to try and join you. And then when Mom got ill at Tanforan, Jack and Charlie can say what they want, but I was really needed - and on top of it, my letter didn't come from the Chicago Chief of Police (I wrote him 4 very strong letters) so I thought I would come along to Arizona and by my added presence, get more space for the family. Then I couldn't help the fact



that Pop had a stroke - and all in all, I'm pretty mad that everyone jumps on me. I should think that Angelo would understand all that - he's just being selfish and full of self-pity. Could I help it if he couldn't get a job or didn't like Chicago? Don't mind me - it's just that Charlie and Jack rub it in all the time that I shouldn't procrastinate so much, and if I lose him, it's my own fault. Course there is two sides of the thing, but I'm tired of getting all the blame. I know what I'm doing and if Angelo thinks his being treated shabbily - that's his own affair - and why tell you or Jack about it. Jack wrote me a very strong letter saying how selfish I was and that the family could do without me - I only imagine they need me - and that I would thank him in years to come for speaking his piece so frankly. I appreciate everyone's interest in me, but no one gives me any credit for anything at all.

Well, now that I've let off steam I guess I'll close and let you draw a deep breath or sigh of relief.

Write soon - you already owe me a letter - and I'm sending this by ordinary mail, because after all (none of us have money to burn, and if you knew the conditions that really exist, you wouldn't let Angelo call me "that Jewish sister". But I love him just the same - I'm not much of a prize myself so why should I complain. It's just that here I was sick in bed - so worried about Pop - and what happens - I get scolded from all sides.

*Not your  
worry -  
just for us  
to work out  
a system.*

I hope you are getting along fine. If you are really going in for modeling a la orientale, as soon as Mom fixes me up with an obi, I may have a Japanese dress for you to borrow. But don't count on it, because I value it very highly.

Bob's just walked in again, so will close - take care of yourself. All's well here, and has Jack gone? He's supposed to send back his release to S.F. before a certain date in case he's forgotten.

Love, Alice.



POST CARD

Dear Mariko:

Maybe I'm wrong, but didn't I send you a postal money order that you were to cash and send back to me, or sign it so that I could? I just happened to think about it this morning, and wondered why you didn't say anything about it. You did get it, didn't you?

Everything fine here with the family, and all send their love. Bette has a slight cold, and so does Charlie, but a day in bed will help them, I think. Nothing new about Pop. I think a transfer will go into effect pretty soon. Anyway, he's supposed to be well enough to travel.

Will you write me about the above right away, so that I can relieve my mind about it?

Love, Alice

Nov. 6, 1942



November 8, 1942

Dearest Jackson -

I didn't have a thing to do, and I was writing to some other people, so I thought I'd drop you a few lines. There! Are you satisfied? Guess who's writing . . . bet you can't.

Well, we were quite worried when you decided to stay in Chicago for a few days. Alice said you might get caught since you had to send in those papers to S.F. from N.J. So Chic. is a dirty place huh? Sounds like you were staying in a lousy part of town. Is Mariko like Ang said she was? Always bustling around? I can imagine.

You know what? Montgomery Wards sent me another check for \$10.27! You didn't by any chance send them 2 did you? If not, we've gained \$10.27. We sent the old one to Sears Roebucks, and Chas. ~~✓~~ got the other one. (In my name too . . . how come?) But wait, he didn't get to keep it because Chas. had to buy me a bathrobe. Reason: We were filling the cigarette lighter one day, and Chas. flicked it on and the whole desk caught on fire. Then Mom tips the bottle over and it spilled it on her, and her dress caught on fire. What a mell of a hess. Chas. grabbed my bathrobe and since it was wool, it burned. By that time the desk, mom's dress, and part of the floor was burning. Then Chas. grabbed the blanket and finally put it out. The floor was just scorched, mom's dress didn't burn, but just the fluid on her dress burned, ~~x ii~~ and the front of the desk burned a little. After all that confusion, etc. Chas flicks the lighter on again, and says, "It works!" Then right away he sand-papers his desk and paints it. If it were the table, chair or something else besides his desk, he would have said I'll do it Sat.



Bob Spencer came back last week, and he's lost weight. Yesterday he came over and was he sad! He's going to be drafted! Chas said to cheer him up, so Bette pops up with "Congratulations." He sure was down in the dumps though. He got us a lot of big cardboard boxes, so Chas. is now making our closet door. Pretty good too! Mom was worried for awhile though. She thought he couldn't make it.

What do you mean, Bette is the only one who would think of writing to pop. She's written the least letters since she's so engrossed in her 'Fellowship' work. I have to remind the kids all the time, and they think it's a tough job to write. Gads, I should think they'd be glad to do so. I write to him every other day, so don't call me lazy. It is a little strenuous for my back though, Ha! Ha!

Well, guess I'd better close for now, so take care of yourself, and write and tell us what you're doing, huh?

Bye now,

Love,

"Ichioka"

We had a movie last night, "How Green was by Valley," Darn good! Next week (Wed.) we're going to have "In the Navy." Then on Sat. we're supposed to have another one. Everyone sends their most undiluted love.



November 13, 1942  
Friday the 13th!

Dearest Mariko:

Gee, I'm awfully sorry that I delayed in answering your letter, but I've really been busy, and I don't mean maybe! Everyone in this house had Valley fever, one after the other, and 2 at a time too! Luckily, I had it when I first got here, so I was the only one well enough to take care of everybody, do the housework, clean house, etc. Gee, it was really a load off my shoulders when everyone got well. First Alice went down with it. 2 days later, Miyako got it (hers was the worst. Next Bette, then Tom and Chas. Mom didn't feel so well either, so she rested in bed for a week or so. Now everyone is up as well as ever, and what a relief. Valley fever is a fever that was brought up here from Turlock. Most of the people from there didn't get it because they already had it in the assembly etc. It's caused mostly by the heat, water, and change of climate. You get a fever, diarrhea, red sores all over, and peeling hands. That's the general symptoms of this fever in case you wanted to know.

We haven't heard from either Mr. Harden or the hospital for a few days, so we sent a letter to the hospital to ask about pop. However, I write to pop every other day, and the kids write once in a while too. In the last letter I sent him our pictures that we took in Vallejo - the whole family. I just thought maybe he'd like to have it with him. I sure do miss him though. This makes it about 10 weeks that we haven't seen him. Don't you think Mr. Harden is swell for writing us now and then about pop's condition?

Yesterday Charlie went to Poston with Bob Spencer. It's something for the U.C. study, so he got the chance to go. He'll stay



there for 4 days, and then come back here. Dr. Thomas will come back with Chas. and Bob, and she hopes to bring Mitch and Ann Kunitani down from Poston to Gila. I hope they can come . . . they're so nice!

Miyako is certainly growing, and you ought to see Tom. Why he's taller than Bette now, and is now a freshman in High School. Darling, I am growing old. As for mom, she's alright now, and she's lost weight too. Looks nice!

We see quite a bit of Toshi and Sachi nowad ays. Toshi is alot of fun. I think Albert is nice too, but he's a little bit moody.

Does Ang really pester you that much? Well, I guess it's because he's kinda tired of waiting for Alice. She hasn't made any effort to get a release from this camp and you should have heard Jackie and Chas. telling her to go out. Practically told her that she wasn't wanted around here. But she still didn't try to go out. Now Charlie is afraid that she'll stall some more because she's got a good job working for Bob at home for 50¢ an hour. Oh well, I guess she knows what she's doing, but on the other hand, I think it's Ang's fault in a way too. He shouldn't write to me and tell me all about, and don't you think he shouldn't take it out on al too much, because she's worried about pop?

I hear from the kids in Utah pretty often, and it's good to hear from them. They tell me all about the camp there, and in return I tell them about our camp. They say that it gets as cold as 8° there pretty cold huh? They're having snow now, and here we are having typical California weather. I hate to think of next summer though. Will it be hot!

I'm ~~gi~~ going to the dentist every week to have my teeth fixed,



and I'll bet it would have cost me a fortune if I had them worked on on the outside. My dentist is a young fellow, and I have more fun with him. He's only supposed to fix teeth that hurt, but he's fixing all of mine. He isn't good looking, and he's short, but he's a good Joe.

They have a nursery right across our barrack, and what a lot of noise. Kids crying, etc. and to make matters worse, they all yell at the dog, and when she starts running after them, they start crying. The mess hall is what got me though. When everyone was sick, they practically asked us for proof that we had 4 sick at home. No kidding though, they make more fuss. Then they said that everyone who had a dog should be careful of where they do their o-cho-zu at! What a nerce. We're the only one with a dog around here!

Well, I'm going to the P.O. now, so I may as well mail this letter while I'm at it. Take care of yourself, and say hello to G. Yoshisoto. What's his address? Everyone sends their love and kisses. I'm making my Xmas presents this year. Saves money.

Love,

Emiko



LETTER

Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

November 8, 1942

Dear Jackie,

Ho hum! Since I have nothing else important in the world to do, I thought I'd drop a line or two (Yawn!).

I just got out of the sickbed, well not exactly just now, but a couple of days ago and do I feel funny. I was stricken last Tuesday and stayed out of school for 4 days. Ah! I guess I had a touch of Valley Fever. I had the same symptoms as Miki and Alice but I wasn't that ill. I didn't have to go to school anyway.

How is it you were able to stay in Chicago so long? Did you have a pleasant trip? How long did it take? How did it feel to be leaving camp? Those are a few questions you might answer after you get settled.

Gosh, by the description you gave of Chicago, it sounds very dreary. What kind of people live there anyway? You know about the elections, what's to stop the watchers from stuffing the ballots?

About Ange, Alice hasn't written because he told Emi he was coming to Arizona and to expect him by Tues. I guess he's just nuts. I don't know what's going on but I bet they don't get married. Alice doesn't seem to love Ang enough to go out of camp. Heck, he can't wait forever.

We all drop pop a line often. That is, about every 2 days. He'll be able to come here soon because the hospital here is opened. I wish they could make arrangements right away so he can be with us. I'm glad we're so near the hospital because as soon as they transfer him, we'll be able to visit him right away. We haven't told pop about your leaving yet cause he might get worried since he depends on you a lot. You know what I mean?

God, those mess hall workers are driving me bats!! You knew what they did? Well, evidently they saw Tom taking sugar one morning so they complained to the chief cook and the chief cook told the house manager. The block head seems to be a nice chap and he likes us so he told us in a polite way that the kitchen people were complaining. They are the worst bunch of hypocrits. I've ever seen. They act so nice to us to our faces but once we turn around --. Another thing they complained about was our taking food home from our mess. When Chas, Tom, and I were sick, they brought our meals to us and those damn Japs thought mom was bringing it home to eat between meals. They act as if they alone pay for the food, the pigs!!

We had a movie last night and they showed "How Green Was My Valley." I had seen it before but I enjoyed it very much. All of us went except Chas, who, being on the "Board of Governors" for the JACL, had to attend a meeting. What a lugh, hey?

Delores wrote to me and she says she has gained about 6 lbs. and is still putting on. Gosh, she weights more than I do now, and I've gained at least 6 pounds since entering Tanforan. Why, the next time you see me you won't recognize me, I'll be so fat.

Gee, I wish I were in your shoes. I mean going to school and being out in the east. This camp may be large but I really have a cooped up feeling, no lie.

How do the fellows treat you? Oh well, you always could get along with people so you don't have any trouble making friends. Any other Japs where you're going? I hope not.



LETTER

Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

November 8, 1942

Well, polka dots, don't stay away too long cause we all do miss you. Don't think I'm making it up cause I'm not. Those girls who saw you off have asked me several times if I had heard from you. What did you do to them?

I almost forgot to tell you, Mike and Alice had Valley Fever. Gee, Mike really had it bad. The rash on her body was so terrific, we thought it was German measles. She's still peeling but up and around.

Try to write soon and give me the latest, dope.

Love from everyone. Be good, wolf!!

Love,

Bette



LETTER

Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

November 20, 1942

Dearest Mariko,

Gee, it's been ages since I've written, hasn't it? I'm really, truly sorry, but golly -- school keeps me so busy. I've been going for 5 weeks now and it seems so long. Most of the teachers are Caucasian, but sort of hickish. They're local teachers who used to ride a mule to the little red schoolhouse 5 miles away. I'm taking Spanish, English, Chemistry, History, Shorthand, Gym, and singing. The days are really long cuz we go 6 hours straight with 1 hour 20 min. in between for lunch. I walk about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile home for lunch every noon and go back. That makes 4 trips altogether each day so I get enough exercise. I have 2 Nisei teachers, Mrs. Fujita and Florence Hasegawa. Know any of them?

Gee, I miss Pop so much. It's been more than  $2\frac{1}{4}$  mo. since I've seen him, and gosh, the house is so empty without him. We all write about 3 times a week but that doesn't fulfill our longing to have him here. I used to cry myself to sleep the first week when we didn't know his condition and I imagined all sorts of things. I could just see him lying so small in a bed with white walls all around him. He must be so lonely.

We've heard from Jack and I got a letter from him (once) while he was in Chicago. He described the place as being dirty, moisy, smoky, etc. I also heard from him while he was on a field trip in N. Y. Isn't he lucky?

It seems to me there are too many Nisei going to Chicago. Pretty soon they'll be making a Little Tokyo or sump'n.

I've met quite a number of kids here formerly of Pasadena and were in Tulare. I'm sort of disappointed at them cause they're really conservative. Gee, sometimes when I'm listening to them I go nuts. They say they'd rather live in Japan cause they'd have more opportunities and such. Ye Gods -- What am I going to do with them?

BRR!! The weather is getting so cold here now we just about freeze. I hate to get up for breakfast cause I just about break into a million pieces. And I feel like melting butter in the afternoon and then start freezing again after supper. What crazy weather Arizona has.

Charlie went up to Poston Tues. with Bob Spencer to meet Dr. Thomas. He came back last night and Dr. Thomas was over. You know who she is, huh? She's the head of the Evacuation Study and nice, too.

We've been having movies regularly and so far we've seen, How Green Was MY Valley, First Love, Sing You Sinners, In the Navy, Tundra, and Room Service, and (G ) Great American Broadcast. The pies are old but I enjoy them. They hold the shows in a large, empty lot and we bring our own seats. The sound isn't too good and the screen is too small but it's better than nothing.

I can't think of anything else to write about so I'll close for now and write again when I can.

Love,

Bette



LETTER

November 23, 1942

Dear Jackie -- "Polkadots" --

Since there is nothing else to do, I thought I'd answer your letter. (Just as good a beginning as any, I say.)

First of all, your books have been sent and they're on their way, if you haven't received them already. I couldn't find the other one, so if you need it badly, please send full description pronto!

Yes, we received the chairs already, and they're really sharp looking. Maroon seats against the black. M. Wards asked me to send all the letters back so they could send us the chairs that are wanted, but I thought they wanted to check up on that 2 - check business, so I wrote and told them that they needn't bother because we already got the chairs from Sears'. I'm ordering from the Denver M. Wards' now, so -- we're \$10 richer.

Listen beeb, I take full charge of the housework now, and I put my whole heart and sole into napping and stuff (?) so don't say I'm lazy, and haven't enough initiative. Why man, I'm turning over a new leaf. I'm the only one who hasn't missed a single morning for breakfast. Chas is the lazy one there.

As for the hospital business, I wrote and asked the Doctor for a full report on pop, and they said that he's well enough to come down here. The hospital is opened here, so chas and Alice is working on Alice going down to get him. I still write to him every other day! So then!

The funniest thing happened the other night, but don't you dare write back and tell Chas that I told you about it. Then he will have a fit. Anyhoo, the other night C. was sort of sick, so Bette felt his head, and said he had a little net-su (fever). Jokingly I said, "why Bette, how can you say such a thing about Chas?" So in fun, Meyako, Tom, Alice and mom joined in. He got curious and asked what "net-su" was, but we said "ask Oho Sakaguchi, he said that about him. (Chas doesn't particularly care for Obo) Then Chas got mad and said all these damn Japs - words - etc". Gads, he was really sore. (We didn't think he'd get mad cause he usually doesn't at such a small matter, so we told him that it was "fever", and he didn't quite believe us, so mom got mad and said he couldn't take a joke. Then he turns to Bette and said that she was speaking too much Japanese since she got here, and she'd better watch her step. He went into the front room, got into bed and swore his head off! -- all the time, muttering Japs - dirty Japs - etc. Alice and I left for a meeting, and Bette went to apologize to Chas, but she told him that it was meant as a joke and that he was acting like a child. (Imagine Bette talking to Chas like a mother!) Then he put on the Suffering Heroe act and said it was on account of his being an orphan as a child and so forth. Before Bette went in, he threw all his books, etc on the floor and when Meyako innocently walked in to get her sewing, he said "Damn you - hurry up



and go to bed." Poor Meyako didn't know what was what. When we came home from Fellowship, after listening to Bob Spencer speak before the group, he was back to normal -- so -- now, we don't bring up that word, "Netsu" anymore.

Pheu, guess I've rambled on enough, so "Blessed be the name of the Lord. Amen, and don't drool, fool.

Love from all -- take care of yourself, and Santa will be good to you. Have a nice Thanksgiving and pleasant dreams ....a bit of a tweet tweet -- and Bye! (Quote Ben Burnie).

Love,

Emi

P.S. We're having a Dai-ko Festival on Thanksgiving day - I imagine! Focey. Daikon queen too. I bet everyone will look at her legs.

P.S.S. Flash! Chas met his dream girl at a church Social last night. Ahh love! Incidentally, she was a half-wit and she hasn't taken a bath in ages. Pe-u! You can smell her a mile away. All the boys were trying to avoid her during folk-dancing, but she was having a good time. Her name is Yashido ... too bad you aren't here to wolf her away from Chuck. (I feel sorry for her tho!).

Same



LETTER

Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

November 24, 1942.

6-12-B Jerome Relocation  
Center  
Denson, Arkansas.  
November 24, 1942.

Dear Mariko,

Just a line to let you know that Asami Kawachi, former Pacemaker's Women's editor, and I were married in Pasadena on October 7. The following day we boarded the train and were relocated to Jerome WRA, Denson, Ark.

You may have heard of Asami. She had her prize-winning essay in the summer 1942 issue of Common Ground, -- "Stranger's Rice."

If jobs are available outside, we have been thinking of leaving this center for any Midwestern or Eastern city. Kenny Murase wrote to us from Philadelphia and said that right now there are some 40 jobs open for evacuees.

We would appreciate very much, Mariko, if you would let us know what sources we might contact for outside jobs -- such as the Quakers, churches, YWCA, YMCA, etc. in Chicago.

Bob Tsuda and wife who are in Topaz, Utah, are also planning to leave. They want to be in Chicago, and if possible, we'd like to join them there, if jobs are available in that city.

I heard from Saye and Wes and they said that they would be visiting us here in Jerome in another week or so.

Please write, Mariko, and I shall write to you all about this center.

Yesterday some 107 evacuees arrived from the Hawaiian Islands. There are 30 families, 10 of whom are to be expatriated to Japan. The remaining families are all composed of American citizens. They came by Navy transport. The leader of the group Dr. Miyamoto said that there are still thousands more to be evacuated from the Islands.

Sincerely,

Joe Oyama.



LETTER

Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

September 15, 1942

3:55 P.M. Arizona time

Dearest Mariko,

Gosh, I'm sorry I didn't write sooner to wish you a happy birthday and stuff but I just got down to writing.

It's really hot here and I don't like it. But give me time and (many) maybe I'll get used to it. I doubt it tho'. I don't see how people can exist in Arizona.

We'll probably be leaving this apt. soon and then we can get settled. We can't do a thing until then. Well, how're you doing in Chicago Wish I was in your shoes but I've got a long ways to go yet. I got a lot of mail today and I'm answering as soon as I can as they won't stack up on me.

The food isn't too good, but the apt. are pretty good. It really helps keep the heat out during the day. The sanitation is okay, I guess. We have no not water yet but the water's soft so it isn't so bad. I take 3 showers daily to keep dainty (?). They're cold showers and they feel wonderful.

Charlie is working now as a social worker. He had 3 other jobs offered him but he chose social work. It's more in his line.

Tom does quite a bit of work around here. He gets the ice water from the mess halls, empties the garbage and things like that.

We've been collecting quite a bit of lumber so we can build closets and tables when we get settled. Gee, I wonder how long we're going to stay in a camp. I perspire so much it comes right through. You ought to see. And I believe I've lost a few pounds, too. That's okay by me.

We're all okay and hope you're the same. Gosh, I sure do miss the kids in Vallejo and at Tanfo. Now I have twice as many letters to write. I don't mind tho'. I got 7 letters, oh, I told you that already, huh?

Gee, I've sort of run out of words. Imagine! I sure do miss the rest of the family. Wish they'd hurry and come.

Write when you can and I'll do the same. Be good.

Love,

Bette



Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

LETTER

Nov. 27, 1942

74-7-a and b  
Rivers, Arizona  
Nov. 27, 1942

Dear Jackie:

What's doing? What did you have for Thanksgiving? We got ham, it was the first time we ever had such good food in the messhall.

We're going to have stoves right where we were going to have the door for the closet so Charley made a sliding door for it.

Alice is still here and she isn't married yet. I hope that it isn't long because I want to be an uncle.

How's drools college brother? Sister Bette is taking care of a caucasian woman's baby. I know I spelled this word, but no one will tell me how so its the best I can do. (It's supposed to be hakujin).

Did you see a picture for me yet.

I made a garden and Bob helped me.

Charley was JACL Secretary but now that he doesn't go to the meeting I'm not sure.

Well, that's all the news except there's a show tonight so I'm stopping.

Your faithful stooge,

Tom



November 30, 1942

Dear Jack:

Tom has written you a letter which he wants me to send you, and so I'll add a few of my own words. Everyone is fine and out of bed for a change. Pop is still in San Luis Obispo, but we expect to apply for a transfer within a very few days.

How is school? And what do you think of New Jersey? Is it awfully cold? We are still having the nice Arizona sun, although it gets awfully cold in the mornings. The Kikuchi's status in camp has been recently enhanced by a new crisis that arose the other night. Sunday, after returning from Fellowship, and Susumago's ineffective and nasal speech, we invited Bob in for a cup of tea. He stayed a short while, and then left to go home. Miyako and Tom were already in bed, as was mom, who had a little laughing spell with them. The house wasn't very noisy though, and we were being reasonable quiet, when--all of a sudden--BANG, BANG, BANG, on the next door wall, and I could hear our friend the house manager, getting up to find his getahs, and then coming over to our door to knock loudly. I went to the door since Mom was in bed and as a consequence, had to listen to his angry spiel. He complained in a trembling voice that he had stood enough of our noise, that he had been very considerate, of our feelings, by making as little noise as possible, and why couldn't we do the same, and a lot of other things about how noisy our walking about the room was. All I could do was to stand there and apologize and be as nice as possible about it, because there was no sense in antagonizing him, while Charlie very excitedly asked Emi what he was saying. Boy, he was really mad, and when he was through, he said, "And we have been considering moving away from here" "From here," I asked, "Well, maybe," he said, and mumbled something about considering it for a few days. Well, Mom was no help at all, because she just lay there



in bed and laughed, while I, with my inadequate Japanese, had to face the angry Block Manager. Tom was going to say to him the next morning "Good Morning, Mr. Wada, and how did you sleep last night," but under the condition, he felt it unsafe. Mrs. Wada and the children are very embarrassed because their father made such an unnecessary scene, and have been rather apologetic and nice in their manner, but we just ignore the whole incident, and Charlie says that whenever he meets the Block Manager in the shower room, he just looks at him and the BM lowers his eyes, and shuffles out. On the whole though, nothing is said about the whole incident, and I have cautioned the kids to be very quiet and to go to bed earlier. We are going to use the other door for awhile.

Angelo writes that lately he has been very bored with night club life, that Mariko seems to thrive on, and so he very often backs out of it, and says he doesn't miss much; just the paying of the check. I'm going to apply for a permit to leave, have already applied for a secretarial job in one of the Chicago settlement houses, but don't think I'm well qualified enough.

We have been having our last few shows at the bottom of the Water Tower on the hill, which will be made into an outdoor theatre pretty soon. We all sit on the ground and it's better than the last system, because you can see the show pretty well if you should happen to be way in the back, because everyone's on a slant. The last picture was the Marx Brothers in Room Service, which was pretty corny.

Well, guess that's about all the news I'll have time for, since it's almost dinner time. Bob still reads funny books in his spare time, and I'm still doing a little secretarial work for him at the rate of 50 cents an hour, which will help me once I get on the outside. Which, I hope to be soon, in spite of your stinking old



letter. Incidentally, you and Mariko sure are a lot of help in your advice to the Lovelorn. In fact, so much help, that I'd rather not have it at all, because you make a situation out of nothing, and get Angelo all worried. Naturally, being so far away, he's susceptible to all kinds of suggestion, and I think it was pretty low of you to make him get discouraged. I'm forgetting the incident because I can see that you never did appreciate my situation, but come what may, I still know what I am doing, and no matter what you, or Mariko, or Charlie, may say or think, this time I refuse to be influenced in one way or another. There have been too much ganging-up in the past, and it just causes a lot of confusion that is entirely unnecessary, so from now on, I think I am perfectly capable of steering my own course, without any direction from any of you, unless asked.

Gong's ringing for dinner, so let us hear how you are getting along, and Charlie says it's just like you to capitalize on the evacuation, especially when you hardly saw anything of this camp.

Love, Alice



LETTER

December 8, 1942

Dearest Mariko:

Just dashing off a few lines to tell you that we received a letter from The Drew University S. Body President and he says that the boys are going to give a surprise party for all the fellows that can't go home for Xmas, so would we please send presents for Jackie to:

Mr. Arthur White  
Assistant to the President  
Drew University  
Madison, N. J.

before the 22nd of December. (Party is on the 22nd) and mark on the outside of the package, "for John Kekuchi." Don't you think that's swell of them? Chas is going to give him a pair of pajamas, Alice a shirt and the kids and mom will give him something too. I learned to knit so I'm knitting him a pair of spiral socks. (no heels). They're coming along pretty good too. I wrote to Delores and told her about it, so she'll probably send it early. (Gift I mean).

Gee, you ought to see us all working like mad on Xmas presents. We're making most of them this year and it's a lot of work, but fun! Bette's the only one who isn't making anything. Even Mayalee beats her by doing some nice bits of work.

We're making a lawn in front of our place and I think it will be swell for summer time don't you?

We had course-manager trouble again. One night we were giggling and all of a sudden the jirk pounds on the wall and comes stamping over and did he tell us off. Mom got chicken and stayed in bed, so Alice had to do the talking. Was it a scream'. Him standing in his pajamas outside shivering, and Alice opens the door and says "hello" in a meek voice and for about 5 minutes she talked to him in broken Jap language. After all, why should we go to bed at 8 P.M. just because they do. We got up in the morning for breakfast, so why should they kick. They all make me sick. They said we're too sassy because we never talked Japanese and they're trying to get Chas fired because he can't speak Japanese. Isn't that the limit? Another thing, a bunch of Issei's and Kiebei's put a Jap-flag up on the hill (white cloth with red paint splashed on the middle) on Dec. 7, so a few school boys went up and tore it down. Gee what dopes. Up in Manzanar they had quite a riot and a few people killed and injured because they were going to celebrate Pearl Harbor Day. The M.P.'s came in and took over. Even here in Arizona the M.P.'s were stationed just out of camp, so if anything started, they were going to come right in and take over. What a mell of a hess huh? I'm enclosing a letter I got from a Cpl. James More. He says he met you in Chic. Did you tell him to write to me? Gee, if he's 5'4" or so, you should have given him Bette's name. Too short for me. I just couldn't figure out who I knew in Florida. Was it funny.



A boy up in Utah sent me a box of apples, since he was just out of camp in Delta, Utah picking them. Nice of him wasn't it?

I write to pop every other day, and I'm a good girl and clean the house every single day. Do you think S. Clause will bring me a doll and doll buggy now?

Bye for now, and write soon huh? Love from all to you.

Love,

Emi

P.S. I had a tooth yanked out the other day. Boy! did it hurt.



Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

POSTAL CARD

12/9/42

Dear Mariko:

Center life being too much and the call of the bugle irresistible and oh for many other reasons, I am now, since last Wed., Private in the U.S. Army. Why, wherefore, and how come I'll write to you soon about it. Right now we're waiting for instructions about 1000 and 1 things that we must know in this man's Army.

Take it easy,

Yours,

Sho



Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

LETTER

December 18, 1942

Dear Mariko,

Gorsh, I haven't written for so long I'll bet I seem like a stranger? Well, how are you now days in that little cool part of U.S.A.? Can you still go out? Are you carrying a stove around? Are you dressed like an Eskimo? Or have you really hibernated? As for myself I'm fine, I think.

Of my furlough, yes, I say my Aunt and all that. I rode the train so much, that I don't want to see another one till my next furlough. Fresh, huh. I'll tell you one thing though. All through my furlough I was offered about seven drinks and can you believe it I didn't take one. I know, you don't believe me, but it's the truth, so help me. Of course my mouth watered and all that, but I'm telling the truth. Gee, you know I seem to brag to everyone about this. I should of taken one and not have talked about the subject. I'm a funny guy, huh?

One think I was surprised to see was that at my Aunt's place she had some new records. One in particular, that I liked was Dvorsrk's (I thinkI spelled that wrong. In fact I'm sure. I hope you know who I mean.) cello concerto. Gee, it was nice. I think it was in F minor. Of that I'm not sure. Concerning to my furlough besides this I enjoyed much of convalescence. On the whole I must of had a louzy time because I came back healthy. Some of the fellows must have had a swell time, because when they came back they had to go to the hospital.

Well, Xmas is just around the corner. Gee, you'll have a White Xmas. Just think a real White Xmas. I probably have a windy Xmas. It always blows around here. Well, anyways, I'm going to sing "Silent Night" and keep that old chin up.

Gee, I feel blue now days. I don't know why, but I just do. Have you ever felt that way? Well, I'll snap out of it pretty soon. By the way, guess what I'm reading? I'm reading "The Life of John Brown." The man that took the words "To Do Or Die" too serious. The book writes of him being a man of strong willpower. In fact it's almost unbelievable. I believe that his causes were good but the results were bad. I would think it would be hard for any person to get along with anyone who has such a strong willpower as that. He would be so hard to understand. If you got to be friends with the person he probably turn out to be your best friend, but otherwise a person to stay away from. Persons are so hard to understand. But I sure wouldn't like to live in a world where everyone could read your mind. That would be taking away your last privacy. On the whole the world was made pretty good, huh?

You know, Mariko, when I'm not writing I really do have a lot to talk about and when I actually do I seem lost. I must be a poor writer. Some fellows seem to have so much to say and I really don't. Gorsh, ain't that awful. (It maybe bad English, but "Ain't" is in the dictionary.)

Well, good night till I think of more to say.

Yours,

Yosh.



LETTER

Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

December 24, 1942

"PAUL M. OTAKE"

Dearest Mariko;

I received your Christmas card this morning. Thanks for your good wishes and I hope the same to you in all the years which are to come. Yesterday, I also received a card from Charles. I was very glad to learn from Alice that he is doing a splendid work at the Relocation Camp; working for the University of California is quite an honor. As to Jack it certainly was a surprise to hear that he has been in New Jersey all this time attending the Drew University. The fact that he is a student on scholarship was a delightful news.

Things sure changed during this past year of dark memory; changed in such ways that I just feel like a total stranger. I am glad, however, that the changes are all on the good side. As for yourself Mariko, I am happy to know that you are getting along fine with your work at the Christian Advocate. How do you like Chicago? I hear that the weather there is very cold with the temperature often below zero.

There isn't much to say about myself except that I am fine inspite of the cold weather we've been having recently. School is closed for a Christmas vacation, but I am kept busy tutoring Japanese to three medical students who are leaving for the army early next Spring. Besides this I have accepted some translation materials from the Library of Congress. A vacation turned out to be a well occupied one.

Private Masao Yukawa, who is now stationed at Fort Thomas, Kentucky, wrote and told me all about his recent trip to the Relocation Camp in Utah. That is where most of our former friends are staying. He said that he had a grand time renewing his friendship as well as meeting some good looking Nisei girls. He is the same old Mas and about the only one who keeps up his communication with me. When I told him that you were in Chicago (before he left for his vacation) he wrote and asked me for your address so that he could stop over there and see you, but it wasn't until a day after he left that Alice forwarded me your full address. I gave him your address so don't be surprised if he does drop in some day -- very unexpectedly.

Well, Mariko, it certainly was nice to see your handwriting again, and I hope you will write a full letter to me soon. I'll write to your again as soon as I get rid of some of the work. So, at the meantime take good care of yourself.

Always,

Paul



LETTER

Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

December 30, 1942

3:20 P.M.

WAR RELOCATION AUTHORITY

In reply, please refer to

Miss Bette Kikuchi  
74 I-A  
Rivers, Arizona

Dear Jackson,

Well, I hope you enjoyed a very Merry Xmas? Wish you were here tho. We had a beautiful dust storm that day and couldn't go out. But the turkey was good and my presents were swell. Gee, it's been so long since I wrote a letter, I can't think of much to say so I'm referring to the letter you wrote to Emiko and me.

Are you studying hard? Probably, huh? We're on vacation for a week so I'm using the days to write letters. No kidding, I had about 20 to answer.

You know what they've been doing? Every block is making mochi for the resident, and it's fun watching. I've never seen it done before so it's a novelty. You've done it in the country, haven't you?

Gosh, Jack, you sure can write funny letters. I just read the part where you're talking to Emiko about doing the work. Gee, wotta scream! We don't call my friend Susu-Mago anymore. His name is Royden. Gad, wotta name! Royden Susu-Mago. You got those books, didn't you? Hmmp! Emiko uread the card before I got home from school and couldn't find them. I found 'em in the shelves and she grabbed 'em, wrapped 'em up, and sent 'em. What could I do?

Gee, this school really is lousy. I won't have enough knowledge to enter college if I graduate from here. I'm taking Chem., but I have a biology teacher. No lab work, just a theory course. I need Latin but they couldn't get a teacher so they have only Spanish to offer. I like it but can't use it. History is going along slowly and I haven't reached the point where we left off at Tanforan yet. And it was really in detail there, too.

Gosh, day after tomorrow will be January 1st! Imagine, 1943! I can't believe it. Emiko is going to sing at a dance New Year's eve. I can't go cause it's too public (who cares to go). Did you have that surprise Xmas party? I know all about it cause someone there wrote to us and explained what they were going to do.

Gee, pop isn't here yet. We've already sent in a request to have him sent down but haven't heard anything yet. The doctor wrote to us and said he was getting along fine and was slowly gaining his speech back. Isn't that swell? Xmas was sort of empty without pop, you, or Mariko. None of that whooping and yeelling.

I've been getting my teeth regularly and I gotta get a bridge cuz my two front teeth are dead. They haven't got an X-ray machine yet so I have to wait.

Well, Jack, don't study too hard. Love from all of us. Are you lonesome?

Delores sent Emiko and me a pic for Xmas. It's a good one.

Love,

Bette



LETTER

Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

December 31, 1942

WAR RELOCATION AUTHORITY

In reply, please refer to:

Miss Bette Kikuchi  
74-1-A &B  
Rivers, Arizona

Dearest Mariko,

Gee, I don't know how to thank you for those darling mittens. Hmm! I just love 'em. Everyone I show them to just envies me like the dickens. Can you blame 'em? Well, Xmas is past already and tomorrow will be Jan. 1st. Imagine, 1943 already! It's hard to believe we've been living in a camp for about 8 months. What a waste of time, no kidding! I'd be a Senior by next Feb. if I were still in a real school. But as things are, I'll be in the junior class till next June. We only have year grades from junior to senior so I'll be a half year behind. And I'm sure I won't have the proper knowledge of a high school graduate. Heck, my Chem teacher is a former Biology teacher and we have no lab equipment. The only subjects where I'm learning anything is Spanish but I don't need that language for nursing. What I should be taking is Latin cause I need it for nursing. Oh well, I can't just wish about it so-o --. We sure missed you on Xmas tho. Look, 3 out of the family weren't here. It was the first Xmas any of you missin'. And pop, gosh, it was really empty without him. Usually, on Christmas eve he'd tell us some stories and then we'd sing carols but this year we went all over camp and sang carols. About 100 of us walked all over camp that covers 46 blocks and serenaded everyone. It sounded nice, too. But, heck, what's Xmas without pop and all the kids?

We didn't have a tree this year but our table was piled high with presents. Yours were wrapped beautifully. Gee, I like those mittens. Well, anyway, Emiko gave me a pair of shoes, nail polish, hand-made pajamas and slippers, Alice gave me a pair of slippers, Miyako embroidered a hanky with my monogram on it, Tom gave us 15 stamped envelopes each, Chas a blouse, T-shirt, a blue chenille bathrobe, Alice made me a cute white blouse with my initials on it, Elsie, my girl friend, gave me a Pond's beauty kit (I need it), and my girl friend, Audrey, from Vallejo, sent me a beautiful green sweater. Santa gave me a dollar which I found in my sock. Were you very lonesome, Mariko? Gosh, wish you were here.

Man, you ought to see how Tom is growing. He has to wear mens' size clothes! He's gonna have trouble with me cause I can wear his clothes now. Today, I'm wearing his white sweatshirt. He's taller than I am, and I grew about an inch or so since I came here. Really, I think he's going to be nice, tall, and handsome. Right now he's going through that age and he's so lanky. What long legs and big feet! His voice is changing, too. And he's got a few pimples on his face but they'll go away, huh? Gosh, I can hardly wait till he's about 16. Man, a killer! Just like Jackson. Miyako is also getting big and it won't be long before we'll be telling her about the birds and bees. Tu! Hu! Really, tho, she's so sassy and grown-up. But we'll have trouble with her. Chas. says she's vain like you were. No kidding, she sits by the mirror and just stares at herself. Hummph! At 11 years, too. I'm 5'2" now and am I gaining weight! I eat like a horse and I'm still hungry. I weigh about 108 now from the 103 I used to be in Tanforan. Hope I don't get fat. What about you? Those pics were good that Ang took of you. Man, that painting of you is "cool;" I sure like it.



LETTER

Charles Kikuchi  
Chicago

December 31, 1942

Hmm! We're right by the hospital and there are some boys playing some swell records and it really has volume. Right now, I hear "Morning," and they played "Nutcracker Suite," "Lullaby," and a lot of perfect records. It's seldom we get to hear music like that and when we do hear it, we really appreciate it.

How's the weather in Chicago? Gosh, it's cold here now, but our stoves have been installed and what a difference. Nice and warm. The coldest it's been is about 34°. I've never felt that cold before and my toes just about break off. If the meat rationing gets too severe, I'll pickle them and soon they'll be good enough to eat. Don't mind me, but I guess the camp life does things to me.

Mom sent you some mochi. Did you get it yet? Gosh, you should have seen them make it. We've never seen it before so it was a novelty. It's delicious when it's hot. Alice enclosed the directions as to how to prepare it so think of us when you eat it.

I guess Alice already told you that Tachi and Henry were married? Gee, no romance between them. I mean, from the very first day he was here, well, all Sachi does is knit! No kidding, she ignores him! And he's shy at that. Oh well, I guess she loves him, tho. Don't you think Henry resembles Ang slightly? Sachi painted a moustache on Henry and Alice says he really looked like him.

Emiko is sewing away on a navy blue suit she's making. She's going to the New Year's Eve dance tonight and she's gonna sing. The poor guys! They have to listen. I can't go cause Mom and Chas. say it's too public. Maybe next year.

Gosh, those records sound good. They're playing "Rhapsody in Blue" now. What I wouldn't give to own a whole volume of records like that.

Well, beautiful, gotta sign off now. Love from all of us. Don't get too lonesome cause we're always thinking of you.

Love, always,

Bette

P.S. We just got a box of candy from Paul. Wasn't that sweet?

Corny, huh?