

LETTER
(TELEGRAM)

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

January 4, 1943

CAT 176 6 Ann Arbor Mich 4 930P

Miss Mariko Kikuchi
14 West Maple St

ARRIVED SAFELY THANKS FOR EVERYTHING LOVE

PAUL

January 4, 1943

Dear Mariko:

Well, after all this time, you have finally written to us, and so without hesitation I shall answer your letter and thank you for the Christmas present at the same time.

All is well with the whole family, and what a relief to be able to say so. We have all taken our turns at being an invalid, and now the round seems to have been complete. Mom is up and seems to be pretty well, but has to take it easy for a long while yet and is not supposed to strain herself with any hard work, so all of us get together, sometimes with a little persuasion, and do the work ~~is~~ together, yes, even Charlie. We do all the washing, sweeping, mopping, and the general housework, and Mom has had a lot of time to catch up with all of the sewing she has wanted to do for all these years. And she may as well take advantage of the leisure time, because when Pop comes here, her work will become more intensified, and wrapped up with his care.

Guess you might be interested in knowing that my release has finally come in and all I have to do now is wait for a permit. I applied about a month ago to the American Friends Service Committee for a secretarial job in a social service agency, and in about two or three days I received an answer which stated that there was an opening and was I interested. I wrote back that I would accept the job, and then started proceedings on this side with Toshi Kawai, Shig's brother. He said that I should be able to get out relatively soon, in about three weeks time, because I had no past connections, and not much to investigate. True enough, in less than three weeks my release came in, and now all I do is wait for the permit to come

in, and Landward, Charlie's ex-boss says he will wire for the permit to come in, and it should be in in about a week's time, since they mail it back. I was going to drop in on you and surprise you, but it's too much trouble that way, you know, things don't always work out the way you want them to. In the meantime, I am very busy getting my clothes in order, and packing. I have to admit though that I have very little in the way of warm clothing, and the money I earned working for Bob will come in handy. I made more than if I had been working at a 16 or 19 dollar job, but this was something special. Incidentally, Bob left us due to his draft number coming in, and just returned last Sunday, after a 10 day absence. He is trying to get deferred, because he is doing some important work for the evacuation and resettlement program, however he won't be able to tell for a month or so, so he came back to finish up whatever he could in the meantime.

Now that I have a job there and will be coming out in about a couple of weeks, what information can you spare about how to get to you and so forth. Personally, I think I'll jst go to Chicago, and take a taxi to your place, then you and I can think of some thing else to do about lodging, baggage and so forth. After I get there. As for lodging, I think if I got a room somewhereas near you, it would be less trouble than if I tried to move in on you and Seesu. Your landlady would want to increase the rent if someone else moved in with you, so don't you think it would be better to get a separate place? Maybe you could put me up the first couple of nights, and then the Friends committee would help me find an inexpensive room.

Gosh, now that the time has finally arrived for me to join you, I am terribly excited, and it seems almost incredible. I shall leave here with a mind at rest, knowing how things are, and that

Charlie will be here to take care of everything. I just couldn't see things clearly before, but now that enough time has elapsed I can see things a little differently. And Mom is much more relieved that I was here all this time, because at first she was a little worried about how things on the outside were, and now that I am going to join you, she feels much better that you won't be all alone in a strange city.

Mariko, I know that you and Angelo did not click off right off the bat, and that you undoubtedly had a lot of arguments and spats, but let's forget it now that it's all over with, and not mention it when I get there, because after all, I do love the guy, and I am going to marry him, and so nothing you say will change that, and we might as well let all of the unpleasantness be forgotten and start things with a clean slate. I know how you feel about him, and I know how he feels about you, and so I don't think we'll have to bring up any of the old discussions that you may have had with him. I want us to get back that old good feeling of sisterly love, and any arguments over him won't do it any good. After all, we are different in nature and so forth and we both like different types of people so neither one of us should feel that we could criticize any of the other's friends. Anyway, you probably won't have to stand seeing much of Angie because his number is probably up and he'll have to go into the army pretty soon.

By the way, Paul has written me several times, and he seems to think that you don't care to write to him, and so why not drop him a line or two every once in awhile, he seems to be pretty lonely. He sent us all a box of candy for Christmas, and has written that he is now attending college. He may get an instructors' job at the University of Michigan and so maybe we might see him someplace in the near vicinity soon. I do hope he gets the job, because it is a wonderful chance for

him.

I have another present for you which I just finished recently and will bring it to you personally, also a present from Tom that he is finally finishing. The family all chipped in to get some wool batting for a quilt that Mom made, a very nice looking thing, and then at the last minute we got a notice that there was a shortage of cotton and they could not fill the order, gee, I sure am sorry that all of these things have to be delayed, especially when you sent us such nice gifts. I love the golasches and they look rather wicked. I'll probably need them in Chicago.

Joan Fontaine is now on the radio in "Suspicion", so if the letter is a little scattered in thought, you can blame it on that. I just returned from the hospital a little while ago, and when Emi showed me your long long letter, I decided to answer right away. You have owed me several letters, and a lot of explanations to different things, but I guess those things can wait and I'll try to put down all of the things I would have told you sooner, had you answered all of our letters.

I have been terribly rushed, because on top of working for Bob and Charlie, I made a lot of Xmas presents, was usher at Sachi's wedding, and a lot of other things came up at the same time. I know that you will forgive me for my lack of letters because the time really goes by on wings, and there isn't much time to do anything else after one does a little washing, mending, and so on. Sachi had a very nice quiet wedding, and today is her last day at Honeymoon Cottage. They move into their own apartment tomorrow morning. Sachi was so nonchalant about the whole thing, we almost expected her to walk up the aisle with her knitting!

Charlie has been awfully busy these days, there are so many

developments turning up, and this place has had a little unrest these days. About a couple of weeks ago, some Kibei tried to beat Charlie up, and did he run to avoid trouble. I don't get the idea behind all of the developments of Kibei and Issei getting together and complaining about things and trying to start trouble all the time.

Well, the way my brain is functioning it's no use writing a long letter, because I can't think of all of the things I wanted to tell you. Toshi and I see a lot of each other, and she wants you to know how much she enjoys the hot water bottle. She'll write you herself, but in the meantime, she wanted me to tell you first. She's pretty big now, and it won't be long now, so is Mimi.

Will close now, and thanks a lot for the galoshes and ribbons. I am amazed at your ingenuity--they are really original and cute. And don't you like the pajamas Emi sent you? She really did a nice job on all of them. She made Miyako and me one too, Bette too, and besides that, she made Doris a pair too.

My teeth bother me--sorry I can't write a more interesting letter to you, but my mind is a complete blank from the shock of getting a release, and from my trip to the dentist.

See you soon,

Alice

Charlie is very pleased with the books but hasn't had much time to read them, because he too, alas, has succumbed to -- "funny books" -- and you should hear the scorn in his voice when he used to scold Tom, and Bette for getting so engrossed in them.

Mom likes her hot water bottle and so does Sachi--Miyako is in the air with her doll--she's wild over it, and so am I.

Charles Kiluchi
Chicago

LETTER

January 4, 1943

Dearest Mariko:

Just a few lines to thank you loads for the swell slippers. Alice gave me one too, but I can always use them around here because the ground wears out shoes, slippers, etc., so fast. Thanks loads! I hope the nightie I made fits you okay too. Alice said it was good for cold places such as Chicago, so I hope it comes in handy. Miyako is certainly wild about her doll. Honestly, they play house all day long with it. It sure is darling though. Tom can hardly wait to start his plane ... he doesn't want to spoil it so Albert (Toshi's hubby) promised to help him make it. All those big boys play with Tom's toys or come over and the first thing they do is to be on the bed with a funny book! Gee, Bette's mittens are cute. Mariko, when you have time, will you get me one like them, and I'll send you the money when you write and tell me how much they cost. Other presents I got were: (1) Material for a suit from Chas. ... I made it for the New Year's Eve dance starting the day before ... it's a wonder I got it done. I had to sing at the dance and didn't have anything to wear so I made the suit. The dance was a lot of fun -- in bed at 2 a.m. Was I sleepy! (2) Macaroni necklace from Toshi -- gee, it sure is cute ... bunch type. (3) Slip from Florence -- Allen Gee's wife. I didn't expect anything from her .. incidentally, they had a baby recently -- girl named Priscilla. I think I'll make her baby a hat and shoe set. Gwen Hall had a baby boy. Joe Chun, Doris' husband is going into the army this month. (4) Slippers and blouse from Alice, (5) Slip from Doris, (6) Sweater, (Vneck for boy's) from Bette, (7) Box of chocolates from Shig in Utah, (8) Records from Yoshi in Utah camp, he's the one who I tried to help Bette out with by keeping him company and he goes and gets a crush on me! Man alive! (9) Cute "Pluto" lapel pin from Pauline Sarmante, (10) Photo from Delores, (11) Silver spoon lapel pin from Bob Spencer, (12) Scarf from Maxey Egami (Sachi's sister ... Sachi and Henry Mittler got married last week. Nice wedding ... sports ... we were usherettes.) Thanks for the cute ribbons too. They're just what I was getting short on and sure came in handy. By the way, I wonder if Jackie's present got to him through that boy who gave them the party? Xmas and New Year's day were nice. We had duck on the latter day and turkey on Xmas. It was delicious.

You know, Chas., is getting awfully mean nowadays. Don't mention this to him now! The other night he had an argument with mom and just because she got mad, he came into our room and turned the radio on full blast. (It was about 11:30 p.m.) We didn't say anything and stayed in bed, but finally I couldn't stand it so I went into the next room. Alice went in and tried to turn it off but he wouldn't let her, so she came back because she said he looked like he was going to hit her. Then Miyoko started to cry and said she couldn't sleep, so I went in and told him to turn it lower so he told me to shut up, so I turned it off and he turned it on again this went on about 3 times and finally I yanked the wire up, and he jumped up and socked me. I was so mad and shivering all over that I didn't even hit back. What a bruise I had on my cheek. That was just a day before Xmas too! I ignored him after that, but it spoiled the holiday spirit so I told him to forget it. Then just before New Years he makes Bette get mad at him so there was that funny air around us again. Today he hits Tom because he was slow in getting dressed for breakfast. That was the second time he hit me, and he hit Alice once in Tanfo and nearly knocked her glasses off ... I guess you heard about that. Gee, now I know why you can't get along with him so well. I never have good times at dances or parties etc. cause he practically cross examines me when I get home. Then when he gets mad at me he says I don't do enough work, but when he's not mad at me, he says to take it easy and let Bette do some of it. That puts Bette in an awkward spot. We have more fights when he's around cuz he goes to Bette, Alice, mom, and me and tells us all something about each other to make us mad. Oh, well,

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

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January 4, 1945

I guess he means well ---

Flash! Jeanne Yamasaki (Minkey's old gal) is sort of going around with Bob. Does it look funny -- it looks like this (picture) he's soo big and she is soo small. She's said as heck here so she's running after Bob. Of course, that's flattering to him, but he doesn't know what's what since he's engaged to this girl in Berkeley.

I'm going into the camouflage Net Project on Wed. of this week ... it pays darn good so even if it's sort of monotonous, I'm going to stick to it so I can make some money to go out to school later.

Well, enough said for now so I'll close. Happy New Year and love to you from us all. Toshi just came in ... she says hello and will write soon. She sure is well ---

Write now!

Love,

Emiko

LETTER

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

January 5, 1943

Dear Jackie:

Happy New Year! Couldn't write any sooner because I was so busy cleaning up the Xmas mess, and on top of that, I started to make a suit for the N.Y.'s Eve dance -- and was I sewing like mad! I sang at the dance. I wrote, that small so it wouldn't look like I was conceited. It was a swell evening and we went to all 3 dances and didn't get home till 2 a.m. It wasn't as good as last year because no one else of the family went. By the way, did you have your surprise party as was planned? I hope you liked our gifts. Christmas Eve was the black parties and you should have seen all the fruit we got -- cookies, etc. also. The kids got a present from the people outside, and they weren't so bad either. After the party we went carolling and what a mob! It surely was a success too -- mom said they could hear us from far off and it sounded good. Didn't get home till 2 a.m. that night either. Alice was sick that night so she stayed in bed. Chas. almost didn't go because we had a fight a few nights before. It was really his fault this time too. That night I got my second hit from him, rather a sock! It all started when he went into the other room to turn the radio off and mom said to leave it on. Then he turned the light out while mom was knitting, so she jokingly said "G__ d__ you, turn it on -- what's wrong with you?" Then the first thing he says to me or Bette when he comes in the door is, "And not a word out of you two either!" Gee, we didn't know what was going on. He turned the radio on full blast (it was 11:30 by then) and wouldn't turn it low, so we didn't say anything .. we knew he'd get sore. Then finally I couldn't stand it anymore so I went into the next room. Boy! did it sound loud. We thought that any minute the house manager would bang on the wall again. Alice went in to ask him to turn it off, but he had that gleam in his eyes that looked like he was going to hit her, so after turning it off and on and off and on, she gave up. He told her to tell mom not to swear at him. After 5 minutes had passed, I went in to ask him to turn it off because Miyako was crying cuz she

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

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January 5, 1943

couldn't sleep. He told me to mind my own business, so I turned it off, he turned it on, and so on, so finally I pulled the wire out. He jumped up and socked me then. Tom came running out of the other room and said "You'd better watch out see!" Then Chas. said shut up, so Tom said, "Shut up yourself," and ran back into the other room and jumped into bed. Gee, if I wasn't so mad I would have died laughing at Tom. He thought Chas. would hit him too, so he said in a small voice, "Shut up yourself," and ran back in his bare feet and nightgown. After sitting there for about 15 minutes (at his desk) he went into the other room and told mom that he hit me again, (she was at the lavatory at the time) and then he started crying like anything, stating that some kids nearly bet him up on the way home for belonging to the J.A.C.L. I know he was scared but he should have told it to us when he came home, instead of picking on everybody. Then he says that he still feels like an outsider because everyone goes against him when we have arguments. Oh well, I guess when pop gets here everything will be changed Chas. has already started his transfer. Alice will be leaving in about 2 weeks because her release is coming through.

Tomorrow I'm going to start on the Camouflage nets. A lot of the kids are quitting to go on the C nets. The average pay is about \$35 per month and everything over 1,000 sq. ft. is yours. Tom, Mori and Jean Yamasaki say it's easy but a little monotonous. On the second day Tom said he made a little over 1,000 sq. ft. and you know how slow going he is.

Your twin, Joe, the one that looks like you, has a broken ankle, so every-time he eats in our messhall the kids say oh Jackie's on crutches now.

Well, guess I'll close now. Mariko wrote to me the other day and man is she mad at Ange for not taking her to a Thanksgiving dinner after she refused two dates. She thought if she ate with Ange she wouldn't feel so homesick. I'll send you her letter because she said to send it on to you.

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

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January 5, 1943

I'll plant you now, so dig me in your spare moments huh?

Bye now,

Love,

Emi

Nancy Egami thinks your so-o cute everytime she sees any of your pics. Don't get conceited now! Flash! Jeanne Yamasaki has a crush on Bob Spencer and what a combination. He's so big and she's so small, cute no? Heard from Patsy and she's more conceited now! Gad!

LETTER

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

January 7, 1943

1319 Hill St.,
Ann Arbor, Mich.
1-7-43

Dearest Mariko:

Did you get my telegram? I wish to thank you for all the things you've done for me during my stay in Chicago. I enjoyed every minute with you. It was really wonderful to see you again and I was also very glad to find you as you've always been. Sitting next to you in a night club and listening to our songs was one of the greatest moments. Those songs were stuck in my mind for 2 years and a half!! Dancing again with my only partner was also a great pleasure. With your permission, I wish to have more time together in the future.

The night I left Chicago I was rather tired, but I drove straight to Ann Arbor. It was four o'clock in the morning when I reached here. I reported to work at ten o'clock in the morning and also met all the staff members. Among them were the fellows which the girls in Chicago told me to look up.

I had my first teaching experience yesterday which was easier than I've expected. Since this particular Army school just opened yesterday, everybody was as green as they can be. (I was, too!!) Although the teaching is easy, we are busy studying and preparing our materials. I am teaching the beginners' section which takes lots of patience. Mr. Eiji Tanabe from L.A. is also in my section. (Do you know him?)

The rooming situation is very acute here due to the fact that the Army is sending many soldiers here for officers' training purposes. I was fortunate to find a place at the Japanese Faculty House provided by the Army. The rent is rather expensive, but it is very comfortable.

The town of Ann Arbor is a typical college town and the atmosphere is very friendly. As soon as this snow is cleared I hope to make a tour around the city in order to acquaint myself. If you have a vacation soon I sure would like to have you come here.

Well, I guess I'll have to review my lessons for tomorrow so I will close my letter here. I will write to you again soon. Take care of yourself.

Paul.

P.S. Please give my regards to Shizue, Kiyo, Matsuko, and the rest. Thank you.

Box 166
Drew University
Madison, N.J.
Jan. 9, 1943

Dear Mariko:

I haven't had a chance to say thanks for the Christmas present which was very appropriate, because I have been etudiant très fort. We're just finishing up this semester, and the Chem. lab work keeps me down in the lab. every night until midnight. I'm taking a course in organic chemical synthesis and it requires a long time for each compound. It's impossible to stop working once a thing is set up and either distilling or reflexing because if it is interrupted something else will form.

I'm sending you some back letters that I received from the family. They're old, but you'll get a kick out of them if they haven't given you all the information.

I spent a week in N.Y. and visited H. Toy and Florence Tanaka. Both treated me swell and showed me the town. When I got back I was broke, but happy - (slap happy after New Years). Now I can get back to the grind of the next semester.

Yours truly

/s/ Jack

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

LETTER

Jan. 14, 1943

216 Branciforte Street,
Vallejo, California
January 14, 1943

Dear Mariko,

Yours came to me a few days after Xmas, I cannot find words enough to tell you how happy I was to hear from you again. I had begun to think you had forgotten me. I was happy to know you were well, and have a good job, and getting along nicely, except the cold weather, that will not last forever. I have been there, I know just how you feel about it. I would not like to live through it again. Old Calif. is good enough for me. Your letter found me well and all of the barbers, and plenty of business. We are busy from the time we open at eight in the morning until we close at night. I have five chairs now, at that we cannot take care of all the business. I have made a deal of change in the shop since you were here, and Vallejo has grown quite a deal. She has brought in a deal of people here to work on the yard. I hear from your people very often, they are all well except your father. He is still in the hospital I have learned. I do hope and pray to my God that he will soon recover from his sickness. And too I am thinking, and praying that the time will soon hasten on that this old world will be at peace again, and you good people go free again to live and go places that you feel and see best. I would be very happy to see all of you again. If things work out as I have planned for I will be in Chicago some time this year. I do hope you all of the good success. Anytime I can be of any service to you I will only be too glad to do so. I am sending your people some money this week. I do hope you will pardon me for my long delay. I hope to hear from you again real soon.

Your friend,

L.O. Pleasant

All of the barbers join me in their best regards.

LETTER

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

January 16, 1943
1319 Hill St.
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Dearest Mariko:

I just received a letter from Alice yesterday saying that she is about to leave the camp for Chicago. I was glad to hear the news and am sure that everything will turn out fine.

I also received a letter and some "omochi" from your mother. It was very sweet of her and my "oshogatsu" seems more or less complete.

I am still tackling at my teaching business daily. I've been shifted to an advanced class (the highest class here) with Mr. Matsumoto and Mr. Inanye. Mr. Matsumoto is also an authority on pipe organ. Mr. Inanye is a Yale man and was married just before he came here. We get along fine and we are proud of our students.

A teacher's position here is very hard because of the long hours. Our morning class starts at eight in the morning until 11 o'clock. There's another class at one thirty, and a staff meeting at four thirty. We eat our three meals at the Jap. Faculty House. After supper we have to prepare our materials for the next day. It is usually around eight o'clock or nine when we are free. My recreation is bowling and pool.

Getting up at seven in the morning is pretty tough, but I am getting used to it every day.

Mariko, could I ask you some more favor? It does not seem like we are going to get paid until Feb. 5th, and I would like to borrow another ten or fifteen dollars. Here at the Faculty House I had to buy my own sheets and blankets. I also had other expenses in repairing my glasses and car, which evidently went over my planned budget. I could ask some of my fellow instructors here but I feel rather "hazukashii." So if you could make it I will appreciate it. I feel like a dog imposing on you like this.

It is still snowing here occasionally and the only day I saw sunshine was 3 days ago. Due to the housing shortage, I can't even find a garage for my car.

How is everybody there? Did Shizue get my card? Give my regards to Hirakawa and her friends. Let me know when Alice arrives at your place.

I had a slight cold and a sore throat so I came home without attending the staff meeting. I really should be in bed, but ----- . You know me!!

Well, take care of yourself, Mariko, and say hello to everybody.

Always,

Paul

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

LETTER

January 23, 1943

Dear Mariko,

How are you?

Thank you for the Sleepy Head doll. I have her right at the side of me. I keep her on my bed. Sometimes I sleep with her. I don't know what to call her. Do you know what I got for Christmas? I got a pair of shoes, a bathrobe, pajamas, and at the messhall all the little children got presents. I got a sewing kit. Santa Claus was my girlfriends father her name is Nancy Koseki. She comes from Los Angeles. I had a nice time on Christmas. I thought I was in Vallejo. I write to pop every week. I miss him very much. I haven't seen him for three months. Well, I have to write to other people now, so good bye.

Love Miyako

P.S. Don't mind my writing because my fingers are stiff.

Blackie sends her love.

Jan. 25, 1943

Dear Mariko:

Just a page or two to say hello. I'm well, and studying as usual. We've just completed another semester and I have a little time to catch up on correspondence.

I have the radio on and when the melody of "When Day is Done" came over the air it reminded me of the old days in S.F. Isn't it funny - in those days, I went to chorus because there was nothing to do, yet now as I think back over them they are cherished memories in my life.

This radio I now have in my possession is borrowed and I'm reluctant to relinquish it since I've discovered what charm music hath as I sit here and either read or write and listen to it.

I just finished writing Paul a letter and plan to write one home, so I'm making this one very brief.

Weather here is lovely and it seems like spring is already here.

I spent last week in N.Y. and am now broke. Now I'll have to get a job before I can go again.

With love,

Jack

January 23, 1943

Dear Mariko:

Just think! Only a couple of days more and I am on my way to join you in Chicago. I haven't made it definite with Mr. Landward, but at present, I have decided to go Tuesday morning, which means that I should be in Chicago by Thursday night or Friday morning, I'm not sure how long it took. I hope the baggage rate for pounds over the 150 allowance isn't too great, as I have heavy things to bring, my trunk, sewing machine, etc.

Well, so far so good. The reason I couldn't come any sooner, is the fact that I was having a partial put in. I have had my two six-year old molars taken out a long time ago, and the dentist said that if I didn't have that empty space filled in with a partial, the rest of the teeth would gradually fall into that empty space, and that is the reason I had to wait this long. They have a pretty good clinic here, but all they can do is to fill and extract teeth, and things like partials have to be done on the outside. Well, Dr. Obo Sakaguchi, who is the dentist doing my work, made the necessary arrangements and sent it outside to Santa Monica, and we have been holding our breath all this time because we thought it wouldn't come in by the time I was ready to leave. My permit expires on January 31st, but then I can't stay that long due to the job that is waiting for me. Today, Saturday, it finally came in, and I have to go to the clinic this afternoon and have it installed. Then I shall be ready to go on my way. I still have a few more teeth to be filled, but I don't think we will get to them due to the rush. I've been going nights to get all my teeth filled, and what a mess I've been, so many unknown cavities that are just starting.

The teeth cost me exactly \$34.50 and with my train fare and all,

what I earned working for Bob will pay for my expenses, as the first check I received from U. of C. was \$60.50 and the second one which I will receive later, is for \$30.75. I have been getting .50 an hour and it amounts to about \$40 a month.

I guess you have heard from Paul since he stopped in at Chicago, and it sure must have been good to see a familiar face after so long. So many of my friends are in the Army now, or planning to go soon. Most of the girls are trying to get out on Domestic jobs, and then write me asking me if I can help them to get an office job, but then, it's no use to go out on jobs like that, because one doesn't have the contacts for an office job like that, rather, like myself, they should start by trying to get even a clerical job such as yours where not too much business experience is required in the application, and then as soon as they have the experience, they can apply for other business jobs. Helen Nakamura writes that she and Alice Inouye are trying to get to Saint Paul, and Baer Kawakami, Joan and Tom Kobuchi, Grace Shioya, Masako Furuki, and a lot of others are already there. (All of them are working in homes.)

Well, guess I'd better close now and send it off to you Special Delivery, as I want you to get it on time, and now that my teeth have been installed, I have nothing to keep me.

Toshi is giving me a party tomorrow in honor of my birthday, and I have already had a few parties in honor of my leaving by the girls I go around with. They are all swell, and I sure will miss them. They took me right into a ready made bunch, and I feel as though I've known them for years. Tell Seesu that her sister-in-law Annie is very nice, and everyone likes her. Also her husband, or Seesu's brother. I've already met another brother, but I can't remember his name. Helen

Suzuki's mother is very nice too, and she is very happy that Helen knows both you and Seue in Chicago because she was a little worried at the idea of Helen being alone in Chicago. Seesue's mother is really a grand person, and I see her a lot. She always tells me what a nice sister I must have, and how relieved she is that you are all staying together, and that you are looking after her daughter.

Eye for now, I'm taking the Southern Pacific from Coolidge and I understand the train trip takes two nights and two days. The price for the coach costs about \$45 but I'll have to pay a lot extra for the excess baggage. Am I excited.....finally feel as though I'm going now that my things are all in order and everything scheduled. So long till I see you again, it's been quite a long time hasn't it? And I'm dying to have a nice long talk with you.

Love,

Alice

January 26, 1943

Dear Mariko:

Just a few lines to let you know that I am not leaving camp until the 30th. There was a storm (snow) someplace back East, and the administration was warned not to let any one out of camp for trips back East. I went back to find out when I could leave, and was told that the tracks should be cleared by the 28th, so I'll leave on the 30th, that is, if Shizue Abe, who works with Charlie, goes on that date. Maybe we can get a compartment together, each one of us paying half, and it would be just as cheap to go that way than to go by coach, each separately.

I hope you weren't inconvenienced any by my other special delivery letter, but it was so certain at the time, I had to drop you a line so that you would know when to expect me. This development came up at the last minute, so it wasn't anyone's fault.

Everyone is well and Sachi, Henry, Toshi, Albert, and all the rest say hello. Yoshi Hibino's friend Koe Dyo is planning to go to the Academy of Arts in Chicago pretty soon, and so is Yemiko Fukui, as Helen, she knows her. There are a lot of people planning to go to Chicago, and Minneapolis.

I want to get this mailed, so excuse the short note, and all, and I hope that this time nothing will be amiss.

Love,

Alice

LETTER

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

January 27, 1943

Dearest Mariko:

Thanks for your letter and also for the money. It came just when I was on my last dollar so you can imagine how good I felt. You're a swell girl, Mariko, and I really appreciate your generosity.

Tuesday, we had our first sunshine in weeks and I was glad to see the thick and hardened snow melt away little by little. Of course, it is still cold, but is much better than to have snow after snow. The teaching business is getting along fine and I am really having a wonderful time. The only trouble I find here is that there is not as much excitement as in Chicago.

By the way did you receive the letter I wrote to Alice? It is about a job here and if she thinks that it is good enough and wishes to try it, I would like to have her write to me immediately. Please open the letter and read it. Five to six girls are needed for stenographic work for our office and also for the University. The job is specially opened for the Nisei.

I gave Helen's regards to Mr. & Mrs. Inouye and also to Mr. Mitsumori. They were very happy to get the message. In return give my regards to Helen, Seesu and Kiku.

You must be very busy with your two jobs, ne. I am very proud to hear that your pictures are being displayed in such 'Hi-Ton' places as Drake Hotel, etc. Working hard is all right, but please take care of your health. I got a letter from Jack this morning and according to his letter he seems to be quite discouraged about something. I am going to write him a pep letter tonite. Well, Mariko, thanks again for your kindness and take care of yourself! I will write to you again soon.

Always yours,

Paul

LETTER

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

February 5, 1943

Dearest Mariko:

I meant to write to you sooner but I was so busy that I just couldn't get around to it. It's exactly a month since I've last seen you for the first time in two and a half years. I am really sorry that I can't see you more often. Some day I shall have a vacation and have the pleasure of dining and dancing together. I want to recall the old days when ^{we} were happy and gay. Remembering the old days as well as the songs are one thing I shall always enjoy.

By the way, did Alice come to Chicago yet? Please let me know immediately. And how is everything coming along with your work? Are you still modeling nightly. I really admire your great determination, Mariko, and I am trying to imitate you in that respect. I can just imagine you all worn out at the end of a long day. But please take care of yourself and keep 'em smiling!

I got paid last month Monday but not a full month's pay. With my room and board deducted it was not very much. I am enclosing \$15.00 in money order for this time and will send the rest of it soon again. I really thank you for your generosity and hope to do something for you some day. Did you get the picture I sent you in my last letter? I'll bet you laughed at it. Nuts When the picture was taken I guess I was slightly intoxicated, but, --- I think I'll send a copy to Charles and show him that I am still living! I realize you're quite busy in work and in social life but could you spend about ten minutes some night and tell me about yourself. When I see you next time (I hope it will be soon) I want to see that picture which has been displayed in various hotels. Take care of yourself, Mari-chan, and good lucks.

Always yours,

Paul

Box 166
Drew Univ.
Madison, N.J.
Feb. 8, 1943

Dear Mariko:

I'm sending you a couple of letters that may be of some interest to you. One is from Bette and the other from Paul. I suppose that you were quite happy to see Paul. I am glad to see that he is out of his former S.F. rut, and is actually getting ahead. Did he say anything about being married? It suppose it was just a rumor. Does he still feel the same way about you? He's not the Romantic type, but if you don't mind my saying so, I suggest that you quit putting off marriage and also stop waiting for your dream man. That is if Paul should propose to you. This is a bit of advice to the lovelorn, you know, the kind they have in the newspaper. If I can put my thoughts down on paper I would give a psychological analysis of your case. Try and follow it.

In the first place, ever since I have heard your first definition of love, you have placed the most emphasis upon intellectual companionship. You wanted someone with whom you can talk about music, art and other cultural subjects. As you got a little older, you began to realize that that alone was not the most important factor. For a time you were aware that a strong physical attraction was as important. Well, this was quite a contrast and the company you chose had either one characteristic or the other. No one possessed a modification of both. You believe you were in love with Kenbo, then Kayo, but as time goes on you discovered that you do not think too much of them now.

You have accepted the idea now that you will be contented with going through life without marrying. The men in your life have forgotten you because they had no physical ties to bind themselves to you. There was no profound love that could stand the test of waiting to prove their love. Men are funny animals. His love is passionate at first but grows cold when he is thwarted and seeks other women that can satisfy his passion. Women, on the contrary, love ~~x~~ less intensely in the beginning but grows into it with time. Of course this is mutual too, men grow to love their wives after intimate association.

Now the question is this. Can you be contented in life by sublimating your love into other interests such as painting or art. You could probably do this. On the other hand, how lonely is it going to be to approach old age and to have gone through life without marrying which is the natural course for all people. You are close to thirty now, and during the period of years you are still searching for your ideal man. Well, believe me, there is no such animal. Don't idealize a husband because it will not turn out practical. The idea that a person cannot marry another person unless she is passionately in love with him is not true. It is far better to have a husband that/ ^{you like mildly than to have a husband} that will bring you nothing but heartaches and sadness later (Kayo). In fact, if a person finds that her love doesnot grow toward her husband, it will grow toward her children, and that is enough as long as a wife can maintain a respect for her husband. To recapitulate the whole matter, what I am suggesting is that if Paul asks you to marry him, say okay. Its really none of my business, but sometimes a person cannot visualize the whole picture, consequently I thought I could make

it clearer. Of course I have no talent for presenting my thoughts in writing and probably have made this whole letter an obscure mess. I'm all for Paul because he has something virtuous about him, i.e. poise, intelligence, and honesty, etc.

Tell Alice that I received her letter and send my thanks. Also tell her to let me know how she's making out with Angelo, and if she wants some motherly advice, I'll be glad to reciprocate.

Yours truly

Cupid

LETTER

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

February 10, 1943

Dearest Mariko,

I just got the news of Alice's arrival in Chicago from Mr. Nakamura. He told me that he saw you and Alice at your apartment. I also wanted to visit you during this vacation, but I am not to that point as yet. I will, however, try to make it in the near future when we get another rest period. During the 3 days I spent the days mostly in show houses and pool houses. On Saturday I went to Detroit to do a little shopping for myself. The town of Detroit is really beautiful and I liked it very much. As in Chicago, I found the people to be very generous even to us Nisei. A big town is really too busy for race discrimination and the sort. I just bought a pair of shoes -- just in time to beat the ration order of Monday.

Mariko, I know you're busy, but how about writing me a letter and tell me about yourself. Letter is about the only thing that I can look forward to each day. The life here is just like a soldier in a camp. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am

Always,

Paul

LETTER

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

February 22, 1943

Dearest Mariko:

Thank you very much for sending me the typewriter. It arrived yesterday and I am finding it very handy, especially with my hand still in the cast. I also received your letter which was a very nice one. I see you are still having busy days, but as I have said before watch out for those nasty colds. You must have had a tough experience being confined to bed, but I am glad again to learn that it is all over. In Ann Arbor we are having a wonderful weather for a change; in fact, we were walking around the town yesterday without an overcoat. The sun feels really nice after those terrible days of snow and stinging north wind.

The days fly with more and more experience being added to ourselves, but, the one thing I regret is the fact that we are denied to attend classes as long as we are an instructor. Of course, the daily work is about enough to keep us busy, but since attending classes of the university was my desire, you can imagine how disappointed I am. Well, I guess I was in a way too selfish in attempting to kill two birds with one stone.

I am very glad to learn that Alice is doing well and getting acquainted with the different climate of the Mid-east. We just had an announcement the other day that we are to get a vacation some time in April (ten days). I am looking forward for this day to go to Chicago and keep that important date with you and Alice.

You have not mentioned in your last letter, but did you get the money order I sent you last month? I just wanted to make sure that you did get it. Your last letter was really a delightful one and I hope that you will write more often. I know how busy you are and all that, but receiving letters are a rare occasion for me and when I do receive one it sort of brightens up everything for me. I often hear our song over the radio and from the music box in the campus coffee shop. It is always a beautiful song and reminds me those old days when we used to run around together in San Francisco. Every time I hear "Sweet Lelani," I recall the night we went to St. Francis Hotel to hear the composer in person, remember? When I hear "Mexicali Rose" I think about the nights we used to go to that Mexican dinner house. I know I'll never forget those beautiful days.

Well, how am I doing with my left hand? Pretty good, don't you think? Take care of yourself, Mariko, and give my regards to everyone.

Always,

Morio

LETTER

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

February 16, 1943

Dearest Mariko:

Hello! I am writing this letter with my left hand as I have a broken wrist. Yesterday I fell on the ice and fractured my right wrist which is now in a cast up to my elbow. Although I am still attending my classes, I have a hard time in making out my daily reports. The typewriter is about the only means to which I can depend upon. There is only one typewriter in this house and since I have to type my reports with my left hand it takes much time and is rather inconvenient for the other emembers. Could you send my typewriter through the American Express? I think it will help me out a lot for I am told that the cast will be on for the next three weeks. It is very inconvenient and uncomfotable, too.

I am very happy to learn that Alice has finally joined you. I am sure she is still the sweet old Alice. By the way (?) I have an important date with her which I intend to enjoy very soon. Besides my broken hand everything is all right and I am really enjoying this business of teaching.

The weather here is still very cold and we still have snow occasionally I am enclosing a picture of me and my doll; it's not such a hot picture but at least it tells the truth.

Well, then, Mariko, take care of yourself and write to me soon again. Please use the enclosed money for the express.

Always yours,

love, Paul

P.S. I appreciate your trouble, Mariko. The enclosed key is for the typewriter so please lock it before sending it. Thank you. I have another spare key so just keep this one.

2119 Haste St.
Berkeley, Calif.
March, 1943 ?

Dear Mariko,

Received your card this morning and was glad to hear that you are gradually getting things under control. However, I'm not quite clear on some of the things which you mentioned. If I understand clearly, the present plan is to send Mom and Pop to S.F. while you carry on the home there. I assume then that this is being done with the object of letting the kids get through school for this semester. That was my object, also, but may I throw another matter in for consideration. We have to realize this problem from the standpoints of our parents also and not be too arbitrary in any decision. You will probably realize that psychologically this is going to affect them to a great degree. In time of such a crisis, they will naturally have to have something to hang on to. This means the Children. I was talking to Dr. Cassidy the head of our Social Welfare department today and he pointed out the implications which such a move may develop. He doesn't think that such a thing would be the wisest move because this means the breaking up of the home and it is in such times that family unity is needed the most. However, I don't know exactly all of the details yet so that I really can't jump at any conclusions. Could you please enlighten me as to the details?

Dr. Cassidy talked with Mr. Neudstat, the Regional head of the Federal Security Agency and he says that a definite sum has been set aside by the government for the social work of rehabilitation. They will pay or help pay the costs of moving and in deserving cases even help our financially until they get started again. From what he says, there is a definite plan to attach a social worker with each employment

office to help the families in their plans. Have you contacted them yet? Now, I was thinking that perhaps it may be possible to set up business for Pop again under such a setup. I realize that he would have a difficult time setting up a new clientele, but at least it would give him something to do. And that is really important. What do you think? Then again perhaps Mom could get work doing housekeeping. There is a terrific shortage of domestic workers and I'm sure that I could help in that respect. I assume that you were considering all of these possibilities for after the school term. However, I think that you could help Pop out a lot if you left him the hope that perhaps he will be able to start anew. And whatever happens, don't let the folks get panicky. It's easy enough to say these things I realize but nevertheless important and I am sure that you will be able handle the situation adequately.

The real reason why I went to see Dr. Cassidy was to drop out of school, but after talking it over with him I have decided that perhaps it will be better for me to finish the next two and one-half months out and get my credential. Dr. Cassidy was quite frank in telling me that my chances for getting a social work position was nil, but in the post war period there would be a very good chance for me. Anyway I know you will understand this viewpoint. However, if things do get serious I will drop out. I will try to get home this weekend to talk things over with you. I've been doing a little investigating around for possible resources and I am sure that you and the rest of us can arrive at a workable plan for the immediate present.

Now what about the barber shop? Do you plan to remain there or

were you think of moving to another place in Vallejo. I strongly doubt if we could get a cheaper place and perhaps you could talk with the landlady and see whether she would reduce the rent a little although this is not likely. I know that you are keeping a close touch with the Fed. Security Agency so that you will be informed on all the latest developments. They plan to keep the whole thing independent of the Relief Program.

I could take a leave of absence for a week if you think it necessary. Will there be much stuff to move? And where in S.F. are they moving? Jack and Alice will no doubt look after that end of things. Any gov't assistance received should not be considered as relief as the federal agencies have not approached the problem from this approach. Therefore, we should take advantage of all possibilities advanced for the welfare of those affected by the evacuation order.

How are you fixed for money? I am thinking of borrowing another \$100 from the school and I could let you have that if it is necessary, plus what I have already.

I will try to get home next Sunday and by that time I may be able to get additional information.

Incidentally, I am speaking Friday at the Mark Hopkins Hotel before the section on Minority problems in the National Vocational Guidance Association Conference. Natcherly I feel quite honored to be included among all the national bigshots. So don't expose me. It's the first time that they have ever met west of the Mississippi.

And if you are too busy, have Bette write me a couple times a week so as to keep me fully informed. I really haven't done much anyway this past week, just can't get down to concentrating.

Well, so long, Charlie

LETTER

Charles Kikuuchi
Chicago

March 26, 1943

(postal card)
(Joe arrived in Chicago April 3, 1943)

Dear Mariko,

Please excuse the pencil. Many thanks for your recent letter and will write soon! Am sending you our wedding picture taken in Pasadena (Oct. 7, 1942). "Sammy" and I are leaving for New York soon where I will work in a lapidary, polishing precious stones. Eddie Shimuno is now with "Common Ground" in N.Y. Sincerely,
Joe Oyama

(postal card)

Thurs. A.M. before work
(Postmark April 17, 1943, Des Plaines, Ill.)

Dear kids,

Many thanks for the swell time last weekend. Feel much obliged to you for the nice dinner. Hope we didn't put you out of your way.

Had some nice long bull-sessions with Bill Himel during work and after. Both Bill and Sakiko were over last night until 10:00 p.m., which is late for our "farm house." Both Mas and I stay on a farm about a half a mile from town.

Night before last Sakiko and I and the Konos, invited as special guests of the Mortar Board (U. of Chicago scholastic honorary society; national organization), had suki-yaki dinner at the Nobels. They live in a big house near Lake Michigan. Pleasant affair with many intelligent Americans there. When I was introduced, they all asked, "Are you the son of Professor Oyama at Northwestern?" or "Are you related to Prof. Oyama?"

Sho and Takagi dropped in with Bill late. More than 25 present, mostly females.

Love, Joseph
(Joe)

LETTER

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

April 5, 1943

Dearest Mariko,

I'm terribly, terribly sorry for not having written to you, but, gosh, I haven't written a letter for a couple of months. The hot weather has set in and man, am I suffering. It's hot in the house but much hotter outside. I'd hate to see when summer sets in.

First of all, thanks ever so much for the huge box of candy and delicious cookies. Hmm! Are they good. Mom divided the candy and each of us have a box full. It's been such a long time since we've had good candy and cookies. A couple of weeks back my girl friend from Vallejo sent me 2 dozen cupcakes. And they were still fresh. Really enjoyed them.

Guess what! I've had my partial put in so now I have straight teeth. The doc pulled out the 2 crooked ones so I have two new (thin) teeth in place. I'm still not used to them so I sort of lisp. But I'll get over it. They don't feel quite secure as yet. I also got a permanent yesterday and it's kinda short. But \$3.50 is a good price to pay for a permanent so I hope it lasts. This is all in preparation for leaving soon. Gosh, will it be swell to leave camp and go to school outside. Oh, by the way, have you got voting residence there in Chicago? I was wondering cause Charlie says it would be easier to get into school if we have residence. It's been more than a year since you went there, huh? What a long time it seems to me.

How're you and Alice getting along? I got Alice's card saying you were moving soon.

We don't know how long we'll be here. Maybe a month or so.

Mom is working now as a companion to the wife of an administrative worker. Everyone is fine. Pop is coming along very slowly but surely. I always let him know when we've heard from you and what you say.

Well, gotta sign off now. I'm dripping all over with perspiration. Whew!.

Love,

Bette

P.S. -- Alice: Here's your notice from the Employment Office. Better report (imp) immediately.

Same

P.S. God almighty! The worst thing happened! I was at the show the other night and I laughed so hard my partial dropped out. This pashened right at the end of the movie and as I got up someone pushed me and I stepped on my teeth! Man! Was I sore. They're broken now and I don't know whether I should stay behind and wait till they're fixed or come and to Chicago and have them sent. Gee! What am I gonna do? I can't go to school cause I have one big tooth sticking and two large speses on either side of it. --- Ooh! Chas. just said I'll have to leave before my teeth get fixed. Please (so) don't be too shocked when you see me next month.

Chas. says to for both of you go to the WRA office and apply for a Civil Service job. He says that with your brains and experience, you shouldn't be working for such cheap wages.

Love,

Bette

LETTER

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

April 10, 1943

1319 Hill St.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Dearest Mariko:

Please forgive me for not writing to you for a long time. I've been pretty busy all along and just could not sit tight and concentrate on a letter. Besides, you know what a lazy person I am !! Well, how is everything coming along there in Chicago? Are you still working day and nights? So far, everything has been just right in Ann Arbor and we are enjoying a wonderful spring-time. With our so-called spring vacation only about ten days ahead we are looking forward to it with great excitement. I've had several plans for this vacation, but wherever I go I always planned it so that I could spend a few days in Chicago to talk over the things where we left off the last time. Many news can be heard from Alice, also.

The vacation starts on the 16th and we won't be able to leave here until noon Saturday the following day. I intend to go as far as Kentucky to see Mas Yukawa at Fort Thomas. From there I wish to drive up to Chicago which will probably be around Thursday (22nd). My friend Nakamura will probably accompany me. We have to be back here by Sunday night in order to get ready for Monday's class. It's going to be good to see you again and I hope you could be free at nights. I want to learn how to dance again. I'm pretty rusty because I have not been dancing for a long, long time.

Do you year from your sisters at home? How are they and how's Charles getting along? I finally located some of my relatives who were formerly in L.A. They're now staying in a camp in Poston, Arizona. One of my far relatives is in the Army and is expected to leave the country soon for first line action. With all the young fellows either joining or being inducted, I feel rather out of place. I hope that some day I could be with them and get a little excitement. There is a rumour that we might get that chance next year.

How is your work, Mariko? If you are still working for the artist in the evening, there must be hardly any time for you to either enjoy or to relax, ne. The main thing is to take care of yourself and don't let any illness enter your door.

I'd better close this letter here for the gong for dinner (dinner bell) is ringing and I cannot miss it.

Always, your

Paul

EASTER CARD:

"With love to you at Easter,--"

Dear Mariko

"Each little springtime blossom holds a message just for you,
And specially loving wishes that are yours the whole year through."

Paul

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

LETTER

4/10/43

Camp Savage, Mim.

Dear Mariko:

Just a short note:

It'll be hello, chi, hello!

Throw a welcome dance for me and my friend, a barrack mate and an old acquaintance of your, pbt. himel.

Be seeing you. Let's talk over old times, I'll listen!

What makes savage run!

Pvt. Sho

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

LETTER

4/20/43

dear mariko:

not that there should be a need for thanks between friends, but i thought that perhaps it would not hurt for once to be like our good sergeant harry takagi; hence this note.

after having returned to the hotel and having fallen asleep, george on one bed and i on the other, woke up just in time to get down to station and catch the 2:45 train back. the original plan was to sleep the whole 7 hours on the train in order to return to the school fresh and new, but alas these well laid schemes of mice and men are no scunder than the schemer himself, and i found myself working on a very lovely girl for the whole 7 hours, only to receive no for an answer and a nick in my pride and conceit. however, it was a grand try, and i think i used every line i know on her. something like, "i wish i never met you, but i'm glad i met you," and "the reason you are so desirable is because you say no to stay true to your boy, but more you say no the more i want to know you, so don't say yes, and don't say no" and so on so on so forth. by the time we were getting off the train, she was saying that it made her feel bad to say no but she just had to because her boy, marine or something, wanted her to. anyway, all in all, it was an interesting trip, and the 7 hours passed before i knew it. also managed to say fairly intoxicated, having met some civilian who wanted to display his patriotism by buying soldiers a drink, and who the hell am i to say that's not the best way for him to contribute his share to the war effort. reached here to discover, although of course i knew of it, that i am now a technician 5th, corporal, which in the layman's language means 16 more bucks per month, and which in my language one more weekend to wine, dine and woo.

well, you can't say we didn't have fun, and i certainly won't. found the first day rather hard, but now am back right in the groove. learned upon return that there had been a request for one soldier to go across on a damn nice deal -- the details of which being military secret or the sort, i cannot disclose --, and am working on it. keep your fingers crossed for me, and if i do get it, i'll tell you more about it. thanks to you which i hope does not sound as it does, and thanks and hello to aileen.

incidentally, despite the fact that i had been with george almost the whole three days, i forgot to get his address, so when you can, call up plaza 0192 and get the address from him and send it to me, will ya? also if you ever run across a girl named Mrs. Maye Kawahara -- i don't know whether she goes by that name out there or not --, will you tell her to write to me because i lost her address and cannot accommodate her request unless she does.

they just made us return one of our blankets today, but today is no warmer than yesterday or when we left here last week, so we'll all freeze tomorrow morning, i guess. that's army, or perhaps that' life. i have to knock off this letter in what little time we get between study hours, as you can see from the way it jumps from this to what.

the sound of call to quarters blares through the night air, and that means i better close or else, so till next time,

yours,

Sho

LETTER

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

April 25, 1943

Dearest Mariko:

Back in Ann Arbor after four days sojourn in old Chicago, I don't seem to be able to concentrate on my studies. It'll probably take a few days before I get back into that teaching routine.

After having dinner at "Grand China" we drove straight back to Ann Arbor. At three o'clock we arrived at our faculty house and in a few minutes I was fast asleep. I spent half of my Easter Sunday in bed, but got up later and accompanied some friends to a show.

My vacation is almost over and I feel rather sick of the thought of working again, but will look forward to our next vacation and do my best.

Thanks a lot for your wonderful hospitality and the time you have spent in making my vacation worth while. It is bad that you had to get that nasty cold, but I hope it's about over and your voice back to normal. Take care of yourself, Mariko, and have a good time in Arizona.

Give my best wishes to your pop, mom, and Tom. I'll remit the money to you without fail.

Well, thanks again for everything!

Always,

Paul

LETTER

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

July 18, 1943

Dear Mariko:

The otherday I learned from Alice about her recent marriage to Mr. Satow. The news was sudden, but as it was something that is bound to come from two people terribly in love, it was more than a pleasure to hear. And I guess my congratulation should also go to the families of both parties.

Alice is really a wonderful girl and will likely make a wonderful wife. Though younger than I am, the long acquaintance with her as Alice Kikuchi was really like a sister to me. And now when I hear her address herself as Mrs. Satow, it is a bit unbelievable to my ears. But this happy occasion must come to everyone and I am sure that her new life as Mrs. Satow will be blessed with unending happiness. I guess you must feel the same, and more!

By the way I hear that you had a long vacation visiting your family back in Arizona. How is everyone and how is your father getting along? I sincerely hope that some day he will return to a normal condition again. Did you do much visiting in the camp? Did the red hot weather of the Arizona desert darken your complexion? Tell me all about your experiences in the camp will you? According to Alice's letter I hear that you are seeking for a better job, but how's the general out-look? Is there any good prospects to meet your desire? I hope that you will find a job there soon.

So far I've been fine and am getting along somehow in my work. The work becomes very tiresome at times; it also gets on nerves, too. But inspite of these unpleasant facts I think it is better to stick to it until something better turns up. I am looking forward to my coming vacation which will probably be sometime next month. Although the exact date has not been announced, it will be around August 20th. So far I have not thought of any plans except that if I have the time I would like to visit my cousins in Arizona.

There has been two marriage here during the last month and it was only last week that Mr. Nakamura got married to a girl from Pasadena. Remember Mr. Nakamura who visited Chicago with me last April? There is another marriage coming up next month, too. Among the staff members there are more married people than single ones.

As I am typing this letter Mr. Akiya, who is now staying in the same room as I am, asked me to give his regards to you. He has been here almost two months and is a full fledged instructor shooting the 'baloney' as we all do!!

Well, Mariko, I'd better close here for I still have some prospectus to make for tomorrow. So till I write to you again, so long and take care of yourself!

Sincerely,

Paul

LETTER

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

no date

Ave. 1, B-62, U-48
Santa Anita Assembly
Center
Arcadia, Calif.

Dear Mariko,

Many thanks for your kind words of sympathy. I think you know how we feel since you have brothers and sisters of your own. Bob died the day that we were evacuated here, and it was a rather hard day for us, since we were in an entirely new environment and we were trying to adjust ourselves. The sad news of Bob's death was broken to us by Wesley who made a special trip here together with Clem. We were still in the process of trying to relocate ourselves in the Center, trying to get our baggage over to our new quarters, etc. the "stables" formerly used by famed horses that used to run around the tracks here.

Psychologically, it knocked the wind out of us, because here we were kind of glad to be evacuated here after the tense feeling in the city where the newspapers were doing considerable agitating to "get the Japs out." And our living was becoming more and more insecure as we stayed on. When we arrived here we were glad to get here although our first impression of Santa Anita was not very good. I thought as I looked out of the bus as we entered Santa Anita: "I'm entering a Concentration Camp and I'll be in here a damned long time before I ever get out." We came through rather a beautiful countryside -- San Marino, etc. on some 30 buses from Los Angeles evacuating the Japanese and Japanese-Americans, and suddenly we were, almost before we knew it, in Santa Anita. The rows upon rows of ugly barracks covered with coal tar, made us shudder and the thousands of people who came out to greet us -- truly scared us. They seemed to leading such and aimless life -- waiting for buses to come in. But I was mistaken, I soon learned that a lot of old Issei rather liked it in the center because their worries (temporarily) were over. I heard several Issei women comment that they were glad to be here. They had never known leisure before. "We don't have to cook or wash dishes anymore. We have all day to visit our friends and talk." But most of them agree that after the war is over, their greatest worries will begin.

Life is rather easy going for most of us in the Center. We are free from worry and insecurity of the outside world. Most people coming here found conditions better than they had expected, because they had heard terrible Nazi style rumors about these "Centers" being "concentration camps."

Of course, I must admit that most of my friends who arrived here early (when the camp was still in a state of flux) said that the food here was just "lousy" -- not fit for a dog. The food has improved considerably since then.

I hate to talk about my brother now, for he has been constantly on my mind and people keep reminding me when they stop me and say they're sorry.

Sometimes, silence speaks louder than words and I appreciate some of my friends who do not make a mention of my brother. They understand, and I understand how they feel. I disliked these acquaintances of mine who do not know my brother and came up to me and said they were sorry, when they weren't. I dislike people who have to follow convention blindly and say a thing because they think they're supposed to say those things. Damn them all.

I have always regarded you as a sister to me, Mariko, and I appreciate your thought and understanding. Having lived with us for while, I think you know how we felt about Bob, and I think you know Bob. He was a swell kid, kind and considerate, and always thoughtful and sensitive about other people's feelings.

LETTER

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

no date

He was an American in every sense of the word. He loved America -- her streams, mountains, oceans, and he was a busy person always going swimming, hunting, fishing. He think he loved America and appreciated America more than most of us. He was full of the "lust of living" as you aptly put it.

His loss was great and for all the harm that I ever did him with harsh words or unkind words I want to atone for them by trying to make a better person out of myself, by becoming more kind and considerate of other people. I think you will understand how death in one's family will wield the members of that family together in one great sorrow at first, then love for one another.

I've been so busy since I arrived here, having taken a voluntary job on the "Pacemaker," center news organ, three days after arriving here, that I have had little time to think about my brother's death. It baffles me, and it makes me yearn more than ever to see my brother once more to say good bye, or hello, or "gee whiz, don't go yet."

I received your letter yesterday. After work I carried the letter in my pocket and took a walk around the long race track here reading your letter. Tears bled from my heart profusely, when I read your letter and thought of those kind little incidents in my brother's life, that meant so much to him, because precisely he was that kind of a human being.

I am one who rather dislikes showing any emotion before people, and I would rather walk my silent path away from people, and that is why I dislike daily having hundreds of people come up to me to say they are sorry. Half of them aren't. They are sorry for me, not him (my brother).

I can't say that my brother's death was a good thing. He wanted to live, and his life was just beginning. He was just beginning to see things and to take an active interest in the world beyond his immediate horizon.

I'm sorry that he had to go, because Elsie was in love with him and he was in love with Elsie. I know my brother had plans in mind and he wanted to build a good home and to be happy. He would have made a good husband. He had changed considerably in the last few years after going around with Elsie ---.

When someone close to you dies, it's like having one's arm or leg cut off. At night I cannot help think of my brother. My brother was a part of my life. We fought together, played together, and often shared our various interests. I remember my brother's adolescent years -- he was forever reading books. His attitude towards life was healthy Everything that he did had something positive about it. When he sat down to read a book, he sat down and read it all the way through without having anyone or anything distract him. When he went hunting he did a good job of it and always returned with game.

We in the center here are rather secluded from the outside world. Since we arrived here we haven't been able to see anyone -- not even Chuck or Elsie. I don't know where Chuck and Elsie are at the moment.

I'm glad that Bob had such a fine girl as Elsie for a friend and sweetheart. During the hectic weeks of evacuation she did more than any one person that I know to ease our burdens. She was always kind and helpful, and always doing little things for us that meant so much

LETTER

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

no date

My mother used to pride herself in having raised a family of six children without having lost one. She used to always say, "It's because I was a nurse." My mother and father are both taking Bob's death courageously, and quite philosophically -- more philosophically than some of the weaker friends who come over and "gush." Mother says, "I'm always going to think of Bob as being alive." She gets up early in the morning before other people are up and takes a walk and looks at the mountains that border this great city. She seems to sense that he is alive and active -- everything is so beautiful and hushed early in the morning, before the clamor of day begins.

I'm carrying on my life much the same as before as though nothing has happened. I got to a dance here at the center on week ends after a monotony of a week's work, despite what people say about not abiding by the usual 30-day mourning. I know that my brother would have it thus and no other way. I know that if I had to die, I would prefer that people not set a day or 30-days aside just to remember that I am dead. Rather I would have them participate in everything and feel that I am with them alive and dancing. I think you understand what I mean.

Please do not show this letter to anyone.

Very sincerely,

Joe (Oyama)

May 3, 1943

Dearest Mariko:

I hope that by this time you are safely at Gila, and not worrying about anything in this neck of the woods. I hope you had a pretty good trip and that you didn't need more than the cash you had on hand. Please let me know if you can't get the check cashed, and I'll forward you some.

Assuming that you are there, how is Pop, and Mom, and the kids. I guess you were glad to see them all, and please take it easy, because you were really in a nervous state when you left here, and you should get your health back, because the way things are now, you're going to need more than just your health to keep from becoming a neurotic. This war is really a nerve-wracking experience, and I am sorry that we didn't get along better than we did the last few months, and I should have ^{made} more effort to try to overlook certain things, because you were not feeling well. But, I too, have been undergoing certain nerve-wracking experiences, and to tell you the truth, your flighty ways got on my nerves. And all of the people dropping over didn't help my disposition any. I was so sick and tired of cooking for all of those people, plus the rest of the family; that Saturday night I cooked for 4 of us, and Sunday, for five. Bob and Yoshi being around, besides Mark.

Guess who came looking for you on Saturday night. Arthur Okawa, with an accent....he's starting a nisei band, and said that being that you knew so many people, he wanted to know if you knew of any saxophone or clarinet players.

And who came over Sunday night? I mean, afternoon.....your guzzy g friend Cherry Sasaki and Betty Omori. I think they had an extra male with them in the taxi, and wanted you to go out with them. At least they didn't stay very long, because Vic, Seesu, Bob, Yoshi, Fuki, and I were all around the place.

Fuki makes a very nice and peaceful roommate, and I think she'll be good to have around. She's gradually changed and is a little more talkative now. Guess how old she is....the same as you, my friend. And here I've been acting very maternal around her.

I think Yoshi had a nice week-end--she'll probably write you. Toyo says hello to you, and I guess the kids do too. They're waiting for me at home to eat dinner with me, I think. Emi is going down town with Fuki and I tonight, being Monday night, so I shall close now in order to get home.

Please tell Mom not to worry about me. And please don't give her any of your own conceptions about Mark and Myself, because she has enough worries about her children on the outside. At least she doesn't have to worry that I am running around, because last week-end we didn't even go out. Just had a nice quiet evening, all of us. Fuki and I swept the place out thoroughly and mopped the floor until you'd never recognize it. It looks practically new.

Closing time now. Tell Toshi and all the rest a personal hello for me and give Blackie a hug for me--that is, after the folks.

Take care of yourself, and come back rested. All's well on the Dearborn front.

Love, Alice

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

LETTER

May 4, 1943

Dearest Mariko,

Just a few lines to ask you if you're enjoying the beautiful Arizona heat. When did you arrive there, and did you get in touch with Mr. Landward? I hope your trip was okay and the sandwiches ... did you eat them all? I hope you didn't throw any of the deviled ham sandwiches away because Charlie had a lot of trouble cleaning his toe nails out after jumping in it and mixing it with Mayonnaise. (Did you taste the toe jammer? Added flavor didn't it?)

Last night (Monday) Alice, Fuki and I went shopping downtown and bought a few things. Fuki left us to go to the "Y" to meet her brother-in-law, so we went to the show to see "Cat People" with S. Simone and "Dr. Kildare's New Assistant." The first one was kind of crummy, but the latter was pretty good.

Today we talked to our landlady. We have decided to take the back room even if it is darker because pretty soon none of us will be home in the apt., so it won't make much difference anyway. The rent is \$30 (\$5 cheaper than what we're paying now) and it seems much cozier than the one we're in now. I think we'll move tomorrow so we can get that off our chest.

How do you find camp life? Have you gone to see any of your friends yet? Especially the one with halitosis ... Henry M.

The main reason for this letter is to ask you if you will have mom sign the application for exemption sheet (where the "x" is) then take it to the Administration building and get it notarized (go to the Legal Dept. and they will tell you where to go). Can you send this back as soon as possible because Charlie wants to get it cleared. When you come back will you please bring the soups that mom bought for us and also our albums, scrapbooks, etc. Thanks.

Nothing much to write, so I guess I'll get a little shut eye. Please say hello to Toshi and Al, Henry and Sachii, Bob Spenser (the small man) and the girls next door if you see them. Also to Mary Obata and Fred Oshima. When you go to see pops, give him our love and tell him that we really miss him. How does he look? I'll bet he and you cried when you went over to see him huh?

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

2

May 4, 1943

Well, write soon and don't go around making eyes at Mr. Fugishigi now!
Incidentally, are you paying for your meals?

Love,

Emi.

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

LETTER

May 12, 1943

Dear Miyako -- (This is for Mariko, mom, Tom and pop, too.)

Hello there! How's my little sister coming along? Are you studying hard, or is it too hot to do anything. Will you please tell that onesan of yours to write to us? Gee, we didn't even know if she got there in one piece or not, but good old Kansame wrote and said that she was there. If he didn't tell us, how would we know if she got there or not hah?

Yesterday, Bette and I went shopping and did we get a good bargain. We each bought a suit for \$60 only. Imagine! Even the skirt is worth \$5 alone. I kept asking the salesgirl if there was a catch to it or not, but she said no so we bought it and practically ran out in case she made a mistake. Mine is a beige one and Bette's is powder blue. Sure is cute too. It's a summer suit so it's not too heavy (no lining) but what a bargain. We also bought good shoes so they would last. We bought a pair of white shoes, and they cost \$4.50. I also saw a real heavy coat, and it was on sale reduced from \$29.98 to \$19.98. It had a quilted lining (really heavy) and good for winter time, but it made me look fatter, so I didn't buy it. After thinking it over, I thought "why should I care how fat I look ... just so it would keep me warm. I don't have any heavy coats anyway," so this morning I phoned up the lady and asked her to save it for me. Tomorrow I'm going down to get it. The reason I bought the suit was because right now I'm making a little extra spending money. The lady that owns the place we live at asked me to clean the bathrooms on all 3 floors and clean the stairs one day and the halls the next day, changing every other day. At first she said she'd give us our room rent for the work, but Chas. figured we would make more by asking for 50¢ per hour, so that's what I'm getting. It's very easy and sometimes I take my stationary up to the bathroom, lock the door, and write letters. I'm getting marked down for 3 hrs. every day, but Bette is going to do it from next week on, so I don't know whether she'll have the patients to take her time, so her hours will be longer. The first two days took me 3½ hours so I'm going by that per day. I can do the work any time I want to so it makes it easy. I guess by next week I'll have some kind of all day job. Dr. Thomas is going to help me find a job. She says hello to all of you. They're planning to stay here in Chicago for about a month until they get the study set up and then go back to Berkeley. We had them over for supper the other night (with Alice and Mark too) and it turned out pretty successfully. Our new place is much better than the other, and cheaper too (Wait till you see it Mariko. The way we served the dinner, why even Mrs. Jarvis has nothing on us. Our dishes, silverware, etc. has grown quite a bit since you last saw it).

How is pop? Is the cooler in the hospital yet? Please answer some of these questions that we write down. We ask them in practically every letter, and no one answers them. So Tom or Miyako, how about setting off an hour or so off of your playtime and really write us a long letter, answering our questions, and the news about camp.

I heard about that old man who got lost and I say he was mentally unbalanced or something. Have they found any trace of him yet?

Hey kids, Jackie's birthday is soon, so how's about sending him a card (or present)? His address is Box 166 Hoyt Bowne, Drew University, Madison, N.J. I'm sure

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

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May 12, 1943

he'll appreciate the thought of you kids remembering him. Write him a letter sometimes too. He'd love to hear from you. I'm sending you a bunch of funny papers in a few days, so in case you're getting them in camp, write to us and then we won't send them anymore. I'm sending popa few cakes too, so don't you kids eat them. Just for him now! Does he like to eat ice cream, now that it's so hot? Why don't you take some over to him sometime. Then if he doesn't like it, you can always eat it.

How's Blakee? Still running around like a queen, or has the heat got her down. Have you de-wormed her recently. Isn't it about time for it?

One boy wrote to me Mariko and he says he hasn't seen you yet but the boys say there's a gal whose "the stuff" that's staying block 74. Just in from Chicago. Now don't go getting swell-headed either.

Well, must close now. Excuse the terrible scribbling. Write real soon huh? My love to mom and pop, and tell them that we're being good. We miss you all.

I'm sleepy now, so bye-bye,

Love and kisses,

Emiko

Amubody move into 74 - 1 - B yet? What happened to the door?

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

2

May 12, 1943

After I mailed my last letter to you, I heard from Martha that you went to Chicago and was I surprised. That was the same week I wrote you, almost anyway. I waited weeks and weeks, to months. So you can see how I've waited. Of course, knowing you I didn't mind.

Hear from Yoshi almost everyday. Do miss her now. Well, Manzanar is O.K., but I'm satisfied now where I am. She said that she's working as nurses' aide in the hospital there. I do hope she likes the job and sticks to it. She's got lots of friends there so she wouldn't get lonesome. Oh yes, I must tell you about my new permanent. I'm not the same kid. I didn't plan to get a permanent 'cause I knew how tight the curls will be. By now my hair grew setraight and uncurly that I just had to get an end permanent. The way I wear my hair I wanted it loose and long, but it didn't work out that way. My hair is sort of long, but the curls are tight yet. Now that I have my hair short, I wear it up or brushed out like a baby bob. Well, no use pretty-up around this here joint anyway. No interesting guys around -- yet. Took some pictures before I came here, but didn't turn out good enough to give to you or anybody else. So, Mari, you'll have to wait till after this damn, damn war. How about a glamorous poiture of you?

When you hear from Martha send me her address as I don't know where she is at present. I know she went back to her sister's but I haven't got her address. Write me soon so I can write to Martha.

Right now I'm spending my time writing letters for a change, since there is nothing to do at present -- thank goodness.

I think I gained about five pounds since I last saw you. I guess being lazy I accumulated some fat. I might even get as round as Yoshi -- Heaven's forbid. It is gay -- it is gay.

I think I talked enough for today. Don't forget to write every now and then. I'll be waiting to hear from youse. I do want to see you sson to look for that "character and intelligence in your face." You got something that I just ain't got. Must acquire some. All kidding aside -- Do miss you dear: Catch the Yankee Dime I'm sending your way (Yoshi's method). Here's her address if you want to write to her. Alice Miki Okayaki, Barrack 361B, 24th St. Pomona Assembly Center, Pomona Assembly Center Pomona, Calif.

Love, Miki

P.S. Do you have Yoshi's address? In case no. -- here it is. Block 11, Building 6, apt. 3. (B11-6-3) Owens Valley Reception Center, Manzanar, Calif.

May 15, 1943

Dear Mariko:

Just in case you are still in Arizona, you'd better look up about your railroad ticket because it is only good for one month, and if you are going to visit in Denver and St. Louis after Arizona, you'd better step on it.

You're a fine one, note: two weeks have gone by already since you left and you haven't even written any of us to tell us that you arrived there.

I'm sending the Railway Express package for Toshi and Sachi so please tell mom when it does come, to give Toshi one and Sachi the other, and what it's for. You'll probably be gone by the time it gets there, so be sure to tell her, won't you.

Everything going along fine here, although I haven't had a chance to do any work on the place. I had all the good intention of doing a lot of work, but you know how fast the time goes, and it's all I can do to keep myself clean and dressed presentably.

Writing this in the office, on office time and paper, so I shall make it brief. I don't want anyone to catch me at it.

The kids all fine, and is Bob Spencer still there? The Thomases were over at Charles' one night, and we had a swell dinner. They've moved to the other apartment which is much nicer and better arranged.

Hello to all, and sorry about the messy typing. I'm trying to hurry too much.

How is Pop getting along, and Mom, and the kids. It must seem funny to see the smallness of the family. I hope it isn't too hot there.

Write me. Oops, have to go now. Bye. Love,

Alice

LETTER

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

May 10, 1943

Dearest Mariko,

Hi, stranger! Now you know how an evacuee feels. Wonderful, isn't it? I hope you aren't roasting yet and won't during your stay but the mercury is supposed to rise 5° daily from now on.

Wasn't pop just happy to pieces when he saw you? I'll bet he cried and you cried and everyone had a free-for-all, huh?

Was the trip okay on the way down? Did Bob meet you or did you take a bus into Rivers? Bob has gone to Berkeley for a week or so but you probably saw him before then.

Hasn't Tom and Miyako grown since you last saw them? I'll bet they were thrilled to pieces when they heard that familiar voice.

I suppose you've seen quite a bit of the place if it hasn't been too hot to walk around.

Gee, can't think of much to say. I still have to do my homework and it's 11:00 P.M. already.

I bought shoes and a suit today. Now all I need is a coat. Ho hum! Hope I have enough do-re-mi.

Been going to school every day and find I have plenty to catch up. Boy, that school in camp is and will always be a dump.

Have you met anyone we know?

How's about writing to me, please. Sure miss seeing you around.

Love to all.

Bette

May 23, 1943

Dear Mariko:

Received your letter Friday, and was almost a little late for work - reading it. Bette was here for lunch so I gave her the message about the pictures. I wonder if you'll be there to receive this letter though.

I visited Seesu Saturday and she told me that her mother wrote that you were leaving Saturday May 22 (that day) so I didn't send your ration book. In the first place, I couldn't find your sugar book, and in the second place, I spent up your canned goods and meat tickets. Also mine is pretty well used up, and so is Fuki's.

After your 15 paged letter, I thought sure I would know when you were returning, but you made no mention as to whether you were going to go to Denver soon, or just to pass through, so I haven't the slightest idea as to whether you'll be back this week or not. The only thing I have to go by is that I think the ticket expires in 30 days' time and that means that you would be back by Monday, May 31st. Or does your ticket state 60 days after purchase?

Chidori was in town for a few days and says she's very sorry to have missed you. She came to dinner one day, stayed with Mato that night, and then left town to go see her old high-school day correspondent for a few days. She returned Saturday, took me and Fuki to lunch, had dinner with us, met Mark, and then went back with Mato. She left at 9:00 a.m. this morning (Sunday).

By-the-way, George Yamanaka was in town for a day or so, and so I had him over for dinner. He's a very interesting person, I thought, and he was quite disappointed that you ~~were~~ ~~we~~ weren't here.

Eileen called me tonight and says to tell you that you promised

to write her. Haven't seen her since you left.

Minkey Sato, brother Buddy and friend are in town. He works at Isbell's on the South side.

Fuki's family are coming in sometime next week so she'll probably leave just about when you come back. She has been very nice to have around as she's quiet and considerate. There haven't been too many people here since you left, so I've been getting my peace and quiet that I was longing for.

I'll make this short since its after 11 now and I'm sleepy. I wrote tonight as I want to mail it in the morning on my way to work. There isn't much happening around here - oh yes - Victor had an appendectomy and is home now - the last dance was crummy - the "Y" social, not bad, and Helen Nakamura came over the past few Thursdays and missed you. Yoshi hasn't been over but once since you left and since it has been raining off and on she didn't come the last^{two}/weeks.

My love to everyone if you are still at Gila and if you are in Denver when you get this, my best to Saye.

We can send the sugar later when you come back and find the book for me. I have the meat book but not your sugar book. I'll look again.

Love, Alice

Monday, May 31st

Dearest Mariko:

I don't know where you are at present, but I shall try to find Saye's letter among your things - and address it to her address.

This is an especially hard letter for me to write due to the nature of the news I have to write.

As you have probably guessed, it's about Mark. We have decided to get married - and quick. He has an unexpected 3 day pass this coming weekend, June 6th, and we shall get the license Saturday, be married that afternoon, and have until Monday night together. Now don't get all excited about this because it isn't at all a hasty decision. Mark and I have been discussing this even before you left, although we didn't say anything about it to you, because you might say, "Well, after all, you haven't known each other very long!" I know that and so does he, but four months is long enough for us to be sure of our feelings, and we have decided definitely, so regardless of what anyone may have to say, we are being married very, very quietly. Brigadier Huffman is an ordained minister and will perform the ceremony in the living room of his home. I have already had my medical tests and ~~he~~ so has Mark, and I have gone to the clinic to be fitted for birth control - the Margaret Sanger way, so that we can plan our family later on. Mark will put in for an allotment for me, and from his salary the government will deduct \$22, and add \$28 making a total of \$50 for me. I shall continue working after marriage, and live on my earnings so that we can put away the whole \$50, if possible.

Gosh, I hated to have to tell you this way, and I would have told you before, but we weren't sure of the date, and I didn't want you to spoil your vacation by running back to Chicago to be with us. In fact,

Charlie and Emi and Bette aren't even going to witness the ceremony, because if you can't be with me I don't want any of the family. All or none, is what I want. And besides, I have always wanted to be married all alone - without fuss or bother - but being married in the city hall was not to my liking, so I chose to have someone I know marry us - in a nice home.

I'm wearing a pale green (new) gabardine suit, white blouse, and my new hat (purple with white flowers) new patent shoes and new patent purse.

When you get back to Chicago - I shall already be married, and we can discuss together how to announce it to the general public. I have already written to Toshi, and to Mom - having Toshi read it to her since you won't be there.

Fuki will either not be here by next week end, or, if she is, she's going to stay with her sister-in-law. She expects her brothers and sister in very shortly so is anxious to find an apartment.

Mariko, I hope you will take this news in a good way, because I am so happy over it myself, that if you should say one word that is not favorable, it would make me feel very unhappy indeed. This is not an infatuation. I have known for a long time that I was in love with Mark, and it wasn't anything like the rest. They were all infatuations - but with Mark - it is the way I felt about Sammy - although much better since Mark is so much more Americanized. He gives me all that I've ever wanted of a man. He is just as good a friend as a boy friend - he is considerate and kind and we feel the same about so many things. Mariko - please believe me when I say that I am very sure of myself - I love Mark - and he loves me - and we are not being foolish or impractical. I know that he may be sent into active duty

soon - but I am willing to wait for him to come back. And I know he will come back.

Pop being sick, and his dad being ill too, makes the reason for such a quiet wedding - then too, soldiers don't get paid very much.

You may tell Saye if you like @ I consider her a good friend, but for the rest, please don't tell everyone because I want to talk it over with you first.

Incidentally, the Ouiji board telling us that we would be married June 6th didn't have anything to do with it (our decision). But, who knows about the weird super-natural? Funny how it works out!

Since it is so hot in Gila at present and we haven't enough money saved up, we are going to Gila to see our respective parents around Sept. or Oct. He'll get a furlough then, and I am in line for a vacation at that time.

Tell Saye that George Yamanoka was over one day while in Chicago, and I invited him to dinner. He is very interesting - and so good-looking (don't you think he looks a little like Wes though?) I like him immensely and so did Fuki - we had a very enjoyable evening with him. He was very disappointed at having missed you.

Minkey Sato is in town with a good looking younger brother and is waiting your return. So is Helen (who will be here in a very few minutes) Eileen N, Bob and Ykeson, the family and Seesu.

Eiko Takagi sent over a droopy looking individual (not looks as much as personality) named Min Yonekura from Hayward. George has not called at all. You have mail awaiting your return, and I'm sending ration book. Reason I didn't send it before was that I thought you were leaving Gila soon - and we had already used your this months #12 sugar ticket. But you can use the June one now, so I'll send it in

this. Paul has sent you \$15 that he owes - do you want me to send it? Write soon.

Love, Alice

Helen just came in and says to say hello

C

O

P

Y

July 14

Dear Mariko

I am soly for you Alice tell me you are sike and you have no job yet. I hoop you get well soon and you get nice job too. We are very much waly for you became you go to Denfer? and go beck Chicago. You don't give me one post car so every body ask for me Mariko sand letter yet? I says no not yet. I answer all time and (Miss Chiry Yosa) ask me meni time are you pramuce to some thing for her?

Please you give to letter for your frand to soon some day.

Mom

C
O
P
Y

Dear Mariko:

Papa wa toto naku nari mashita July 29, 8:15 p.m. deshita. July 28, Wednesday ni mama ga yuki mashita noua 4:45 ban no gohan tabe sase ni deshita so shitara Ogisan ga kiyo wa taihen netsu ga arukara ice bag de hiya shita arimasu to ywalema shita node teo atte mima shita ra taihen netsu ga aru node mama wa bikuri shite Dr. Sugiyama o yonde mite morai mashitara kenneni baikin ga hairi mashita no de totemo muzukashi to yimashita kara sono ban osoku made soba ni ite yoku gitsu hayaku Tom ga kiki ni yuki. Mama mo 11 a.m. kara yuki mashi taga dandan mizu mo nome naku nari spoon de ice water o noma sete orimashita. Soshi te toto mama dake sobani ite naku nari mashita. Dr. Sugiyama ga mo dame to iimashi temo Tom mo Mama mo do mo honto ni omowale nai hodo ya su raka na shini gao deshita. Korewa mama ga (dozo kamisama papa o kuru shii omoi sase nai yo ni) to onegai shita kara dato omoi masu. Iro iro no koto wa mama wa nani mo waka ri ma sen kara Block Manager, Mr. Tator, Mery Obata, Mrs. Sato, mina san ga nani kato honso shite kudasai masu. August 5 ga otsuya, 6 ga oshoshiki desu. Alice was daijobu mani aimasu. Izule ato de mata kaki masu ga C.E.B.J ni hanashi te kuda sai. Flower was Dr. Thomas, Mr. Spencer, Mariko, woman club, hoka ni mo mada arimasu.

TRANSLATION

Dear Mariko:

Papa finally died. It was July 29 at 8:15 p.m. On Wednesday, July 28 mother went at 4:45 after dinner to feed pap.a It was

then that a friend told me that papa had a high fever and that an ice bag had been placed on his forehead. I placed my hand on his forehead and found it was hot. I became frightened so I called Dr. Sugiyama who told me that poison was circulating through his system and that his condition was critical. So that night I stayed by his bedside but Tom came and called me. The next morning I went again to the hospital at 11 a.m. and by that time he could not eat or drink anything but I gave him a spoonful of ice water. I was alone with him when the end came. Dr. Sugiyama told me that the end was near but Tom and I both could not believe it. He died very peacefully. Mama believes that it was because I prayed to God that his end would be peaceful that he did not suffer in the end. I didn't know what to do but everyone like the Block Manager, Mr. Tator, Mery Obata, Mrs. Sato and the others were very helpful. The wake services was held August 5 and the funeral on August 6. Alice arrived in time. I intend to write to C., E. and B. Please tell J. about it too. Flowers were sent by Dr. Thomas, Mr. Spencer, Mariko, the Women's Club and many others.

POST CARDS

8/1/43

Dearest Mariko:

We're in Iowa just past Davenport and have crossed the Mississippi already.

Did you come down to the station? We're sorry we missed you if you did come down, as we had to rush into the train, due to the crowds.

Muscatine, Iowa, now

It's pretty hot, but this car is an air conditioned one so it isn't so bad - and we are sitting right near the women's lounge and the water.

Will write you upon arrival - take good care of yourself and if you see Toyo will you ask her to clean my desk drawer out - I have some letters, etc. Say hello to everyone for me. Love, Alice.

#####

8/4/43

Dear Mariko:

We are leaving for Phoenix for the cremation at 1, so I'll have to write you the details of the funeral later. The embalming job was very good, and Pop looked very peaceful - he had a nice grey coffin, satin lined. And wore his black suit, white shirt and black tie, holding his glasses in his hand. There were some beautiful floral pieces, and everyone was most helpful. The service was very nice, and we all thought of you four - hoping you could be with us.

Lunch time now, so I'd better say goodbye. Letter will follow as soon as I get a chance.

Love, Alice

#####

8/14/43

Dearest Mariko:

Our second week here, and it still is very warm. The menu is still pork, pork, pork and we are still existing only by the grace of the

POST CARDS, contd.

cooler.

Cherie is leaving Monday or Tuesday so you may be seeing her before long. Yuri Amemiya is holding a farewell concert Sept. 3 and then will go to New York.

Mom is in bed temporarily from a foot infection - and Tom and Miyako have the same thing - on their nose, and chin. It may be caused by the dust, or too much pork. It's getting better though.

How's the situation coming along with George? Did you invite him to dinner yet.

Sorry you weren't able to see us off and that your trip down was in vain, but I told you if you weren't down by 10 it would be too late as the train left at 10:15.

Say hello to everybody.

Love, Alice.

#####

8/17/43

Dearest Mariko:

Cherie left today and I gave her the roll of films of pop's funeral. She will be at the Belden Hostel, 350 N. Belden Rd.

Mom still in bed with infected leg - but getting along better. The doctor says her varicose veins make it take longer to heal up.

How's Toshi and the baby? Youri says she's leaving around the middle of next month and will stop over in Chicago and Detroit.

It's still hot here and what a time I have keeping the place clean and answering all my mail - have written about 32 letters and 12 post-cards since my arrival here.

Will you ask Chas. and Bette to send Emi the films c/o Miss Rosalie Hankey, our address (HANKEY) Just in case. All send regards, Love, Alice

Friday

Dear Mama:

Monday is your birthday and I do not have time to go down town to buy you a present, so I am going to send you some money instead and you can buy yourself something at the canteen - something you need, or you can put it in the bank if you want.

I am fine and so is Emiko, Bette and Charlie. Bette comes to eat lunch with me every day and I see Charlie and Emiko on Saturday or Sunday.

It was raining up to yesterday, but today was too hot. I think this year we are going to have only winter and summer and no Spring or Fall.

How is the governor? I hope the hot weather is not too bad for him and I hope Tom and Miyako go to see Pop every day. I miss all of you in Arizona and wish I could see you soon. Maybe soon I will make a trip to Arizona too - when the hot weather is over.

That's all the news for now, I hope you are well too, Mom, and take care of yourself.

Is there anything you need that I can buy for you? I'll send you some sugar in a little while if you need, and some Kool-aid.

Say hello to Toshi and Mrs. Sato if you see them.

Bye now, and Happy Birthday!

Love, Alice

LETTER

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

(postcard - undated)

postmarked Aug. 2, 1943

Dearest Mariko --

Train's awfully jerky so you'll have to excuse the writing. I'm so sorry we couldn't see you before we left. However, we'll give mom and the kids your love and you can be sure that we'll tell them how much you wanted to be there.

Just passed Muscatini -- 3:30 p.m. Sure is hot. Plenty of seats so far. Seats aren't so good so I hate to think of sleep tonite. Can't write, so we'll close. Better get out your microscope to read this strange handwriting.

Love,
Emiko

postmarked Aug. 3, 1943

Are just pulling in to El Paso, so am dropping you a line to tell you how we're getting along. Everything's fine (?) except (1) the darn cooler system has been broken since yesterday morning and we perspired and suffered all day yesterday and last night; (2) the damn baby in front cries continuously. There's a case where I feel like throwing it on the floor and stepping on it; (3) we're 7 hours late so far -- hope it isn't any later than that; (4) can't sleep worth a damn -- I've never been so hot before in all my life. Will write again. Should arrive in Coolidge around 2 p.m. It's 5 a.m. now.

Love,
Emi

postmarked Aug. 4, 1943

Dearest Mariko --

We just arrived in Casa Grande -- straight from Chicago. We were supposed to go the Coolidge way, but they had a washout near Phoenix, so we had to come this way. Only thing wrong was that they took our luggage off at Tucson. We won't get the bags till late tonight or tomorrow morning. What a hectic trip. I'll bet that car was at least 120° -- chairs didn't recline either. I'm beginning to feel sort of dunny inside -- nervousness, etc. We'll write again.

Love,
Emi

Hello from Alice -- will write later.

Written about August

Camp 2
65-9-B
WRA Project
Sacaton, Arizona

Dear Jack and Alice:

I had meant to write right away, but I couldn't get up the ambition immediately. You are probably anxious to know everything. Yesterday, Bette and Emiko wrote and I don't know just how much they covered so I hope you will bear with any repetitions.

I may as well be realistic and describe things just as they are. Now don't get a premonition of anxiety; it's not that bad. Yes, it is hot, but cooling off rapidly. Yesterday it was only 98% and there was a breeze in the afternoon, which was transformed into a dust storm because of all the dust around here. However, I am getting ahead of the story so I will jump back to the beginning and progress forward.

We had to ride into S.F. in that panel truck all stuffed in with the luggage. As I passed through the gates, I suddenly became conscious of the fact that I was leaving Tanforan, probably for good. The ride into the city was terrific. All that carbon monoxide poured into the car and Tom and Earl got sort of sick. I thought for a minute that Tom was going to throw up. It was quite a thrill to get into SF again. For the last time, we felt that dripping fog. I was amazed to see all of those cars going to defense plants with war workers. We got caught in several jams and had to crawl along. Things have definitely changed. The city was plastered with billboards all carrying signs and ads with a war motif. Even the political signs were like that: "Re-elect Olson", blah, blah.

We were unfortunate in having a very stupid guard "Fuddy Brains"

who tried to give the kids a lot of scare talk about the ugly feeling against the Japs in the camps and how there was a danger of mob action, etc. From the beginning, we had no incidents of any sort and the only looks that we got were glances of idle curiosity. The first thing that Tom did in the station was to go buy a lot of funny books, and Emi and Bette got some movie magazines to read on the way. I did not have a chance to phone Mrs. Jarvis as the train was pulling out at 8:15. We made the unfortunate mistake of lugging two heavy grips along, plus the blankets! Gad, they were heavy! Emi took her phonograph also. We kept lagging way behind and our dear guard got all excited because he thought that we would miss the train. A negro porter came along and offered to carry the grips in his hand truck. I wanted to give him a tip, but he would not take it, saying "keep it, boy, I know how it is to be shoved around by the white boys."

There is not much use in describing the details of the trip since Emi and Bette have already done that no doubt. I don't think that the guard liked us very much because we were not submissive enough. He wanted us to ask him permission to even go to the toilet, but we just ignored him. The trip down on the Daylight was very pleasant. The kids were slightly carsick and they dozed most of the way down. We thought that we would have a chance to see LA, but old fuddle is like an excitable lady and he said that it was too dangerous, etc. We snuck outside for a few moments anyway, and Tom got caught by Fuddle and he was given Hell. Yusa and company stayed in that stuffy MP office and Earl's mother got all excited and tried to bawl me out for not making the kids behave. Tom met one of his old sailor customers from Mare Island in the terminal building and the fellow said hello to him. The rest of

the time we just sat around and gabbed with the MP's about the movie stars. They treated us swell and were very nice to us. They even took us on the train for Arizona through a special door so that we would not have to stand around too much.

What a difference between the Daylight and the Argonaut. The "A" was an old fashioned car and we had to sit in stuffy old seats. It was a full train and every available seat had to be used. You can imagine the torture we went through that night. The lights went out around 11:30 and we tried to sleep. We could not put the shades up because of the blackout regulations. Emi and I made a lot of cheese and cracker sandwiches and passed them out to the Portuguese family who were traveling with us. The rest of the time we just read or talked. It was so damn hot just as soon as we hit LA. Tom finally got a card playing board out and put it on the floor and slept on it. He slept like a log. But he kept pushing out into the aisle and we had to keep pushing him back in so that he would not get his head stepped on by the people passing. Around 2:30 Earl, Tad, and I went to the ice room between the cars and we got nice and cool. Earl had some grapefruit juice and we iced and drank that. The train did not leave the State until 3:30 and there was nothing but miles and miles of desert. We happened to be out there yet when we hit Yuma. The only thing notable about that town were the neon signs advertising justices of the peace for marriage ceremonies. We could of jumped off the train easily, as they opened up to load on some more stuff. They unhitched the car and we had to rush back inside our own so that we would not be left behind. The moon and the stars were about the only things to look at beside the desolate desert. For the rest of the night we slept very

fitfully.

Tom was a bit peeved the next morning because he lost his pearl handled knife. We made up by ordering a 1.25 breakfast and Fuddy got mad at us. It started to get hot right away. I will start the applications for your transfers immediately but you will have to go to the hospital and make them get sleeper accommodations for Mom and Pop because they can not walk up and down those aisles and it will be too hard for them to stand all of those discomforts ~~and~~ that we went through.

The train did not arrive in Casa Grande until 10:30. Bob Spencer, the fellow working on the UC project was there to pick us up and he let us do a little shopping. You should have seen those townspeople crowd around the doorway to look at us. Some of those little Indian girls look just like Japanese. We drove the 15 miles in an Army truck. Felipe, the Indian driver, was very good to us. He is a big 250 lb. Indian and he said that the Pima Indians sort of resented the Japs moving in on their reservation. He said that we were different from the other Japs, because we spoke such good English.

It was hot as hell--102 degrees--but it felt like more. We were all tired out and were anxious to get settled, but this was not to be the case. Bob took us through Camp 1. This camp has about 6500 people in it and is much more complete than ours. It was a very trying time getting settled and our reactions were similar to that of the first days of Tanforan, only we had the heat and the dust to contend with. Yesterday, it was 98 degrees and the aide de camp here said that it is getting cooler daily. Naturally, we suffered much more because we were not used to it. The best way that I can describe the heat is to compare

it to the peach picking weather up at Marysville, only this heat does not take so much out of a person. The fellow said that he was from Utah where they were just setting up the camp there, and it was almost as hot there. They have a bigger problem in that water is scarce. You can realize that conditions will not be the same as Tanforan--from the climatic point of view. But we are already getting used to the weather. The evenings are nice. It cools down very rapidly. The first night we did not use any blankets, but last night we used one. There was a nice breeze blowing through. Tom has been making himself very useful by running to the mess hall to get ice water. I have to struggle with him from drinking too much, or else he will get sick. Bette has boiled out the kettle so that we could boil our water and Dr. Thomas has given us diet instructions and some medicine to prevent getting disentary.

The Army has been shoving people in here so fast that it has been impossible for the Administration to house them adequately. Our camp is very incomplete and looks discouraging because of all the dust and ditches. They are putting the water lines in now and later on the roads will be fixed up so that there will not be so much dust. A lot of the barracks have to be built yet and until they are finished, the people will have to double up, six to a room. There are about 75 square blocks in this camp. The High School and Administrations buildings have yet to be built. Later on, couples and families of four will have separate places of their own. No screens have been put up yet so that we have to contend with the flies and the bugs attracted by our lights in the evenings. The rooms are fairly large and much better than the barracks at Tanforan. The roofs have a

double roof--that is, there is one roof with tar paper and then a foot higher they have put on another slate or tiled roof. The walls are of asbestos and they go all the way to the top. Later on they will put in lawn and in the houses stoves and gas lines will be installed.

We had to go to about 11 different places before they found^{us}/a place. Nobody wanted to take us poor orphans. The housing head finally broke down and assigned us to a new unit, but he said that another couple would have to move in with us in a few days. I tried to get two medium units for our family, but they would not give us a place because of the crowded conditions. He said that he would give us one as soon as they finish building them. I think that I will be able to get two four bed apartments.

To date, Emi and Bette definitely don't like it here, and they have made many disparaging remarks about the place. Although they have not said so in words, they resent being brought here. But they only go on a comparison with Tanforan, and the fellow from Utah says we are much more luckier to be here. Since I have not been in Utah, I don't know. Of course the attitudes of a person makes a lot of difference. The Administration here is damned good. They plan to set the place up on a co-op basis and all profits will accrue to the community. They don't have too many college Nisei around so that it will not be a hard matter to get a job. I don't know what I will be going into yet. I am taking it easy to adjust myself first.

Tom and I hung a couple of the blankets up on the rafters so that when and if a new couple have to move in, they can have the lower third of the room. This is a lousy setup, but only temporary. The

kids have been swell helping around and we have not had one big argument yet--which is pretty good considering the trying conditions which we are under at first. From now on, the weather will be much cooler and perhaps by next summer they will be acclimated to the heat. Of course, you can realize that I am put in a difficult position, because everything will be in comparison to Tanforan, and not Utah. Eventually the physical facilities here will be much better. We have better food here, I think. We can take milk home. No dishes to wash unless we bring our own. Everything around the place is new equipment. I am getting some cheese cloth from town if Bob can buy it and then we can put it over the open windows. We haven't even opened up our blanket roll yet. We take lots of baths (me too) so that we have been just laying on the mattress and blankets (all new). There are odd varieties of bugs, but I have not heard of any snakes or scorpions around the camp yet. Felipe said that they have all been scared away. A lot of the kids go up into the hills for picnics. There is no fence around the place and only one military guard in each camp. There is perfect freedom to roam around between camps--3 and $\frac{1}{2}$ miles away--and no curfew or roll calls or anything like that.

To the East of us, there is a large butte with a big water tower located on top of it. Every block has rec halls, latrines, laundry, mess halls, and ironing rooms. Each block has 14 buildings and each building will house only four families. Space is very adequate and there is much more privacy in the living quarters.

They have put searchlights and guards on the lumber piles so that ~~ix~~ it is difficult to get lots of lumber, but I don't think that you will have to worry too much about that. We will be able to collect

some. Last night we swiped some from the pile, Earl chickened out on us and went to the scrap heap. Emi and Bette sure made a lot of fuss over bringing home one two by four--you would have thought that they were robbing a bank or something. We have collected about 7 of these nail barrels for seats and I have built a table with the able supervision of brother Tom. He gives it his unconditional approval and says that it is pretty good. I am not going to put up a lot of stuff here as we will soon be moving out--as soon as you arrive.

A lot of the people in this area have built porches as an addition to their house. Most of them have made some sort of platform or a bench to sit outside on. The latest fad is to plant cactus gardens and one old man we saw is making a cement rock garden.

Most of the people in our district are from Turlock and quite rural. Some of these mothers sit out in the porch breast-feeding their babies, and they act quite countrified. Some of them have bad manners and come wandering into our room without knocking so that we are going to put a sign up. I ran into a Grant Shimizu who says he knows you, Alice. Jean Yamasaki lives around the corner from us. Yukio Wada, Dr. Baba, Verlin Yamamoto, are some of the other former Bay Area people.

Our 21 pieces of luggage has not arrived yet. When you come, be sure to check everything except the absolute necessities, Jack, or else you will have to be lugging everything. Emi and Bette were willing, but they got tired. They did pretty good though. Tell Pop that there was only one hole in the floor and we covered it up with a board. Everynight we shake the blankets out for bugs.

I think that I will build a book case with some of that lumber we got. There is not much use of building a closet for somebody else, and besides I would make a horrible job out of it. Alice, you had better bring a lot of cotten cresses. Be sure to contact Dr. Thomas, Alice, and I will initiate proceedings from this end so that we can get together easily and with the minimum of red tape. Try to get a doctor's certificate or approval to be moved in a couple of weeks so that it will not be so hot by then and things will not be so incomplete around the place. Pop better bring some of his diet food on the train and for a day or so here. I don't think that we will have too much trouble getting him fixed up.

Can you tell the paper staff some of the details of the place? I had to borrow this typewriter and I won't have time to write another letter now. Give them my address so that they can send me the Totalizer. And if you are there when the final edition comes out, how about picking up my 15 copies. There is not a camp paper around here yet. Will write more details when I get around a little.

Love from all of us,

Chas.

Dear Mariko:

Perhaps you may be interested in reading this old letter that we received from camp some time ago.

I haven't written because I'm busy as a bee. There's only about three more weeks of this semester so I have to grind in order to renew my scholarship. We have plenty of snow on the grounds but it isn't too cold. Merry Christmas if I don't get a chance to send you an official card.
Jack

Aug. 2, 1943

Dear Chas:

Thanks for your letter letting me know just what has been transpiring with the family. I received Alice's, or someboyds, telegram but I didn't get the name because the message came in by phone. At any rate I got the impression that Alice was on her way already. I'm enclosing a letter for her with this one. Will you give it to her ~~with thi~~ if she is in town. If she has already left, will you forward it to her. By the way, where is Mariko? I thought she was in Chicago once again. I am glad to hear that the family is taking Pop's death rather calmly because after all if one realizes that death is not really tragic nor disastrous but a natural process of nature, it is nothing to be grief stricken about. Of course we regret it when those near to us pass away, but we might as well be realistic about it. Explain to the girls since they are more inclined to be emotionally disturbed, especially Mariko who is always so sympathetic and conscientious. This all may sound quite cold hearted and appear as a hard philosophy, but death is one of the natural functions of the biological cycle of life. All living matter from the tiniest cell to the complicated forms behave in the same pattern. Furthermore, I'm sure that Pop would not want his children to mourn unnecessarily. Instead, as a tribute to him, tell the kids to be good to each other and love one another. I'm sure that he would always want it that way. Also tell them to be tolerant of each others faults as well as being thoughtful in their actions. Let the memories of him serve to remind you to be considerate. This isn't for the times they were inconsiderate

to Pop, but let it not make them sorrowful. They can more than compensate for it by being good to one another. If they would sometimes think of the advice and wisdom of him and if he could see us in our worldly practices, I'm sure he would be able to rest in peace to know that he had done a job well in raising such a fine family and that he had not left this earth in vain.

Yours sincerely,

Jack

Furthermore, there is essentially no such a thing as death. Rather it is a convenient way of expressing a particular phase of nature. We are but elements of the world and at some time or other we must return the elements so that other life may continue. This is conveniently done in what we call death. Unfortunately, society has inflated his ego in thinking that he is something special and has conditioned himself into sorrow after one is deceased. Some find consolation in convincing himself with the idea of the existence of a soul. In spite of this he still tortures himself in mourning. Others make it a time of festivity and celebration that the person was fortunate enough to leave this miserable world by passing away. I look upon it from a biological standpoint and I pass it on to you. Forgive me if it is untimely and totally unnecessary. I only mentioned all this so that the kids could see life as it exists just in case there is a chance of miserable maladjustment due to emotional instability, although I am quite sure that there is no danger of this.

HOTEL NELSON, Rockford, Ill.
Thursday, 9/21/43

Dearest Marik0:

I'm staying at this hotel at present, and have been in bed all morning, trying to get rid of the cold that I've had for the past two weeks. The hotel itself is very nice - but the rooms need a little redecorating, at least, this one.

Mark met me at the station and we went to a show after checking in at the hotel and saw Lana Turner and Robert Young in "Slightly Dangerous" also "He Hired the Boss" with Stuart Erwin and Evelyn Venable (at times she looked like Seesu).

Mark had to leave this morning at 5:30, so we had the operator call us up. Unlike the Phoenix Hotel, they were right on time, so he got there all right, I guess.

I'm going to take it easy today and start looking around tomorrow.

Rockford is a very nice town with a pretty good sized business district. I like the atmosphere, as it seems so clean as compared to Chicago.

You can write me c/o Mark at this address:

Cpl. Mark Satow, 39017422
Medical Company, 1623rd S.U.
Dispensary Branch, Disp. #10
Camp Grant, Illinois

By-the-way - I hate to do this, but would you give Toyo my clock so that she can bring it up to me. As long as I am here it's all right, but as soon as I find a sleeping room - we shall have to have it, as Mark has to get up at 5:30 a.m.

This room costs me \$1.75 per day as it is a single room without bath. The bed is a 3/4 bed so Mark just comes in at night and no one says anything. Practically "an affair" - hm-m-m! Maybe we didn't have to get married after all! (Joke!!)

Will write more anon Love, Alice

LETTER

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

September 30 --1943

Dear Mariko,

I heard you phoned and wanted us to visit you. We've been meaning to for the past 2 weeks but Emiko and I are both in school now and boy, we study! I had some trouble and I'll tell you all about it when we see you. Will you be home Sunday? Maybe we can spend the day with you. Will you phone us before if you have other plans? Otherwise, we'll come over Sun. aft. early! !

Love,

Bette

Hi! I've got my nose all the way down in books studying! Never studied so hard in all my life. See you on Sunday!

Emi

HOTEL NELSON, Rockford, Ill.
October 1, 1943

Dearest Mariko:

Am on my way out to eat dinner, so this won't be very long. I'm settled in a sleeping room at \$5.50 a week for both of us - and we roam around the house as we please as there is only one other outsider - a girl named Mary Smith - a waitress with red hair. She works from 10-7 so I don't see much of her.

The weather has been perfect up till today and it's rather gloomy - looks like rain.

We had planned to come in this weekend, but Mark is C.Q. (Charge of quarters) Sat. and can't even come to town, so it will probably be next weekend. I have to pick up my shoes, hats, curlers, and some stuff anyway - so you'll be seeing us soon.

The first day I was here the women of the neighborhood gave her a surprise baby shower, so I was invited to the refreshments. She is a small person of German extraction - a little shy, but very considerate, and expecting around November. He isn't a bad looking fellow. Although he has a stomach, and ~~he~~ drives Mark to camp occasionally.

I walk to town, so you can see it isn't too far out.

By the way, I phoned Helen Matsunaga, and met her one night at the depot. I wouldn't have known her if it hadn't been for Mark - because the only time I saw her was at 4:00 a.m. and she was already in bed - and left early the next morning. We plan to have dinner together someday soon. She was so surprised that I was Mrs. Mark Satow - and wondered when it all took place.

Enclosing your letters that Mark had - I think Charlie wanted them, didn't he?

Better I go before it rains - Adios - will write more later.

Love, Alice

Did our toilet with diarrhea get fixed? And did Yoshi's sister come and where is Toyo? Haven't seen her as yet.

October 16, 1943

Dearest Mariko:

Just a few lines to ask how things are coming along at the new apartment, and how you are - don't work too hard! Have you moved in officially as yet?

Last night Mark came home early to take me to see "Gone With the Wind" again, as it was playing at a neighborhood theater. We both enjoyed it very much - and not much of it was cut out, so it was just as good as the first time. I enjoyed the music especially - right now as I write this I'm listening to a symphony over the radio, and as there is no one in the house but me, and silence outside, I can write without distraction.

Yesterday I worked for a half day at $62\frac{1}{2}$ an hour, doing some typing, etc. for a man, and earned \$2.75 in about 3 hours. I'm going to help him out again on Monday and maybe more - until he catches up on his work. I really went to see about another job in the same building, but he was leery about hiring a wife of a soldier, since they come and go so much. I told him that Mark was here more or less permanently, but he didn't want to take a chance. So, as it goes, I'm not working as yet - and not in too much anxiety about it until I start thinking of my Christmas shopping. Thank goodness, the stores open until 9 on Saturdays, due to the soldiers and defense workers.

Had a chance to work at Rockford Women's College at 100 a month plus lunches, but am not sure I'll take it, as there is no chances of advancement. The work isn't bad, and nice atmosphere, but Mr. Smith of the WRA thinks I can do a little better.

Mrs. Truschel pulled a fast one on us and had her baby while Mark and I were in Chicago over the weekend (she wasn't due until next month)

and her poor husband who just had a furlough to go pheasant hunting in South Dakota, had to rush back by plane. The baby is only $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., and she will come home tomorrow (Sunday) without the baby, as it has to stay in the hospital for another day or so. So, being that I'm not working, I cook breakfast for Sgt. T. and myself, and keep an eye on the house in exchange for breakfast.

Sorry I didn't get to see more of you while in town - but things are always so hectic when one has a limited time - and staying with Yuri gave me less of an opportunity, as I would hang around and talk to her.

Well, at least I got a chance to say hello to you and to C.B. and E. - besides the rest, so I'm satisfied. Probably the next time I get a chance to visit will be around Thanksgiving.

When I went out to the college, I looked Helen Matsunaga up, and spent the rest of the day with her - eating dinner in their dining hall - from 3 to 10 p.m. We got acquainted much more - I've only seen her once before - and only for a few minutes down at the depot. I wouldn't have known her if Mark hadn't told me who she was.

Guess I've written enough for now - being that you probably won't answer anyway - say hello to George - Sho - etc., and let me know how the romance comes. You'd better go easy - as George is pretty unpredictable, and don't let yourself in for idle gossip. Also, I hope you are pretty well settled, so that you won't be wearing your welcome out at different places.

Bye for now, Love, Alice.

1. Mark says hello - you should have seen him at the Arragon in civilian clothes - outfitted by courtesy of Kinoshita - Ikeda, Inc.
2. Found the picture among some letters.
3. This postcard came to me. But it's for you so you'd better call at the Chestnut Street Station to get it before they lose track of it.

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

LETTER

October 2, 1942

Dear Mariko,

Today while I was at the chow line a cook asked me, if I'd like to hear some records, that he had bought at, Abilene. I readily said, that I'd would very much, and so in the evening I went to his tent. He was already playing some of the records, and so I just laid myself down in a bed next to his. The records that he had were; Tschaikowsky's "Fifth" and "Fourth," Brahms' which I have already forgotten the name of, Schubert's "Unfinished," Beethoven's "Fifth," and one of Cesar Franck's pieces. Of course, he had only four records, so the different records were just the largo or the best parts. When I heard Beethoven's, "Fifth," I thought of Chicago. Remember it? I believe it was the second night; do you remember while going back we sang, "One Fine Day," from Madam Butterfly? Tonight while I was listening to the music, especially Tschaikowsky's music, I began to feel very melancholy. The English Horn with it's soft and weak feeling but yet it gives you a feeling that you are in a great mist looking for something; the music so weak and yet so full of life. Of words I think that I'll never be able express myself. It gives me a feeling that it is one of the worlds unknown to man as yet, and it will remain so for eternity. Something that your natural instinct tells you is there and yet you can't find it. I get a feeling that artist have tried to find it in some of their drawings, but it is as yet unknown to us. We can only feel it in music. Maybe, I'm wrong for who knows that in the future a genius may come to this world and be able to solve this thing that is so mysterious. Remember that fellow, Scott. I think, if he listened to music he might have gotten a little closer to that thing that which he sought. Of men like me; I cannot get the feeling just by thinking. I must have the help of a genius or a great man to even get to half-seed that way. As far as Scott goes, he might have been a great man unknown. He seemed to have tried in vain, but even if he did not find it, he has gotten closer to it than others. To think that things like these take so long to progress. And if there is progress in it the field is so large that you would not even notice it. Take some of the philosophy, has it made any great progress since that of Plato's time? And now look at philosophy! It has parted to many branches and is doing it's progress in science's view point. The old way of doing to, in the ways of Greek origin is fading, for that way it is making the least progress. Of course, do not mistake me by thinking that there is no progress being made. As a matter of fact, men like Kante and so forth have done a great deal to it's progress, but what I mean is, for the present world it is altogether too slow. That of science can be accomplished by logics and theory. Something that has some proof and basis. That it gives a reparation to the old ways.

Well, there I go trying to say something and saying nothing. Every time I try to do something like this I always make a blunder of it. Every time I should really relinquish myself from this kind of thing. Besides, my vocabulary is no good at all. I can't seem to say what I want to with words. Any maybe if I did know more words than I do now, I might be yet lost. Just think life is so short and we rush at everything we see, and yet when wedie we find out that we have accomplished nothing.

As for my of Leonardo I finally got to the part where I'm enjoying it. He seems to have the usual trouble of a great man. What I think is, that he knew too much for his time. Take his drawings away from him and say that he only had his intellect. I might even say that he would have made a very good citizen right now. But come to think of it, if he had not lived then and thought as he did, we might not have the knowledge that we can claim from books now. Then we would not have foreseen his ability. Maybe, it is us who are holding up progress of science?

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

Letter
2

October 2, 1943

I will not say anymore of this matter for I'll get myself all cornered up.

It is funny to think that in lonesomeness there is much that is hidden. You would think that lonesomeness could kill you, and yet if you look at all the great men, they were alone. Oh! I know what you are going to say. That there is a woman who is there to help all the time. Frankly, I agree with you. Women have given a lot to this world. But, while having and enjoying the company of his love, there must be another world in which he strides. Not of worldly things, but it would be coming back to the subject: the thing. Some great natural instinct of something supernatural. I think that women have a feeling of it themselves. To get into this you can only be alone. You know, Mariko, I think I'm going to go into another circle, so I'll quit right now.

I'd better close now for it's getting very late, so until the next time, good bye and pleasant dreams.

Love,

Yosh

1169 $\frac{1}{2}$ Crosby
Rockford, Ill.
10/26/43

Dear Sister:

1. Why don't you send in your change of address?
2. Have you started housekeeping in your new place?
3. What's the address?
4. How's Yoshi?
5. How's George?
6. " Sho?
7. Are you working. If so, where?
If not, why not?
8. What's new?

Note: The above may be answered by postcard.

Addenda

1. We'll be in again pretty soon - sometime after pay day.
2. No housekeeping room or apartments available, so we shall be here for a little while longer.
3. Started working at \$26.00 a week for the first two weeks - after that - who knows? I don't.
4. Ty Chuman says hello - met her on the bus - she lives near this vicinity someplace.
5. Ditto Helen Matsunaga - her mother, sister and brother living here. Sister Setsuko soon to join Charlie's Research group - so will probably be in Chicago soon.
6. Time to go to bed. I get up at 6:30 - in fact 5:30 - get Mark up - and by the time he finally gets up - it's time for me to get up. Work from 8 to 5 - eat downtown and then come home to sew, read, or write letters till Mark comes home.

Bye - more anon as the news comes up I'm somewhat sketchy, I know, but I just got thru writing Mrs. I.P. Collins (she wrote me first), Charlie, Jack and Dr. Thomas long letters and I'm tired. So long.

Love, Alice

at 55¢ instead, and now I get 58¢ an hour, plus time and a half over-time, (8 hrs. Saturday) starting tomorrow.

Mark is back at the Station Hospital now, as he probably told you, and may work 24 hours at a time, and get 24 hrs. off. That means that he'll be off every other day from noon to noon of the next day.

How's the Xmas shopping coming? I'm all through with the Kikuchi's except for Miyako, Tom and Mom, and through with a few others. Be sure to get your stuff early so that you can send off your packages in plenty of time. Especially the Arizona ones and California ones.

Well, thanks for your hospitality - write me when you get a chance.

Hello to all,

Love, Alice.

P.S. What did Mariko say about the check. I wrote her - have you seen her since?

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

LETTER

November 1, 1941

74-1-A
Rivers, Arizona
Nov. 1, 1941 (1943)

Dear Emiko, Bette and Charley,

I finally decided to write a letter didn't I? Well, first I want to thank Charley for the airplane pictures. They're pretty good and they came just at the right time to because I made a reflectorescope that reflects the picture big on the wall.

I'm a guard on a football team called the (male and female) Blackhawks. Our sweat shirts were dyed all black and we have "Blackhawk" painted on the back. We might paint a picture of a blackhawk on the front that looks like this. (Picture)

Did you hear that Beverley Watanabe had twins?

I have to do a Biology experiment so I'll stop.

The most lovable brother anyone could have,

Tom

P.S. Notice the typing paper. That's because I take typing now.

P.S.S. We got the candy, pins, sugar, snaps, etc. today, Nov. 10. My letter is sort of late isn't it?

Hey

Miyako ga namaiki ni movies no magagin nonka kai hagima mashita yo .

C
O-
P
Y

November 9, 1943

Dear Emiko San

Tabi tabi otegami arigato gozai masu domo Tom mo Miyako mo ason de bakari ikura minnani chiyoi chiyoi tegami o odashi no sai goto ii maguga, Mama no omoyoni shinai node komari masu.

5 lb. sugar, candy, chocholet, shiyashin honto ni arigato gozai mashita Emiko Jo Tom gane gii Emiko wa Nippon go ga tai hen jozu sesu ne--to kan shin shite imasu. Kono goro wa sukoshi samuku nari mashi tayo, malasa hayaku okirale masuka? Dan dan samuku naruto yoku kio tsukete kaze o hika nai yoni shite kuda saiyo. School work ga taku san demo amari maiban osoku neru to biyoki (sick) ni nari masu.

(Tetsu Shiota) ni minna ano toki no mono o okuri mashi taka? Mrs. Shiota ga Mrs. Sato ni (Tetsu ga iro iro Emiko Kara okute morai mashita to tegami o yoko shiti temo otsuke mono) no koto ga kai te nai kara doshita no kato yute imasu kara Emi kara sugu ni tegami o dashite sugu Mrs. Shiota ni tashi kani Emiko kara morai mashita koto o shoshi sase nasai.

Aa kuta bileta. Korede yame masu.

Mom

Betty. N. ni yoroshiku ne.

Mariko never give me letter long time tell (hallo to her) but I do not send letter long time too

How is Alice? She give same time but I don't answer long time too. I am very busy now.

TRANSLATION

Dear Emiko

Thank you very much for your letters. Tom and Miyako are playing all the time and I have reminded them to write to you but they seem to be busy and they don't write as I wish them to.

Thank you for the five pounds of sugar, candy, chocolate, photographs. Tom is surprised at Emiko's Japanese. It is now getting cold down here. Can you get up early every morning? As the days get colder I hope you will all take care of yourself. Since you have a lot of school work I hope you go to bed early every night. I don't want you to get sick.

Did you send those things to Tetsu Shiota? Mrs. Shiota told Mrs. Sato that she received word from Tetsu that he received many from Emiko. Will you write to Mrs. Shiota right away about the tsukemono.

Oh, but I am tired. I think I will end here.

Mom

Betty. Give my regards to C.

Camp Grant, Illinois
Nov. 15, 1943

Dearest Emiko:

Just trying to get a few lines off before going to bed. As you can see by the date this is our 6 months anniversary, so Mark bought me a box of candy, and I bought him a couple of Irish linen hankies. He called for me at my working place, and we had dinner together. After we did a little shopping, we came home and since it is still a little too early to go to bed - he's trying to write an essay on "How to save men - money - material - or time for the U.S. Army," while I try to catch up on my letter writing.

First of all - thanks a lot for the nice rug you made for us. It's really a nice present, and now we simply have to get an apartment, or house - so we can use it. Mary Smith, the red-haired girl who lives here in the same house - liked it so well, she says she would like one just like it - same color and pattern - or something with the same colors in it, and is willing to pay for the yarn plus some profit to you for making it. Tell me first how much the yarn cost, and I'll tell you what you can charge for it. Anyway - figure a \$2.50 profit for yourself for making it if the yarn cost over \$5.00 and if the yarn was only about \$3.00 you can charge her \$6.00 or \$7.00 because she said she would be willing to pay about \$8.00 for a rug like that if she bought it in a store. Let me know and I'll tell her. That is - if you have the time to make it - with all your homework and housekeeping.

Oh yes - today, the boss called me in again and said that I was such a good worker, and willing to do everything asked of me, etc., so he was going to raise me another 3¢ an hour. I started at 50¢ an hour, but when the first pay day came along, they said they had started me

Dearest Mariko -

Your letter came only a few hrs. after I mailed mine so I went back to the block managers and got it.

I'm glad you liked the pajamas and slippers, and if you want any more, just say the word as it only takes me about 2 hrs. to make them. Very simple too. By the way, if you have time, why don't you just sew an extra thick padding, and snap it on to the bottom of the slippers... then when you get in bed, all you'll have to do is unsnap it, and get in - slippers and all. They're supposed to be worn in bed too. Or else you could braid some old material together and sew it on to the bottom.

Weather here was pretty cold but it's bearable. It's just like in Vallejo except that we had no stoves here. Now they're in, and are they nice looking. Oil stoves, and the oil truck goes by every day and you can get as much as you want. Later on I believe it'll be limited, but now it's "all you can get." Today it's as windy and dusty as heck - so windy that the pipe chimney on the roof just fell off.

We heard that Seesu was living with you through her sister Annie. She's nice looking, and all the girls say "she doesn't look like she's been married 5 yrs. does she?"

I heard also about Angie's date with you on Thanksgiving day through different sources. I don't blame you for getting mad at him though... believe me, I would too! Oh well, I guess he can't help it because he's not so bright. Bette and I both agreed that we wouldn't like to marry him even if he is tall good looking etc. He's just like a child to me - why, even I feel older than him when I talk to him. Mushy too! Always wants to kiss me and Bette, Nuts!

Alice didn't tell us anything about that letter from Jackson, but Jackie wrote to Chas. about it. She was plenty sore. I couldn't figure out why either until I heard about the letter. I like Angelo though because he's considerate etc. to us. I think he'll be happy with Alice. Don't you? There's a boy who lives on our block who Alice met a few days ago, and everytime he comes around, me and Bette scam so that we won't be introduced to him...then we don't have to say "hello" to him everytime we see him. Men-dokie-sai huh?

In a way, I'm glad Jackie isn't around anymore, because everytime we had a fight with Chas. he go on Chas. side which made him think he was all the more right. Then he's switch to our side when from the beginning he didn't even know what the fight was about. One time he carried it too far...that was when Chas. hit Alice - he nearly hit me that night too cuz I stuck up for Alice. If he was, Jackie said he was going to hold him back with his feet since he was lying on my bed. (I was in bed). It was kinda funny the last time though...after Chas. hit me, Tom comes running in barefooted in his nightie and says he'd better watch out and quit hitting me or else. Chas. said "shut up" and he said "shut up yourself" and ran back in bed. He told me afterwards that he didn't like the gleam in G's eyes, so he softly said "shut up yourself" and ran! Remember, don't tell Chas. or Alice anything what I told you, or if you do mention it, don't tell them who wrote to you about it. Alice will probably tell you about it anyway since she'll be leaving for Chicago very soon. She nearly spoiled our chances of having pop brought down here, but Charlie fixed it up. Even if he does get mean, etc. he sure does a lot for us. He still feels that we take him as an outsider though. Camp life! Fooey!

Henry Fujii is the one who lived next door to us in Tanfo. What was the girls name? I heard from Henry about a week ago.

I don't think I want to go out as yet so soon after Alice, because there's no one at home then. Mom isn't exactly well yet, and when pop comes, the hospital is only taking him for a month or so. Maybe even less. That we'll have to see -- i.e. when the time comes. But that machine operating does sound very interesting. You see, I'm going into Camouflage Net work this week, so I can make some money to go to school on. They pay this way: \$16.00 (the regular wage around here) plus \$10 bonus (for working on that project....it's not connected with the WRA. It's just like outside employment) plus \$10 or so from the pot, (It isn't fair to pay just the C. Net workers about \$95 per month (the real wage) since it's for Nisei's only, so they give us a certain sum and put the rest in the community pot. Then that pot is divided among all the workers in the camp, which will be about \$10 as above mentioned), plus so-much more per square foot that you do over 1,000 sq. ft. per day. Some teams (works by teams of 6) made 1,200 sq. ft. on their second day. I'll try that job for awhile since it pays about \$50 per month (average) 2 days off a week too. Mom is worried about the financial side because we don't have very much to our name, and she even wants to work herself, but we won't let her. She's not well enough yet. Since you said that job will last till April or so, I think it would be better for me to think of getting out then. By then everything will be more or less settled, and it won't be too soon after Alice's departure. Don't you think I'm doing right?

I'll start those spirals as soon as I order the yarn. Okay?
They're fun to make.

The sweater that Bette got for me was too small, so I was going to change it to a larger size but there wasn't any colors that I liked, so instead I'm going to get some material to make another suit. This'll be a small checked material. The style is like this:

DIAGRAM

Long jacket, no color, pleated skirt. Nice and easy to make. I love my other. It's navy blue. I wore it New Years with a white scarf, a corsage (imagine - sweet peas - they were nice) and I fixed those combs you sent us with the ribbons...I put silver dust on it and it looked nice.

Trying to get Bette to sew and snit but she can't be bothered. Miyako does much better on them than Bette.

Gotta close now - only 20 more letters to write.

Love from all to you,

Love,

Emi

Dear Mariko:

Just to wish you a very happy birthday. I'm sorry I have not been corresponding regularly with you. I hope things are going well with you as I know they must. If I know you well enough, I can imagine that you are making the most of your stay in Chicago. There is not much use of you hearing all about our stay at Tanforan - you probably got the Totalizer which covered most of the events.

We have been here a week now. It has been rather hot, but after we adjust ourselves to the climate we will not notice it much. The winters here, they say, are very mild. Physical conditions at the center are definitely incomplete, but the administration is very good. By the time the rest of the family gets here there undoubtedly will be many improvements. The kids have been swell so far and they are gradually getting used to the place. Alice may be in Chicago soon. She says that she is planning to go out. I believe that she will come here first before leaving.

I met some fellow from Hawaii who was on the way to the U. of Chicago, so I gave him your address to look you up. You probably know all the Nisei in Chicago by this time. By all means, let well enough alone and don't come to camp - you would definitely rebel against it and there would be nothing for you. Jack may go out to school later. I will stick around for the time being.

Well happy birthday again and take care of yourself.

Love, Charlie.

P.S. Pardon short note.

I am doing research work for U. of Calif. here and also may be a social worker or else teach in the H.S.