

At the Office

I was at the office at 9:00 as usual, and to my surprise discovered Charlie there. Charlie piled up his notes over the holiday week end so high that I guess he felt impelled to get here early and get it down on paper. I worked all day cleaning up some of the back notes that have been piling up for me, and working a little on the Tule report. The latter goes discouragingly slowly.

Sectionalism

Tom came in and asked what happened at the Okabes after they left. I didn't have much to say, but Tom raised the question as to whether the Northwest nisei, particularly the Seattle nisei, always talk about the Seattle scenery when they get together with Californians.

Myself: "Why do you ask that question?"

Tom: "Well, other Californians have made the same observation. I have in my notes the comment of a girl who isn't especially bright or observing, but she said the same thing. She says, 'When Seattle people get together, they always talk about the scenery up there. That's all they talk about. Maybe it's because they have nothing else to say. Californians don't talk so much about scenery, but they talk more about their friends and their activities.' And Chiyeko said the same thing. I guess Michi, Shig, and some of the other Washington people up in 401 were talking about the Seattle scenery one day when they were sitting around. Chiyeko commented that she wished they wouldn't talk so much about the scenery up there because nobody else is interested. Last night at the Okabes the same thing happened. The subject of the Washington scenery came up. Now we have scenery in California, but we don't spend a great deal of time talking about it. Why is it that Washington people do?"

Myself: "Last night I think the circumstances were such that it naturally led into that conversation. If Tom hadn't brought out his album, I don't think the subject would have come up. Don't you think that his dragging out all the pictures of Seattle and the surrounding area might have had something to do with it?"

Tom: "Well, yes, the album did have something to do with it. But the subject of the Seattle scenery does come up rather often. In San Francisco we have the Golden Gates Bridge, and most of the kids climb Berkeley Hill (?) every now and then. A lot of people take trips up to Yosemite, and there are plenty of other scenes around the Bay Region which are well worth seeing, but the Californians don't spend much time talking about it. (Tom didn't quite say it, but he inferred that the Seattle people talk of their scenery as if it were the only one in the country.)

Myself: "Well, I don't know. I don't think it's only the nisei who talk about the scenery around Seattle if they come from Seattle.

I've heard hakuji from Seattle do the same thing. Oh, they admit the rather undesirable aspects of the weather, and that sort of thing. But they'll go into a discussion of the scenic aspects of the city and the lakes, rivers, seashores, and mountains in the surrounding areas to which one may take trips. It's simply that the scenery is definitely a part of the city. It's surrounded by the sea and the lake on two sides, you can see snow-capped mountains all around right from the city, Mt. Rainier is in view to the south; in other words, the scenery in Seattle is something to talk about."

Tom: "Perhaps, then, there is a legitimate ground for civic pride among Seattleites with respect to their scenery. Of course, the thing is that the Californians resent the Northwesterners talking about their area as if it were superior to California. There may be definite circumstances in the Northwest superior to that in California, but the Californians feel that the Northwesterners act superior on that account. It's pretty clear as to the direction in which the resentment runs. The funny part of it is that a California fellow may not know a single Northwesterner, or he may have run into only one or two, but he'll say, 'Oh, all the northwesterners are a bunch of snooty conservatives,' or 'They think they're too damned good.' Then if they run into someone from Seattle they like, they won't consider him a Northwesterner, but they just think of him as 'all right.' They're surprised when they find out that he's from the Northwest, and treat him as a special case. These attitudes seem to exist among those who don't know anything about the other group."

Myself: "I think that's exactly it. The two sectional groups really don't know each other, they don't have much of a chance to get to know each other, and they develop these stereotyped notions about each other. You don't find Seattle people mixing easily with Californians, or vice versa, and the reason is, I think, that's its rather natural for them to seek out the friends they knew back home. There may be definite circumstances that have made the people of the two sections different in some respects, but by and large, I doubt if either group has cause to feel superior over the other."

I might have gone on to add that some marked differences do exist, but it seems that the strength of the sectional group is also inclined to be its weakness. The typical stereotypes of the two sectional groups as expressed by the out-group in regards to the other are:

Northwesterners---They're a bunch of snooty conservatives. They're too damned cliquish. They think they're too damned good. Those Washingtonians are certainly Japanesey. Jeez, but they're slow. They're provincial as hell. They ain't got no guts, they'll take anything lying down. They're a bunch of 'lillies'.

Californians---Gee, but they're Japanesey. They don't know how to get along with hakujin because they never had much contact with them. Bunch of rowdies. Zoot-suiters. Never have seen any group so cliquish. They're always ready to pick a fight. Why don't they get a haircut? No wonder the Japanese were evacuated from the West Coast.

I suspect there are real differences in the characteristics of the group, not with regard to the individual cases, but rather in the average characteristics of the groups as wholes. The Japanese in the Northwest are perhaps more conservative than those in California. They are much more inclined to accept a subordinate position beneath the Caucasians, and are less willing to fight back for what the Californians would consider their rights. In general, they may be described as milder of temperament, less certain of their convictions and personal self conception (whether Japanese or Americans), and are less aggressive than the Californians. I rather suspect that, on the average, the Japanese in the Northwest probably had a little more and friendlier contacts with Caucasians than was the case in California, but this is a somewhat hazardous generalization. The nature of the relationship, however, was such that the Japanese were not fighting for their rights as Americans, but rather accepting the good will of those Caucasians who are or were interested in the Japanese immigrants and their children for one reason or another.

It seems to me that the conditions in California, where the anti-Japanese agitation was more severe, where the competition between the ~~two~~ Japanese and the majority group was more keenly felt, did make a difference in shaping the characteristics of the Japanese. In a sense, they had to be more aggressive to maintain their position in society; they had to fight harder for what they got and had to fight to keep it. One notes that political alliances and allegiances among the Japanese in California was much more definite than in the north, the pro-Americans were much more definitely so, and the pro-Japanese were much more definitely so. There was not the lukewarm character of allegiance that more definitely was the characteristic of Northwesterners.

It must be repeated that all this was a matter of degree in both groups. ~~Both~~ Both the Northwestern and Californian Japanese carry essentially the same characteristics; there is the same confusion among them as to their allegiance, the same provincialism that was wrought by their immigrant background and immediate stabilization on the West Coast, the same resentment of their oppression by the majority group; but the conditions of their enviroing states have caused the Northwest people to be more typically middle class and less aggressive, and the Californians to show wider variations of class identification and more aggressiveness. Other factors such as the number of more strictly Japanese communities, the size of their groups, etc., which differ in the two areas, have entered into the differences.

These differences are at the bottom of the sectional feelings among the resettlers in Chicago. The members of the two sectional groups do feel some real differences, although these differences may be understood only vaguely, but on the basis of the felt differences, they are inclined to stereotype all members of each others groups. In a wider sense, these sectional feelings are based on the natural inclination of people to seek out relationships among those with whom they have a similar set of experiences and background. It is natural that the Californians should feel more at home discussing the life in California with another nisei from that area, than to try to bridge the gap with a Washingtonian. It is equally natural that the Californian should find something strange about a group with whom they do not share a common background. This works both ways.

What is primarily of interest is that these feelings of difference and of social distance should be translated into attitudes of superiority-inferiority with regards to each other. The existence of this process indicates the presence of some competition among these groups, or the feeling that the resettlers' group solidarity is threatened by the behavior of the other group. There is a ready tendency among the members of each group to defend their side against the other. When Tom started to raise questions about the Northwesterners today, for instance, I could feel myself being aroused to defend my group although I have no strong feeling that the Northwesterners are any better or worse than the Californians. And it is almost as easy to let slip derogatory remarks about the other group. One may speak of "Those Californians" without serious intent of derogating the other group, yet there always seems to exist a unconscious and underlying intent at derogation. I presume that it is a characteristic of human nature to feel that the group with whom he is identified is somehow superior to others. In any case, there is ~~not~~ as much need for assimilation between these two groups, as there is for assimilation of the nisei into the majority group.

The Lorraine Apt. Group

In our apartment building, as I've indicated previously, there are now the Okabe couple, Toshiko and Wataru Sekiya, mother and May, Michi and myself, and Shig. This makes nine ~~nine~~ evacuees in all living here. Reports on this group have been presented in my journal elsewhere and from this point this group will be discussed as a social group under the heading Lorraine Apt. Group.

Toshiko Sekiya came up for discussion between May and Michi this evening. Toshiko is definitely socially negative as a personality. She wants to be accepted, be considered a socially desirable individual, but there isn't anything in her personality makeup to call forth a favorable response from others. She's the kind of person who is considered all right in a social group, and whom everyone ignores after the first meeting.

Toshiko has been complaining to May about her relations with Tom and Rose Okabe. They are old friends from Seattle and Tule Lake, and it was Tom and Rose who got the present apartment for Toshiko and her brother. May said, "Toshiko was telling me yesterday that she has her troubles with Tom and Rose. When she used to go over to Tom and Rose's place to borrow the ironing board, which belong to the apartment, Tom rather frowns on her and seems not to like the idea of her borrowing the board. But Toshiko says that Tom and Rose are always borrowing things from her when she needs them. For instance, last night they borrowed Toshiko's kitchen table in order to hold the party at their place. The day before, they borrowed the table too because of their New Year's party. They used it for Christmas, and for Thanksgiving. Sometimes, Toshiko needs her table and it's inconvenient for her when they borrow it from her."

"The thing that arouses her resentment is that they seem so reluctant about letting her use their things, but they're always borrowing things from her. There was a garbage pail that was attached to the kitchen of the apartment that the Okabes lived in before, and which Toshiko took over, but when the Okabes moved to the apartment in the rear, they took this with them. Mrs. Morris saw it there, and she just picked it up and put it back in its original place. Toshiko says that she was afraid the Okabes might have thought she took it, or asked for it."

The thing about Toshiko is that she's more like a social parasite than anything else. That is, she can't maintain herself independently as a social individual, and she has to depend on people like the Okabes and May to keep up her contacts. They treat her well enough because they realize her plight, but they also get a little exasperated with her. They are also a little inclined to override her because she won't assert herself, and yet she complains to others about the treatment she gets from others. Toshiko is an extremely stubborn one-track minded individual, without sufficient social sensitivity to realize when she's not wanted or how she might make herself more interesting to others.

Japanese Language Dept.

Hanaye Ichiyasu walked home with Shig, Michi and myself at lunchtime. Shig remarked, "Say, somebody told already." (I didn't understand what they were talking about, but I later realized that they referred to the exam which was to have been kept secret until the day it was given.) Michi: "Somebody told again? Halpern definitely said that we weren't to announce the exam in our classes." Hanaye: "It must have been Wada." Michi: "I don't know where the leak is, but some people don't have any brains. Didn't Halpern make a definite announcement this time that we shouldn't tell the students about the exam?" Shig: "Sure. I asked Halpern to make sure about it because last time he didn't say explicitly whether or not we should announce it. He definitely said that we should keep it quiet." As Hanaye left us at the corner of 61st and Greenwood to go to her mother's place, she said, "Dewa ohiru mata aimasu wa. (We'll meet again in the afternoon.)"

Shig: "God, why does that girl have to use Japanese on the streets. I guess she does that to practice, but it's not a good idea when there are hakujin around."

Michi: "Hanaye's not very smart sometimes. It's all right to use Japanese up in the office, if Hanaye wants to practice, or it's perfectly justified to speak in Japanese to the officers because we're supposed to be training them. But when we're out on the street, I don't think it's a good idea at all to converse in Japanese. I couldn't blame anybody if they resented our using a foreign language among ourselves when we know perfectly well how to speak English."

Michi was disturbed about one of her students named Lt. Casey. "He's all right," she said, "but he's such a crude fellow and talks so much. I don't think any of the other students like him. The rest of them are gentlemen, but he's always saying things that have a vulgar tinge to them. If anybody else says the same thing he does, it doesn't sound so bad; but when he says it, there's something about the way he puts it that seems to make the thing sound off color. I wish he weren't in my class. Today, he went out during class I guess to go to the washroom. When he went out, the door was locked so that he couldn't get in from the outside, and he locked himself out. When he came back about five minutes later, I could hear him rattling the door. Men like Alt and Muckle, who apparently don't think too well of Casey anyway, just kind of smiled at me, so I looked at the door and kind of grimaced to indicate what I thought. I went and opened the door, and Casey mumbled, "Thank you." I decided to teach him a little manner, so I asked him to say it in Japanese, but I also mentioned that he wouldn't merely say 'Thank you' but that he should say, 'Shitsurei itashimashita.' (Sorry to disturb you.) I think Casey objected to saying it, but I made him say it. The others were kind of laughing quietly to themselves over it. But Casey's funny; at the end of the class, he always jumps up and holds my coat for me. And he's always calling me the 'little Flower' or something equally flowery that I don't like."

We resumed the conversation about the department in the evening. Michi had some comments to make about Niwa and the others, and about the exam that Halpern has scheduled for Wednesday.

"Today Mr. Niwa actually smiled a few times. I think I'm breaking him down gradually, but it's an awful strain to keep myself from bursting on him. He's so dumb, and he's so awfully serious, that I've got to treat him pretty much as I treat the other students. I handle him so that I can get the results I want from him. If he keeps melting a little more, though, he may get to the point where he can be a little more informal with the classes."

"Halpern called us down to his office this afternoon, and Niwa and I went down. It happened that Halpern was working on something else at the time, so we waited outside in the ante-room. During that time, in order to be friendly, I began discussing with him some of the problems in regards to our classes. I can't tell him things as Paul tells Tajima, because Rev. Niwa is older than I and I just can't tell him off, so I tried to give him my ideas without seeming to order him. I suggested to him that we'd have to handle Casey because he's inclined to get out of hand if we don't push him down sometimes. Niwa and Tajima were so afraid of their classes that the classes ran them. You have to assert yourself in order to maintain discipline there; otherwise, the students aren't responsive and they don't learn anything. Besides, one man like Casey can ruin a class by demoralizing the others because he tries to dominate so much. I told Rev. Niwa about the way I handled him this morning, and how I made him say certain things in order to teach him a little manners as well as Japanese. Rev. Niwa was surprised at my crust, I guess, but he had a good laugh over it."

"I was telling him too about the Japanese usage, 'Uchi no kodomo. (The child of our house).' I asked him, 'In Japanese we don't say 'My child' do we.' Niwa just cocked his head and he didn't seem to know. He didn't say anything, but he just looked puzzled. I told him that we say 'uchi no kodomo' in preference, but he still wasn't sure. So I went into an explanation of why it's so, because the Japanese think of their children as a part of the Great Family, as an heir of an ancestral line, and not as a member of an individual family as in America. Then it seemed to dawn on him as to what the Japanese usage is, and he nodded his head smiling as if it had all come to him as a new light. Gosh, I'm teaching him Japanese instead of his teaching me. I don't know what's the matter with him, but he seems so slow in catching on. He hasn't any clarity in his thinking; he seems all muddled up. You never hear a Japanese parent saying, 'My child'; it just isn't used, and Rev. Niwa ought to realize such things. I guess maybe it's because I've heard you talk sociology so much that I've come to think in those terms, but he should have realized the usage without my having to explain it all to him."

Shig and Michi were objecting to Halpern's indefiniteness again. They have long objected to the fact that he calls down the instructors one by one, or by partners, instead of taking them all at once. Michi's standard complain on this score has been, "Why doesn't he call the whole group at once and tell us definitely what his instructions to us are. He always calls us in little groups, and hands out his information piece meal to one group and another. That's why we have to go back and find out from others what's going on in the department. Like this matter of the examination. He told Shig that it wasn't to be announced, and Shig was suppose to go upstairs and tell everybody else. But that way, it may have happened that somebody didn't hear that the announcement of the exam wasn't to be made in the classes, and somebody might have slipped up simply because he didn't get Halpern's instruction. If he'd call all of us at the same time, then we'd have no excuse for not knowing anything that was said at the conference. Besides, it's an awful waste of time for the rest of us, because we have to sit upstairs waiting until we're called. If he took us all together, then the conferences would be done with. If he has anything to say in private to the teachers, he could call them aside later. All the kids have been complaining about it because they waste so much time and they never get all the information that Halpern gives out."

"I don't think Halpern's a good administrator although he's a very nice fellow. I'm sure he's a good scholar in linguistics, but he's not systematic and precise enough to be a good administrator over others. I think he's a rather modest and shy person, and perhaps that's why he prefers to speak to small groups of teachers rather than to see them as a group. But he should have all the things he has to say to the instructors in his mind, and he should give definite instructions as to what may be done and what shouldn't be. The disorganization in the office is partly his fault because he's not aggressive enough in demanding things from the instructors. If we could thrash out our problems in a conference of all the teachers, then we'd know exactly how the individual teachers stood, and there wouldn't be the bickering behind scenes. When Halpern does call a conference of all the teachers, we discuss grammar and that sort of thing on which nobody's agreed, and we never get some of the other information which would be of a help to us. The conferences of all the teachers should be more to hand out instructions on the conduct of the classes, and then if they want to discuss moot points, it would be all right."

"Major Murray came up again today, and I tutored him for almost an hour. He asked me if I wouldn't tutor him privately in the evenings, and I told him I didn't care to do so because I'm all worn out by evening; and I said I thought I could get him somebody else. Major Murray said that that wouldn't do, he wanted me for a tutor. He asked me to think about it a little more. I mentioned this to Halpern, and Halpern didn't seem to like the idea. I guess he feels that I'm the focal point of

dissension in the office because I was given the beginner's class, presumably because I'm supposed to be the best teacher or something, or at least he's afraid some of the others may feel that way. He feels there's likely to be too much competition in the office over such things as tutoring. I guess he didn't understand that I wasn't anxious to do the teaching. Anyway, I told him I wasn't interested, and he said he'd get Wakai, because Wakai is only teaching part time."

"Gee, today I worked right straight from three o'clock tutoring some of the men who came up. I was swamped so I had Paul helping with one of the men. Snyder came up, and I guess he wanted me to help him, but I already had two men from my beginner's class, so I asked Paul to take him over. Snyder kept glancing back over his shoulders every now and then, I guess to see whether I'd finish with the other men."

"Some of the teachers don't ever have anyone coming up in the afternoons. It's always the same people who're working in the afternoon. There's Paul and myself, and Shig and Hanaye; we always have somebody up in the afternoon. Chiyeko's always got her group too, and Suzuki never helps her. The rest of them are always just sitting around the table talking and joking. Mary Sonoda's students have never come up, not once. Casey told me that she's the kind of girl who freezes up when she's asked a question to which she doesn't know the answer, and so the class kind of freezes up too. She's an awfully nice girl, but she's too timid. Wada's students never come, and that means Uehara and Wakai never have anything to do. Do you know what all those people were doing today? Uehara brought some of her New Year's food today---they had nigirimeshi, tamago-yaki, and even tea,--- and they were all sitting around this table eating while all the others were tutoring the officers. I couldn't take care of all the men who came, so I asked Mary Sonoda if she wouldn't take one of them. Mary seemed reluctant to leave the table, I guess because she was having a good time just then. Of course, I don't mind teaching in the afternoon because it would get awful boring just to sit around like those people, but, gee, we're doing all the work around there."

"Tajima is supposed to help Paul, but nobody ever wants her. Men like Snyder and Hull and Patterson come up every other afternoon, but they always go to Paul, or come up to me. She's way in the corner of the room behind the filing cabinets anyway, and she's always sleeping back there. She even uses the back door to come in and go out, so that noone ever knows whether she's around or not. She ought to come out and join the group more; no wonder she's such a queer girl. She just carries that aloof air, and nobody pays any attention to her. The men don't go to see Niwa either. Today, Lyon came up when I was busy, and Niwa could have helped him, but Lyon just went over to Paul and asked him to help. I saw Niwa looking at Paul. Neither Halpern nor Mary come up to the office any more; they ought to come up once in a while to see what's going on there."

Shig has been asked by Bogart and Kenney to do some private tutoring in the evenings. He feels that it's all right to get a little extra money, but the tutoring will cut in on three evenings every week. Besides, Bogart's place is so far from ours that it will take quite a time for Shig to get there after supper. They offered to come up to our apartment instead, but that has its disadvantage because then they can take their own time about going home. Bogart has invited Shig over to dinner tomorrow night, and that means that Shig will be around there until about nine straight through from six in the evening. Bogart likes nisei, he had his children playing with nisei in California, and Bogart is also a very sociable fellow though of the quiet gentlemanly type.

Japanese Language Dept.

Michi reports that relations between Niwa and herself was better today than it's ever been. She declared: "Today, Rev. Niwa and I got along better than ever. He smiled at me several times, came over to my desk now and then, and even offered to show me the results of the exam in Section 1. That exam yesterday did more to bring us together than anything else. He was still crabbing about the thing, so I told him what we'd discussed at home about its principle being all right, but it's unfairness to the students because of the impossibility of finishing the thing within any reasonable time. Everybody was still a little sore about it; except possibly Weda and Uehara. I guess they thought it was all right because their students were supposed to have done all right."

"But Paul was more demoralized than ever. These days he goes around with a long face, and although he still does crack jokes and say funny things, it does seem a little forced. On the way home this evening, he told me that he's going to stand Tajima just a little longer, and then he's going to ask Halpern to give him some other partner. He says he probably won't have a chance of getting me back, but he feels that anybody else would be better than Tajima. He says he's never met a more stubborn girl than Ruby. She won't do anything he tells her and won't cooperate at all in what he's trying to do. He says that it was fun teaching all through December when he and I were partners, he felt that there was a lot of pep in the classes and it was exciting. But now the classes aren't responsive, they get out of hand, and he's got to work so hard with his men that he's absolutely tired when he gets home. He can't understand how he could get so tired teaching an elementary course like this."

"Paul says that the classes aren't anything like what they were when I was his partner. Section 5 in particular is bad. Blanks has gotten completely out of hand because he always likes to dominate things and he is a little conceited. Before, we did have him under control, but now he just runs over the rest of them. Smith used to be the one who objected to the men raising questions about grammar and getting off the main purpose of the course. He's always call down the others and tell them that questions of grammar were out of bounds; but now he's the worst one in that respect according to Paul. And Schneider, he says, ~~he~~ is the most grumbly person imaginable. He never comes out of his shell any more."

"Wolf came into the office this afternoon. Paul says that Wolfe is now really at the bottom of the class, and that bothers me a lot because I think Wolfe is really one of the sincerest and nicest fellows in the class, but I know he has trouble with his Japanese. I helped him today because I had noone just at the moment. He said to me, 'I wouldn't tell this to anyone else, but you know, that class of ours really misses you.' He says that when I was teaching, Paul would tend to skip over some of the

points that the men didn't understand and just go on with a lot of drill, but I would come in every other class to clarify things. He felt that that was why the partnership between Paul and myself was all right. Paul, you know, is like that. He's good on drilling the men, but he's the kind who's not quite so strong on analyzing those points that are likely to confuse the men, and I guess they used to count on me to clear up those points. Now, Wolfe says, there's nobody to clarify anything. Tajima is worse than Paul in this respect, and she just jumbles things worse than ever. That's why all the men in that class feel they're all confused and don't know any longer what's what."

"Wolfe said he wished he could be in my beginners' section. He said that's where he felt he belonged, and I didn't want to lie to him, and I knew that he realized he wasn't very good in ~~the~~ Japanese, so I told him, 'Yes, I don't think it would hurt you to review some of the material. Why don't you ask Halpern for a transfer.' I knew that Halpern was considering changing the two slow men in Section 5, Wolfe and Delpino, with Glacken and Goldsmith in Section 6. It would be better to move Wolfe over into Section 2 instead, so I suggested to him that he might ask Halpern."

"But Paul told me today that Halpern is going to announce the transfers to ~~the~~ men tomorrow morning. I don't think that's a good idea at all. If there were a general transfer taking place in all the classes with the better one's being placed in one class, that would be all right, but Wolfe and Delpino aren't going to feel well to be pulled out of Section 5. They may know they're not doing too well, but they don't like to admit to the other men in the class that they're not getting along. And it would be worst to have the change made from the department. Gosh, I think that's a terrible thing Halpern is doing. Even Major Gillam said the same thing. He was sitting there when Paul came over to ask me what I thought of such a change the other day, so we asked him. He said, 'It would be better if Halpern were to select out those who are the best in each class and put them in a separate class, rather than to take a few poor ones out and bring in a few good ones. That way, those who are being taken out would feel very badly, while the other way, there would be an incentive to the men to try to do better without feeling any shame about being left behind.' Major Gillam's a smart man; and I agreed with him. I think Halpern's making a big mistake. I think he ought to let things alone in those sections; they're in a bad enough condition now. Of course, his idea is that Wolfe and Delpino are holding back Section 5 because they go faster than the other one, while Glacken and Goldsmith are a little bored in Section 6 because they're too fast for the others. But still, I think he ought to wait to make a general transfer."

"I'm especially concerned about Wolfe. He's the kind of man who needs a lot of encouragement. He's a wonderful person, but he's modest, lacks confidence in something like languages, and yet has a tremendous amount of pride. He's going to be ter-

ribly hurt by this change. Do you think I ought to speak to Halpern before he makes the change? I don't know whether I should because I've bothered Halpern enough, for instance with regard to Niwa, and I've been thinking that I'm not going to compalin any more for a while. I don't want to have him think I'm a pest. But I hate to see Wolfe pushed around. He may not be good in Japanese, but he's just the kind of person who ~~needs a lot of encouragement~~ would make a very good administrator over the people in Japan. At least, he'd have much more understanding than men like Casey. But unless he's given encouragement in his Japanese, Wolfe is going to become badly demoralized."

Shig: "Halpern's stock sure went down in the department after the exam. God, that thing was lousey. The idea's all right you know, but it didn't have any continuity of ideas and the language just wasn't Japanese. The trouble is that Halpern counts too much on his wife, Mary, for advice. That must be it. They're both very nice, and very intelligent, but you just can't get past the fact that they're not up on their Japanese. If Halpern would ask the advice of the teachers in the department, ask them to help him make his sentences, he wouldn't make mistakes such as those in the exam."

Michi: "Mary's Japanese is horrible. Today, Shig was telling me that Wakukawa went down to the office when Shig and Hanaye were there. You can see a person standing on the outside of the office door through the glazed window on the door. Mary shouts out to Wakukawa, "Haitte koi!" (Enter). No Japanese would use such language, even among men. Her Japanese is always vulgar thatway; I guess she just doesn't care what she says. But as long as she's teaching Japanese, she should use a little better language. If Mary Halpern knew as much Japanese as Chiyeko, or even myself, I think she could be a lot more help to Halpern. He can't command the respect of his workers as long as he insists on making out sentences that they can't possibly approve."

Shig: "Hanaye took quite a beating today, I guess. We went down to tea with Springstead and Alt, and it turned out that Spring- one of the other officers named, Buchanan, was a University of Washington instructor at one time. I said that I'd been there too, and we were discussing college life. Then Buchanan turned to Hanaye and asked her if she'd been at college, and Hanaye admitted she hadn't gone."

Michi: "Yes, and later Hanaye was standing around when Paul learned from one of the men that Goldsmith is a C.P.A. I guess Paul was really impressed, because he came back to us and started saying, 'Boy, did you know Goldsmith was a C.P.A.³? What a man. I guess people with college training, after all, have something different about them. People with ordinary backgrounds just can't compete with them.' Hanaye was standing there, and I couldn't help noticing that she resented that."

JACK MIYAMARA

Draft

"Got your 1-A classification yet? You got it...yeah? I got mine too. We'll all be in the army pretty soon. It's a hell of a thing, huh. Lot's of my friends got their 1-A already. Maybe I won't pass the physical; I'm pretty soft now. I don't know what the army wants a broken down old horse like me for. Still, I try to keep myself in condition. You know, I used to be a boxer, pretty good one too, and I keep up on my calisthenics. Every day, I shadow box a little and exercise."

"I want to get my business straightened out so that I can go into the army anytime. If they take me, I'm going to send my wife back to camp. No use her being out here; she can't support herself and the baby. If I'd known the army was going to draft us, hell, I never would have left camp. What's the use of relocating if you get drafted just about the time you settle down. All the other boys I know feel the same way."

"I want a little more time before I get drafted. If I can save up some money before I go into the army, then I won't feel so bad. I'll have something to go on, eh. Right now, I'm not ready to go in."

"Army life is going to be one hell. I talk to boys who come up from Shelby, and even the guys who volunteered, they don't like it. It's a hard life. Boy, I don't know if I can take it; I'm not as young as I used to be. They give you actual combat situations and shoot bullets over your head. One soldier was telling me that practice going through barbed wire fences, and you gotta crawl close to the ground because they got machine guns shooting just two feet off the ground. One guy was crawling through and he raised the barbed wire with his hands like this (Jack demonstrates raising with his hands over his head) and a bullet clipped his finger off just like that. He forgot, see. Another guy forgot and raised his body a little bit, and he got a bullet through his shoulder. Damn near tore the thing off, and he almost died. I don't like that kind of business."

"What you going to do if you get drafted? You going to Shelby or Savage? Maybe Savage would be better for a fellow like you. Those Hawaiian boys down at Shelby are plenty tough. I know because I grew up with them, and I see them when they come out on furlough now. Cuss---man, those guys cuss every other word. And they're always looking for a fight. I don't think you'd get along with that bunch; you're different from their type. Course, you're not fresh, so I guess they wouldn't pick a fight with you. But your type is more the scholar, and you'd do better at Savage maybe."

"I heard a story from one of the boys who came out of Gila. One of the boys who was fighting in the South Pacific was captured by the Japanese army. When he turned up again in Australia,

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after they released him, he didn't have no tongue--they cut it out. He was plenty messed up. This boyx is supposed to be back in Gila now, and that's why the story got around. I don't know if it's true; you can't believe everything people talk about in the centers. But I don't think it would be healthy to be captured out in the Pacific. In a way, you can't blame them for feeling mad when they see somebody of their own kind fighting on the other side."

Housing

"I've been looking around for a new apartment, but it's pretty damn hard to find. You go up and down the streets, and then go up to an apartment building where they got a sign out, and they slam the door in your face. Or they tell you the apartments filled, and you know damn well its a lie because the signs still out the next day when you came around. I'm getting so I don't like to ask about apartments. Maybe those atrocity stories had something to do with it."

"I got to get a new place. Our landlady raised the rent onx us two dollars a week. I told her she couldn't do that because it's against OPA regulations, and I refused to pay. She says the rent was lower than the OPA ceiling to begin with. So I went down to the OPA to ask them about it, and they said she couldn't do that to us, and promised to send somebody out to check on it. I went down a couple of times, but they haven't sent anybody out yet, so I've given up. This landlady is an Italian, name's Scarla. She's just like a gangster the way she acts. The first time she came up to raise the rent, I refused to pay, and she told us to get out. I wouldn't do either. Then one Sunday when we're at home, she came up with eight big Italians--just like gangsters. I had to pay up. Scarla's a famous gangster's name you know."

"There are twenty-seven Japanese living in our building. This Scarla doesn't own the building; she's just the manager for a Jewish fellow who owns the place. After she raised the rent on us, I noticed that she didn't include the extra two dollars on the receipt so I griped to her about it. She said it wouldn't matter because it was understood anyway. Nowadays, though, I notice she puts down the extra two dollars on the rent. I don't know what happened. (I suggested that this woman might be hi-jacking part of the rent without the knowledge of the owner.) You know what she did? She hasn't been providing the toilet paper, so my wife gets her own. But the other day, this Scarla went around demanding 10¢ from every tenant for toilet paper. She said the rent doesn't include toilet paper. She didn't come around to us because wh get out own toilet paper, but my wife heard about it from one of her friends in the apartment. She raised the rent on everybody in the apartment too, and her proposition is that if they won't pay, they can get out. She's a bitch; a real gangster."

Apartment Enterprise

"I got a friend who is thinking of starting an apartment. Yeah, a Japanese guy. He's been looking around for some time now, but he hasn't decided on anything yet. I've been helping him look around, and the other day he saw a place that he thought was pretty good. They told him it would cost \$20,000, and he says, 'That's cheap,' so I figure he's got a lot of money. Any guy that says \$20,000 is cheap must have a lot of jack stowed away. I advised him to look for something on the South Side. The North Side is no good. Besides I don't want to go way out to the North Side; it's too far from my place of work here."

"I'm going to get an apartment from him if he opens up. I told him he ought to spend plenty of money getting good furniture and making things look good. He doesn't want to get anything dumpy, he wants a good place. If he charges forty-five or fifty a month say for three rooms, that'd be plenty good. You know, some of these landlords demand a hell of a price, and they don't give you anything. But this guy could make plenty of dough if he just charged a reasonable amount, and brought in all Japanese. That's what he's planning to do. I'll get the best apartment in the building because I know this guy. I want something on the first floor. It's too much trouble climbing up the stairs. I'll let you know if he opens up. It'd be a damn good set-up."

Nisei Pianist

"Say, have you heard this guy who plays the piano on the radio every afternoon about four o'clock. Yeah, he's a nisei kid. I didn't know about him, but one day I heard the announcer give his name. He's damned good too. You ought to listen to him; the boy's all right. I don't know which station it is, but he's on about every afternoon or so. I listen to him all the time."

Nisei at Warshawsky's

My sister, May, has been working at the Warshawsky Auto Parts Company since last November after quitting the work at a bed spring and mattress company on the West Side. Her job at the former place had been that of running the dupligrph, a back-breaking monotonous job in which she saw only limited possibilities of advancement although the office building was clean and there were a large number of young girls working.

After quitting the first job, May had some difficulty finding another job that she thought worth while. What she wanted was a job that paid about \$30 a week, because she felt that the \$27.50 she was getting before wasn't enough to support her, a bookkeeping position since that's what she's trained for, and one with security in the post-war period and possibilities of advancement. When she heard of a bookkeeping position at Warshawsky's, she inquired, but found out that it was machine bookkeeping for which she has no training. However, she was immediately offered a clerical position, to start at \$27.50 but with a raise to \$30 a week after the first month, if she proved satisfactory. For a whole afternoon she thought over the proposition, although Mr. Warshawsky, the young boss of the auto-parts company, seemed to assume that she was going to accept the position. The office she said was in a rather dirty section of town and wasn't attractive. However, she heard that this was one of the biggest auto-parts company around here.

Mother had been getting very much upset by the fact that May didn't have a position. She was worried that they would run out of money, and since they are rather short on funds, mother must have felt extremely insecure about it all. Because of pressure to find a position immediately, May accepted the position and started work in the mail-order section of the office.

After the first week of work there, May began to feel that she might have made a bad choice. She'd had an offer from the Mt. Sinai Hospital, a clean efficient job, as a bookkeeper at \$35 a week and a chance to learn machine operating. It's only drawback had been that ~~mother~~ it was night work, starting at 11:00 p.m., and mother was afraid to remain at home all night without May near her. Under this pressure, May had given up that offer although she wanted it badly. Now, May felt even more that she should have taken the Hospital position. The clerical work at the office wasn't very interesting, and it irked her that the boss hadn't given her the bookkeeping position for which she had first inquired. The girls in her office were much older than at the former office, and they didn't have that clean-cut appearance they had at the former place. "I've never seen an office in which there were so many crippled people," May remarked one day. "Why there are several in the office with club feet, or one thing or another that's wrong with them." And all of them ranged about thirty-five to forty-five years of age, much older than in most offices.

For about one month, May had frequent complaints to make about her work. Her comments were, "The girls in our office aren't as young as in the other office, and it's not quite so interesting. I've never seen so many crippled people around." "Mr. Warshawsky's young, and although he's a nice man, I don't think he knows how to run the office so well. I guess he inherited the place from his father who's been operating it for a long time. I guess auto parts are hard to get these days, so they send in blank checks made out to our company ordering certain parts. Lots of times we don't have what they want, but we never send the checks back until the other company starts complaining that if we're not going to send them the parts, they want their money back. I don't know how much money we owe other people that way, but it's quite a bit. The office is so inefficient. I just wonder if it's not going to go broke one of these days." "Mr. Warshawsky took on three more Negro girls today. I don't mind working with Negroes, but I just wonder if the standard of workers in the office isn't going down." "Mr. Warshawsky took on several more Nisei. Gee, I don't want to work in a place full of nisei. I'm glad for their sake, but I know the hakujin girls don't like it too well to have the place filled with Negroes and nisei, and I'd rather work among hakujin." "Gee, I wish he'd give me more. I'd like to make about \$35 a week."

Finally after the first month, May began to say, "If he doesn't give me a raise as he promised me, I'm going to quit and look for another position. It'll give me a good excuse if he doesn't." Mr. Warshawsky was always very nice to May, however, and one day her weekly check contained the promised raise, although nothing had been said about it. Apparently, Mr. W. was rather pleased with May's work. After that, May's complaints stopped, and she seemed to settle herself in the work. She wasn't entirely happy with what she was doing, but she accepted the job as a source of security and rather decent pay. She began to compare her salary with that of other girls she knew, and felt that she was doing all right.

In the meantime, Mr. W. hired another nisei girl, Dora Sato. Dora is only about twenty-one. She came in at a time when they were hiring a lot of Negro girls, and May wasn't entirely pleased with having too many non-Caucasians in the office. She saw the possibility of many more nisei girls being taken on, and was rather afraid of this threat to her position. But she soon took Dora under her wings. Dora proved to be the most flighty sort of person imaginable, well intentioned, but scatter brained as anything and the most inefficient person in the office. May soon found that Dora completely lost her poise when given a computation job--couldn't figure out how to do percentages, or couldn't even be trusted to do simple addition and subtraction. May tried to help her as much as possible.

One day during the first week, Dora was given a task that she apparently didn't understand although it was simple enough. She lost her head and began to complain out loud that she didn't know what was wanted. May went over to help her out, and got her

straightened out. Another day, Mr. W. had given Dora a very simple job of figuring out the percentage of difference between the wholesale and retail prices, but Dora simply had no idea of what it was all about. Dora began to jabber aloud to herself again, and May went to show her how to do it. May hadn't received the instructions, and Dora could give no clear idea of what was to be done, but May saw what was wanted--it was as simple as that. The point was that Dora was just like an overgrown child, with no experience or ability for office work. She would go around talking aloud to everyone about how she couldn't understand some of these things. May implored her to keep quiet about it and come directly to her, for she was afraid that Dora would get fired if everyone found out how dumb she was. When Dora got her first check, she went around the whole office showing everyone her check, and wanting to know what the others were getting. Dora has the idea that she has a good voice and wants to train for a singing career, and so she sits at her desk and sings to herself all day, quite out loud. This used to irritate May. She would tell of her romantic affairs as if it were the most heavenly thing in the world, although May felt that it was so terribly melodramatic that she couldn't believe a girl of twenty-one could be so unsophisticated.

At first Dora was much concerned about hanging on to her position. She had first been hired as a domestic at \$80 a month, and the twenty-five a week office job she held now seemed like quite a thing. She must have guessed that she wasn't entirely cut out for office work, and felt rather insecure about her position. She frequently used to ask May whether she thought Mr. W. would fire her, and May would advise her that if she stuck to her work, she wouldn't get fired. May constantly took care of her so that she wouldn't give the wrong appearance in the office, but it wasn't an easy job for Dora would spill out whatever came into her head to anyone. After about two months, Dora began to complain that she wasn't getting enough, and she began to talk of finding another position that would pay her better. May restrained her by telling her how difficult it would be for her to find any job that paid as much as \$25 a week, especially because Dora was dumb.

Mr. W. began to hire more nisei fellows to work in the shop, and this again upset May a trifle because she was afraid of the others' reaction to the hiring of nisei. Sometimes the hakujin girls seemed to show it in their faces, and the Negro girls in a way gave the impression that they felt the nisei were being treated better than they. A nisei fellow was given the bookkeeping position that was open, and this was a source of envy to May since she'd wanted the position herself, but she recognized that this young fellow knew his business.

Another thing that bothered May about the office was the terrific amount of gossip and complaints that went around among the Caucasian girl workers. Most of them had been there for several years, some for twenty, and there was much petty jealousy over one thing and another. The main schism was between the

woman head of the bookkeeping department and the head of the clerical filing department. May didn't like this sort of gossip and kept to herself as much as possible, outside the range of gossip. She remarked, "I never knew that the hakujin could ~~mean~~ be so mean to each other. Why, they're worse than the nihonjin. You should hear what they say about each other, and right ~~now~~ in the office in each others presence too." About a month ago, the head of the filing section got really mad at the bookkeeper head, and went to Mr. W. saying she was quitting. The filing head had been with the company for twenty years, and didn't expect to be fired, but Mr. W. who knew nothing of the conflict in the office simply accepted the resignation and brought in another woman supervisor. May said, "I was sorry to see her go because she was always nice to me although she was always having a fight with the other woman. She used to give me extra time and give me special jobs, and so on. The new woman looks a bit like a scourpuss, and I don't know what she'll be like, but I'll just get along with her if she lets us alone."

A week ago Mr. W. hired a couple of more nisei girls. May's reaction that night was: "Mr. W. hired a couple of more nisei girls today. They look like nice girls, but I think he's thinking of hiring some more, and I'm just afraid that the other girls are going to object verymuch. I overheard one of them saying something today about more Japs coming into the office. I can see too why they would object. After all, it's not a good idea to concentrate too many nisei workers in one office when they're objects of resentment anyway. I don't think Mr. W. realizes that there is objection among the other workers. I don't know whether to tell him or not; it's alittle like turning against the nisei regarding something they can't help and all the girls naturally want positions. Still it may be better to prevent anything serious from happening, even if it means that other girls may not get positions here." The next day May told Mr. W. about the response among the other workers regarding the hiring of too many nisei, and Mr. W. expressed some surprise. He told May, "If any of the girls ever say anything against you, just let me know about it." But Mr. W. apparently took heed of the warning, for when a couple of more nisei girls came to inquire about openings, they were turned away.

According to May, the two new girls are very attractive. One, Betty Nakano from Gila, is a glamor girl, and the first day she worked, the men, Caucasians, from downstairs would come upstairs to look at her. The other girl who is quieter is not as glamorous but also attractive in her petite way. Sachiko, the latter girl, had come out from Heart Mountain tendays before and hunted high a low for a job without success, so she was extremely happy to get the Warshawsky position. She was to be paid at \$25 a week, and work in the bookkeeping dept. as a steno-clerk. Her account of walking the streets during the past week presented a most discouraging picture of job opportunities for ~~girls~~ nisei at present, possibly due to the public reaction to the atrocity stories that had just come out on the Bataan prisoners.

Betty, on the other hand, had not experienced the difficulty of finding a position because she'd come directly to the Warshawsky company from the W.R.A. and had immediately been given a position. Her work experience indicated a steno job with the California State traffic dept., apparently a well paying and respectable job, and after the first day of work at Warshawsky at 60¢ an hour, she complained about the dirtiness of the place and the lack of its respectability as a place to work. She wanted a switchboard job at W. but was denied it, and she said that she would look elsewhere for such a position. However, Sachiko's story of her difficulty in finding a position, and May's encouragement to stay on for a while and look for something else in the meantime, held her from quitting the position in the first days.

Dora was extremely excited the first day the other girls came in. She wanted to show them around the place, and tell them what to do, although it was immediately evident that the other girls were much more capable as workers and needed no help from Dora. One of the hakujin came over to May and said, "You'd better tell those girls what to do, or Dora will give them all the wrong instructions." May commented that both the new girls were very efficient and apparently had good training as steno-clerks. Betty became sick on the afternoon of the first day, because she found the place so dirty she couldn't stomach it, as she put it. But she returned to work the next day and stayed on for a while.

May's first impression of the girls was that they were rather nice. She especially thought well of Sachiko who seemed quiet and yet worked efficiently. A few days later, however, May commented that both the girls were very Japanese. Their English had a definitely Japanese accent about it, even more so than Dora, who is quite Americanized although she's scatterbrained. Furthermore, both of them talked a lot in Japanese and quite out loud, of which May disapproved especially in hakujin company. May's first impression of Sachiko cooled definitely when she found that this girl was always remarking about "baka ni sareru. (be made fools of)" by the hakujin. Sachiko early began to show a chip-on-the-shoulder attitude, and she felt that the only way in which to get along with the hakujin was to demand their rights. May commented, "That's all she says all day, 'baka ni sareru'. I don't know why she takes such an attitude. Of course, there's no use being duped by the hakujin, but they're not always out to dupe the Japanese." May felt that Sachiko carried a very Japanese attitude, and had a basic hostility toward the hakujin.

Two days ago, Betty informed her boss that she was going to quit her position to take another job wrapping radio parts which paid her much better. This would be non-stenographic work, but would pay much better than her present position at which she makes only about \$28 a week. May came to me to seek advice that evening, as to whether she shouldn't change her job also for such a higher paying position. She said, "Of course, I'm making about \$33 a week now with overtime, but it might be a good idea to take a job that pays better. What do you think?" My advice to her was that

I didn't think much of factory jobs. They might pay better, but it would certainly prove a more monotonous task than her present one, and further offer none of the security that she now has. I pointed out to her the possibility of an unemployment problem developing in many of the defense industries when the German phase of the war should be over. If she were getting into a company with a future and a better job, certainly she should look into it and take it if it proved okay. But it wasn't worth it to shift from a poorly paying position to a better one, if the latter offered no long term security. After all, May was making better wages than the average at her present job, and she admitted that Warshawsky's would probably keep her indefinitely if she stuck on.

Last night, May reported that Betty had quit to take this other job, and Dora had gone with her. Dora found out that Betty was living in the same apartment as she, and they were going together to the other company for the position. It turned out, however, that the radio company now was all filled and needed no more workers, although a week ago there were positions open, so both Betty and Dora now have to start their work hunt all over again. Betty probably would have left a week earlier if Mr. W. hadn't said that it would be all right to quit, but that they should stay on long enough to catch up on some of the work since he couldn't have the girls quitting on him without notice.

In the meantime, a certain difference had developed between the younger girls and May. The others felt that May was too goody-goody toward the hakuin. This feeling seemed particularly strong in Sachiko. May reports, "Oh, I don't know. I think the other girls have been saying that I'm too willing to follow the hakuin in whatever they say. Sachiko's been remarking right along that we shouldn't just take orders from the Caucasians, but that we ought to stand up for our rights. She feels that I don't make enough demands on them, and that I'm too willing to do anything they ask me. I told her that after all in any job there was dirty work to be done as well as the things you want to do. And I also said that you have to meet the hakuin half way. But Sachiko's feeling was that I always give in to them too easily. Every time our new supervisor gives her something to do, she says, 'That yakamashii baasan (that noisy old woman).' But I don't see why she has to take that attitude. I get along with the woman all right; after all, if she gives me a job to do, I feel I should do it unless it's something that's entirely too presumptuous to ask of us."

"I believe those girls had a fight with the boss before they quit. I don't think he's going to take any more nisei for a while. All those girls, except Dora, used so much Japanese around here. It's not very courteous because the others can't tell what we're talking about, and they're bound to get suspicious, but they didn't care what the others thought. I told them it was all right to make demands where it was justi-

fied, but that there was no use in carrying a chip on the shoulder all the time. I said that in these times the hakujin are bound to get the wrong impression of us very easily, and that it's our job to show them what we're like so that they can trust us and realize that we're Americans just like them. The others don't seem to think so. They think I'm always siding with the hakujin, and Sachiko says, 'Oh, you're hakujin-biiki (pro-Caucasians) anyway.' And they feel that as soon as the war's over, all the Japanese are going to get fired anyway, so they're out to make the most money right now. I can't understand why they have to take such a suspicious attitude about everything. I'm sure that if I stay on, Mr. Warshawsky will keep me as long as his shop stays open. He's told me so, and I believe him."

"Sachiko's attitude toward me now, I'm sure, is 'Just let her alone. She doesn't understand anyway.' I don't care what she thinks. I'll stay away from her so she won't have to be bothered by me. They're so particular, too about what job they're given to do. I think the relocation center spoiled them. They won't do anything unless it's something they want to do; at least they complain about every job before they start it. I'm sure they were saying things behind my back, but that doesn't bother me. They can do what they like, I'll go my own way."

"One thing I notice about these young girls, they're out to ~~make~~ all the money they can get. Money! That's all they think of. If they keep shifting their jobs around all the time thinking they'll make more somewhere else, they're going to find themselves without a job. I've an idea that Sachiko's resentment of me is partly because I'm getting quite a bit more than she is. I guess she feels that she's worth as much as I am, and that she deserves to get as much. Dora, for instance, quit because she said she wasn't getting enough, but after all she was really to hang on to the job. That ~~xxxxk~~ girl really didn't know how to do anything, and I'm sure she's going to have a hard time getting anything else. Betty will find out too when she walks around a bit looking for a job that it isn't as easy as she thinks it is."

"And they're so sensitive to anything that's said of the Japanese. Today, one of the men downstairs came up and was talking to our supervisor and she said something about the "dirty Japs". It was about the war in the Pacific they were talking about, and I didn't think anything of it, but Sachiko just blew up and said she wasn't going to have anything to do with a woman who said things like that of the Japanese. I told her, that after all during wartimes, you could hardly expect them to say nice things of the enemy, but Sachiko took it personally, and she couldn't understand why I would stand up for a woman who ~~wated~~ them. She always has the feeling that they're taking advantage of her because of her Japanese ancestry, and she's almost ready to pick a fight with them, although she hasn't said anything directly to them yet."

This whole case brings out in very clear relief many points characteristic of the adjustment or maladjustment of the nisei resettlers in Chicago. An interesting point is that both Dora and Sachiko entered their jobs with some gratitude that they were able to get such a job, but it takes only a very short time before they weary of it, feel that they deserve more than they get, and regard the job as not so good anyway. Immediately after the experience of hunting for something, the attitude is unquestionably colored by that experience, but difficulties of finding jobs seem to recede rapidly from memory, and the immediate discontent with the job becomes the overwhelmingly important point.

In May's case, there was initial discontent with the job because of the comparison with what she might have had, the Mt. Sinai Hospital position, and what she took, but after the raise, her complaints became rather few. And the occasional accounts of the difficulties other girls are having in finding positions now has made her more cautious about shifting to something else. Security plays a somewhat more important role than it did three months ago, although a desire to find something in which she can gain fuller expression of herself still remains a latent hope.

There is no doubt, too, that most of these young people, and even including May, like to be identified with some company and ~~in~~ a position that would gain the admiration and envy of others. They desire respectability for their position. Some law office in the downtown Loop, or a position with the University of Chicago, strikes them as green pastures. Actually, when the individual gets into the job, he probably would find that

most jobs have their tedious and chore-like aspect. The significance of this commonly observed tendency of people to see other positions as better than the one they hold is that in the present restless state of the nisei, and the high job mobility in the general population, this tendency is a motivation for frequent job changes. There is a Hollywood conception of secretarial positions permeating the nisei girls' thinking, but actually the number of positions of the kind open to any girls is relatively small.

Most interesting in this case history is the further evidence of the chip-on-the-shoulder attitude that most nisei resettlers seem to carry with them in their relation to the Caucasians. They easily feel mistreated. They are extremely afraid that the Caucasians are exploiting them, and giving them the dirtiest jobs to do. The psychology is very similar to that which may be observed among the Negroes, but there is probably less basis for the thought among the nisei than among Negroes. Sachiko's fear that "baka ni sareru (be made fools of)" is a real one among almost all resettlers, although it may not be expressed in the extreme form that it takes in her. There is an inclination to feel that any hint of discrimination, whether intentional or not, is meant for discrimination.

While there is this extreme hostility and suspiciousness toward the majority group, there is also that familiar attitude of extreme gratitude that is closely coupled with it. Sachiko probably was very much gratified to get the position when she first arrived, but it was undoubtedly the comparison with others wages and her basic fear of being exploited that brought out her

attitude of hostility. If the condition had been such that her position was quite superior to anything other nisei were getting, she undoubtedly would have continued in meek gratitude of what she had. At least she would have sublimated her hostility. There is some basis for this inference in the rapid vacillation between gratitude and hostility that is frequently the case among these girls.

May's own position in this whole fracas is an interesting one. The others object against her because of her lack of "protest". From her perspective, there's no need for protest at least in the area in which the other girls are complaining. But she says, "I wonder if there's anything wrong with me that I don't see things as they do. Maybe I am too willy-nilly, but gee, you've got to get along with the people you work." Dora was undoubtedly under May's influence prior to the arrival of others, but she was quickly drawn away to think that more protest was necessary as soon as the others began to talk about it. There is not only the natural protest that is expressed by people under certain circumstances, but there is also the protest that arises because of the pressure from others that protest is the only manly thing to do. Otherwise, a person is "ikuji-ga-nai" (without backbone) or a bootlicker. This kind of social pressure is efficacious in giving an atmosphere to the thinking of a whole group.

It raises the very difficult problem of when to protest. Obviously, to get along in the world, one can't protest everything about it. On the other hand, sometimes protest is necessary so that one may not be exploited. When there is a kind of neurotic tendency in a whole group to suspect and protest everything from the out-group, it becomes extremely difficult for a member of the group to measure accurately when to protest.

The Issei point of view

We invited Mr. Y. over to dinner last night because he's been very helpful to Michi and Shig at school. He came over from Japan in 1940, has been attending the Chicago Theological Seminary whenever he has the funds to attend, but is at present teaching in the language school for his maintenance. I suppose if he had known that there would be war, he would have returned to Japan before its outbreak, but even though he is an alien enemy who came over only recently, he has had very little trouble remaining out of the internment camp.

As he put it, "The irony is that I am without question an enemy alien for a I came to this country only a few years ago and only to study as a student. Yet, I have had very little difficulty with the federal agents and have never had to go to internment camp, whereas citizens of this country have had to be evacuated and leave their homes."

On the morning of Pearl Harbor, Mr. Y. went to church with an issei friend, went to the latter's home and was driven home about four in the afternoon. The day was apparently a beautiful one and they remarked about what fine weather it was. They ~~do~~ knew nothing of the bombing of Pearl Harbor. When Mr. Y. entered the front door of the seminary dorm where he was staying, however, two men immediately confronted him and wished to know if he were Japanese. He admitted he was, and gave his name when asked. Then the question was put, "Do you wish to return to Japan?" Not knowing what it was all about, Mr. Y. didn't know how to answer although he declared that he had come to this country for the purpose of study and desired to remain here for the time. One of the theological students came by, however, and told Y. of the outbreak of war. After this, Y. was very careful in answering the questions, and got off by pleading ignorance of the whole issue. In the evening two reporters from the Maroon, the campus newspaper, also came to him to get his views, but he got off with the same tactics. The previous visitors, of course, were newspaper men.

A number of the enemy alien Japanese were immediately picked up in Chicago, especially the Consulate staff and the leaders of the community. There were stories of Japanese in the downtown district being killed in fights--Mr. Y. cited two or three instances, although he did not know for certain whether these were merely stories. Dr. Palmer, the head of the Seminary, advised Y. to remain indoors as much as possible for a few days because of the danger of attacks by ignorant people, so Y. stuck to his place. There was apparently some fear that drastic measures might be taken against the Chicago residents as well as on the West Coast. The issei of this region, of course, were placed under the same restrictions of travel, frozen funds, etc., that all the issei in the country met with.

On the other hand, there was no occasion on which Y. had

reason to fear incarceration. The FBI never approached him, although on one occasion he was called down to their office to report his activities. One day an agent from the Immigration Office visited him at the dorm, and he had to ask a series of questions. In the meantime, the ~~axxx~~ hour arrived when Y. had to attend class, and when the agent noted the time, he very graciously suggested that Y. come down to the Immigration Bureau office in the new post-office building to complete the interview. This agent was always friendly, and Y. declares that he has never met with a situation since the outbreak of war in which he was uncomfortable in any way. The recommendation of the Theological Seminary, and of Dr. Palmer, he feels, have been important factors in directing suspicion away from him.

There is a travel restriction that applies to him. Whenever he leaves the city, he must inform the District Attorney's office first and get their release before he may travel. This is true even if he goes only as far as Evanston, and he has had to refuse dinner engagements there because of the trouble in getting this travel permission. He admits that there would be no difficulty in getting out of the city and back again without anyone's knowledge of his movement, but Y. wishes to avoid any situations that may throw doubt upon his innocence.

I had felt that because Y. is a minister, a Christian, who was trained in the very liberal Doshisha University in Japan, that his views on Japan would be different from that of the average issei. I don't know why I should have expected this, particularly since he had come from Japan only recently. But when conversation started on the present trend of the war, Y. left no doubt that his sentiments were strongly for Japan. Underlying his thinking was a greater degree of liberalism and open mindedness than one would find among the average issei, and a willingness to admit errors of Japan as well as to criticize the policies of this country. But there was no criticism of Japanese nationalism, which one might have expected from anyone who was intellectually opposed to Japanese foreign policy.

Y. declared: "Some people in America think this war with Japan is going to be over within the next few years, but I don't think they realize what they are up against. Of course, right now the United States is making definite advances in the Pacific, but as they get farther and farther away from their own bases and advance closer and closer to Japan, Japan will become stronger and the position of the United States will become weaker. In the streets of Tokyo, there are placards everywhere saying, "Prepare for a Hundred Years War", and that is the attitude of the Japanese people. They aren't thinking in terms of a war that will last three years, or ten, but in terms of a hundred years war, and I think they will last it out."

"There are several ways in which the Allies hope to attack Japan. They talk of bombing out the cities of Japan, but where will they locate their bomber bases. Russia evidently is not going to play the game with the Allies, for they are suspicious

right now of Allied foreign policy. The United States has gained some footholds in the Aleutians, but it is impossible for an air fleet to operate from the northern sector because of the heavy fogs that cover the whole area and the rough weather conditions. Many people speaking of using China as an air base, but right now the relations between China and the Allies is strained to the utmost, and there are indications that the feelings between the nations are cooling rapidly. The only possibility left is to attack from the Pacific. although the American newspapers publicize the victories of the American forces, you'll notice that Japan has not given an inch where there defenses are vital. All the victories of the United States have been of islands and areas that the Japanese do not consider important. No headway has been made in Burma, Java, New Guinea, and the other areas where the defense of the Japanese forces is concentrated."

"The same was true of the Chinese war. Now and then you read of the victories of the Chinese forces, but they have not retaken a single point of significance to the Japanese. The rice yielding areas of Northern China, for instance, have been held intact right from the beginning. In certain areas, the Japanese see that there is no value in retaining a foothold and they withdraw; then the Chinese army enters, and calls it a tremendous victory. That is what is happening right along."

"Under the circumstance, you will see that victory for the Allies is going to be extremely difficult. There is no possibility of bombing Japan. And how are the Allied forces to land on Japan? Even the fall of Germany will make no difference to Japan. You will see that they will not even bat an eyelash even if Germany falls. It will make no difference to them."

"There is a certain indomitable spirit about Japan that one has to admire. They will go through untold suffering in order to achieve a goal. And right now, I doubt that conditions in Japan are very difficult. I understand that they now have so much rubber they are using it for everything. The shipment of food to the relocation centers from Japan would indicate that they have plenty of food over there. They apparently have plenty of such things as rice, shoyu, miso, etc. One of my friends had a letter that one of the American soldiers picked up in Attu. It was from a little ten or twelve year old daughter to one of the Japanese soldiers on the island, and it was picked up after the evacuation of the Japanese. The letter described how the child went to a kabuki (drama), then visited some restaurant for a bite to eat on the way home, and told of some of the conditions at home. I think there is no doubt that conditions in Japan are not as difficult as some people make it out to be. Yet I am also sure they are stocking up goods for a very long battle. Japan will not give up even if there is a bombing of the major cities that wipe them all out. The only possibility of victory for the Allies, as some of the military leaders of

America say, is by landing American forces directly on the island of Japan, but I don't think that is possible. I think they will fight to the last man before giving up the island. Victory for the Allies can only mean the complete extermination of the Japanese people."

"The sermon given by Rev. K. at the Fourth Presbyterian Church was a very good one. I was surprised to hear him give such a talk. I expected him to say the sort of things that would appeal readily to Americans, but he came out openly and said some of things that I sometimes wish I could say but never dare to. The whole point of his discussion was that the people of this country speak of democracy and freedom as if ~~it were~~ they were the monopoly of the Allies, but this is not true. Japan, he pointed out, had a democratic system of the profoundest kind developed hundreds of years before this country discovered its democracy. The strange part of it is that Japan, like the rest of the world, has been seeking freedom. The goal of Japanese policy in the Orient has been to bring peace into the world, or at least to Asia. The main thing was to bring about a greater degree of cooperation with the governments of Asia."

"Japan wished to be left alone in the Orient, just as the United States claims autonomy in the North and South Americas. If there is a Monroe Doctrine in this country, Japan wants a similar freedom in the Orient. However, Britain and America has constantly interefered in the affairs of the Orient. The leaders of Japan, of course, know about the Monroe Doctrine, and they cannot understand why Japan should not claim the application of a similar doctrine in the Orient. Look at the wars of the United States on Nicaragua, and before that upon Mexico."

"At a recent speech given by one of the psychology professors on the campus, he said that the United States or any country cannot be prepared to sell democracy elsewhere unless this country itself has a real democratic foundation. It can only sell democracy by giving an example of what real democracy is. But he pointed out that democracy does not exist, for groups like the Negroes, the Japanese, etc., and others can easily point to the shortcomings of this nation to prove that democracy is only a platitude of the Americans that does not exist in reality. I was very much impressed by his speech, and went up to speak to him later. I tried to point out that freedom was the goal of Japan, too, but later I thought that I might have said too much."

"Recently, Dr. McNair who is an expert on Far Eastern Affairs, gave a speech at the International House on the Causes of the War between the United States and Japan. He pointed out that there were two causes, one direct, and the other indirect. The direct or immediate cause was, he said, the bombing of Pearl Harbor by the Japanese. He didn't say much about that but he developed the indirect causes of the war. The first and

important cause was the Immigration Act of 1924, by which the Japanese were excluded from immigration to this country. He declared that this injured relations between the two countries much more than most people realize. The second indirect cause was the Washington Naval Conference, at which Japan was given the least of the 5-5-3 ratio. He said that Japan, in fact, had a navy of 5-5-5 ratio, and the effect of the conclusion of the conference was to wound the pride of the Japanese by giving them a smaller ratio than that of the Western powers. The consequence was that Japan built an even more powerful navy because of their distrust of the intentions of the Western powers. The third indirect cause he said was the question of the invasion of China. On the whole, I thought his analysis was very good. There were some points in which I disagreed with him, but I think he put the problem very well. He also answered one of the men who asked a question about the length of war with Japan. He said he didn't know and wouldn't dare to predict. You see, he is an authority on matters of politics and military affairs in the Orient, and he realizes the difficulties standing in the way of a victory of the U.S. over Japan."

"Japan now has so much rubber that I understand they make rubber balloons and give them away to children free. There is no doubt that the Japanese are preparing for a very long war. I don't think it is going to be possible to conquer them in the areas where they have consolidated their gains. We shall have to expect a very long war."

May, Shig, Michi and I naturally felt inclined to disagree with Mr. Y. but we didn't say much. If we disagreed, he gave evidence of a broader interpretation of things than most issei would willingly offer. He would admit Japan's fault while at the same time pointing out the faults of this country. But in the overall discussion, I felt that, if anything, he would prefer to see Japan victorious than otherwise. At bottom, I suppose what he wishes to see is a draw between the two nations. In a way, all of this was an effort on his part to reinforce his own hopes that Japan would not be destroyed. His family is still in Japan, and any large scale destruction of Japan would endanger his family. His satisfaction over the fact that conditions in Japan are not so bad, that they are eating well and leading a comparatively normal life, is the best evidence of this.

May was the one who most resented the criticisms of America, or rather, the defense of Japan's policy. But there was another aspect of this discussion that interested me more. If one listened to Y's arguments sympathetically, trying to see the thing from his point of view, it was easy to become drawn into the issei point of view. Suppose one did not critically evaluate Y's arguments about the military approaches to Japan; one would be led to accept his view that for the American forces, Russia is closed. Alaska and the northern approach is impossible, China is unwilling, and the only possibility would be the very difficult attack from the Pacific. If one accepted this view, his conclusion that this would be a long, drawn-out war would naturally follow. My per-

sonal feeling is that China may look with apprehension on the Allied dominance of the Orient, they nevertheless could not break relations easily with the United States and Gt. Britain. China will undoubtedly use their strategic position to gain concessions from the Western nations, but their primary goal for the present must necessarily be to defeat Japan. This is the weakest point in Y's argument. In that case, an all-out effort to open up transportation channels to ~~the~~ China may be expected after the German war is over. And while the Japanese war may be prolonged two or three years, their ultimate defeat seems likely.

But suppose that this were a discussion taking place among issei. There would be little criticism, by and large, of the line of arguments used. In fact, this is exactly the manner in which the issei argue. Hence, they see the consequence as being a negotiated peace between the allies and Japan, with Japan maintaining control over all the territories which she has conquered. In essence, this would mean control of Asia. Such a discussion would only serve to reinforce the issei belief that Japan cannot be defeated and that their future, if it is not to be in this country, can still be in Japan.

One may understand then the feeling of the issei in the camps. They are constantly discussing the international question precisely from the point of view expressed by Mr. Y. They develop ingenious arguments to show that Japan cannot possibly be defeated. While this would mean the prolonging of their stay in the relocation center, this is not their main concern at present. Rather they fear the defeat of Japan, and rationalize the impossibility of it. One may well understand the solidarity of the issei view on the war issue. If even a nisei listening sympathetically to such a view can be drawn in, unless he is critical, it is easy to understand how the issei respond to such discussions.

Tivoli Theater

For a bit of change, Michi, Shig and I went to the theater this evening. The Tivoli, on Cottage Grove and 63rd, is the best theater in the district, or at least it is the highest priced one and the largest. One objection we have to the place is that there are too many Negro young people there; not that we have anything against Negroes as such, but the young people of the group are a little unruly and discourteous. Many of them talk a great deal all the way through the pictures such that there is a hum of voices all the time making it difficult to hear the movie. They sit nearby crunching on popcorn, littering the floor with candy wrappers, and go in and ~~and~~ out frequently disturbing all those in the same aisle and those behind them. This type of behavior isn't restricted to the Negroes alone, for the high-school aged whites also indulge in the behavior, but because there are a great many Negroes at the Tivoli, it is more noticeable with them.

I noticed one particular form of behavior that was striking. A group of Negro young people would occupy seats, and place their coats in adjoining seats so that no one could sit down there. There were evidences of this all around us. They might actually have been occupied by their friends, who had gone out for some reason, but the evidence was that the Negroes were intentionally hogging these seats. One white couple came in looking for a couple of seats in the crowded balcony in front of us, and they stopped by one of these "reserved" seats and inquired if they were already taken. The Negro youth sitting next to the pair of seats said they weren't and started to remove the coats; a girl sitting next to him simultaneously said that the seats were reserved. The white couple sat down, and there was no further comment.

Michi and I wondered if there wasn't some reason for this perverse behavior of the Negro youths. We aren't sure that this is so, but it may be that the Tivoli doesn't permit Negroes to sit in the downstairs seats. The habit of "reserving" seats all around them may be their means of taking vengeance against the discrimination against them. The attitude would be that if the downstairs are reserved for whites, the balcony seats, of which there are good ones, are reserved for the Negroes. If discrimination of this kind exists, the behavior would be consistent with what one might expect.

Apart from these considerations, however, we have felt that the behavior of the Negroes---talking aloud, going in and out, and crunching on candies---is rather discourteous to the movie audience. Michi remarks, "I haven't got anything against the Negroes, but if they behave in that way, I can't blame other people for disliking them. They ought not to behave that way; it only makes other people discriminate against them more." From our standpoint, it would be better if the Negroes behaved in such a way that others could not justifiably discriminate against them. It is, of course, where the Negroes form a large

percentage of the audience, as they do at Tivoli and Maryland Theaters, that they give evidence of this careless, "insolent" behavior. There is a kind of vicious circle about this discriminatory attitude: the more discrimination there is, the stronger is the protest behavior, and the worse becomes the discrimination.

We noticed a few other nisei coming out of the theater. There were two couples leaving just as we left. The girls were clean-cut, but the fellows somehow have that dragging appearance about them that one frequently notices among nisei fellows. They don't stand up as straight as they might, and they drag their feet and have a bland facial appearance that makes them appear rather sloppy and un lively.

Chihiro Kikuchi Visits

I hadn't seen Chihiro ever since he left Seattle around April of 1942 just before the curfew regulation went into effect. I recall that at the time, he was quite undecided whether to make the move of quitting Seattle, leaving his family behind, to go on to some college. After seeing Bob O'Brien, who gained permission for him to enter the University of Idaho at Moscow, Idaho, Chihiro and six others, including girls, left for the university. They immediately encountered some hair-raising experiences. The townspeople, aroused by some rowdies, met them at the station and tried to turn them back. The students slept at the courthouse or in private homes the first night because of the danger of attack from these rowdy individuals. Discouraged by their failure to gain a favorable reception there, they moved en masse to Pullman Washington where the state college is located, and Chihiro remained there for a few months.

As he says, "I had to scrub floors, clean house, and all kinds of things to keep myself going. It got me down so much that I finally decided to get out of the place. I wasn't getting anywhere in my field anyway. All the others remained. At the time, I didn't know whether I was making a wise move, but now I know that coming East was the best thing I ever did."

One has to know Chihiro to understand his problems. In the first place, he is a brilliant young fellow, about twenty-eight now, who gained the valedictory in high school, although he started with the handicap of having spent three years just prior to entering high school in Japan. At the University of Washington, Chihiro made a brilliant record in mathematics and physics gaining honors in both fields. Aside from his brilliance, the outstanding feature of Chihiro is his extremely small stature. He is less than five feet tall, and his large head set on his miniature body particularly emphasizes his smallness. In compensation for his smallness, he has developed an aggressive personality that, in former days, made him the object of some dislike. He was inclined toward argumentativeness, extreme competitiveness in any activity, and there was a quality of stubbornness that made him a difficult person to deal with on occasion. Everyone liked him, but with reservations, and socially he never quite fitted easily into situations. There is a tone of conceit in things he says that makes one feel that he unquestionably thinks well of himself. Everyone speaks of Chihiro as "Oh, he's a brilliant fellow....." with a 'but' implied as reservation.

Today, in talking to him, I felt that Chihiro had grown in poise and breadth of mind. There seemed no question that the measure of success he'd gained while teaching at Haverford College had been good for him. He could joke about his own shortcomings now, which he never did before. His conversation had more color to it, and a more interesting choice of words. The underlying qualities had not changed, but the underlying tension that was there while he'd been striving for status was now relaxed, and one felt more at ease with him.

"For me, the evacuation was probably a good thing," he declared musing on his fortunes. "If nothing had happened, I think I would have stayed on the University of Washington in the Physics Department. I could have got a job there, I think, and I would have made a go of it. I thought of going East, but I was afraid to make the break. I'd met with a lot of discrimination on the Pacific Coast--at least jobs were hard to get--, and I felt that I might have the same trouble out here. If I knew then that the feeling against Japanese was a purely local thing to the Pacific Coast, I wouldn't have hesitated to quit Seattle, even though I had other considerations, like my family, to restrain me. I haven't met a single seriously unpleasant experience since coming east. I've found that the white people out here have no strong feelings against Japanese, and they take you right in. Some of my students in the A.S.T.P. classes even tell me that all the atrocity stories about the Japanese soldiers are propaganda. You meet men who are in the main stream of thinking in my field, while if a person stays in a place like Seattle, he very easily gets into a rut."

"After leavin^g Pullman, I motored out on a truck with a couple of nisei friends. We really took in the country. I believe we travelled four thousand miles just going back and forth across the country, and never met any situation where people refused us lodging for the night. Of course, we stayed mostly in auto camps and Y.M.C.A. hotels, but we were never refused. I entered the University of Cincinnati, and stayed there for a semester."

"The Dean of the school gave me permission to register, but when I went to the Physics Department, I ran into the wrong fellow as the advisor. He was the one man in the department prejudiced against Japanese, as I later found out, but when I told him I wanted to enter the department, he ranted at me, wanted to know what I was trying to do, and said I couldn't get into the physics department. The Dean was in an embarrassing position since he'd given me admission, and he said that if I would enter any other department, I might stay there. I said that I could just as well go into the math. department, so it was arranged. The men over there were all very liberal; they felt that I had received a rotten deal from the physics department, and they kind of took pleasure in rubbing it into the men in the other department. Except for this one man, most of the other fellows in the physics department were very good to me, and some were quite disturbed over the fact that this one man had kept me out. While I was there, I found out that I could get an M.A. in math., although it wasn't my major field, so I decided to go after it and I worked up a thesis. I received an M.A. in math from the University of Cincinnati."

"What I wanted to do was to finish my thesis toward the PH.D. in physics, and I was rather dissatisfied with being in the math. department. It was just by the sheerest luck that I found the position at Haverford. One evening, a physicist from Kenyon College, that's the same place where Ichy is now, came down to speak on some subject like "The Future of Meteorology".

My roommate wanted to hear this man and asked me to go, but I wasn't interested. Still, he insisted that I should go, so I finally decided to go along and hear what the fellow had to say. It turned out that it was the luckiest break I ever made when I went to that talk that evening. We listened to his lecture and after it was over went up to talk to him personally. He said he knew some nisei at Kenyon and became interested in my case, so he asked me all kinds of questions about what I was doing. I told him of some of the difficulties I'd had at the University of Cincinnati. We parted, and I gave no more thought about our discussion of the evening."

"A couple of weeks later I received inquiries from two colleges as to whether I was interested in accepting a teaching position. One was from Haverford and the other from Carlton College in Minnesota. It seems that the man who came down from Kenyon to lecture at our university had written around to ask about an opening for me, and he'd found these two places for me. For various reasons, I decided to accept the Haverford bid, and that's how I happened to go there."

"I got along very well with the people at Haverford. I didn't realize that hakujin people could be so genuine. It's a Quaker school, and in the eastern states where you get some of the finest American people. I found that they were very friendly and cordial, and I made several friends among the faculty people. I got along with the students all right too. I don't think they objected to me. I probably laid it on more than some of the other teachers, but I think the students kind of depended on me because the other teachers weren't too good. Well, it kind of sounds funny my saying so, but I was considered the genius around there. The staff was pretty ordinary."

"The ASTP program is folding up now, and I've got to find myself a new job. My contract runs until June, so I'm safe until then, but there may not be any classes for the next quarter, and I think I might as well start hunting for another job right now. I went down to the College Placement Bureau, where they find employment for college teachers, and I'm going to inquire around a little elsewhere. The people down at the Placement Bureau on West Jackson Blvd. were quite encouraging and they said they thought they'd be able to find something for me."