

Charlie's Family Problem

Charlie came in today a little after noon. I didn't notice it at first, but he showed signs of fatigue. He said nothing to either Tom or myself about it, but as he dictated to Louise, I couldn't help overhearing that he'd heard suddenly from Gila about his mother's serious illness and operation. I gathered that he hadn't slept at all last night, but he was down here dictating letters, his diary, and was intending to attend Edith Abbott's class. I felt that he should go home and go to bed. He was even talking of interviewing tonight. When I think of the peculiar family relations that existed for Charlie through most of his childhood and youth, I can't help being constantly amazed at his extreme concern over family matters. We've dubbed him "The Patriarch" but I can't think of any other term that's more appropriate, for he runs his family as if he were the head of a Great Family. I suppose people tend to underestimate Charlie because of his rough outer mien, but he has an enormous capacity for human feelings. Charlie gains great satisfaction from assuming responsibilities when he feels that he should. He hounds his responsibility like a bulldog. This tenacity carries over to his work as well, when he's interested, for I'm sure I couldn't keep up the pace of interviews that he maintains even if that were all I was doing.

Togo Tanaka

Togo agreed over the phone to meet with us on Tuesday afternoon for a staff session. Apparently he's quite busy. He announced that Jean is expecting another child in October, and as he put it, "It's a question of whether I'll be inducted first, or whether we'll have the child first." I can imagine that Togo is quite concerned.

I was a bit surprised when Charlie mentioned some time ago that Togo was thinking of enlisting at Savage. But on further thought, I can understand why he would desire to do so. Togo is a smart fellow, a calculating individual in the better sense of the word. He probably feels that the future of the nisei depends to some extent upon their performance in the American Army. But also, Togo was definitely under suspicion at the outbreak of war, and I can imagine that he should like to do something to erase that suspicion of him. Although he can make a joke of such allegations made against him as in the report of the California Commission on the Japanese Problem, nevertheless, he must be sensitive to the accusations made against him. I wonder if much of his behavior since the outbreak of war, at Manzanar for instance, was not dictated to an extent by a fear of further doubts about his conduct. I rather think that many of those who underwent the same treatment have displayed more pro-Americanism than they ordinarily would. Events of that kind are crises in individual careers that have noticeable effects on their future conduct.

But I can imagine that Togo is now rather anxious about not being drafted before the child comes. Jean would be in a difficult position without Togo to support the family.

A Blind Date for Shig

Shig is a conservative by nature, although he has a clear sense of right and wrong and is fairminded in political matters. His conservatism shows through in matters such as blind dates. Day before yesterday, his friend, Ray Echigoshima in St. Louis, sent a special delivery letter asking Shig to meet a Gladys Ishida, who had been living with the Echigoshima's in St. Louis, at the station. Ray spoke rather well of Gladys, described her as a nice girl to know, and apparently wished to have Shig meet her. The letter arrived several hours after the time she was to arrive, so the only alternative was to call her at the Y Hotel where she's staying and inquire whether he could do anything for her. We invited her to dinner for tonight.

Shig is a romantic, and while he balks at the idea of blind dates, nevertheless, I believe he got some pleasure out of wondering about the little adventure with this girl whom he'd never seen. He's sensitive to beauty and quality, and I suppose he hoped she might turn out to be one of those dream girls, but I'm sure he was disappointed to find that she is only an ordinary nice nisei girl. She looks healthy but is too big to give a streamlined effect; she talks with a slightly Japanese accent; she lacks the charm and depth of personality that Shig would desire in a girl. In other words, Shig asks for a great deal in any girl. Although he's twenty-seven, he's never taken a serious interest in any girl, and Michi wonders if he's going to turn out a perennial bachelor.

We asked Gladys about the Echigoshima's who are old friends of ours from Seattle. Gladys became acquainted with Margaret Echigoshima when they lived in the same girl's dormitory at the Washington U. and when Margaret's parents relocated and took a large apartment, Gladys moved in with them. Margaret E. was working toward a law degree while at the Univ. of Washington in Seattle, and she continued this work at St. Louis. According to Gladys, Margaret was taken into a large law firm and has her own office room in this company's office. The staff of lawyers use a common pool of stenographers and clerks. Margaret is apparently doing very well there. But the point of interest is the manner in which she got the job. Gladys says of this, "The professor teaching income tax laws became interested in Margaret and particularly liked the final exam which she wrote for him. He happened to be one of the brothers who in partnership are the heads of this law firm, and I guess his recommendation had a lot to do with getting Margaret placed. She was competing with other women for the position, but she got it all right. She was fortunate to have met this particular professor. The funny part of it is that both she and I might have met at Northwestern University instead of at Washington U. because we both thought of going there instead. My application at Northwestern was rejected because they said the Naval Training school was so close to the building where the business school is located that they didn't think it wise to have me there. If Margaret had gone to Northwestern too, she might not have got into any law firm."

The case illustrates well the part played by the element of chance in determining personal careers. Chihiro Kikuchi was just telling us the other day about the sheer luck by which he happened to get the teaching position at Haverford College. Of course, both these individuals are capable and aggressive, and it is possible that they might have found suitable positions elsewhere regardless of chance meetings with individuals who would take an interest in them and promote them. And it may be true that in the long run view, factors other than chance are more influential in determining personal careers. But there still remains the possibility that a girl like Margaret might have become discouraged by the inability to find any position fitted to her training, and that she might have turned to other interests before she got herself placed in a law firm. Personal choice enters in to create an indeterminacy about social processes, although this does not preclude a science of social processes since it is still possible for major social influences to alter the course of history. determinable

For the nisei, there is a moral in these stories. The more numerous their contacts with individuals who might help them, the greater is the probability of their gaining opportunities that are desired.

Gladys visited her mother at Granada about a month ago. Even Granada, which we've always considered one of the quieter centers, according to her story, is very much disturbed over the selective service problem. Said she, "All the issei are strongly opposed to their sons going into the Army. There were twenty people who were removed to Tule Lake while I was there because the boys in the family refused to appear for pre-induction physicals. I didn't like the feeling in camp at all. For instance, the high school students would talk right back at the principal and they showed no respect for him whatsoever. They were to have an election for student body officers, but the students who were nominated for the offices each declined the nomination because they didn't want to assume the responsibilities, and gave one excuse or another to get out. The high school teachers were quite exasperated, and they said that if the students didn't want student body officers, they couldn't have class officers either. That kind of created a problem, because they were planning a Junior-Senior Prom just at the time. Even these high school students argue just like their parents; you can almost hear the parents in the kinds of arguments they use. Some of the boys who will be graduating from high school were saying they'd rather go to Tule Lake than to be drafted; they don't seem to realize what they're saying."

Gladys mentioned that there had been a "Chicago Train", a special coach for evacuees from Granada to Chicago, attached to the main train on one occasion. I had heard of one of these "Jim Crow" cars for resettlers down in Arkansas, but I hadn't heard of one from Granada.

We got off on a discussion of Etas while talking about the characteristics of the region in which she lived down around Modesto, Cal. Gladys said she visited the Delta region of the Lower Sacramento, and was surprised to find little Japanese communities that were so Japanese, they seemed like Japanese villages in Japan. "There used to be a lot of talk about the eta around where I lived. It would come up especially when there was a marriage involved between two individuals who didn't know each other's background, especially if one of them came from a place like Florin which everybody said was an eta village. I hear that even the students at Berkeley, San Francisco J.C., and all the other colleges would spend whole evenings having a bull session about the eta. Everybody used to talk about it. I know because the students would come to my father and mother to ask them about it, and they said they wanted to know because they'd had discussions at the J.S.C. Everybody around our place said that there were a lot of eta in Florin. That was commonly known. In Modesto, people generally contrasted Florin with Livingstone. At Livingstone, the editor of the Japanese-American News in San Francisco, Mr. Abiko, bought some land and suggested that Japanese who wished to develop it might use it. They developed a kind of cooperative community, all Christians, and got along very well."

"Down on the Delta, most of the people were Buddhists, and that's why they were very Japanese. I think you generally find that Christians are much more Americanized than the Buddhists. The parents were awfully strict with their children, wouldn't let them go out dancing or anything, but I know that the kids used to sneak out to dances. When I went to Granada, I felt awfully funny being among all Japanese, but the people from Walnut Grove and other places around the Delta didn't seem to think anything of it. They grew up in schools that were segregated and were always all Japanese, while I went to a school where most of the students were hakujin."

"Now that the people are scattering, though, I think the eta idea won't be very important any more. They're no longer identified with certain communities like Granada. When people relocate to places like Dayton, Milwaukee, and so on, nobody's going to know what the background is, and kids will just get married. I read that article in Harper's which said that Walter Tsukamoto is an eta. I never heard about it before back home. While I was at Granada, a funny thing happened. They wanted butchers to kill cattle, but the W.R.A. couldn't get anybody because the people didn't like to work at butchering or at shoe repairing because they have to handle leather (both of these are traditionally identified as eta occupations). They had to ship the cattle up to Heart Mountain. I guess the people preferred to go without meat rather than butcher."

Gladys is trying to get in the Economic Geography department of the University of Chicago. When she made her application at the Dean of Admissions, they told her that she would first have to get the Army-Navy clearance, which she doesn't have yet. When

she was here before, the University of Chicago declared they would take her, but she was just finishing her B.A. degree at Washington U. and didn't wish to leave there before she got the degree. About January 3, 1944, the Student Relocation Council wired her to go to Chicago immediately because the school had been opened to nisei, but she couldn't leave at the time since they were in the last weeks of the semester. Miss Wickham at the Admissions office told her that they did take about seven or eight nisei students right after they were informed that the University was open to admission of nisei, but they didn't know at the time that clearance was required. Now they've closed down until each applicant has his clearance. Gladys hopes that she can get her clearance in the near future. She plans to work for an M.A. in B.A. or Econ.

Sunday at Home

Because Michi is so busy during the week days that she hardly gets a decent rest, our Sundays now are spent quietly and in just taking things easy. Michi spent some time writing a letter in Japanese to her mother, and then worked on her lessons for Monday for a while. I read the newspapers, and then read for a while out of Myrdahl's study of the Negroes.

Reading Myrdahl, I find so many things about the Negro similar to the situation of the Japanese that I am surprised. Most books on the Negro have not given me quite this impression, principally, I think, because they have presented the problem in local settings. Myrdahl, however, takes the national setting and sees the Negro problem as a part of the problem of America. Viewed in this way, the position of the Negroes is not greatly different from that of Japanese, except that it is more severe.

He speaks of the provincialism of the Negroes, a consequence of the limitations of experience necessarily forced on them by the caste system. The result is that the Negroes, in any intellectual endeavor, seem to treat their problems as Negro problems, and there is a certain unreality about their discussions when they talk about national and international issues apart from the Negro problem. This is exactly the condition among the nisei. My explanation of nisei provincialism has been that they've been too closely dominated by the issei, and that they've never had a chance to get very far from their homes. This is part of the picture. But after reading Myrdahl, I wonder if the caste structure as applied to the nisei doesn't have the same effect as on the Negroes. There has always been a tremendous amount of concern among nisei about the "nisei problem", and discussions whether of labor, party, personality, national elections, draft, etc., have always tended to be discussed as nisei problems among nisei.

War with Japan

Newspaper and magazine accounts of the war now are less optimistic about the length of the war than they were half a year ago. There was a supposition among a majority of even informed writers that the German war would end in 1944, and the Japanese war would require only two or three years beyond that. Now, however, there is a tendency to caution the public against too much optimism about a short war and to offer conservative estimates concerning the length of the war. More writers express doubt today that the German war can be completed within this year, and others speak of the incalculable factors in the Japanese war. To be sure, the victories on the Pacific front with respect to the latter field of operation of recent days has given a considerable boost to American thinking, but the experts are inclined to show the difficulties that still remain to be overcome.

I am inclined to feel that the present pessimism is healthy, as long as it is colored by a certain amount of optimism as it is, for it seems to result in a more realistic view of the developments of the war. There is bound to be a tremendous reaction in the United States as the difficulties of attacking the German defenses on the mainland develop, and the people are yet due to fall into greater despondency about the war than they have given evidence of thus far. As for the Japanese war, the approaches to the island are going to be much more difficult to capture than has been the case thus far. The Japs have been preparing for a "hundred years war" and, knowing their mentality and character, I can see that they are planning to make it plenty tough for anyone to reach them. Unless Russia throws in her weight on the Pacific front, which I regard as doubtful, I feel that the Pacific war may continue on for a minimum of three years after the German war is ended. The technical strength of the Allies is an overwhelmingly important factor, but it's going to be difficult to develop those fronts where this superiority can be effectively used by the Allies.

Under the circumstance, there is no doubt that nisei are sooner or later going to be called into the war, whether they like it or not. Where there is opposition to the nisei draft, there is going to be increasingly severe measures taken by American politicians against the Japanese, and the gains made by those who do enter the war on the side of the Allies, will be largely discounted by the few instances of rebellion.

I expect the resulting dilemma to be something like the following. The American public is likely to take an increasingly bitter view of the Japanese population in their midst, and the propaganda against them is bound to be increasingly hostile. Nisei soldiers who entered the war with the idea of trying to protect Japanese interests in America by their act of enlistment are perhaps going to be confronted with some disillusionment, unless the news policy is directed in such a way as to minimize any growing discontent with the government's treatment of the Japanese.

The coming Presidential election has its part in the nisei and issei question. If Dewey is elected, what kind of view will he hold of the Japanese problem. If Warren is made vice president, which is entirely a possibility if the Republicans win, how will he influence the national view of the Japanese question. There is more at stake for the nisei in the national election than most nisei realize. Roosevelt's understanding of the Japanese problem has been superficial, but he has not been dogmatic in his opposition to the Japanese. The Republicans, on the other hand, have a strong isolationist faction that has been trying to make a racial issue out of the war--constantly prodding the nation to take issue with Japan rather than against Germany, although they give other than race as the reason for their view. Under a Republican regime, it seems, there is bound

to be a less liberal policy adopted on the Japanese question than has been the case under Roosevelt.

There are other signs that portend difficulties for the Japanese. At present, the world of the Allies is all for the Russians because of what they are doing to the Germans; but when the German phase of the war is over, what is going to be the attitude towards the Russians? I suspect there is going to be a rather severe reversal of view about Russians very soon after the end of the German phase of war. When the anti-communist sentiment develops in this country, with it, there will arise an anti-liberal sentiment also. It seems to me that this will be inevitable, for the anti-Communist movement will be led by the most reactionary leaders of this country, but reactionaries don't like progressives and liberals much better.

All in all, I am inclined to a rather pessimistic view of the Japanese situation until the war is over, and, unfortunately, I believe the Japanese war is going to be longer than most of us would care to have it be.

A Movie

Michi and I went to see a movie called Paris After Dark, a picture depicting the Free France movement in Paris. It was of course a melodramatic thing, yet, I can imagine that the lives of those in France today are torn by conflicting ideologies and suppressed by forceful authority as shown in the picture. Watching that picture, I wondered if the lives of nisei weren't quite secure by contrast with the lives of the many who are under Nazi control at present. There is real tragedy in Europe; there is still only pseudo-tragedy in this country.

Watching a movie of the kind, although it's only a second rate picture, one can idealize the struggle for freedom and participate mentally with the people involved in the striving for freedom. Ideally, one feels a part of that whole population that desires all the freedoms. But, when one considers soberly the actual possibilities of a unified struggle for freedom, especially from the standpoint of a nisei or a Negro, the movie strikes one as an escape from reality. In the real situation, there would probably be as much conflict with the minority groups as with the enemy even under these conditions where the enemy is clearly defined.

Ben Yoshioka

Ben dropped into the office today for a short while to chat while he waited for an appointment with one of the men upstairs. We asked him what was doing downtown.

Said he, "Oh, there's nothing much different. One thing, half the staff are leaving. Shirrell left, Ruth Young went to Palo Alto, Mrs. Dry quit to take care of her home, Olson's quitting to take a personnel job at Steven's Hotel, Dougherty's getting a better job at a higher rating in WLB, Keeno is quitting, Grow may quit, though I'm not sure about him; half the crowd will be gone soon. The fellows who will be left are Britton, Moon, who may get a transfer to Washington since his wife is there, Mrs. Izumi, Miss Ross, myself..... It's not going to be the same office. Part of this is only co-incidental, although it's hard to say. They would have gone anyway and it all happened to come together. (Ben refused to commit himself that Shirrell's resignation had changed the attitude of the staff. Nor would he in any way criticize Kennedy, although I suspect that he has some feelings about the change.) I don't think Kennedy will replace all the men. Kendall Smith is quitting his post up at Rockford too. He feels very strongly that the administration pulled off a dirty trick on Shirrell and I guess he'll let them know what he thinks of them. I'm sure he's been very sincere about his desire to help the nisei because he came out only because he felt that camp was no place for nisei, and he said he wanted to do what he could to help them get out of the centers. He's a remarkably liberal minded person though you wouldn't know it just to meet him once or twice. He's done a whale of a good job up in Rockford, and I respect him."

"There's been no changes of policy since Kennedy came in. He's carrying on from where Shirrell left off. One thing, Kennedy is quite interested in getting nisei into labor organizations, particularly the AFL, and I think he's planning to work on that. He was a pretty big man in labor along the West Coast, and I guess he knows the inside ropes in that field. We've also worked out a system of cooperation with the U.S.E.S. There's been a lot of duplication of function between our two offices, but now the policy is to work through the U.S.E.S. in finding employment to a greater degree. It hasn't all been ironed out, because you know what the nisei attitude toward the U.S.E.S. is and we can't just tell them to go over there. If we just send them over, they'll think that we're passing the buck again. However, the U.S.E.S. has assigned two men already to work exclusively on the resettler cases and things may work out. This problem isn't anything new--Shirrell was aware of it and tried to work out something with the U.S.E.S. because of the duplication of function---. Shirrell somehow never got the thing worked out because of some disagreement with them, but Kennedy picked it right up and now they're working out a division of labor. One thing you've got to say about Kennedy, he's an organizer."

"I think Kennedy is somewhat more popular with the nisei than Shirrell was. He knows how to get along with the nisei. Shirrell is a rather blunt fellow, and I think the nisei sometimes didn't understand him. He's the kind of fellow who says what he thinks without mincing words."

"Things aren't as busy around the office now as it was before. You can tell because the secretaries are all caught up. The funny part of it is that we're still getting a lot of requests from the centers for job offers. I don't know who it is in the centers that want to come out--possibly the draft has something to do with it. But there are a lot of people in the centers who are anxious to get out at this time, and the teletype and phone calls are pouring in from the centers. I don't know how this relocation is going to turn out."

"I've been off of interviewing for about two weeks, and I'm glad to get away from it. It's a strain to interview day after day. Right now I'm working on a reorganization of the staff because Kennedy wants some kind of procedure in written form worked up. I'm as busy as ever, busier than anyone else in the office. I'm supposed to be handling Mrs. Dry's personnel job at the same time, since she left and there's no one to take care of it. Any damned fool can take care of that, but it takes up time."

"I've been getting quite a few cases of these irresponsible North Side fellows. I've stuck my neck way out to help them, and I've asked them to remember that I've gotten them the jobs because I feel they'd be responsible, but a number of them have quit on their employers or turned out unsatisfactory for one reason or another. I've let them know that they can't expect help from me any longer. Oh, part of it is due to the general restlessness, the draft, desire for more money, and so on, but there's a lot of just downright irresponsibility too. I don't know how those North Clark Street boys live, but they just seem to gamble, play around, and generally spend money all the time. Some of em talk of saving, but I don't think they have anything left. And I know that most of those fellows don't average much more than thirty-three to thirty-five dollars a month."

Another Sunday

I wondered if this would be another quiet Sunday of sitting around at home taking things easy. We had hardly finished "brunch" when Margie Abe called to ask if we wouldn't care to come over in the evening to visit with some of their friends who were dropping in at their place. They were giving a party for Morris's brother, Harry, who is in the army, and for Margie's sister, Sally, who is visiting from St. Paul where she is in a nurses training school. I was settling down to a little work when Tom Okabe brought Al Morioka in.

Al Gets a Farm

Al Morioka, whom we first met at Tule Lake, comes from Sacramento and was training for dentistry before the war. We got to know him through the Young People's Christian group in which he was quite active, and because Kaz and Nobu, and others like Tom Uyeno and his wife, were Al's friends. In camp, I had heard that Al was extremely bitter about the evacuation because his family had lost everything as a consequence of it and his father and brother had been interned without, what they considered, sufficient cause. I had the impression, in fact, that Al was going to register "No" on the questionnaire on loyalty, but apparently he'd come through since his family left Tule.

When Al visited us last, about one month ago, he had been scouting all around the Middle West--Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa,--for some kind of a farm that he and his friend, Hiroshi Kaneko, could operate. He was anxious to find something very soon for it would be a means of gaining occupational deferment. He told us then, "I've been travelling around quite a bit looking for some decent place to start a farm, but it's pretty hard to find anything because you've got to take account of all the angles. Even if you get a farm, unless the people accept you, there's a lot of trouble ahead because you can't buck a community. You have to be able to sell your products, and get people's cooperation in maintaining the farm. I liked Michigan the best of all the places I saw. The eastern part is no good, but there's one strip of area just east of the lake where the soil is very fertile and there are some very good farms for truck gardening. The haku farmers out there don't know how to farm. Boy, if a group of nihonjin could go in there, they'd clean up because the land is very fertile. It's close to the market too. I'm going to buy myself a station wagon so that I can travel around by car. That's the only way you can get around the country, and I want to go up toward Wisconsin and Minnesota and look around a bit too."

Al didn't buy a station wagon, but he apparently went back to Michigan and closed a deal. He said, "I just got back from Michigan. I'm stopping at the Y Hotel. I rented a forty acre farm up there about a hundred miles from here. It's a beautiful

country; you'll have to come up and visit us. I believe the owner of this land owns a lot of other farms, and he rents them out on a share crop basis. He wants us to grow beets this summer for a cannery contract, and next year maybe we'll go into some cabbage. The soil is very good. I'm only renting the land; it's almost impossible to buy any land now. I didn't have any trouble talking to the owner, and he didn't have any objection to our renting from him. I don't think we'll have any trouble with the people around there either. There are already one or two other Japanese families farming up there, and they seem to get along all right. The people have got to know them, and they've probably become used to seeing Japanese around. Once people get to know you, there's no trouble. They're short on farm labor anyway, so they're glad to get somebody to work the farms for them."

"The trouble comes when too many Japanese go into one place. That happened down in Delaware. I heard that one farmer tried to bring in about thirty nihonjin to work on his farm, and the people around immediately objected. When the Japanese become too noticeable, the people around are bound to object. And you can't get anywhere by antagonizing the people of the community."

"Looking around this country, I've found that there are lots of opportunities for cooperative farming if the nisei would only get together. The hakujin farmers really don't know very much about scientific farming, and if nisei farmers applied their knowledge and ability, they could really clean up. I've talked to a lot of nisei about it, but they're all too individualistic and you can't get them to cooperate. You can tell right away what their attitude is. I mention cooperative farming, and those with any interest and initiative will respond, but most of them find one excuse or another and back away from the suggestion. You have to have initiative to get anywhere in this world, but that's the one thing the nisei seem to lack."

"Hiroshi Kaneko was the only one who took me up on the idea, and we're suppose to go in on this thing together. My brother who's down in Napierville right now is going to join us too. But I don't know what Hiroshi's intentions are. While I was in Michigan, he was here, and now that I'm back, he's out somewhere in Michigan. I haven't seen him for over a month. I gathered that he was uncertain of what to do because of the draft, and, besides, he's looking around for a farm now with his father. I almost rented another farm because I thought Hiroshi was coming in with me, but when he seemed undecided, I decided not to take an extra farm because we wouldn't be able to handle it."

"If things go right, I'd like to expand this farm, because the owner has a lot of unused land right next to our farm. It all depends on how things work out, but there are possibilities there. Ah, the country's beautiful--rolling hills with a lot of clean air and green trees and grass--it's not like Chicago.

"There's a science to farming, but the hakujin farmers don't seem to pay any attention to it. For instance, I saw some farmers pruning in their orchards, and I noticed that they were just cutting without any regard for the growth of the tree. I asked them why they pruned the way they did, but they didn't have any reason for it. Their idea was simply that the tree had to be pruned. But there are certain ways of pruning so that you can get the best fruits out of a tree, and get the most out of them. If you watch a tree during a season, you can tell which branches carry the best fruit. You remember them and try to save those. And then you have to prune so that you get sunshine inside the tree. You take account of the way the sun moves during the season, and the direction of the wind. If you get sunshine in the center of the tree as well as on the outside, you can get some of the finest fruits in the middle. But the hakujin farmers just trim their trees round, and the center is bare of leaves or fruits. Of course, when you trim to get the sun, if you cut too much the sun will scorch the branches, but you have to see that the leaves kind of shade the branches. You can do all that if you know how. Oh, there are all kinds of tricks about farming that you can get only by experience."

"All the Michigan orchards have trees that go straight up with very slender trunks. I don't know whether you thought of it but when the trunk is slender the nutrients won't go up to the branches. That's why you should grow the tree so that the trunk is broad and it will carry the most nutrients up the tree. In order to do that you cut the branches short so that the tree will grow broad. But the hakujin farmers all let their trees grow straight upward. If they knew how to prune their trees they certainly would get some fine fruit up there.

"There are lots of opportunities for the nisei if they'd only look around and see what they could do. You know the thing about democracy is that an individual can develop in the way he wants to without government interference. If he's got initiative and ideas, an individual can get somewhere in a democracy. That's why I don't think I will get in where the government is dictatorial.

"I spent a lot of money traveling around and looking for a farm. You have to be careful of the kind of place you get, because you have to take into consideration a lot of factors when you start a farm. It costs plenty living outside and when I went back to camp and my dad saw my deflated bank account, he wanted to know what I'd been doing all this time. I guess he wondered how I'd used up so much money so fast, but it takes a lot of money and patience to locate a farm.

"My father was pretty bitter when he was interned after the outbreak of war. I had to go down to Santa Fe and argue with him and tell him not to be so stubborn because it wouldn't get him anywhere unless he changed his attitude. When evacuation

came my father lost everything he'd worked to build over 20 years. I couldn't blame him for being stubborn and bitter after that. Still I told him to soft pedal his ideas because we wanted him out and I talked to him quite a bit about it. I guess he thought it over after I left because at the next hearing he managed to get himself cleared. He's with my mother and family in Granada now. You see, at the time evacuation came, we had quite a lot of land under lease. We only owned 50 acres but we were renting quite a bit more. When you're in business, you have to do things on a credit basis. You borrow money and you lend money; that's the way you make things go. We were living in the white zone and the evacuation came very suddenly for us. Immediately after the news got out all his creditors came around to collect from him and threatened him with law suits if he didn't pay up. On the other hand, there was no way of collecting from the people who owed us money. The way things were, no lawyers would take up our case for us. Because the evacuation hit us so suddenly, we couldn't settle our accounts fast enough. We had acres of tomato bushes. They were about so high and we already had round fruits about the size of a dollar. If the evacuation had come two months later everything would have been all right but the way it was, we had to leave it and couldn't stay to harvest. Of course, we had some hakujin take over the farm after us on a contract basis. But he said later on that he couldn't get any help and couldn't harvest the field. He slipped out from under the contract in that way. The crops went to rot and we lost everything. I know that a lot of farmers in the neighboring area lost money that way. There were a lot of people living in ward 5 at Tule Lake who were caught in the same way. And it's possible that the reason they were so bitter was because of this fact.

"I'd like to bring my folks out from the camp but now that they've cut out seasonal leaves, I don't know if it's a good idea. The only thing my father can do is to farm. But there's no work for him in the winter time and he'd have to go back to camp. I'd like to see them out but with the uncertainties right now, I'm not sure what's the best plan. Oh, we've got a little left from what we had before but it wouldn't last very long if all the family were out. My older brother is still down at Crystal City and his wife and children went to join him. I told him to come out too. But he figured that Crystal City was comfortable enough for him and he preferred to stay there. The place is a lot like a relocation center although they've got stricter supervision and things like censorship of mail. I think he ought to come out with his family but there's no use arguing with him.

"When we were still back on the west coast, I had an idea of expanding our business. I figured that we might start a grocery store to sell our own products. We could also have a dairy to produce dairy products and I even thought that we might graze cattle to get out own meat. We would have had a self-sufficient farm. That's the only way to make money now

because you control both the producing and the selling end. For example, if I were starting a restaurant here, I'd try to work it that way. But all those dreams are shot. Oh, I might do it later on if things work out right, but it takes a lot of money and we don't have it now.

"I feel sorry for the people in Tule Lake. Those nisei back there don't seem to realize what they're getting into. They're going to have a hell of a time if they go to Japan and it's not going to be as easy as they think. I was surprised one day at the time of registration when Alice Maeda, Seibo Fujii and another girl tried to tell me that I was a fool for registering. They were trying to tell me what a swell time they were going to have in Japan. There was no use arguing with them because they were convinced that they were right. I was surprised at Seibo because I always thought he was a pretty intelligent fellow. I came out late you remember, just before the Tule Lake riot started last fall. Boy, did the people make it tough for me. They told me I was a fool for going out and they threatened us if we left camp. When I was down at Santa Fe, I talked to some of the men down there and they said the same thing I thought. They said that the issei might be able to take it but that Japan was no place for the nisei. They said I was wise to have left Tule Lake. The men who were interned were the real leaders of the community and they have a broader understanding of what this is all about. It's too bad that they were all interned because the relocation centers might have been different if they had the leadership of these men. When you go to Santa Fe, you can't get inside the camp but you see the people at an interview room. There you can talk to anyone and you're left alone. There were quite a few people in the room talking to the internees when I visited the camp.

"I'm going to start work tomorrow in a steel factory. The farm work doesn't start until May and I've got to make some money in the mean time. The place is somewhere out on Kedzie and I'm supposed to work on the night shift from 5 o'clock. It's going to cost a lot of money living at the 'Y' but it's convenient there because you've got all the facilities like laundry and barbershop. There certainly are a lot of Nihonjin at the 'Y' now and I even noticed quite a few issei around the place. I've seen some of them with their families and children. No, I haven't met any of the girls there; if you talk to them, they look at you as if you were a wolf.

"Oh, I've met girls here and there but I don't think I'll get married. They all run away from me when they see me. Look how thick I'm getting up here (indicating his hair line). My folks are getting worried and they've been writing to me about getting married. Every now and then they ask me about this girl or that and I tell them that I don't like them. They say I'm too particular and I guess I am.

Tom Okabe

Tom, who has been doing research on rubber in one of the plants here in Chicago, received 2-A classification at the request of his boss. Said he, "My boss sent an application to the state selective service board along with several other people working in the laboratory. The Illinois state selective service committee approved a 2-A classification for me, and the local board in Washington automatically granted me the classification. I think that's the way it works. When a state board approves occupational deferment, the local board more or less automatically grants the request. I'll be safe until August 18 anyway, and the boss said that he'd put in another application for deferment for me at least a month ahead of the time the question comes up again."

"I was given my first real assignment at the plant the other day. We've got a sub-contract to turn out some rubber for a company that's doing defense work. The other company has been putting pressure on us because they've got a war contract that has to be fulfilled by a certain date, and I guess they were getting worried about us. They don't know anything about rubber, and I guess they were pretty anxious about our slowness. But last week we got the thing started, and I think tomorrow we'll really get things under way. But the other day, the chief chemist told me that I was going to be responsible for the first batch that was to come out, and told me to go downstairs to supervise it."

"I've found that the theoretical work that you get in college doesn't mean a thing. In the practical situation, all kinds of problems arise that you never consider in the broad theoretical discussions in the classroom, and you can get to know about them only through practical experience. For instance, the other day when I was given the assignment to turn out the first batch, I went downstairs and worked with the men in the factory. Of course, the foremen and workers don't know any chemistry, but they've had a lot of practical experience working on these things, and they have their own ideas. Handling these workers and foremen is a part of the problem of actual production, and you can learn about these things only by experience. The type of rubber we were to turn out that day was something quite new, which the plant had never handled before, and the workers didn't know too much about it either. I really messed up my first assignment. We wasted about eighty pounds of rubber before we finally got the thing going. The trouble was the chief chemist went away on business on that particular day, and I had the whole responsibility for the job. Gee, I really messed things up. We'd tried the thing out on a small scale in the laboratory, but when you do things on a small scale, you have much better control over variable factors and it's easy to do. When we got downstairs, however, everything seemed to go wrong."

"Theoretical work doesn't mean a thing when you get into practical production. You have to anticipate all kinds of problems in production that never crop up in the laboratory. Right now we have a lot of college trained nisei in engineering and scientific research, but it's going to take a little while before they'll be experienced enough to become really full-fledged engineers."

Today, Tom was both a little disheartened and little encouraged by the experience of his first assignment at his shop during the past week. He kept harping over and over on the difference between theoretical training and practical experience, and it was quite evident that he had been considerably impressed by his lesson of the past week. Ever since he took the job at this plant, Tom has been discouraged by the fact that he wasn't getting anywhere very fast since he was given only very routine work that he described as, "something any high school graduate with a little ingenuity could do." Tom's view today was something of a change over his past view of his job. When I asked him, "Don't you think that, apart from any discrimination, a lot of young engineers have to do a great deal of rather routine work before they're given real assignments. That is, if you stick around in a company for a while, they'll give you real jobs to do when they see that you can handle the easier tasks."

Tom replied, "I think that's right. I think any young engineer has to stay with a company for a while so that his boss can find out what his capabilities are. I don't think it's always a matter of discrimination. I realize that I really don't know anything yet about real production, and that I've got a lot to learn by staying at my present job. I think I have opportunities where I am, and the field of rubber and plastics has a future to it."

The Party at Morris Abe's

Walking over to Morris and Marge's place, which is only around the block from our apartment, Michi and I decided that we should leave around ten-thirty so that Michi could get rested up for the week ahead. We didn't anticipate the kind of party that the thing turned out to be.

Morris and Marge moved again to a new apartment during the past month, and this was the first time we were seeing their new place. When they first arrived in Chicago, they stopped at the Brethren Hostel on the West Side. In looking for a place, they hunted around the West Side, and unfortunately found nothing satisfactory. In desperation, they took a place near Garfield Park at about 3300 West Walnut St. in a rather unattractive area. They had only one small room and a very small and narrow room for a kitchen. They had a lot of trouble because of bedbugs, lack of a refrigerator except one to hold ice which constantly overflowed and caused milk smears on the hallway wall below, and several other handicaps

that made of the apartment a very poor living quarter. Shortly after their arrival in Chicago, Marge's pregnancy began to show and she quit work. Being confined at home, Margie was more demoralized than ever although she seemed to complain little to outsiders. She's a sweet girl. However, all during the past summer, Morris and Kumeo hunted for a house or apartment large enough to take their two families. Morris and Marge had to have another place because their landlady would not have a baby around the place, and they wanted a bigger place anyhow. They met with plenty of disappointments in their house hunt, although Morris is a pretty carefree fellow and never seemed entirely downed by his difficulties.

Last fall, they finally moved to an apartment at 5117 South Ellis, around the block from us. They immediately had trouble with bedbugs again, but the apartment was an improvement over the one they had before. When the baby came, however, it immediately was evident that they needed a bigger place. There was only one room, a kitchen, and a bathroom, but not kitchen sink. They had tried to get something bigger, but had failed and had taken the apartment as a compromise. In January, one of the larger apartments in the same building opened up, and the Abe's moved there. They probably stayed at this new apartment only a month or so, when their present apartment opened up, and they moved there.

The new apartment is a decided improvement over what they had before. It's nothing unusual by any means. But they have a large living room into which one enters from the hallway, a good enough kitchen, a bedroom off the kitchen, and a large closet and a large pantry. One thing that must have rejoiced Margie was the frigidaire. She'd suffered all last summer without an electric refrigerator, and this was a decided improvement. They had no bathroom as in their former place, but they have one off their apartment and is used by only a couple of families. I'm sure that Marge's morale has been considerably improved by their new place. She says that the landlady is a very nice person, and they now have a bedroom where the baby can rest undisturbed.

When we arrived, Noboru Honda and his wife, who were visiting from Desplaines, were just leaving. They said they had a long ride back to their home, and they had to get back early since they work from early in the morning. Noboru is an exceptionally intelligent fellow whom we met in Tule Lake, has the poise and appearance of a college trained man, but he never went beyond the eighth grade in grammar school. Kumeo said to us later, "Gee, it's really too bad that Noboru never finished grammar school. Gosh, you'd never know that he wasn't a college graduate. That's what I thought he was. Noboru regrets now that he didn't finish grammar school because he feels he'd like to go to college now, but he can't without a high school diploma. It's too bad because he's really a very capable man."

A Nisei Gathering

Within the next hour or so, between eight-thirty to nine-thirty, about fifteen or twenty people came in. Most of them were from Portland, Harry Abe's friends since the party was for him. As Kumeo said, "I haven't seen as many nisei gathered in one place ~~for~~ in the last three or four months." The living room, as large as it was, was pretty crowded by the time all the people gathered. Morris apparently wanted to do the party in style for his brother, and really called out all his ~~friends~~ friends. I can't remember all the names of the people, but the list was something like the following:

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Morris Abe | 16. Perry Mori |
| 2. Margie Abe | 17. ----- Masuyama (male) |
| 3. Harry Abe | 18. Jack Shiozaki |
| 4. Davis Abe | 19. Mrs. Jack Shiozaki |
| 5. Mae Abe | 20. Mary Lucy Nakamura |
| 6. Sally Kawasaki | 21. George Nakamura |
| 7. Kumeo Yoshinari | 22. ----- Hatamiya (male) |
| 8. Al Morioka | 23. ----- Hara (male) |
| 9. Tom Okabe | 24. Another nisei girl. |
| 10. Rose Okabe | |
| 11. Michiko Miyamoto | |
| 12. Frank Miyamoto | |
| 13. Reiko Asumano | |
| 14. Haru ----- | |
| 15. Rose Katagiri | |

I knew only about half the people present; the others, I met at the party. Most of them were younger than myself, most of them being around twenty-two to twenty-five years of age. The main subject of conversation all evening was concerning the draft. Harry Abe was the only enlisted man present, and he functioned as an advisor to the rest of the people, telling them of the ins and outs in army life. Most of the fellows present seemed primarily concerned to know when they would be drafted so that they might plan their future accordingly.

The Problem of the Draft

Harry, Kumeo and I got into a discussion about the draft. Kum's younger brother is in the same camp with Harry, and they were talking about mutual matters of interest.

Kumeo: "Frank, do you think that this nisei induction is to set the background for removing the exclusion law?"

Myself: "Well, personally, I don't thin there's any direct connection, but I'm sure that Myer has the idea of having the restriction removed.in mind."

Kumeo: "That's the way I figure. When Myer and Glick were in Tule Lake, once, they were saying that they had very strong hopes that the restriction of Japanese from the Pacific Coast might be lifted. In fact, Glick made it pretty plain that they were working on it. I think, though, that a lot of things have kind of

wrecked their plans many times. I remember that it was just before DeWitt made his statement about "Japs a Jap" that the W.R.A. was pretty hopeful about getting the ban lifted. It seems to me that they were planning to have the ban lifted when DeWitt bungled things by making his statement. Unless the government has in mind that they're going to lift the restriction, I don't see any reason why we should be drafted. The local boards back home get the benefit of having us on their quota when we get drafted. Unless the West Coast is opened up to us again, it's as if we were fighting for them rather than for ourselves. I don't mind going in there with the chance of losing my life as long as I'm fighting for something worth while, but I'll be damned if I'm going to take the chance just to make it easy for somebody else."

Myself: "I believe that right now there isn't any constitutional justification for continuing the exclusion of the Japanese from the Pacific Coast, especially of the citizen, and I imagine that if a nisei were to go back there today and start a test case on the question, the Supreme Court would now have to grant that there's no reason for continuing the restriction against the ~~rest~~ exclusion of the Japanese."

Kumao: "There's this Korematsu case coming up. I wonder how that'll come out? Jeez, they'd better let us go back to the West Coast if we get drafted. Otherwise, they'd be pulling the dirtiest kind of a deal on us."

"I haven't received my 1-A classification yet, but I'm going to write to my board in Hood River to find out what my status is. I want to find out before they suddenly send me a notice. Anyway, I want to know where I stand so that I can plan for the future. I've been planning to bring my wife and kids out, but now that the draft is here, I don't know just what I should do. If I'm going to get drafted, there's no sense in having them out right now. Still, I don't want to leave them in camp. I want to go back to camp to talk things over with my brother-in-law, and see if I can't get him and his wife to come out, too. I'm going to ask for a deferment until I can get things straightened out. That's why I'm not intending to have my local board transferred to Chicago. I figure that the people back there know me, and that I'd have a better chance of getting a deferment if I wrote to them than if I talked to people here."

Harry: "I think you guys worry too much about the draft."

Kumao and myself: "It's not that we're worrying about the draft. I don't care whether I get drafted or not. If we have to go we'll go. But I want to know where I stand so that I can plan accordingly."

Myself: "I feel that, as far as the nisei's future in this country is concerned, it would be the wise thing for us to have had some record in the Army."

Kumao: "That's the way I think, too. I feel it's going to be

important to the nisei that they have some kind of service record to show after the war. That's why I want to go into the army when I can get my affairs straightened out so that the family can take care of itself while I'm away. I want to have some ground to stand on after the war, and I figure that if the Caucasians try to discriminate against us, I'll be able to stand right up to them and throw my service record in their face if they say anythings."

"I think that when the nisei get drafted, they ought to protest the exclusion. That's what I plan to do. When a man in uniform says anything, they won't be able to say anything against us. After all, we'll have shown that we're absolutely loyal, and even willing to give our lives for this country if need be. Yeah, I saw that article by the Kent Chief of Police in reply to Jack "ori's letter. The guy's crazy."

Harry: "I think it'll be important that the nisei have some service record behind them. The nisei combat unit in Italy have been getting plenty of publicity, and I think it affects the thinking of the people. A battalion is a pretty small outfit, but the 100th has got almost as much publicity as some divisions do. I don't think the 100th is that good. Even the 442nd has been getting a lot of publicity, but we're not as good as they say we are, at least the way I look at it.

Kumao: "How's the feeling between the mainlanders and the Hawaiians now? Is it still bad?"

Harry: "Oh, it's about as it's always been. The Hawaiians still think the mainlanders have all the non-com positions, and they make it tough for anybody from the mainland whose assigned to boss a bunch of them. That's why a lot of them have turned in their stripes to become buck privates, because it's a lot of responsibility to boss guys around, and it's no fun unless you can get the guys to cooperate with you. It's the Hawaiians who always bring up the difference. We never think about it unless they mention it, but they're conscious as hell of the sectional difference. It gets us, though, when we go into ~~the~~ town sometimes. The people ask us what outfit we belong to, and we tell them we're from the 442nd. Then they ask us right away, "Oh, you're Hawaiians." The Hawaiians get all the credit for everything, and the mainlanders haven't had a break once. It'll be different when the mainlanders are drafted into service. That's why all the mainland fellows who are in there now want to stay over and join the next cadre. It'll be different when they come in."

"One thing, I don't think this segregated outfit is a good thing. They talk about the publicity value of having all the nisei in one unit, ~~but~~ and they say it'll make more friends of the nisei that way. But I don't think that's right. It would be a lot better if the nisei could fight side by side with the hakujin, pal around them, and go through hell and fire with them. That's the way lasting friendships are made and it's the way real impressions on the Caucasians are made. It's all right to get publicity for the 100th or the 442nd, but people will

forget all about it as soon as the war's over, and there won't be any lasting effect of having fought on the same side. It's when the nisei mix in with the Caucasians, and the latter get a chance to really know the nisei, know that they're good fighters, that the real value of publicity will come in."

"I heard that they started a petition in Hunt for the chance for nisei to join non-segregated units, but I don't know what happened to that. The nisei really ought to start in petitioning for a chance to get into mixed units. The segregated unit isn't going any too well down there in Shelby, and it would be a damned good thing if we could get a lot of nisei mixed in with the other soldiers. Of course, now that they've got the 100th over in Italy, there's got to be some training units over here so that they'll have replacements. If they could work out some system so that they'd have a few going into the segregated units for ~~the~~ replacement, and let the rest go in just like anybody else, that would be the best plan."

Kumee: "How's Mike Masaoka making out down there? He had a chance to get a desk job in Washington, with a rating of a captain, but he turned that down, you know."

Harry: "What? You mean to tell me he turned down a captain's rating just because he was afraid of what other people might think of him. What a damn fool. God, oh'll bet he's sorry now. He'd do a lot more good out there in Washington than he's doing in Shelby. He's only a publicity man down there; just another soldier. Boy, that fellow can talk, and he knows how to get around, but down in Shelby, he's just wasted. I don't say that I agree with everything the J.A.C.L. has done, but I think they've done more for the good of the nisei than most nisei will admit. Masaoka could do a lot if he were out where he could meet the important guys and impress them with the need to give the nisei a chance."

Kumee: "I guess there are a couple of Lt. Colonels among nisei now. One of them is the civil engineer from Colorado, a fellow named Hirata isn't it, who helped build the Alcan Highway. He's supposed to be a whizz. There's this Dr. Ueyama. I guess there will be a couple of ~~majors~~ nisei colnells coming out of this war."

I was impressed by several points in this conversation concerning the draft. (1) The most obvious fact is the concern shown by Kumee of finding out where he stands in the draft classification. Most of those present at the party were fatalistically willing to go to the Army if they were drafted, although there were some signs of attempting to get out of it if possible. However, the most important question to most of them was regarding the time the draft would affect them. This is perhaps natural, for without knowing the future, there is no possibility of planning for it. Especially in the case of evacuees, the uncertainty of the draft is a difficult matter, for without families stably situated somewhere, the alternatives are of sending family members back to camp if they can't support them-

selves; or of getting into some occupation that will enable them to remain out of the Army long enough to establish their families on the outside. (2) More important was the discussion brought up by Harry concerning the advisability of nisei petitioning for a non-segregated induction of the nisei. Presented with the conviction of a man who had been serving in a segregated unit, his argument that the segregated unit, for all the publicity it gains, doesn't do as much for nisei relations with Caucasians carries plenty of weight. Logically, too, I think he's quite correct. It's certain that the publicity of today will be largely lost in the shifting scenes of events by the time the end of the war arrives. What will remain will be the memories of individual Caucasian soldiers of men whom they fought with and lived with. If the nisei were to fight side by side with the hakujin, it would certainly establish that kind of relationship which is most likely to prove a lasting one. I have thus far had a vague sense of the ineptitude of the segregated unit, and yet have been unable to crystallize my arguments against it, but now I feel that I see more clearly the issue involved. (3) This brings out another point extremely important in this discussion, namely, the influence of individual opinions upon others when circulated in discussions of this kind. Especially is the influence of the opinions of enlisted men upon the rest of the resettlers of outstanding interest. When it comes to matters of army life, it is the enlisted nisei who is in a position to advise others, and the influence which their opinion has upon the nisei now faced with the draft must be considerable. The nisei soldiers at Shelby must carry on discussions about all these matters which are discussed on the outside, and if there is any uniformity of opinion which the nisei soldiers bring from Shelby, we may suppose that there would be a certain uniformity of opinion about the opinions circulated among the nisei out here. This is the source of a crystallization of opinion among nisei resettler groups. It would be interesting to know the extent of uniformity which there is in the opinion that the nisei should be inducted into non-segregated units. If a considerable discussion of this sort takes place, one might expect a development of an opinion among nisei that they'd be willing to be inducted if they fight in non-segregated units, but not otherwise. (4) There is naturally an interest in the possibility of advancement, and there is a tendency to look up to, or rather envy, those who gain commissioned ranks. Here is another element that enters into the future meaning of status among nisei. The fellows who gain rankings of colonel, or medals for distinction in service, will probably gain a certain amount of status in the nisei world of the future which they didn't enjoy before.

Kumao: "If I get drafted, the thing I'd like to do is to have my wife and the family join up with some other fellow's family when he gets drafted. Nobody can live on a soldier's allowance, but if several people could get together, I think they could make it without working for their living."

Mary Lucy Nakamura mentioned that Gordon Hirabayashi is now engaged to Floyd Schmoie's daughter. Mary Lucy works in a beauty shop on South Wabash, and works all day Saturday so that she's pretty well all in by Sunday. She and George Nakamura are engaged, and everybody was asking George when he was planning to get married. George kept evading the question, "Hell, I don't know. With the draft coming up I can't think of such questions. After the war it's going to be eleven to one, and there's no sense in my making one happy now, if I can make eleven happy later." Of course, he was kidding.

I later talked to George Nakamura, and he told me of his experiences in getting a job. "It's almost a year and a half ago since I came out. I stayed for a very short while in camp at Minidoka, and then I went out on a seasonal to a sugar beet plant in Idaho. That was seasonal work and I wasn't getting anywhere so I decided I'd get an indefinite leave and go out to Mt. Calumet near Lansing, Michigan. I was supposed to have a good job lined up for myself there, but when I got there I found that the people of the community didn't like the Japanese so I decided to quit that job and come to Chicago."

"When I first came here, there weren't very many nisei in Chicago, and the people didn't know the nisei. They didn't know what to make of the nisei, and it was kind of queer hunting for a job because they had all kinds of queer notions about us. I started working in one shop as a machinist where they promised me 65¢ an hour to start and a raise of 5¢ an hour each month for three months. After that it was to be all on my own, depending on what I could do. Well, after I'd been there for a couple of week, they boosted my wages to 80¢ an hour right away, and pretty soon they kept raising my wages until I was getting \$1.15 an hour. I was getting along all right, but then I heard of a proposition at General Motors, and after talking to the people there, they promised me a better job than the one I had, so I signed up with them. When I started work though, I found out that they weren't going to give me what they'd promised, so I decided that I wouldn't work for them."

"When I tried to get my release from them, though, they wouldn't give it to me, and I was stuck with the company. The only way I could get out was by getting into higher defense. I finally found the job I'm working at now; it's a 100% defense factory turning out parts for army jeeps, and I've been getting \$1.75 an hour there."

"There were about five or six nisei working there, but all but three of us got canned by the F.B.I. I work on the night shift; I go on around 11:00 at night and work straight through till morning. One night I went on at the regular time and just got started working when some F.B.I. men came around and said they wanted to talk to me, so they took me away to their office. Jeez, they kept me there from about 1:30 in the morning until 3:00 o'clock the next afternoon, and they wouldn't even give me any food. They just kept grilling me with questions, and I

got so hungry I thought I was going to keel over. You see, my father used to be an army officer in Japan, and I guess that was one reason they were suspicious of me and made it tough for me. Another thing, my brother went over to Japan and came back only a little before the outbreak of war, so they were awfully suspicious of my connections. But my brother volunteered for the army, and that was one thing which really saved me. It certainly made it easy for me to explain his position because he'd volunteered. I think that was one thing really in my favor. Anyway, they kept harping on the same questions over and over, and I answered them as best I could."

"They finally let me go and said that was all, so I went back home, rested, and went back to work the next evening. I thought the grilling was all over, but that next night, those F.B.I. men turned up again and said they wanted to see me. They gave me another grilling until about three o'clock the next afternoon. I guess they were trying to see if they could cross me up. Well, after that they didn't bother me at all and I haven't had any trouble staying on there. Two other guys got a grilling like that, but they got turned out. I don't know what made the difference, but I guess I was lucky."

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The others were playing games in the meantime while I was holding the conversation with George Nakamura. The punch had been spiked, and I was red as were some of the others. I hadn't realized what was in the drink, although I thought there was a touch of bourbon in the grape fruit juice, and had been drinking several glasses of the stuff. Everybody got to kidding each other about the drinks.

Margie brought out a large cake with a frosting decoration that read, "Good Luck, Sarge", and we toasted the good health of Sergeant Harry Abe. Kuneo, as he invariably does, pulled a boner saying, "If you come back, Harry, we'll give you another party like this one."

The party broke up about 12:00.

Michi and I felt that the party must have been quite a strain on Margie, for she has to take care of the baby as well as to entertain all the guests that Morris brings around. Our opinion of Morris ~~is~~ is, "He's a nice fellow and very friendly, but I'm afraid he's not as thoughtful about Margie's welfare as he might be." Michi told me an interesting thing before we turned in while we were discussing the party. Said she, "You know, I had a funny feeling when I saw all those nisei coming in, especially when the Shiozaki group came in. They looked like typical Tuleans. When I looked around and saw all the nisei faces, I thought to myself, 'What's the idea of all these Japs getting together like this.' And then the next thought that occurred to me was, 'What am I saying. After all,

I'm a Jap myself." But I had a kind of feeling at first as if I were looking at the group as an outsider, and it seemed to me that these kids weren't~~nt~~ awfully Japanese. It seemed odd to see so many Japanese faces all at once. I don't think it's a good idea for so many nisei to get together in one place. I couldn't blame the hakujin for calling us Japs if we stick so much among ourselves. When all the Japanese faces are put together, they seem like a group apart from the rest of the people."

Kibei Loyalty

I dropped in at Tamie's yesterday afternoon to look over her Poston material, and to see what I could do in the way of boosting her morale. I didn't think there was a great deal that needed to be done along that line after seeing how she had organized her work. She's got all the material at hand, although she's constantly talking about the gaps which she has to fill with "X's" aid, and she has already written thirty-five pages according to what she says. One thing that interested me was that she kept saying she didn't like to come to our office because everybody down here is always working so furiously as if we were turning out quantities of stuff. She admitted she couldn't work under such circumstance because she'd feel she had to be turning out things at the same rate.

Tamie made some observations on the kibeis who drop in at her place that were quite interesting. Said she, "It's a funny thing, but three months ago these kibeis would never have dreamed of going to Camp Savage to join the intelligence corp to fight on the Pacific front. They're so strongly pro-Japan that I'm surprised they ever got out of camp, and that they're not in Tule Lake. But now that the draft has come, they've completely changed their position. They're all talking of going to Savage. There's one kibeis fellow who comes around who is a graduate of a Japanese university, a person with intellectual interests such as in Chinese poetry and Japanese literature. I've never liked him and don't care to have him around because he's so violently militaristic and is strongly pro-Japanese in everything he says. The other day he dropped in to announce that he'd received his draft re-classification and told me that he was thinking of going to Savage. A couple of months ago, that was the last thought that would have occurred to him. So I said to him, 'But don't you realize you'll have to go to the South Pacific if you go to Savage, whereas if you went down to Shelby, you'd be sure of going to Europe instead.' He replied that he'd thought of all that, but he said his chances of getting killed on the European front in the combat team would be far greater than in the South Pacific as an interpreter. As the latter, he expected to take things more or less easy instead of having to carry a gun around and kill people."

Tamie continued, "Most of the kibeis who drop in at my place are now talking in that way. I was quite surprised because they've been so bitter about the treatment they've received. To hear them talk, I couldn't understand how they could have gotten out of camp. They're no different from the kibeis who were sent to Tule Lake."

It occurred to me immediately that, if what Tamie said were true, the kibeis apparently have the least national identity of any of the Japanese generations in this country. Their main concern is apparently to save their own skin at any cost.

I remarked to Tamie, "That's very interesting. I hadn't suspected this changing sentiment among the kibeis out here. What you say gives me the idea that the kibeis have very little sense of a real national identity with either the United States or Japan. Would you agree with me?"

She answered, "Yes, I would say that's so. I would say that they don't feel any strong loyalty to either Japan or the United States. (Here Tamie is referring, of course, to the type of kibeis of the group she knows. The generalization would not hold throughout the group.) Their main concern seems to be to save their own skin. They speak violently against the idea of fighting against Japan, and yet the moment the draft creates the possibility that they might have to fight on the Italian front and take the chance of getting killed, they turn right around on their own words. They're very opportunistic."

"Of course, they're also wondering whether they should go to Tule Lake instead of being taken by the army. These fellows are very bitter about being drafted. They talk about the injustices of the evacuation and of the mistreatment they received in the centers. They feel they've contributed enough to the country already without having to serve in the army. There's a nisei who visits me, too, who goes with this group. He was one of those shot at Manzanar during the December 6 riots. He's very bitter about the draft because he feels that the army had no right to shoot at them. He's talking about going to Tule Lake instead of into the army, but I don't know what they'll do."

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I was a little surprised to hear about the ease with which the kibeis change their views on their willingness or unwillingness to fight against Japan. Yet, when I recall some of the things that have happened among them, I am inclined to believe that what Tamie says is essentially true. Tamie told us once that these same kibeis were extremely disdainful of those who were teaching in the Japanese language school at the University of Chicago. They talked as if all these nihonjin who cooperated with the army were inus, and added, "It's only the scum of the Japanese who are teaching at the university. The best teachers are mostly in the centers. There are several graduates of the Tokyo Imperial University still in the centers, but they wouldn't even dream of teaching for the Army. The most capable kibeis and isseis are staying out of the training programs, and it's the scum of the kibeis, and a bunch of ignorant niseis, who are cooperating in these Japanese language programs."

But very few of these fellows are willing to undergo incarceration for unwillingness to cooperate with the Army. Or if there is a chance of getting killed on the battle front, they would try to flee from it. I suspect that these same kibeis, if they were now given a chance to teach in the Japanese language programs at \$175 a month with some assurance that they would get occupational deferment, they would jump at the chance.

A large number of the kibeï who went to Tule Lake, I suspect, are of the same variety. To be sure, they were probably carried away by the collective fervor of the moment when segregation was announced, but underlying it was probably an initial willingness to go that was rooted in individual self interest.

The point is, these kibeï are not essentially cowards. They are probably no more or less cowardly than the average people of Japan or the United States. Yet many of them are those who fled from Japan at the time of the Sino-Japanese war when they were subject to military induction if they remained there, and they are now trying to avoid the draft in this country. It shows a degree of irresponsibility that is not characteristic of the general population.

I believe it is in the nature of the Kibeï's experience, and his citizenship position, that this behavior arises. The kibeï have an escape to either country, by virtue of his birth in one and his training in the other, that is not open to the rest of the population. The kibeï is a group that has been kicked around in both countries to a certain extent--at least, adjustments have not been entirely happy---, and no strong sense of obligation or attachment to either country has been created. The nisei face similar difficulties, but insofar as they have never experienced Japan, they are, in the main, inclined to accept their future in this country. There is not the line of escape that is open to the Kibeï. Even though the kibeï may not be cowards, then, they are faced with a great temptation to slide out in either direction, and their inclination to accept these ways out make them appear irresponsible, cowards, etc.

Of the three generations, Issei, Kibeï, and Nisei, I am inclined to believe that the kibeï are the most confused. I had thought this to be the case before the war. But in the centers, they gave such a vigorous demonstration of a pro-Japanese attitude that I was fooled into believing that they were a group more certain of themselves than the nisei. The recent evidence of their willy-nilly changes regarding their attitude about fighting against Japan, however, brings me back to the original proposition: that the kibeï are the most confused of all the groups. They have never sunk their roots deeply in any country. They have, to a large degree, built up a career of shifting their loyalty from nation to nation according to the opportunities offered them, and they cannot easily remold these habits achieved in the past. In a way, they are the most pitiable group, for they have no collective identification with any large group, and they are thrown back completely on individual self interest. Being placed outside the main social streams, they are made to feel the meanness of a life that is strictly self-seeking.

Harold Inamoto

When I came home from Jack Miyahara's place this evening, (CH-14) Harold Inamoto was around. He'd dropped around the evening before when we were out, and left a message with mother that he'd dropped in to inquire about Japanese dictionaries. From mother's description, I had a little trouble identifying who it was that had come around for I hadn't expected to see Harold around our place.

By the time I got there, Michi had showed Harold the dictionaries we had around our place, and suggested to him that he write to the Harvard Press if he wanted a similar dictionary. He has a new job with the Gas Institute (he is a chemical engineer) and was assigned the job of translating a Japanese scientific journal that had an article of interest to the company. There was one word that he couldn't read, so as soon as Michi showed him the dictionary, he rushed to it and found the word.

While Michi went back to her work, which was interrupted when Harold dropped in, we sat around and talked for a while. He wanted to know what I was doing, and I told him of the nature of our research. Perhaps it was because he felt obligated for having bothered us, but he immediately began to tell some things of interest about himself, giving a kind of brief interview. If I thought that Harold would talk freely, I would try to line him up for an interview, but despite his obvious desire to cooperate this evening, he talks with reservation and with difficulty, and I'm sure that I would have to probe him with a surgical knife to get any real story out of him. What he said, however, is of some interest.

"I'm from Los Angeles, but I went to university in Berkeley. At the time the war broke out, I was taking some work in chem. engineering up at the University of Washington. That's how I got to know Tom Okabe and Chihiro Kikuchi. I got a fellowship up there, and that's how I happened to go there. Right up until that last day of voluntary evacuation, I wasn't sure whether I should go back to Los Angeles to rejoin my family, or come out east to continue my studies. My roommate, a kibe from Canada, wanted to go east, and he urged me to go with him. I don't think I would have gone unless he was going too. We made up our minds at the last minute, packed all our belongings right away, and left on the Saturday before the crufew came."

"We came out to Minneapolis hoping to get into the University of Minnesota. When I went to the registrars, they told me that I would have to wait about a month until the next meeting of the board of regents of the university because the policy concerning students of Japanese ancestry had not yet been determined. I was rather discouraged by that. At the same time, my roommate, the kibe fellow who had come out with me, suddenly became ill and the doctor told him that he would have to have an operation. I think he got a rectal abscess, or something like

that. He decided that he would go back to the Pacific Coast to get his operation, and started packing right away. I was so discouraged by everything that I almost decided to go back to my family too. I wasn't sure I could get into the university, and I'd landed there with only fifty dollars. I was worried and discouraged."

"I'm sure I wouldn't have stayed if it hadn't been for a hakujin student that I got to know. His name was Fred Linðstrom, a Lutheran fellow whom I got to know during the short time we'd been there. When he heard about my troubles, he told me that I should move in with his family since they had plenty of room, and that I wouldn't have to worry about food, rent, or anything because they could take care of all that. I wasn't sure, but he insisted that I should move in that same day, so I went to live at their place. Fred's family was very kind to me, and I'll never forget what they did for me. I'm sure that if it hadn't been for him, I wouldn't have had the courage to stay out here and continue my work towards a graduate degree."

"While I was still in Minnesota, Chihiro Kikuchi came through with the idea of going to the University of Cincinnati. I went along with him, and we roomed together at the Memorial Dorm in a room on the top floor that he told you about. I later made an application to the Illinois Institute of Technology, and when they accepted me, I came up here. I've all but finished my work toward the master's degree, and as I write up my thesis, for which I already have the material, I'll get the degree."

"I got the present job a few weeks ago when the Gas Institute learned that I could read Japanese and was qualified to do the work of translating the Japanese journal for them. I don't know how long the work will last, but right now I'm translating this certain article. They have a library of all the foreign works dealing with problems of their interest, and there are quite a few Japanese material there, so I may be able to stay at it for a while. This present article has to do with ceramic materials which are used in gas ranges."

"I learned Japanese by myself, mostly. I've never been in Japan. I attended a Japanese language school for eight years, but after I finished that school, I later became interested in learning the language by myself. I really worked hard at it for about one year, and got pretty fair at it. I think anybody can learn the language if he really applies himself. Of course, the eight years of work at the school probably gave me the basis for learning, but I learned twice as much after I left the school and studied on my own."

Since he seemed to be in a talkative mood, for him, I quizzed him about one or two things about which he seemed ready to give his opinion. Said he, "I think there's a slight difference in the attitudes of those who came out voluntarily, and those who came out from the relocation centers." I was interested in this view, and quizzed him further.

Harold said in elaborating, "I think the people who came out voluntarily came out with a purpose. Most of them had some definite reason for evacuating voluntarily, but a lot of those from the centers just came out to be outside the centers. At least, in my own case, I had a definite reason for coming out here. I wanted to finish school, and that was the goal which I kept in mind. I think the people who voluntarily evacuated are less uncertain than a lot of the evacuees from the centers because they have their purposes in mind. They know what they're working towards, and they seem less uncertain and unhappy."

I raised a question as to whether such things as the draft didn't affect all these groups and upset their equanimity. He replied, "I guess that's so. I can only speak for my own case. Right now, the Gas Institute says they will get an occupational deferment for me. That was a part of the understanding on the basis of which I took the job. I haven't heard anything yet, but I imagine that they will be able to get the deferment for me."

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Analysis

There are two points that particularly interest me in this discussion. (1) Harold's willingness to evacuate voluntarily only because his friend wanted to go out too and urged Harold to join him, as well as Harold's decision to remain in Minneapolis after his kibel friend left only because the newly made Caucasian acquaintance gave him moral support, indicate the degree to which individual decisions are influenced among evacuees by the attitudes of their fellows. (2) One selective factor in voluntary migration that distinguishes that group from the later resettlers from the centers is that the former had definite goals in migrating eastward that the latter resettlers do not have. These are two very interesting hunches that might be worth following up.

(1) I have had numerous evidence of the influence which companions have upon individual decisions, and this was especially true during the period of individual indecision and confusion prior to evacuation. That people were very suggestible during that time is indicated in the numerous rumors which had widespread currency in the Japanese communities ~~at the time~~. Apart from the influence of such collective phenomena as rumors, however, there was probably a large amount of influence bearing upon ~~the~~ persons which emanated from their immediate friends. There was no time to meditate upon problems, and yet there was need to make important decisions. I can recall that Michi and I almost evacuated voluntarily under the strong urging of Dr. Steiner and others. Chihiro Kikuchi left only because of the manner in which Bob OBrien urged him to go. All these instances further indicate that there is a tendency for people, in moments of indecision, to seek out the advice of those who are assumed to know something about the situation and prospects, and who

presumably can do something about it.

This sort of thing applies not only to the period of pre-evacuation, but in any situation where important decisions are being made by individuals. There is evidence that decisions to migrate (relocate) set up such crisis situations. Among immigrants from Japan, I have found evidence that individual persons could not bring themselves to migrate to the United States, but when their friends expressed interest in migrating, the individuals would group themselves in twos and threes to come over. The same sort of thing is happening in the case of relocation from the centers, though obviously not in all cases. The draft at present sets up such a crisis, but the possibility of the influence of friends is cut short by the impossibility of anybody except the government doing anything about it.

(2) I am not entirely sure that Harold's hypothesis concerning voluntary evacuees, that they had a definite purpose and therefore that they are less unstable and uncertain, necessarily holds. I think it is true that many of them had a somewhat more definite purpose than the average resettler from the centers. At least, it is undoubtedly true to say that those who had no purpose at all did not voluntarily evacuate. There were no zoot suiters and yogores in the earlier migrant groups. However, I suspect that all the groups are equally affected by uncertainty at present because of such things as the draft which makes no distinction between voluntary evacuees and resettlers from the centers.

In a broader sense, however, his comments concerning the importance of "purpose" in maintaining stability and morale among resettlers, I believe, forms a valid observation. It is where individuals find their lives ~~planned~~ planless that they seem most confused and insecure. Actually, individual planning is a relative matter, for no one is in a position to say that he has an objective and he is going to achieve it come hell or high ~~heaven~~ water. Under the uncertainties of the present, individuals necessarily make goals with definite qualifications (crossed fingers) in mind. The question arises, therefore, as to the difference between stable individuals and unstable ones in the nature of the goals which they set up and the planning for the achievement of the goal which they do. There is no doubt that differences of personality and personal philosophy, as in the degree of pessimism, irritability, rebelliousness, ambitiousness, idealism, persistence, etc., have an important influence in determining the difference in the stability of individuals who are attempting to achieve goals.

Shig's Birthday

Today was Shig's birthday. He's now twenty seven. Michi, mother and May have been planning a party for him during the past week, and for the past two or three days mother has been coming over to call one of the others of us out to discuss the proposed party. With her, parties (birthday) should be a matter of surprise and so she doesn't want Shig to know what's going on, although, of course, he actually knows exactly what's going on. We have a good laugh at mother's expense.

Some Japanese families in America don't celebrate birthday parties. It isn't a part of Japanese tradition to do so, and the parents apparently regard it as unessential. On the other hand, I think that in this country, there is a certain enjoyment and value that derives from such parties. It is another of those occasions that serve to reinforce family bonds, and in the case of Japanese immigrant families, it is the type of family celebration that may be substituted for the many Japanese family customs that have been dropped in migration. I would say that it is frequently the immigrant Japanese families with the weakest family bonds which ignore events of this kind. We may not assume that the relationship is causal, but certainly there is a correlation, if what I say is true, between the maintaining of family conventions and family solidarity.

Hypothesis: "Japanese families with strong family solidarity typically maintain family conventions, whether Japanese or American traditions, more than those lacking family solidarity."

In the case of both the Miyamotos and Moritas, we have birthday parties for every member of the family, and now that our two families are joined, it seems that we have a party for someone almost every month. There are constant gift exchanges. Because Fumiko is in Boulder, and the parents are still at Minidoka, we send our gifts to them by mail. My brother-in-law, Kaz, didn't used to think much of birthday parties, or at least it was a little difficult at first to draw him into the spirit of the thing. He is issei. He would leave the gift buying entirely up to Nobu, and the party was generally only another party to him. Of recent years, however, I notice that he really enjoys the birthdays, and he sneaks out occasionally to get his own gifts for the other members instead of leaving the matter to Nobu. For instance, he used to let Nobu buy her own gifts formerly, but she was surprised at the last birthday party because Kaz turned up with something that he'd bought for her himself.

The question arose as to whether we should invite Hanaye Ichiyasu, who is Shig's teaching partner at the language school, because she'd invited Shig to dinner at her home and has generally been friendly toward him. Michi and I decided, however, that Shig might not appreciate this too much since he would have to take her home, and he doesn't care that much for Hanaye. "If

she were pretty and Shig were really interested in her.....," we said, and let the matter drop. This noon, however, Shig brought a gift home which he received from her. This was unexpected. If it should be the case that Hanaye was getting interested in Shig, inviting her to the birthday party would only involve Shig deeper in an affair with her. One party would lead to another in exchange; there would be dates following them. Shig doesn't want to get committed, but he decided that since she gave him a gift, the only right thing to do was to invite her to the party. Fortunately, from his standpoint, she was engaged for the evening with some Shelby boys that were visiting, and couldn't make the party when he asked her in the afternoon. Shig will take Hanaye to some eating place for dinner, and then possibly a play, to return his obligation.

Michi splurged and bought a great big roast for the dinner. It turned out very well and mother, May, Michi, Shig and I sat down to a fine feast. As usual, we used the kitchen table bringing it into the living room for the festivity.

Just as we had fairly started on the dinner, the bell rang for May and she had to go to the front door to see who it was. It turned out to be our cousin, Nasuo Hashiguchi, and his friend George Hayakawa. May used to work for George's father, and they are old friends of the family since they went to the same Japanese church in Seattle with my folks. Both Nasuo and George had been attending the University of Cincinnati in Cincinnati, but recently they took their pre-induction physical and were told to report at a Kentucky camp for induction near the end of this month. Nasuo and George are returning to Minidoka for a five day visit with their parents. Nasuo's younger brother, Hachiro, also received his pre-induction physical back at camp, and he is due to go into the army even before Nasuo.

We were glad to see them, but their coming disrupted the party. May asked Nasuo whether they'd eaten yet, and he said they had. It was around seven o'clock in the evening. Later she asked again, "Are you sure you've eaten," and George Hayakawa, who is much more aggressive than Natch, replied, "No, we haven't had dinner yet." They'd come directly from the WRA where they'd inquired of the means of getting out to our place. They were at May's apartment, and she had thought they might wait there if they had eaten already, but when we heard that they hadn't had dinner, we had a busy few minutes setting up two more places for them.

The Draft

Neither Nasuo nor George received their 1-A classification, but they received their pre-induction physical notice about the first week of this month. Mrs. Hashiguchi is a cousin of my mother, and they were always rather close in Seattle. Mother felt rather badly that Nasuo's mother was to lose her two youngest boys to the army. Of course, every time someone whom

she knows is inducted, it starts her wondering when I'll be next. She dreads the day that I shall have to go into the army, although I know that she'll take it like a good scout when it actually comes. She's learned to take things pretty well.

Nasuo spent three years in a high school in Japan, and he hopes he knows enough so that he may get a teaching position at Savage. "Of course, I've forgotten a lot of my Japanese," he admitted, "although I could pick it up quickly enough once I got into it." Nothing was said of the matter, but I'm sure that Nasuo doesn't relish the idea of fighting on the Pacific front, even as an interpreter. If he goes to Savage, he would want to do so only as a teacher. The reason is that two of his brothers are in Japan, and Shugo, with whom I practically grew up, is of an age that he might be in military service. Nasuo would be particularly restrained by his parents from fighting on the Pacific front. It may be that his three years in Japan also has built up sentiments toward Japan that would make it difficult for him to fight against Japan.

Now, there is a perplexing problem for issei parents. If their sons fight on the European front, the chances of getting killed are apparently greater than on the Pacific. Yet, if they fight on the Pacific front, they may be opposed to relatives and friends.

George's father is dead, and there is the problem of what to do with his mother who will be left somewhat alone in camp. I believe there are one or two children still with her. They also have daughters who have relocated. It may fall on the latter to take care of her when the boys are inducted.

George: "I don't like the idea of going into the segregated unit. I wrote the war department asking them whether I could join the air force, just to see what would happen. I wrote the letter addressed to Secretary of War Stimson. Some Colonel answered the letter and he said that under the present regulations it would not be possible for the air force to induct nisei into their units, but he suggested that I inquire about the Japanese combat unit at Shelby. What the hell."

Shig: "Hees, and then they talk about there being no segregation of Japanese in the Army. Why do they print such stuff in the newspapers anyway when everyone knows darn well that there is segregation. The Irrigator quotes Stafford as saying that there is no intention of segregation by the army and that the nisei are being inducted on the same basis as everyone else, but what is the present policy if it isn't segregation. Christ, they ask you to fight for democracy, and then they segregate you in the army. I don't get it."

"I'd like it a lot better if they'd admit that there is segregation. We know all about what's going on. They must think we're damned fools to print the kind of propaganda they put in the newspapers."

George: "They'll be taking all the nisei fellows pretty soon. When you get your pre-induction physical, that means you're practically in the army right away."

Shig: "Nasuo, you're still got a little way to go before you get your B.A. don't you. What field was it in?"

Nasuo: "I'm in chemistry. The same old stuff. God, I guess I'll never get my degree now. I'm twenty-seven, and I'll be an old man by the time I get back from the army."

May: "How long is the war going to last anyway?" (She constantly asks this question)

Myself: (jokingly) "Maybe four, maybe five. No use worrying about it, it'll be a long time anyway."

George: (dogmatically) "The War? It'll be longer than that. It's going to last a long time."

Nasuo: (quietly but with assurance) "Oh, yeah. It's going to last a long, long time." (In Nasuo's case, I'm sure he's influenced in his view by his father and his issei brother.) (personally, I disagree. I don't think the Japanese war will last as long as they think, though it will be long enough.)

May: "Gosh, I wish this whole thing were over. What good does it do?"

George: "I heard that the first man to land on Guadalcanal was a nisei lieutenant."

Myself: "Is that a story that's going around among the nisei in Cincinnati?"

George: "No, I heard this from the hakujin foreman where I worked at. I don't know whether it's true or not, but he seemed to believe it. He said it was absolutely true because he'd heard it from one of the soldiers who was there. I didn't argue with him as long as it wasn't anything bad about the nisei."

Myself: "No, the story's all right whether it's true or not, as long as they didn't say that the nisei was the last one to land."

Shig: "Or that they didn't go there at all." (Chorus of "yeses" and agreement)

Myself: "How is Cincinnati? Did you like the city? How is the WRA down there?"

George: "Cincinnati's all right. It's not a big city and its kind of old, but after you get to know it, it's all right. They're mostly Germans down there. The WRA in Cincinnati is all right too. They've been doing a good job in that city."

Selective Migration of Yogores

Charlie mentioned that another yogore, George Urabe, joined Blackie and Endo, the two fellows whom he's been interviewing. George is apparently the "pal" in Cleveland that Blackie has been talking about going to see, but George turned the table and has come to live with Blackie and Endo because he found that Cleveland was too dead. It seems he expects to find more life and interest in Chicago, and I suspect he will.

Which suggests an interesting point, that Chicago is likely to become the center of all the riffraff among nisei resettlers of the whole Middle West and the East. Zoot suiters and yogores can't steer an individual course and be happy; they always seek out their 'bunch' wherever they go, for they need the 'bunch' to make life interesting for them. Because of the specialized type of life they lead and the group they represent, their associations in society are necessarily limited. It isn't easy for them to find their own kind in every burg and town. I rather doubt that the zoot suit and yogore nisei can be found in any appreciable numbers in places like St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and even Minneapolis and Detroit. And if they are scattered in any degree at present, I would even venture the guess that they will increasingly seek their way to Chicago. In the West Coast cities, it was a characteristic of these types that they invariably were attracted to the Li'l Tokios. They didn't operate in the non-Japanese sections of the city regardless of how disorganized and bizarrely interesting the other areas might be.

There is gradually but surely evolving a kind of Japanese town in the Near North Side District. There is where the yogores may be expected to flock. I suspect the pattern of life they will develop in Chicago will be much the same as those by which they lived formerly. They'll hang around the cheap hotels and popular restaurants of the district, make the rounds of the whore houses, find their favorite gambling places, possibly pimp for some white prostitute, etc. If a Japanese community forms, they will form the disorganized stratum of the society, as they did in the communities before the war.

Toshiko Sekiya: Problem of the Lonesome Girl

I've frequently mentioned the problem which Toshiko has because she wants to be socially accepted and yet is so lacking in social personality that she can't make friends and is pitifully unhappy here. One thing to her advantage, she has an unreasonably stubborn will and is not the overly sensitive withdrawing type, so she can take more maladjustment than many other nisei girls can. Ever since she moved into the apartment below, she's been something of a pest to mother and May because she likes to come and visit so often and so long. Since we've been old friends of the Sekiyas, their being from the same part of Japan as mother, it's not possible to merely dismiss the girl.

Toshiko is now twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age. She was five years in Japan, making her a kibeï, and has many Japanese qualities although she came back to America when she was about thirteen and has been able to rid herself of many of these traits over the period since elapsed. But there is something stubbornly resistant about her personality; she lacks the flexibility to adjust easily to social situations. She is quite dark for a girl, but she could be attractive if she knew how to fix herself up. However, she lacks style and the sort of thing the fellows would regard as appeal. She has little of interest to other people to talk about, few original and interesting ideas of things to do that would bring response from others, and for all her stubbornness is quite dependent on others for leadership in action. She is typically the type among nisei girls in Chicago who are the most unhappy, because she not only is unable to make friends among the fellows, but she is unable to make girl friends.

During the past two weeks ever since her brother received a notice of draft re-classification, Toshiko has seemed especially low in spirits, and at the same time has become more of a pest than ever by visiting mother and May almost every other evening. Last night, May was extremely tired from the day's work, and wanted to get to bed around ~~twen~~ ten o'clock. She has to get up at six-thirty in the morning. But Toshiko just sat there talking. May says she gave her all kinds of hints that she wanted Toshiko to leave, by yawning, pulling down the roll away bed, and even making some preparations for retiring. Toshiko didn't even seem to be aware of the hints. This has been the case almost every night that Toshiko has visited. Apparently she so hungers for social contacts that she doesn't want to give up conversations even when others are hinting broadly that she's not wanted.

May said, "I feel sorry for her because she seems quite worried about a lot of things. I don't know exactly what's on her mind, but I think she's wondering what she'll do when Wataru, her brother, gets drafted. It seems that her mother wrote her a rather sad letter from Minidoka after they heard that Wataru might have to go. One son's already in the army, and I guess they don't want to let the younger one go. Toshiko's worried about a lot of things. She's afraid to lose her brothers in the war for one thing. But she also seems to be troubled as to what to do alone here if Wataru gets drafted. She's getting only \$22.50 a week, but that's not enough to keep up the apartment she and her brother has right now. She didn't say so, but I think that's one thing that bothers her. Then, too, she's lonely enough as it is, and I think she's afraid to be left alone out here without any of her family members."

"Toshiko's apparently written to her folks telling them to come out here to Chicago. She says, what if the boys should lose their hands or become disabled in some way, they couldn't be counted on to support the family. That's why she wants her father

and mother to come out and start some kind of business (dye work and cleaning at which her father made considerable money at one time). It seems that her father hasn't been able to get any work in Minidoka since they were transferred there, and Toshiko is afraid that they'll use up all the money living there without doing anything. (The family is quite well off financially, but is rather frugal.) She feels that after the war's over, it's going to be awfully hard to start anything. Another thing, she said to me that in her family they've really never had a home because both her mother and father have always spent their time making money and they haven't had much chance to really live as a family. Toshiko wants her folks to come out so that they can really have a home. They tell her to come back to Minidoka if she doesn't like it out here, but she feels that camp isn't home--"after all, you don't anything there." She's right of course. I think she feels rather strongly that her folks haven't given the children a chance to live a home like life. I said to her, "But, after all, out here all that you can find would be an apartment like us." But she says, "Well, it doesn't matter even if it is only an apartment. At least you can make a home of it, but you can't do that in those barracks back there at camp."

"Toshiko told me that ever since she was two years old, her mother and father have left her in other people's care while they went to work, and she feels they've really never had a home. When she was about eight years old, she and her brothers were sent to Japan to live with their grandparents. She told me once that her father wouldn't let them have birthday parties because he felt that they were unnecessary extravagances. It's that sort of thing that Toshiko misses, I'm sure."

The WRA Office

I went down to the WRA office to see what progress was being made on our card files. I found that Clara and Louise have just about finished work on the intake file, and is almost ready to start work on the ~~registration notices~~ departure notices.

Our desk, which was formerly in the back room of the office, has now been moved to the front right in the bull pen. The large vacant office space in the back of the WRA has now been taken over by some other agency and has been walled off. There is a large sitting room in the front, (bull pen) which is walled off from the rest of the office.

Louise tells me that the past two days have been extremely busy ones for the WRA and that the sitting room has generally been a swarming nest of evacuees waiting for interviews with the WRA personnel. She remarked, "I've overheard some of these young fellows talking among themselves, and they talk about high wages and of not accepting any job that doesn't pay well. Still they want a job that doesn't require more than eight hours work."

I judge that there must have been four or five issei out of every ten who came in. They are not the young issei either. Most of them look to be over fifty, and some are over sixty, I'm sure. It's difficult to judge the background of these people, but I get the impression that they are not of the type that were city entrepreneurs before the war. Most of them address the reception desk girl in Japanese, and I imagine some of them must have difficulty talking to the Caucasian personnel.

Al Morioka

I ran into Al at the WRA office. I got there early in the afternoon, and for most of the afternoon, he was sitting in the waiting room, waiting I knew not for what. When I saw him a week and a half ago just after he got back from arranging for the lease of a farm in Michigan, he was all pepped up to work in Chicago until May when he would go up to start work on the farm. Today his tune was entirely different.

Said Al, "I'm working out in Melrose Park at the nursery now. I quit the job at the machine shop after one day's work. I just received a letter from my folks in Granada and they want me to go to Washington (Walla Walla) to work on a seed farm. My brother's already gone out there, and they want me to give up the idea of farming out here. They even sent me the money for train fare. The idea, of course, is that they don't want to see me go into the army, and they figure a farm job will keep me out. I don't want to go out to Washington. I don't know just exactly what I ought to do. I guess the job out there's all right, and I suppose I ought to be able to get occupational deferment although I don't know about that. Anyway, I'm thinking of going back to Granada to talk things over with my folks and decide after that what I should do. The folks want me to go to Washington, and I owe it to them to go."

Al isn't the smoothest speaker in the world, and sometimes it's a little difficult to understand what he's saying. But I felt that he was particularly incoherent today, and that he's somehow confused in his own thinking. He was certainly a very uncertain young man today. It was as if he were thinking out loud to me, expressing all his confusion in his speech. For instance, I couldn't understand why a farm job in Walla Walla, Washington would be any more draft deferrable than one in Michigan, especially since he would be managing his own farm in Michigan. Moreover, I couldn't make out whether he had given up the idea of farming in Michigan. I couldn't understand his objection to going to Washington if it were a good job. Finally, in one breath he says that he's not sure what he wants to do, yet in another he says he feels he owes it to his folks to go to Washington. Some of these questions cleared themselves when I talked to him later on the way home since he was going in the same direction.

Al said, "You know, about that farm deal up in Michigan, it's all off. I just got a letter from the owner of the farm yesterday saying that the deal was off, but he didn't give me a single bit of reason for calling the deal off. I can't understand it, and I'm writing to find out what it's all about. I would have gone ahead with that farm if I could have hung on to it. Of course, now that Hiroshi Kaneko might go into the army, and my brother has gone to Washington instead of coming in with me on the farm, it would have been awfully difficult to get farm labor. But I would have gone ahead with it somehow. I've been trying to find out what it was that caused the owner to change his mind. I was all set to go up there, and I even sent up some of my stuff up there already." I'm at least going to find out what happened."

"We had a discussion over at Jacoby's the other night. Father Dai is in town and is staying with Harry Mayeda over there. Yoshimi Shibata was there, and we all sat around having quite a discussion. Father Dai is still prospecting for farm openings for evacuees in the centers. Yoshimi made a very neat little analysis of the problem of share cropping in this region. He pointed out that it's not worth the risk to grow produce crop on a share basis out here, and that it's better to grow corn like the rest of the farmers. In the first place, you'd be trying something new in growing truck crop on farms that have always grown corn, and you have that initial risk to contend with. Then, too, experiment has shown that truck crops when successful give a return of only two times what you would get out of corn. Truck crops are a risk in any case, and the question is whether or not it's worth the risk to grow truck crops on a share crop basis. Yoshimi pointed out that it wasn't. (I assume the analysis means that the profits from share-crop farming are relatively small, and that it isn't worth the risk of growing truck crops for the small returns that would be offered the share-crop farmer. If the farmer owned the farm himself, the situation would be different, for although he assumes the same risk, if he is successful in growing his truck crop, he will be doubly compensated for the risk. Share-crop farming is about the only type available to evacuee farmers out here.)

"Yoshimi says that the only type of farming suitable to resettlers in this region is working for the gentleman farmer. They're the ones who own factories and other interests, and are willing to finance a group like the resettlers in growing whatever they're capable of producing."

Here is an area of resettler adjustment that we don't know very much about. Yoshimi Shibata's discussion brings in the element of calculation (rationalization in the economic sense) into resettler adjustments. I suppose calculation and rationalization enter into all migratory group adjustments, but here it comes out in clear cut form. If Yoshimi is correct, we may expect that resettler farmers who attempt share-crop truck farming will fail; on the other hand, those who use the peculiar characteristics of the Caucasian gentlemen farmers will succeed. If this should happen, we may get a generation of nisei farmers who work for Caucasian gentlemen farmers, and play a particular role in the Mid-West farming economy. But whether Yoshimi is right or wrong, he is introducing an element of calculation with regard to the future that helps to determine the future. Of course, if experience indicates to him that he is wrong, he will undoubtedly change his mind and reformulate his policy for success; unless he is flexible enough to change, he'll be driven under by competition.

The calculating individual is an interesting character, for he often leads the way to those who are less calculating than himself. Perhaps, calculating individuals ~~will~~ fail as frequently as they succeed, but the failures are inconsequential except as indications of what not to do, and all eyes are on those who succeed.

Al continued, "Of course, the basic trouble is the uncertainty of the draft. I'd try farming if I knew that I wouldn't be drafted, but I don't want to invest a lot of money and then lose it all when I'm drafted. Perhaps I'll end up in Washington working on the seed farm. I'm going back to the center to talk it over with my folks. I don't think there's much chance for farming here. I've found that out after five months of looking around. The farms are all pretty small. And they're pretty well occupied right now. Elsewhere, like in Colorado and Idaho, the Japanese are able to buy farms, but you can't do that here. It's pretty hard to buck the set-up and I've decided to give it up."

"I've got to talk to Hiroshi tonight. He and I bought a truck thinking we'd go in together on the Michigan farm, but we won't need it now. I guess I'll drive it back to Washington and sell it out there."

Al was obviously irritated by the crowds we encountered at five o'clock in the evening. "This is what I don't like about the city," he said. I asked him about the job he quit in the machine shop. "Oh, that. I just couldn't stand the dust and smoke, and the noise of all those machines all around me. I quit after working there one night."

Al was studying dentistry before evacuation, and at Tule Lake he was working as one of the assistant dentists. I asked him, "What are the chances of your studying dentistry again?" Said he in reply, "Well, I don't know about dentistry. I'm not sure I'll continue that field. After the war, Japanese professionals are going to have a hard time. If you work at it for a long time, perhaps you can build up a clientele, but it's going to be hard for nihonjin to compete with hakuji for hakuji customers. And there aren't enough nihonjin around to keep a dentist or doctor busy. I rather doubt that I'll follow up the profession."

Harry Mayeda

I ran into Harry down at the WRA. I hadn't seen him since he went out to Topaz, Heart Mountain and Minidoka to recruit workers for the Curtiss Candy Co. farm at Marengo. Harry remarked, "I was quite successful on the trip. I've got quite a few people lined up for the work, and we'll be starting about April 15th. I'm still interviewing some of the people interested in working at Marengo." It was evident from the number of issei and nisei coming in to see Harry that quite a few are interested in farm work at Marengo. They are apparently expanding that unit quite a bit and hiring large numbers of Japanese farm hands.

Mr. Curtiss is one of those "gentlemen farmers" that Yoshimi talked about.

Granada

Al remarked, "I was talking to one of the fellows who just came out from Granada. He says that the conditions in the center are now worse than at the time of the registration. Apparently there is quite a rebellion going on over the issue of military service."

Yoshimi Shibata on Tule Lake Registration

"I would say that the reign of terror lasted about a month in Ward V. I was living in Block 47, and blocks all around us were hostile to registration. The block manager, Nakagawa, and I went around urging the young people in our block not to oppose the registration, and I think we were effective in preventing an open opposition to registration in our block. But the people of Blocks 42, 44 and 48 were very strongly against registration, especially after the Army came in and picked up all the kids in 42. It was a pretty tough spot to be in. I'm mighty glad to be out of that situation now."

"After the Army picked up the boys of Block 42, the agitators in Ward V worked up a petition decalring that the people of Ward V would not register. They wanted all the people in the ward to sign the petition. Nakagawa and I had been working quietly in our block to keep the young people from joining up with these people so the agitators weren't getting anywhere in our block. Several of those tough guys came around to my place one evening to put the pressure on me. They threatened me and said that if I didn't keep out of the affair, that they'd get me. They said they didn't care what attitude I held on the subject, but they didn't want me to interfere with their ideas. They gave me the usual line, you know, about working for the welfare of the Japanese people and all that, and that the people of Yamato blood had to stick together--that sort of thing. They didn't have anything on either Nakagawa or myself and they couldn't blame us with anything specific, but I thought they'd really come after us sooner or later."

"I never realized until I went through that experience that when you're threatened in that way and you're paralyzed with fear, that it takes all the fight out of a person. It wasn't that I was afraid for myself alone, but it involved all the members of the family, and friends. When they attacked the Ohmuras, they went after the whole family, including the daughters. When you're afraid in that way, I tell you, it takes all the fight out of a person."

"We organized a goon squad among the young people of our block. Boy, we were already for anything that might happen. We had it all worked out so that if anything happened to any single person of our group, everyone else was to run out and try to get one person of the attacking gang. We planned it so that we'd get one person, even though we didn't get the others. It didn't matter whether everyone else got away as long as we fixed one fellow out of the gang so that he'd have to go to the hospital. That was our plan. We figured that if we got one guy, we could find out about all the rest of them. It was likely that the first person they would go after would be Nakagawa, so we had his door fixed up so that two fellows of the attacking gang might get in, but after that the door would be slam shut by a rope that would pull the door in. We had

fellows planted in his apartment so that if we got only two or three fellows in there, we'd beat the devil out of them. You know, we had a lot of innocent looking socks hanging along the wall. They were filled with nuts and bolts, and if any of those guys came around, we were going to slam them over their heads. We had signals worked out so that we could call each other."

"When it's a matter of your life against theirs, you don't care what happens but you're out to take care of yourself. When those gangsters came to see me, that's what I told them. I told them that if they ever came around to try to beat me up, it was going to be them or me."

"All the trouble started in Block 42. There was one fellow there who was agitating for the young people of the block not to register. He was on the Planning Board, and he was later picked up. (I asked if that man were Abe, and Yoshimi said it was.) He went around agitating all through the ward. There were other agitators in our ward who were organized to prevent the people from registering. I don't think they would have gotten anywhere, but when the Army picked up all those boys in Block 42, and the people saw the kids being shoved into trucks with a lot of soldiers with guns, bayonets and machine guns standing around, the people saw red. There wasn't any controlling them after that, and any leader who opposed registration could get the people to follow him. Most of the agitators were gamblers and professional tough guys. Their tactic was to throw fear into the people. They went around threatening anybody who didn't agree with them and silenced them."

"There was one man in our block who was agitating with the rest of the men in Ward V, but he wasn't getting anywhere because of the opposition of the young people in our block. He'd tried to get all of us to sign the petition refusing to cooperate with the registration, but none of us would sign. Finally, he called a meeting to have the people talk the thing over, and we went innocently. When we got in, we found that all the agitators from the blocks around us, Blocks 42, 44 and 48, had come into the messhall, and then a bunch of kibe walked in and stood at all the doorways. I can tell you it was plenty tense. They'd prepared a petition for the block people to sign, and said that we sign or else..... All of us had to sign with that kind of opposition against us. But Nakagawa, the block manager, wrote in at the top of the petition 'This petition is being sponsored by the following leaders of ~~Block~~ Ward V,' and then wrote in the names of all the heads of the agitating group. The leaders didn't see what Nakagawa had written until most of us were out of the people were out of the meeting, and then when they saw it they said, "Who in the hell wrote this in," but it was too late. They couldn't use the petition to present to the administration because it would have been evidence of coercion. I guess Nakagawa dis-

guised his writing. They never caught him anyway."

(I asked what role Nimura played as an agitator.) "Well, Nimura went around urging people not to register, all right, but I think most of the people in the ward felt that he was mostly a loud mouth and didn't pay too much attention to him. He said a lot though, and that's why he was picked up. (Nimura was a very intelligent fellow, in my estimation, and had a brilliant manner of speech. He knew how to appeal to the sentiments of the people, had a keen sense for twisting things around so as to catch people's sentiments. There were few issei speakers in the project who carried as much verbal appeal as he. However, in this instance all his talk only made him seem ridiculous for he carried none of the power that the gangsters possessed. The gangsters' appeals, though they might be crude and forthright, carried with them the threat of danger to any who opposed them. This was much more effective.) There was one man in Block 48 who was really dangerous, and he got picked up later. It was these other fellows who were causing most of the trouble in Ward V. I think it was the fellows around Blocks 48, 47, and so on who were responsible for Hashida's beating."

"For about a month the atmosphere in our blocks was extremely tense. People would walk into the messhall at lunch periods, just sit down over their meals and eat as quickly as possible, and then leave. No one said anything, and everyone eyed each other with distrust. Everyone was suspicious of everyone else; there wasn't a person they could trust. It was the awfulest feeling."

"It was an interesting experience, but I wouldn't care to go through it again."

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Certain tactics of agitation brought out in Yoshimi's observations are interesting. (1) Nimura was considered merely a "loudmouth" although he was one of the most effective issei speakers in the project. Nimura undoubtedly played his part in agitation, but it was a lesser role compared to that of the professional gangsters. The latter were people unafraid to use force and violence to gain agreement with their view, while Nimura was a family man who was somewhat cautious about such extreme action. Hence, it was the agitator with power behind him who was the most effective during this period. (2) Spreading fear was the tactic of the agitators. When the agitators lack physical power, they must use appeal and verbal subtlety to gain a following. Force and violence, therefore, must be accounted a part of the tactic of agitation during registration. (3) Shibata declares that when he was really fearful for the welfare of his family and friends as well as himself, he lost fight. This was true of many others. There was not a sufficiently strong group to oppose the gangsters, and under threats from the latter, the situation seemed hopeless.

(4) The administrative error of arresting the boys of Block 42 is now clearer than ever to me. Obviously, where threats and coercion were being used to oppose a registration which was being conducted in a democratic manner, it was clearly necessary to apply some force to stop such coercion. While the gangsters had physical power, it was nothing as compared to that held by the administration. But it was a question of where that power should be applied. Physical force should have been used to arrest the agitators, and not the youths who were following the agitators. This was the crucial error made by the administration. In the eyes of the people of Ward V, there would have been some justice to the "agitators" being apprehended by the army, and it would have not disturbed the people too much had they been picked up, but the apprehension of the boys, who had families and friends, throughout ward V, was sufficient to crystallize the attitude of all the people against the administration and army. Even if the administration had not known who was responsible for the agitation in Ward V, they should have taken the trouble to find out rather than taking the drastic step of arresting the youths. It was a question of arresting the people who were responsible for the opposition to registration, and not of arresting those who were merely the by-products of the agitation. Also, the arrest of the boys while the agitators were still at large was just the situation suited to the agitators to do their worst business.

Sunday at Home

We took things easy in the morning, and got up late. As usual, we sat around reading the Sunday papers and listening to the symphonies. Michi promised Chiyeko Matsuoka that we would go to hear Rev. Jitsuo Matsuoka at the Baptist Church tonight, and since I was interested in seeing the nisei gathering that is said to take place there every Sunday evening, we were planning on going. However, about four in the afternoon, a heavy snowstorm started and we decided that it wasn't worth it to go on a day like this. We tried to get in touch with Chiyeko to tell her that we thought it wise to call off the promised visit to the church, but couldn't get in touch with her.

Shibata and Al Morioka

Just as we were having dinner about 6:00 in the evening, our doorbell rang and Michi ran out thinking it might be a phone call from Chiyeko. She came back with Yoshimi Shibata and Al Morioka in train. They had started out late in the afternoon from Melrose Park where Yoshimi runs a nursery and Al works with him. It takes them two hours and a half to get out to the South Side from their home. A 11 who is always ready to eat and has a big appetite, looked hungry so Michi fixed up sandwiches, tea and later served cake. We were wondering if Chiyeko would show up, but she didn't so we settled down to an evening of conversation.

Nisei in the army

Yoshimi's brother is in the army, or rather, serving as an interpreter with the Marine Corps. He went through Savage and has been stationed in the South Pacific for over a year now. Yoshimi received a letter recently from his brother, and although there was no way of knowing definitely where his brother had written from, the description of action seemed to show conclusive evidence of his having participated in the Tarawa invasion. Said Yoshimi, "Of course, we don't like to believe it, but everything seems to point to the fact that he was at Tarawa." Yoshimi told us of some of the descriptions in his brother's letter.

"My brother describes the invasion of some island that he participated in with the Marines. There were ten nisei interpreters with him, and each one has an officer assigned to him to protect him from Marines who get "trigger happy". I guess it's too see that nothing happens to them in general, or that they don't fall into enemy hands. They need the interpreters badly and there's a shortage of them so that they get maximum protection. I hear there are nisei all over the Pacific Front, in India, Australia, Hawaii, and so on. All the rest of the men are transported by ships, but the nisei interpreters are flown across on air transports, and some of them are even brought to scenes of action on submarines and fast destroyers.

"The army is so badly in need of translators that when they make an invasion of an island, the translators aren't supposed to be landed while the bullets are flying around, but my brother wrote that when they landed on their island, they were constantly being strafed. When the army is under attack, the translators are supposed to be the first ones removed from the fighting areas. They constantly have one man to guard each one of the translators. The one thing they have to watch for is some Marine who gets "trigger happy". My brother says that he was sleeping on a hammock one day when someone took a shot at him and the bullet landed in the tree next to him. He rolled out of the hammock and into a foxhole, and he said he stayed there all day. He thought it was some Jap sniper, but it turned out to be a "trigger happy" Marine."

"They carry a carbine rifle, but it's only for protection. My brother writes that he does most of his fighting with the dictionary. As soon as a unit lands and picks up signs and documents, the boys have to start translating, and the faster they translate the better. One time he had to talk to a prisoner who was captured. He wrote that after he got through questioning the prisoner, the prisoner was interested to know what nationality my brother was. He told the prisoner he was ~~Japanese~~ American. Then the other fellow asked where his homeland was. I guess my brother didn't tell him much."

"But generally speaking, it seems that these nisei fellows have very little feeling about fighting the Japanese. He wrote that at first he wondered how he would feel when they made an attack on Japanese forces, but when he saw the bodies piled up after their attack on the island, he had no feeling whatsoever of attachment to the Japanese soldiers. When it's a matter of warfare, they're the enemy and that's all there is to it. On the other hand, my brother writes that when one of their own group gets killed, it's an entirely different feeling. One moment, the soldier may be talking to him, and then a short while later some body else carries him in all covered in a blanket. He says you get an entirely different feeling about your friends under such circumstances. He says too that these Marines are really first class fighters. Although the issei talk about how much superior the Japanese soldiers are, he says the Marines are plenty good and know how to take care of themselves. The Japanese soldiers are apparently ferocious and fanatical fighters, but the Marines take advantage of Japanese fanaticism because they wait for them to come out as they inevitably do. The Japanese soldiers make charge after charge and the Marines just wait for them and mow them down."

"He said that some of the night fighting is about the worst thing he's ever experienced. The Japanese soldiers come out fighting at night, and the Marines are told to remain quietly in their foxholes. The Japanese come out yelling

and screaming. Of course, you can't tell who's who in the darkness, and there's the possibility that one of the Japanese might attack you in the foxhole at any minute. Then those bombers come overhead and drop bombs all over the beach. You lie in the foxhole, and he ways you can even hear the click of the bomb bay as it opens and shuts again. And the bombs always look as if they're headed right for the place where you are. I guess it's a terrible sensation."

"He found that the Japanese prisoners are surprised at the kind of treatment they get. When the Japanese soldiers are cleaned up after an attack, the Marines dig graves for them. Some of the Japanese prisoners were surprised to see such treatment of their dead comrades. They thought the haku jin would be barbarians. They're often grateful for the treatment that's given them."

Nisei Draft

As usual, the conversation turned to the draft status of the various members present. Said, Al, "Yeah, I guess I'll be going to work on the seed farm in Walla Walla, Washington. The folks want to have me work on the farm because they hope it'll get me deferred." He said the last with some show of embarrassment. Al probably feels that he ought not to be running away from the thing, and yet there is quite a bit of parental pressure to keep him out of the army.

Yoshimi doesn't know what his status is yet. "I'M not going to find out either, because you might as well let sleeping dogs lie. It might get them started if I enquire." But the uncertainty of the draft seems to have all the fellows somewhat stumped in starting new plans.

Most of the fellows agree that if they get drafted, they would prefer to go to Savage rather than to Shelby. However, they say that Savage is raising its standards because there are so many applications from the boys that Shelby that they can afford to raise their standards. Paul Sakai who was fighting on the North African front is now at Savage also.

Farm Prospects

Al looked all over the mid-west areas for farm prospects. I asked Yoshimi whether he had looked around because he had talked as if he had. Al said, "Say, Yoshimi's been around probably more than any other nisei, at least in this section." Yoshimi elaborated, "I've been looking around ever since October of last year. I went around to the Campbell Soup Company to see if they would be interested in organizing farms with Japanese labor. They were interested at first. You see, the Campbell company has generally followed a policy that they wouldn't compete with the farmers who contract with them, but since the war, the farmers have found that they can make more on the open market and the Campbell Company has had some trouble getting their needed produce. I told them that if

they would provide the farm, equipment, and cost of production, we could provide the management and labor. At first the fellow was interested, but when I went around to see him later, he said he couldn't see their company putting up the money and going to the trouble of finding farms, etc., in order to put some Japanese to work. We never got anywhere with the deal, although the proposition is still open. I've gone all over trying to work out propositions of all kinds, but none of them have worked out. But it's pretty hard to find anything now. In fact, it's almost impossible."

"Last week, three of us went down to Toledo, Ohio. There's a fellow down there who has about three thousand acres that aren't doing anything. I went down there and brought along with me ~~like~~ two fellows who operated big farms in California. One fellow operated and managed three thousand acres, the other fellow was managing eight hundred acres. We had plenty of power in our arguments. We told him just how we would go about organizing the farm. He wanted to know where we'd get the equipment. We told him we'd bring it along. He wanted to know where we'd get the labor. We said we had plenty of labor. He asked if we knew how to grow the crops, and we told him we wouldn't be looking around if we didn't. He seemed agreeable enough then, and quite interested in the proposition. He thought we might start out with about 600 acres. But later he went around to find out what the people of the community thought. They told him that if the Japs came in and worked on his farms, they'd own the farms within three years. That scared him out and he wouldn't follow through on the proposition. That's the way it's gone every time. They're interested at first, but they get scared out by one thing or another."

"It's almost impossible to find any unoccupied land, and where you try to work for somebody else, they're afraid of taking Japanese labor for one reason or another. One of the biggest reasons seems to be that they're afraid the Japanese will take over the farms sooner or later if they're hired to work the land."

Tom Okabe commented, "Well, I would say there was some justification for their fear. Isn't it the intention of the Japanese to get a foothold on the land so that they can own what they operate. (No one said anything to this, which was practically an agreement.) That's the only reason the Japanese are interested in farming. They're not out to work for somebody else."

The discussion went on in this ~~same~~ vein. The two chief difficulties in starting farms right now are: (1) the uncertainties in connection with the draft, and (2) the impossibility of getting any land to work. Yoshimi says he's looked all over the mid-west approaching all manner of people in the hope of getting something started, but hasn't had any success. Said he, "The way I look at it, the only way we can get started is to organize into a corporation. If you have ten nisei together

in a farm corporation, the chances are that not all ten of them would be drafted. At least ~~four~~ three or four of them are likely to be deferred, and you need only one good man to keep the thing going. Furthermore, if we can get six or eight hundred acres, each man could be given one-tenth of it ~~as~~ his responsibility. The equipment could be owned in common. Any one or two fellows who don't fall into line could be controlled by the others because no single individual would own a majority stock and everyone would have a voting voice. If one or two of them find they can't make a go of it, they could be compensated on some percentage basis, and someone else could be found to replace him. I believe the syndicate is the only possibility for the nisei to start farming, and I don't see how else the thing could be handled."

"If the nisei can't get started in farming now, I don't see what possibility he will have of starting anything after the war. This is the time to start, but with the draft and everything else, there doesn't seem to be any way in which to break in. I feel that the situation looks awfully dark for the nisei."

A Nisei Joke

Yoshimi told a nisei joke. The story went, "A nisei one day boarded a street car and sat down. He noticed that one of the hakujin seated nearby kept staring at him. Presently the other individual stood up and came over to ask him, 'Do you mind telling me what nationality you are?' The nisei replied, 'I'm a nisei.' The hakujin said, 'Oh, yes, of course,' and went back to his seat and sat down. Presently, the fellow again came over to ask, 'What nationality did you say you were?' The reply was, 'A nisei,' and the other, dissatisfied, persisted, 'But what group are you descended from?' Said the nisei, 'Oh, I'm a descendant of an issei.' The hakujin was apparently still puzzled, but accepted the answer. Presently, he came back a third time, and asked, 'Say, where do the issei come from?' The nisei replied a third time very candidly, 'The issei are a people who live on an island off the coast of Asia.' The hakujin said, 'Now I understand,' and seemingly satisfied went about his own business."

A True Story

Yoshimi followed with another story which he alleged was true. "A yogore was riding on an El when he noticed that a man across the aisle kept staring at him with an unfriendly look. For a while the yogore didn't pay any attention, but as he was ready to get off, he found himself rather irritated by the others concentrated glare, so he leaned over at the other fellow and asked, 'Say, do I owe you anything?' and walked off the car."

Race and Status

Michi and I were walking home from school for lunch when we encountered a young Caucasian girl loitering near the Navy Training School dorm on Greenwood. We've seen her loitering around there before talking to the sailors who crane out of their dorm windows to shout at every girl who comes by. Michi remarked, "I guess that girl's out to hustle up business for herself." She couldn't be more than eighteen, but she's not attractive. She's built as husky as an ox, she's painted up like a street girl, and she has the crude and unintelligent look of a moron. All in all, she reminds me of an Indian girl named Ruth who used to come by the men's bunkhouse up in the Alaska cannery where I worked to attract the men. Michi further commented after we'd walked some distance, "Isn't it too bad that girls have to be that way. I'd much rather be a normal Japanese girl than a hakujin girl like that. I agreed and added, without thinking, "Yes, it would be even better than being a to be a normal Negro girl than to be something like that." Which might have merely indicated my rational recognition of the difficult status of the Negroes or might have indicated something of prejudice on my part.

Zoot Suiters

Michi went downtown the other day and was disgusted by a nisei couple who boarded the El on University at the same time she did. Michi related, "I was riding downtown on the El today when I noticed that all the people around me were staring at something in the front part of the car. I looked to see what they were staring at and I saw this nisei couple. The fellow was a zoot-suiter with a long haircut and terribly sloppy appearance, and the girl was equally sloppy. The worst of it was that they were practically necking right in front over everybody. The girl would lean over like this (demonstrates) and talk to the fellow, and it looked like they were necking with each other. She could have been a nice looking girl if she knew how to fix herself up properly, but as she was, she looked awfully cheap. Anyway, it was a terrible looking sight and I was disgusted. They ought to know better than to make a show of themselves like that in front of all the people, but they're just the kind of nisei kids to give a bad impression of nisei to the hakujin."

Rumor

Tom told us today of a rumor he picked up. Said he, "I didn't get this from the fellow who was immediately involved, so I don't know whether it's true. But one nisei here in Chicago took his pre-induction physical and was classified 1-A, and then was told that he didn't have to report right away because the Army wasn't ready to take him in. The fellow figured that the Army may be holding up all nisei induction again probably because of the kibeï affair down at the Alabama army camp. Maybe we won't have to go into the Army after all."

It's possible that with all the Congressional disturbance over nisei induction, that the Army may be stopping induction for the time to re-consider its induction program. However, this only one instance to begin with, and only a rumor at that. I presume the induction will continue. I should consider it a dark day for the nisei if army induction were closed to them.

Michi's Vacation

The Civil Affairs Training School is to have its "break" (vacation) of a week beginning next Saturday. For a while it seemed that the men wouldn't be getting a break, but the announcement was made this morning that they were to have a week furlough. Several of the men are taking trips to their homes and elsewhere, and after the announcement, that was all they could talk of. The travelling bug got into Michi and Shig, and Michi immediately began to consider the possibility of going either to Minidoka to see her folks or to Boulder to visit her sister. Minidoka seemed out because of the distance. She hasn't seen Fumiko for almost a year now, and Michi seemed quite anxious to take the trip to Boulder. The only consideration standing in her way was the expense. I felt that she had earned her vacation, and didn't want to stand in the way of her going if she wanted to go, although from other considerations, I somewhat felt that it might be better to save the money. If I should be taken into the army, and her present job doesn't last out the duration, she would need every cent at some later date. My only thought was that Michi had had a tough grind at the teaching position, and that it would do her good to have a change.

Michi talked it over with Shig and me, but we couldn't help her make the decision. She also talked to May, and May being a little more conservative about spending money too freely dampened Michi's travelling spirit a little. It was nothing that May said, for she merely joined in to weigh the problem with Michi, but it was the way in which May said it. Michi finally decided not to make the trip because Fumiko is having her furlough in the middle of April, and will be coming out, we hope, for about a week's stay with us. Fumi, on her part, is torn between the desire to visit her parents in Minidoka, and the desire to visit out here.

Nasuo's Visit

Nasuo dropped in this afternoon at mothers. He is on his way back to Cincinnati after visiting in Minidoka to await induction for he's already taken his pre-induction physical and has been classified 1-A. Mother said, "I asked Nasuo how the situation was in camp, and he said that everyone was very much upset about the sons going into the army. The feeling seems very bad. I asked him whether it was because the issei still feel that Japan will win the war, and Nasuo told me that that was just it. They don't see any use in the nisei going into

the Army. According to him the casualty rate among the nisei units in Italy has been as high as 50%. They say that is higher than for the rest of the soldiers, and they don't like it. I asked him if there was anything being done about it, and he said that there wasn't because the only thing the nisei could do was to go in."

Mrs. Hashiguchi Proposes to Visit

Nasuo brought the surprising news from Minidoka that his mother, Mrs. Hashiguchi, is planning to visit Chicago sometime in the near future. The news is surprising because Mrs. Hashiguchi is now about sixty-six years old, never travelled much beyond the limits of Seattle until evacuation, and just isn't the type that one would expect to see travelling around the country at her leisure. She knows enough English to manage better than most issei women, but still it isn't much. Mother and Mrs. Hashiguchi are cousins and were very close to each other in Seattle. It will be nice to have her visit. But May is exasperated, for she says, "What is she going to do in Chicago. It'll mean that I'll have to take time off from work to go meet her at the station. And I'll have to show her around town with mother, because they can't go out my themselves. These people in camp seem to think that we out here are living just as they are, and that we've got all the time in the world to meet trains and show them around town. They ought to realize that we've got our work to do too."

Mother can't imagine what it is that is bringing Mrs. Hashiguchi out. She said, "It may be that they're thinking of relocating, and that they're thinking of prospecting the situation." If that were the case, however, Mrs. Hashiguchi would be the one to come out. Mother has always said that Mrs. H. is one of those issei women with an enormous curiosity for new experiences, although she's seldom had them, and enjoys travelling and seeing new things. Mrs. H. has always been a little jealous of the opportunities mother has had to travel around, be entertained among hakujin by her daughters, etc. Mrs. H. hasn't had those opportunities. In her letters to mother, one notes a slight tone of envy at mother's opportunity to visit in South Bend with Nobu and Kaz, and all the other things mother has been able to do. May remarked, "I guess they've got money enough to send Mrs. Hashiguchi out here."

Well, it will be a problem as to what to do to entertain Mrs. H. if she comes out. May is going to write to suggest the difficulties because she has a hunch Mrs. H. doesn't realize what the problems of getting around Chicago are.