

I stayed at home to work on the Tule report. It goes slowly, and sometimes its discouraging how much of the picture has receded from memory.

#### Mary Kawamura

Mary has been teaching nursing courses at St. Mary's College in Minneapolis. We hadn't seen her since the evacuation, and it was good to have her visit Chicago on her vacation so that we might talk to her. She's a peppy, sincere, conscientious, friendly sort of person, and we've always liked her since the time we got to know her in the musical group the nisei had in Chicago. She's apparently very capable as a nurse, for although she's never had college training, she's succeeded very well in her profession and is now one of the highest paid teachers at St. Mary's.

Mary brought us a lot of gossip, much of which had to do with Chicago people. It's funny how outsiders visit around when they get here and get more inside dope than the Chicagoans themselves have. Mary isn't in the habit of gossiping, but we pumped her for information.

#### Name Changing among Nisei

Mary told us that Freddie Kosaka, a nice young fellow whom we used to know in the music group in Seattle who is now a 2nd Lieutenant in the medical corps although he never had medical training before, is changing his last name to an American one. I don't know what the new name is. All of us were rather surprised.

She also told us of another interesting case. Newton Uyesugi, who was an optometrist in Portland and is now here in Chicago apparently doing the same kind of work, has changed his last name to "Wesly" or "Wesley". He married Art Sasaki's sister before evacuation and now has two children, but since coming out here, he has started running around with a Caucasian girl. Talk about the desire to identify himself with Caucasians. I suppose there must have been strong desires in this direction before the war which were dormant and unfulfilled in the adverse circumstances of the Pacific Coast, but which have been stimulated by the opportunities out here.

#### Mary's Citizenship

Mary was born in Japan, but came to this country at a very early age. She's more American than most nisei we know, and yet her circumstances prevent her getting her citizenship. Said she, "Frank, how do you suppose I might get into the Army. Yes, the Red Cross. I've tried all kinds of people, but they've all refused to accept me in the Red Cross because of my Japanese citizenship. I even wrote to Mrs. Roosevelt, and she was kind enough to write to various people too, but she can't have anything to do with the War Department so wasn't able to help me. It's up to the War Dept. whether I'm



accepted or not. Of course, selfishly speaking, I'm not so much interested in joining the Red Cross, but I feel that nurses who are physically able to do so should join."

### Mary's Boy Friends

Mary has been going around with Caucasian fellows up in Minneapolis. There's one fellow she goes around with now, who was born in China and taught in Japan also. When Mary was invited to dinner at Tsuchiya's, she took him along and Mrs. Tsuchiya immediately felt that Mary should marry him. Mary remarked, "I think it was because he spoke Japanese so well that Mrs. Tsuchiya was impressed. You know how the issei are impressed when a nisei, but especially a Caucasian, speaks good Japanese." We asked Mary why she didn't marry the fellow, and her reply was, "But I don't love him."

"But there is another fellow whom I like an awful lot, but I can't have him," she continued. "No, he's not married, and although he was engaged, he's broken that off. But Clark isn't interested in me that much. He's an awfully nice fellow. He's in India now with the Army. I wish I had a picture of him that I could show you." There was still another fellow about whom Mary didn't speak in any detail.

She told of how a Caucasian lieutenant tried to pick her up at the Sherman Hotel. "I was waiting in the lobby to meet Lt. Okumura to whom I'd been given an introduction by one of the fellows up at Savage. I had to laugh because there was a very nice looking Army lieutenant standing near me, and there were a bunch of girls just parading back and forth in front of him hoping to be picked up. I was shocked because it was so obvious what they were up to, and I didn't think even hakujin girls would be that bold. I've never seen anything like it before. I thought it was funny, and I started to laugh to myself, and when I looked up, I noticed that the lieutenant was looking at me. He walked over to me and asked, 'Do you mind telling me what you're amused about?' He'd guessed it, but I told him. We got to talking and then he wanted to know if he couldn't take me out. I said that I was meeting someone else, and he says, 'Well, can't you ditch the other fellow?' I told him I certainly couldn't, and I made it appear that I was really offended to think he would suggest such a thing. Just then, Lt. Okumura came up. Gee, that hakujin fellow turned red--he was only a second loogie, and Okumura is a first loogie--so that hakujin says something about, 'How do you do sir, my name's .....' and then excused himself. Afterwards, Okumura asked me if I knew the fellow, and I said I didn't. Wasn't that funny."

### Family Conflict

Mary told us about Henry Tsuchiya, working at the bacteri-



ology department at the University of Minnesota, whom we've known for a long time. Henry used to be my roommate when we were in Seattle, and we used to correspond frequently while he attended Minnesota getting his Ph. D. About two years ago, Henry married a Minneapolis nisei girl, and I hadn't heard more about them until Mary gave us some sidelights.

According to Mary, Henry's wife is a somewhat unsocial girl with whom it's somewhat difficult to get along. Henry and his wife were apparently happy until his parents came to live with them after voluntarily evacuating from the West Coast. Both his mother and father went out on a domestic job so that they wouldn't interfere with Henry's domestic life, but they eventually quit their work and returned to live with Henry and his wife again. Mother and daughter-in-law get along very badly. Mrs. Tsuchiya is an old-line issei in many ways, though she is aggressive enough to get out among Caucasians, and she disapproves of many things about her daughter-in-law. For one thing the girl doesn't speak Japanese as well as the mother would like it; but this is only one of the many things she finds wrong in Henry's wife.

More than once, Henry's wife has visited Mary and told her that she's thinking of separating from Henry. Infact, she sometimes says right in front of other people to Henry, "If you want a divorce, you can go right ahead and get it." In Mary's estimate, Henry tries to be kind to his wife, and at the same time tries to look after his parents. But his mother being what she is, a somewhat domineering woman, Henry is caught between the two and is pulled both ways. Mary blames Henry's mother for interfering too much with her son's life.

This is one instance in which evacuation has created circumstances that led to family conflicts. If evacuation had not occurred, the Tsuchiyas would have continued to live in Seattle, and would not have made themselves dependent on their son. Henry is an ambitious, aggressive, temperamental sort of person with whom it is somewhat difficult to get along, but I'm sure he's not unkind. Apparently his wife is not the easiest person in the world to get along with. But if the mother-in-law relation were not involved in their life, it seems not unlikely that they could have worked out their problems much better.

#### Family Resettlement

Mary wants to bring her parents out from Minddoka to live with her at Minneapolis. Her younger sister is attending school there, and they could all live together. The parents seem interested in relocating, yet they seem unable to make up their minds about it. Mary inquired around at the WRA to find out about job prospects for her father and mother, and learned that they were excellent in Minneapolis. "I was surprised when Mr. Mann told me that my mother wouldn't have to work because my father could get a job to earn enough for them both. Both WRA and U. S. Employment seemed very confident that they could get a



good job for him. Of course, I think my mother would want to work anyway. She's always been active, and they're not the kind that mind it even if they have to do domestic work. I asked them too about housing, and I was surprised too when they said that could be arranged very easily. I told them I was looking for a house so the whole family could live together, and within a couple of weeks, I had three or four phone calls about houses. I didn't want to accept any of them because I don't even know whether my folks want to live with all the kids or not. But I guess I'm not going to have as much difficulty getting them out here as I'd thought. I'm making enough to support them if I have to!"

### The Draft

Michi keeps saying that she hopes I don't get drafted. Ever since the news came out late Last Saturday, that induction would go ahead first of those under 26 years of age, she's been hopeful that I won't get drafted at all.

### Housing.

Shig has shown signs in the past two or three weeks of desiring better housing. We're paying over \$70 a month for ~~three~~ four rooms (furnished) and I'm sure we should be able to find something better if we look around. I suspect the thing that got him started was when Capt. Bogart told him they got a very nice place on Woodlawn for \$60 a month, and Shig began to wonder why we shouldn't be able to find a similarly good bargain if we hunted around a little. Our apartment is dark, has no private bath, isn't too clean although the landlady keeps it up well, and has other disadvantages.



Organization of Young Buddhist Assoc.

Al Doi dropped into the office today and stayed around to chat when he found that Tom wasn't in. In the course of conversation, I mentioned our luncheon with Dr. Tashiro and the interview with Maruyama, the Young Buddhist Leader from Salt Lake City who is interested in starting a YBA group here. I said, "Maruyama seems intent on starting a YBA group here."

Doi replied, much to my surprise because he is a YBA member himself, "I don't think there's any need for a YBA in Chicago. I don't think it would be successful. Most of the Buddhist kids I know who are interested in attending church at all are going to Christian churches. They have more to gain from the Christian church, and wouldn't be interested in a YBA organization. They sense the hostility of the public against Japanese organizations and wouldn't want to attend anything like the YBA."

I remarked, "Yes, that's the way I feel. I don't see there's any need of a YBA group. It would only serve to stir up trouble from the people who are trying to accuse the evacuees of failure to assimilate."

Doi: "Well, it's not a question of whether a YBA is needed or not. It's simply that most of the guys wouldn't be interested in it. Back on the Coast, most YBA members attended the meetings almost strictly for social reasons. They weren't religiously interested in Buddhism; they couldn't understand it anyway. The meetings were just another occasion for them to get together and have some fun. All the conferences, for example, gave them a chance to travel around and meet other nisei. Here a BYA group wouldn't have anything to offer. The fellows who want social activities attend the Christian churches, and I think they're satisfied with it. Of course, if the YBA offered them social opportunities that the Christian church doesn't offer, I suppose some of them might go. But the nisei don't like to get together among themselves in large numbers so....."

Myself: "Of course, the Christian church served the same social function for the nisei back on the Coast. Most of them seemed to have relatively little spiritual interest in the church, it was more the opportunity that the church offered for getting together with other nisei that attracted them."

Doi: "Yes, but the Christian church as a religion had more meaning for the nisei. I attended a Christian church for a while, and participated in trying to interpret the Bible, singing hymns, and saying prayers. All of it is in English and you get something out of it, but the Buddhist ceremonies have to be in Japanese. I once learned one of the Buddhist prayers, the only one I ever memorized, and I never understood what the meaning of it was. I'd say that a large majority of the nisei Buddhist members know nothing about what's in the Buddhist bible. I think the Christian nisei got a little more meaning out of their religion than did the Buddhist nisei out of their religion."



Myself: "But Maruyama's contention was that there were nisei around this area who are interested in Buddhism as a religion. He said he'd talked around with quite a number of former Bussei members, and they wanted a church."

Doi: "Aw, hell, I don't think very many are interested in it for religious reasons. The only reason most of the kids went when they were back home was because their parents insisted on it. Even in a strong Buddhist community like the one in Stockton, I'll bet there weren't more than three or four nisei who had any real interest in the YBA for religious reasons. They just went because everyone else went, and it was a good place to get together with other nisei on Sundays. Most kids just don't know enough Japanese to appreciate anything about the Buddhist religion. Now, out here, they don't have their parents to encourage their attending the YBA, and they'll just forget about it. Of course, if we were in Japan, I'd say it's the thing to do for a person to take up the Buddhist religion, or whatever else they have to offer. But here, it just doesn't fit in. The nisei would make better chances for themselves attending the Christian church, and that's what they're doing. I know quite a few Buddhist fellows who are attending Morikawa's church now."

Myself: "Aren't there some former YBA leaders here who would be interested in promoting the organization?"

Doi: "Well, there's Tani, for instance. He was a strong YBA leader from Oakland. But the funny thing is, I've seen him down at the Chicago Church Federation office. I don't know what he was doing there, but he was acting as a kind of chairman of a tea they were having. I was surprised. Yeah, Barry would certainly go in for the YBA, I guess. Course, you can't tell about that fellow. But one thing about him, he's the kind of fellow who doesn't like to be double-faced about religion, and that's why he doesn't attend the Christian churches. At least, I think it is. By the way, he's the fellow who took me down to the Church Fed. office the time I saw Tani. I don't know, you might drum up some interest among the kids in a YBA. If they'd hand out travelling funds and give me a trip to Salt Lake City, I'd be interested."

"The Buddhist church is financially on the rocks right now anyway. I wouldn't care to have 20% of my income taken out in tithes. Sure, the issei used to pay out big amounts to keep the church going. Somebody's got to pay for the thing. I hear they've got Buddhist churches going in Salt Lake City, Denver, and New York City. I wonder how they're getting along. The Buddhist church wasn't strong here before the war anyway, and there's no sense trying to start one now."

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Doi's arguments against the starting of a YBA in Chicago boil down to the following points: (1) the nisei have more to gain from attending Christian churches and would therefore not be interested in the YBA, (2) Maruyama's argument that there are



nisei religiously interested in Buddhism is false for most nisei attended the church only for social reasons and because of parental insistence. Since the pressure of these reasons do not exist here, very few nisei would attend, (3) the nisei would have to pay for the support of the church, and they're not that much interested in Buddhism.

The principal basis of Doi's interpretation is a materialistic one. His first statement was that the nisei have more to gain by attending the Caucasian Christian churches. While the gains may be of various kinds, I rather feel that Doi meant gains in economic success. Contacts and good relations with persons with whom one might have economic dealings could be established. His last statement is an economic one also; that a person would be drained financially supporting the Buddhist church. In Doi's response, however, I also felt that he sensed the need for the nisei to get more into the stream of American life, rather than to recede from it by getting involved in a strictly Japanese organization. He almost said that the nisei don't enjoy getting together strictly by themselves because they are then left out from the larger society. In Doi, there is considerable confusion between the desirability of assimilation and the personal impulse to meet with other nisei with whom it is easiest to establish relations.

I suspect, too, that Doi has moved a considerable distance in these views from the time of his life on the West Coast. He has made numerous contacts among Caucasians since coming out to the mid-west, and these contacts have undoubtedly influenced his view of the desirability of mixing more with the majority.

As for his view that very few would respond to a YBA, this is merely an individual opinion from him, and one would need to contact a larger body of nisei interested in the YBA groups to find out what the general sentiment is.



### Japanese Film

The C.A.T.S. had a showing of Japanese films this morning and Michi and Shig had to attend. Michi came downstairs to the office about 12:30 complaining about the length of the thing, and how tired her back had become sitting on the hard seat. Said she, "Oh, it was a lot of propaganda about Japanese foreign policy. It's a historical account beginning with the period of Saigo Takamori and coming up to the present. There's so little action in it, and the whole thing is so amateurish, I just got terribly bored sitting there. And the language was Kyushu dialect. There was a lot of it that I couldn't follow, and I know the men were completely lost. I think the only person who enjoyed himself was Mr. U. Mr. Niwa didn't like it, and Suzuki II said he didn't like it." It's difficult for nisei to appreciate the gushy sentimentalism, the lack of technical perfection, and the slowness of action, that characterize Japanese movies. Michi especially objected to the nationalistic spirit portrayed in the picture.

### Life Insurance Policy

For some time, Michi and I had been discussing the desirability of my taking out some life insurance. I've never had one, largely because I couldn't afford it before, but for Michi's protection I felt that I should have at least a couple of thousand dollars worth of insurance. Yesterday, Mr. Lawson of the New York Life came to our place with the policy, and I bought \$2,500 insurance.

I never realized until I started arrangements to buy an insurance how personal is the relation between a life insurance agent and his client. I found that the transactions aren't like those of buying a car or a house, certainly not like buying a suit of clothes; in a sense, one places one's life savings in the hands of the agent. In the Japanese communities before the war, the Japanese life insurance agent was a common figure, but he was also one of the most frequently criticized business functionaries of the community. Mr. Shibutani could probably tell us about the complex relations involved. It was often said of Japanese life insurance agents that they made excellent money. Difficulties would arise when, for some reason, the beneficiary couldn't collect what he felt was his due according to the policy; or when the policy holder found that he was required to pay fees that he didn't anticipate. The problem was complicated by the fact that the issei couldn't understand the language of the insurance policies and therefore had to trust the word of the agent as to what he was getting. Nor were the issei sophisticated in the matter of types of policies and the technicalities involved in collecting dividends and benefits. Here again, they were dependent upon the agent. And I suppose that many a person who had to default on payment of premiums, or had to take loans on his policy, entered into these situations without full understanding of what was involved.

There were frequent stories of how Japanese agents cheated out his clients "in order to make money for himself." In most of these instances, I doubt that the agent was at fault and most of the complications were probably due to the ignorance of the issei



client, but of course the issei clients would not interpret the matter in this way. Their view would be that after all a Japanese should be able to trust another Japanese, and when they would be caught in something unanticipated, they would turn their blame upon the agent.

From a sociological standpoint, the tension between issei clients and Japanese insurance agents, which I am sure existed in the pre-war Japanese communities, is an interesting phenomenon. In Japan, the old folks had security by virtue of the family system, in which the eldest son would be pledged to care for the parents in their old age. This security doesn't exist for issei parents in America, and they've sought security through life insurance policies. But to gain this security, because of their ignorance of the language and of the technical problems of insurance policies, they have to place trust in the agent. The latter, in a sense, was the key to future security. The perils and the stakes involved explain the tension that I've mentioned above.

Mr. Echigoshima, who used to sell insurance in Seattle, once told me that the Japanese tend to buy insurance from agents who come from the same ken (prefecture) as themselves, and he explained the reason for his retiring from the business by saying that he came from a ken that have few immigrants in America, and the competition with agents representing Hiroshima-ken and others with larger representations became too keen. I thought that the reason for the issei buying from their own ken agents resulted from their sense of obligation to their own people, but I now suspect that a part of this was also due to their greater trust in agents whom they knew.

Mr. Lawson, our agent, went over the whole policy very carefully for us. Michi was favorably impressed with him, and felt that we were dealing with a man who could be trusted. Before he finished, Mr. Lawson asked us to give him names of nisei who might be interested in buying insurance if we should think of any. He said that he got my name from a very good friend of his; I wondered if it might not be Tashiro. Lawson made it a special point that his company has long dealt with Japanese, and that they have never discriminated against the Japanese people. "There seems to be some misapprehension among you that we don't sell insurance to people of Japanese ancestry, but that isn't so. I talked to one fellow not so long ago, and he was surprised to learn that we sold insurance to Japanese. I don't know where he got the idea that we'd ever stopped selling to Japanese."

#### Mr. Minoa: Issei

I met Mr. Minoa by the sheerest coincidence. While at the Brethren Hostel Friday, I was talking to a young fellow from Poston. Mr. Minoa was sitting in the room, and when I mentioned that I was from Tule Lake, he immediately asked me what block I was from. It turned out that he knew my sister, May, very well because she had got a job for him as a janitor in the Welfare office and had helped him get assistance in other ways. I gave him our



address when he asked for it.

I didn't expect to see him again so soon, but he turned up this evening with a box of chocolates under his arm inquiring for May and mother. May and mother were out and they didn't get back until about ten in the evening, but I entertained him in the meantime. The following are some of his remarks.

"I was visiting with Takahashi-san all afternoon. They've bought a large house on Kimbark, and they have quite a large family living together. I've known Mr. Takahashi for a great many years, though of course I haven't known him too well, and we had a good time talking over old times. It was surprising all the people we recalled when we talked about the old days. I guess with all the young people working, they are doing well enough, but both Mr. and Mrs. Takahashi feel a little lonesome here and wish they were back among their old friends in camp."

"I came out here on September 20, 1943, directly from Tule Lake. That was when segregation was going on. I wanted to leave camp anyway, and I felt that as long as I was going outside, I might ~~as~~ as well come directly out here instead of going to another center first. In my block there was a young man who had been in New York and he told me that it was a very fine place there, so I thought I would go there. I felt that as long as the WRA would pay my way, I might as well go as far as I could. New York interested me anyway. (Mr. Minoa is about seventy years old). But I found out that because I'm an issei, they wouldn't give me a permit to the East Coast; only as far as Cleveland. Still, I thought I might as well come as far as Chicago, and that was how I happened to come here. You see, I'd originally intended to go to New York, but because I couldn't go there, I came here."

"I was working at the Eleanor Club next to the International House for a couple of months. That was a good job. They paid me well enough; I was making \$120 a month besides board and room. I quit because the work became too hard for an old man like me. I started out doing a house man's job cleaning up around the rooms and so on. But I'd once told the Friends Service that I could cook--I used to do some cooking at one time--and they'd told the Eleanor Club about it. When they found out that I could cook, they started asking me to help with the cooking in the kitchen. I didn't like that. It kept me too busy, and the hours were very long. I don't like to work too hard, although the pay was more than I'd earned in a long while, so I quit. If it hadn't been for the long hours and the amount of work, it was a nice place to work at."

"Up until last week, I was working at another place. It was down in Hyde Park near 51st. A widow who owns a large house rents out some of the rooms in this building for week end guests. It's like a high class hotel for she charges five or six dollars for a night, and each room has a bathroom. I was getting \$120 a month plus board and room. That part of it was all right. But it was too much work for me, and besides I had to change linens and towels



after the guests left. I don't like to do that sort of thing. I don't think the manager was a very nice woman. She has a lot of money, but she's a bit crude, drinks, and goes out all the time. When I first told her that I wanted to quit, she was very nice to me and tried everything to keep me. But when she found out that I was definitely going to quit, she turned right around and became the meanest person imaginable. She cursed at me, and even charged me for some shirts that she gave me. She should have told me that she was going to charge for those shirts when she gave them to me, but I thought that she wanted me to use them when she handed them to me so I did although they were a bit big for me. I had them sent out to the laundry and I returned it to her, but she said she couldn't use them any more and that she was going to charge me for them. I argued with her, because I didn't realize she had intended to make me pay for them. She took it out of my pay, but I decided not to do anything about it. I had a lot of trouble with her, but I got out of there anyway."

"I'm thinking of going to Michigan to pick fruits starting next month. I think it will be good for me to get out in the country. Fruit picking starts up there very soon, and I've been thinking of going there for some time. I used to do that kind of work in California. I've been thinking that maybe I'd like to go to New York too. That's where I started to go when I first came out here. I hear it's a very interesting place. After all, it's a big city, the largest in the world. It should be a very interesting place. Chicago is all right too. Of course, it has its disadvantages, but a big city is an interesting place. The South Side is all right. Of course, down near the Loop, it's a bit dirty, but when you get down here near the University, all the residences are quite nice. I think this a good part of the city to live in. Right now, I have a room over on Kenwood."

"Only this afternoon, Mr. Takahashi and I were saying that if it hadn't been for the evacuation, we might not have seen so much of the country. We certainly wouldn't have come here to Chicago otherwise. Since it is so, I feel that I might as well see as much of the country as possible. It is an interesting thing to travel around and see the country. There are many interesting and new things to see."

Mr. Minoa started to talk about Japan when Michi brought out some Japanese tea. He talked about all manner of things not worth recording here. Then he turned to the issei in Tule Lake. "I shouldn't say these things perhaps, but the issei in this country are years behind the Japanese in Japan. Oh yes, in Japan, they've advanced right along with the rest of the world. The issei in California didn't realize it, but they still had the same mentality of Japan which they brought with them when they arrived in this country. But you should see Japan today; it is a much advanced nation, and the people over there aren't thinking what the issei over here think. That was part of the trouble in Tule Lake. The issei weren't advanced enough, and they were still thinking in the ways of old Japan. All those people who caused disturbances said they were helping Japan, but I don't think the



leaders of Japan will think so. I think they intended that when the people left Japan, they should adopt the ways of the people to whose country they went. And I think they wanted the people to live as quietly and harmoniously as possible with the adopted nation. When I was in Tule Lake, I used to hear all sorts of discussions and although I didn't say anything because of the temper of the community, that is what I thought right along. It was because the old people's thinking was too old that we had trouble at Tule Lake. On the other hand, Tule Lake was an interesting place if you discount the disturbances."

"Japan's advancement has resulted from her intercourse with other nations. Now they are talking about promoting only that which is truly Japanese and part of their instinct. I think Japan is making a big mistake in that. No nation can advance without using and adapting the knowledge gained from other peoples. I hear that despite the advancements which Germany has contributed to in past history, Germany now is losing ground because of the restrictions in thinking. Germany was the leader of the world in much of world thinking, but now she has lost that leadership because she's promoting a pan-German mode of thought. The same is happening to Japan. I think it would be too bad if they closed themselves off."

Mr. Minoa had trouble disposing of his baggage when he learned that the Brethren Hostel was to be closed. He had left his roll of blankets and bedding at the Hostel as he moved around from place to place, but could no longer leave it there when the Hostel decided to close up. Since he has no need for some of this baggage, and it costs something to carry it around with him wherever he goes, he was a little at loss to know where he might park it. Fortunately, when he went around to some of the Japanese lodging houses on South Ellis, he learned that one of the proprietors was Jack Okamura whom he had known back in Sacramento. Jack offered to let him leave his baggage at his boarding house, and even drove up to the hostel with his car to pick up the baggage for him. Mr. Minoa seemed to appreciate Jack's service a great deal.



George Hara: Lonely Bachelor

Michi and I were listening to the Sunday afternoon symphony program, with Vladimir Horowitz playing a piano concerto, when George Hara arrived. George is an old friend from Seattle, and he's dropped in at our place a couple of times before. In fact, he came over only two Sundays ago, with a box of chocolates, and he was over again today with another box of chocolates.

Despite all that Charlie says about most of the nisei being socially well taken care of, I'm afraid that there are plenty of others who are lonely. Charlie had me convinced for a while, but I find the facts somewhat contrary to his theory. I'm afraid he finds his theory suitable to the purpose of his integration propaganda, and therefore lets his a priori ideas lead his further thoughts on the subject. Even within our limited circle of friends, we have three lonely bachelors on our hand. One, of course, is George. Another is Al Morioka who ~~usually~~ calls us about every two weeks, and would probably drop in oftener if he could. The third is Toshiko Sekiya living downstairs in the same building. May has her handful with her, for she drops in constantly and stays till all hours of the night even when May makes it pointedly known that she has to go to bed.

Loneliness is a problem for the bachelors and single girls. Those who are living with groups of others, or have numerous social contacts among nisei in the city, have no problem in this respect. But it's the type who weren't social animals in the past and who therefore have few friends even among the nisei who seem lost for social contacts. I haven't heard of the problem arising among those who are married or living with their families. Even in the pre-war communities, there were plenty of those nisei who didn't fit easily into social groups. But then there were organized groups that they had access to, and while these unsocial creatures made up only the shadows on the fringe of the group, nevertheless they had their social life within these groups. Here in Chicago, they don't have these groups and they're totally at loss to know where they can go for social life. Especially is this true for the older nisei who can no longer find interest in dandling and carousing which takes up the time of many of the younger individuals.

Michi is quite perturbed about these lonely bachelors dropping in constantly at our place. It ruins her Sundays since she can't get any of her own work done while they're around--she's not as free to go about her own work--, and she has to invite them to dinner when they stay until late afternoon. More than once we've made up stories of previous engagements to rush off these visitors or to forestall them from dropping in. Three Sundays ago, Al Morioka called and said he thought he would drop in from Morris Abe's place where he was visiting. His phone call was in the afternoon, and since he didn't get over until ten in the evening, we just didn't answer the doorbell when it rang. We knew it must be Al, but we pretended not to be home. After all, ten o'clock was pretty late to be having visitors. May and we have an arrangement not to answer the bell when Toshiko rings because she



drops in every other evening, but we can't always tell when it's she calling or when it's somebody else we want to see, or when it's some important phone call. We feel a little guilty trying to avoid these people, but we feel we have to take some defensive measures to give ourselves some time to ourselves. May suggests that whenever the front doorbell rings, we should sneak down the hallway to see who it is, and let them in only if we want to see them. We like to have visitors, but not too many of them, and not too much of the same people.

One thing about George, he's interested in classical music and hence isn't any distraction when we're sitting around listening to the symphony. I suspect he has a better appreciation of music than I do. We got to talking of other things after the radio program was over. George explained that he had been temporarily dismissed from his job at the Bauss Printing Press Co. by order of the Navy Dept.

"I lost my job with the Goss Printing Press Co. I worked up until Friday, and I don't know when I can go back to work again. The Navy Department had been considerably bothered about my being there, and finally they told the superintendent that they'd have to dismiss me. You see, this company puts out printing presses in normal times, but right now they have Navy contracts for military equipment. They're still turning out printing press equipment, but part of the plant is given over to defense industry. I'm the filing clerk there, and I have to handle and put away all the blueprints and plans they have around the plant. It's a big job because they've got plans for all the equipment they've been turning out for years back, and they draw blueprints for even a single bolt. There are three floors of these files, and there is also a lot of stuff down in the basement."

"When the designing department needs a blueprint, or if anybody else asks for it, I have to locate the plan for them. ~~The~~ I don't have much occasion to go the plant where they're turning out the military equipment, but I do handle the plans, and that's how the Navy got down on me. There's a Navy inspector around the place, and I guess he reported my presence there."

"My boss says he's going to get me back on the job, and he's writing to the Navy Department in Washington to get the thing straightened out. He says not to worry about it because he thinks they can get it straightened out. They won't want to let me go, and when the boss called me into his office the other day, he said, 'I'm awfully sorry to have to let you go, but you know how these things are. But we'll get things straightened out, so I don't want you to take another job.' He said that I was still officially on the company's pay roll, and so they're going to pay me while I'm laid off. I'm to report at the office every pay day to see how things have worked out. I guess they're paying me so that I won't take some other job. The superintendent said that ~~if~~ I ought to take things easy for a couple of weeks



and rest up, and if I should get restless not doing anything, he says I might take a job temporarily. But he doesn't want me to take another permanent job. I don't know how this thing is going to work out, but I'm going to wait and see."

"When he told me about the problem with the Navy Dept., I told the superintendent, I'd be glad to stick around long enough to help train another fellow. The boss says, 'Who would we get; where could we find another man?' So I guess they have their trouble finding anyone to replace me. It's amazing how little education some of these hakuji fellows have. The kid who was working under me, a Polish kid who's about twenty four, only finished the ~~fourth~~ sixth grade in grammar school. He said that if I quit, he was going to take it easy. He wasn't going to rush around getting blueprints for all these people." But that young kid doesn't know what the score is there, and everybody else has trouble finding things. Like some of these girl messengers they send around to pick up blueprints--if they can't find it in the drawer where it's suppose to be, they just go right back and report that it's not there. Heck, when I can't find a thing in one place, I look around at other places where it might have been misfiled, and generally I find it sooner or later. But those girls don't have any initiative that way. That's why the people all there send the orders to me when they can't find something, although that's not my job."

"When I first started working at Goss's, the file was in a mess. Things were misfiled all over the place, and you couldn't find anything where it was supposed to be. I spent a lot of time straightening things out. My job is to check all the files when they're returned, and return them to their proper places so that the next person can find it just by going through the catalogue. I got it to a point where most of the files were in the right place. Sometimes it gets so busy that the blueprints are piled up high on my desk and I have to file them away. The superintendent usually assigns me another person to help, but I'd just as soon he left it to me even if I am busy, because all those kids just mess things up and get things in the wrong place. Still, the superintendent is trying to help me, and I don't want to hurt these kids' feelings when they're trying to help me, so I just watch closely what they're doing, and let them go to it. By the time I get back to the job again, the thing is going to be in a holy mess. I ~~am~~ told the boss that, and he said that I'd have to straighten it out again after I got back."

"All the work of the defense plant is done in another building from the one where I am. Besides I don't know anything about the stuff on the blueprints so it doesn't mean anything. I told the boss that even if I do handle the blueprints, I'm not a technical man and can't make out anything from the blueprints, and he said that's the way he figured too but the Navy was being cautious. My job is a little different from those of the nisei working in defense factories because I handle plans and I suppose I would be under more suspicion than fellows who are just turning out stuff on the machines. Besides, the Navy is stricter than the Army about these things, and I don't know how it's going to work out. I won't care too much even if I can't get back there because I think I can find



another job easily enough."

"I made an application for clearance by the joint board quite a while ago, but I never was cleared. I don't know where I stand. I guess they have all the reports on me back in Washington. Saturday I went around to the JACL office to see Doc Latabe about this problem. I felt that something ought to be done about the situation for myself and fellows in a similar situation, and I wanted to ask him what could be done. He told me that there's no such a thing as the Joint Board any longer. He said they've had the problem over and over, and that there's nothing that can be done except to wait until the clearance comes through."

"No, it wasn't the WRA that got me this job. It was the Illinois Association for the Crippled. That's why when they had their Easter drive for funds, I contributed five dollars to them. The job doesn't pay too much, but it's all right and it has a future to it. I've had two raises since I started, and they've given me a rating too. Most of the men in the plant are old timers who have been with the company for fifteen, twenty and twenty five years, so I think if I stick along, I could work up to a pretty good position. The people there have been very good to me too, and I've never once had any trouble with them. When I first joined up, the superintendent wasn't too sure how I'd get along. At first, he asked me to take the plans around myself so that I could get acquainted with the designers and other men in the department. I got along all right. They were a little curious to see me around there at first, but I got to know those fellows, and they're all right. The boss used to ask me every now and then whether anybody ever made any unpleasant remarks to me, and I told him that I'd never had any trouble. He always said to let him know if there was any trouble, but of course there's been nothing happening."

"Oh, I kid around with the other men, and they kid back at me. There's one Irishman there who likes to kid me about one thing or another, and one day he was laying it on extra thick. Well, that afternoon he sent down a messenger to get some plan that he wanted, so I purposely picked out the wrong one and sent it to him. Pretty soon he comes roaring down to my office and says, 'Say, are you trying to kid me or what?' We have a lot of fun with each other. One man there an Englishman, is a Pacifist, and he's got somewhat different ideas from the others so he doesn't get along with them too well. But I listen to him so he taken a liking to me and he used to come around to my desk and talk to me all the time. He even invited me out to his place for dinner one evening."

"One day not long after I started working there, the boss asked me if I wouldn't care to become a draftsman. He was serious about it, and he wanted me to take the job. He said I'd get better pay and all. I told him I didn't have any training at that sort of thing, but he said he'd train me. But I was satisfied with the work I was doing so I declined. (George, it should be mentioned, is crippled in his right limbs due to infantile paralysis.) They even gave me a rating too. I didn't know anything about it and besides I was only interested in



the wages, and didn't pay much attention to the rating. But the personnel manager called me in one day and told me that he was putting me up to the Board for a rating, so I've got a rating with the company now."

"I've been working pretty hard at the job. There's a lot to learn about it, but I've gotten to the point where I can usually find whatever the men need. I figure that if I can stay with this company, I can work myself up. The Goss Co. turns out printing presses for all the big newspapers in the world. I've gone through the catalogues, and I've found that we deal with people all the way from Sidney, Australia to England. All the big Chicago papers use the Goss Press. The Seattle Times and the Post Intelligencers are Goss equipped. It's a big company. It's the kind of company where you can be sure of a job after the war. There's a chief clerk over me, but he's an old fellow who'll be ready to retire pretty soon."

"I don't believe in these kids who are working in defense factories. Of course, they're making more than I am right now, but they don't have any future. I think it's better to be with a company like this one that'll take care of you, and give you opportunities to rise."

"I've been thinking of moving from the place where I'm living right now. Since my roommate and I moved in, quite a few Japanese have moved in. They're mostly from Poston, mostly Hawaiians. Like last Saturday, the Hawaiians on the same floor with us had a party and they made a lot of noise all evening. I don't care for that sort of thing, and I'd rather move somewhere else. When we first moved into this apartment, the landlady said there was a Chinese couple living there. It turned out that this fellow is Korean, and he's always complaining about the Japanese. Apparently he complains about a lot of other things too, and the landlord offered me five or ten dollars if I'd throw him out. Now, he wants to put out all the hakujin, and rent the apartments all to Japanese. The Japanese are clean, and they pay their rent on time. Besides, they don't complain. That's why these landlords like the Japanese."

"The place isn't kept up too well, though. The landlady doesn't know how to run an apartment. She doesn't keep the halls very clean. And you can't tell when she'll give us clean linen. There are a lot of bedbugs in our building, but we've been spraying every night for a long time, and we've got rid of most of them. We haven't been bothered at all recently since we started spraying. I want to get into some apartment with better accommodations and atmosphere. I may be moving sometime next week."

#### Brethren Hostel

George was one of the faithful hostel residents who appreciated the work the Smeltzers did. He lived there for at least a couple of weeks, so I asked him for his observations regarding the hostel. Were there any difficulties with the residents at the hostel?



"Well, some of the fellows were a little sloppy and that caused us some trouble. They wouldn't make their beds or clean their rooms as they were supposed to. Everybody had to help out on these things because the hostel was carried out on a cooperative basis, but not all the fellows would do what they were supposed to. After the Friends Hostel closed, some of their people came over to the Brethren Hostel. Two Hawaiian fellows came in, and they wouldn't do anything to help around the place. We all had to take turns doing the dishes, but these two fellows never did the dishes. Mary Smeltzer had to get after them more than once. Some of the fellows felt that the hostel was too formal. Everyone had to put on a coat and tie when they came to dinner, and some of them didn't like that. They used to say, 'What difference does it make?' Living together like that, you could tell the kind of bringing up these people had. The hostel was a kind of preparation for getting along with others in Chicago. The Smeltzers used to hold weekly discussions on this problem, and those who did attend I think got something out of it. Of course, I heard the thing so many times, it got boring because it was generally the same discussion over and over. The kids used to ask questions though, and I think they got something out of it all right."

"The dinners were a little hard on kids who are growing up. Some of them used to complain that they didn't get enough to eat. You know how these kids are when they're growing up, especially when they're just out of camp. Course, the hostel couldn't have too much food, and they had to stay within the limit of their budget. But I think most of those who stayed at the hostel appreciated the work the Smeltzers were doing."

"Did I ever tell you of the drunken fellow we had at the hostel for a while. Mr. Moon of the WRA brought him up there one day. This fellow had been drinking a lot. He'd held several different jobs but had lost them on account of his drinking, and he was a real problem to the WRA. They asked the Brethrens to take care of him since he didn't have any money to pay rent. I saw him the day he came in; he was in rather shabby clothes and he looked a little drunk when he came in. He promised the Smeltzers he was going to lay off the stuff. But every now and then I could tell, when he came in, that he must have been drinking. Then, one night he came in very late, and he coughed all night. We couldn't understand what was wrong, and when we asked him the next day, he seemed a little sheepish. That was the way he'd get when he'd been drinking, and I guess he was embarrassed to have us find out he had been drinking."

"The trouble with that fellow was that he got awfully noisy when he was drunk. One evening at dinner time, all the fellows were out, and Mr. Smeltzer had gone out somewhere on business. Mary Smeltzer and only the girls were in. Mr. Minoa was there, but he's an old man. This man came in very drunk that night. At the dinner table he began complaining while Mary was saying grace. He said that they were all grown ups,



and didn't need all this foolishness and formality of grace and dressing up and all that. He got awfully noisy, so one of the older nisei women told him he shouldn't be that way. He got mad, and started making trouble at the table. All the girls were awfully scared. They didn't know what he would do. Mary then called Mr. Moon and told him they just couldn't take care of the man at the hostel because he disrupted everything. I got home later and I called him too, and he gave me the phone number of a WRA Internal Security man. They said I could get hold of him if we had any trouble. Moon also said they would relieve the hostel of the fellow. I called the Internal Security fellow and he offered to come right over and remove him, but I said the man was sleeping by then, and that next morning would do. The next morning, they came and picked him up, and I don't know what happened to him after that. I saw him in a theater one night, I think, but he looked all right, and he was dressed neatly."

"This man used to be embarrassed about his drinking, and he didn't eat with the others very much. So he had a lot of cookies, bananas, and eggs around the room next to his bed. He used to bring loads of this stuff in, and he'd bring a bottle in with them too. Once he offered his next bedmate a drink. He seemed to respect me, so he used to talk to me quite a bit. He was all right, but when he got drunk, he was mean. When he left, though, we had to clean up everything after him. Gee, he kept his place dirty. We found broken eggs, and half rotten bananas, and all that sort of thing. We had to clean up all that after him."

"I respect the Smeltzers. They're straightforward people. Of course, he says ~~he~~ what he thinks, so some people didn't like that, but there was nothing underhanded about them."

#### Norio Higano

Norio came up for a visit from St. Louis where he is attending his third year in medical school at the St. Louis Univ. Norio is here prospecting for a place to do his internship. I asked him about his A.S.T.P. situation, for he had been trying to get into the outfit when I last saw him.

"Oh, god, don't mention the A.S.T.P. to me. Boy, I certainly got into a lot of trouble with them, and I'm still in trouble. Sometime in February, the announcement came out that nisei could go into the A.S.T.P. All the nisei fellows in our school immediately put in applications to join the A.S.T.P. (In this way, they would get their schooling expenses paid, and be assured of a commission on graduation.) Pretty soon, the Omaha Service Command wrote us back that the A.S.T.P. was not opened to nisei, but because we'd volunteered, they said they'd take us into the army. They gave me a 1-A rating and wanted me to report for my pre-induction physical. I told the board that I'd volunteered only because the misinformation had been given out about our being able to get in the A.S.T.P. and that I wanted to remain in school long enough to finish my medical work. They said they couldn't do anything about that, and that



I'd have to write my board in Seattle about being deferred.

"Well, according to law, a medical student has the right to get 2-A rating and a deferment, but my Seattle Board said that wasn't true, and they insisted I was 1-A and subject to draft. I've been having a heck of a time ever since trying to get the thing straightened out. Of course, if I were drafted, I suppose I could get into the medical corp as a technician or something and be behind the lines, but if I got drafted, I couldn't finish school. I've only got three semesters to go, and it would be a heck of thing to drop my schooling right now. I think I can get it straightened out all right, but it's a headache. My Dean is one of those fellows who goes to Washington about every other week to confer with men like Hershey and McNutt, ~~saxx~~ and he said he'd go to bat for me. He's gotten other fellows out of similar difficulties, so I think I'm safe enough. What gets me is that some of the California nisei got their 2-A right away without any trouble, but my draft board won't give it to me."

"I don't care to be a soldier. I don't go much for this business of killing other people. If I had a Nazi or a Jap at my bayonet point, I don't think I could stick the thing through him. After all, I grew up in the 30's when pacifistic ideas were very strong."

(Tom Okabe, who was visiting with us, mentioned that he'd heard many of the nisei soldiers with non-commissioned ratings had been stripped of their ranking. Norio picked up this line of discussion.)

"Yeah, I've heard about it too. All these nisei fellows who were in service units were sent to McClellan, and busted when they got there. Some of them were technical sergeants and staff sergeants, but they were busted when they got down to McClellan to join the combat unit. (Okabe mentioned that Giro Kanetomi was a Technician 4th Grade at another camp, but that he's now a private in the combat unit at McClellan.) I heard that the same thing happened at Camp Grant. Some Congressman picked up some stories about how the nisei soldiers there were being arrogant and disliked by the nurses, and all of them ~~had~~ were busted down to private rankings."

There was some conjecture as to whether nisei would be sent to the South Pacific after the European war were over, and how long the whole business would last. The opinion seemed to be that nisei would not be sent as combat units to the South Pac. Norio commented, "In that case, the nisei soldiers would have to be discharged as soon as the German war is over, or be kept in Europe as occupation troops."



Nisei Mtg. at WRA

This evening Charlie and I attended the meeting at the WRA. Charlie took full notes on the whole affair and will undoubtedly report it in detail, so I am limiting myself to a few comments on the discussion. There were not more than a dozen people present. Most of those present struck me as being quite intelligent people, and the one girl there reminded me of Connie Murayama. Mr. Kennedy did not arrive until the meeting was under way.

Jacoby, who was chairman, introduced the purpose of the meeting. He declared that there had been much discussion of the integration-segregation question with individuals taking extremes on the question, but the resulting situation seems to have led to a position intermediate between the extremes. There has not been segregation on any large scale, but neither has there been complete integration. While recognizing the desirability of integration, there is need for some other line of ~~the~~ attack than that dealing directly with the above question.

The WRA has felt the need for some channel of communication by which information significant to resettlers which comes to their office may be distributed to the benefit of all resettlers. One approach would be to start some kind of newspaper. Another would be to organize small cells of resettler groups to which the information might be diffused. In any case, it is important that the resettlers have the benefit of certain information which is of vital concern to them. On the other hand, the WRA wishes to know what is the thinking of the nisei themselves on various problems, and a publication of itself would not satisfy this need. The question therefore is: (1) Is it desirable to have small discussion groups in various neighborhoods of the city where the resettlers are, and (2) what form of organization could be established for the above purpose if it were considered desirable.

George Akahoshi raised the question as to what existing groups could be utilized for the purpose, and there followed a brief discussion of the groups represented at the meeting. Kenji Nakane mentioned a group on the Near North Side that has been gathering informally and on one occasion invited some Caucasians. They got along very well. They have since invited Negroes and others. Jack Okamoto who runs a boarding house on South Ellis said that while he has about thirty people living at his place, they have relatively few occasions to get together for discussions. They tend to go their own way. The person representing the Stevens Hotel outfit mentioned that there are about 150 resettlers now working at that hotel. Mr. Hill, the vice manager of the hotel, thought it would be good for the morale of the workers if they could get together in socials of their own. He made accessible to them the employees social hall on the 14th floor of the building, the stewards dept. where they could get refreshments for their affairs, and the resettler employees have held two or three affairs at that place. Other racial groups are not invited. Said this



fellow, "You know, there are Negroes working at our place; quite a few of them. And the nisei fellows don't like to see their girls dancing with people of other races. In order to avoid conflicts of that kind, we've limited the socials to the resettlers themselves." The women live at the Stevens Hotel and have access to the social room at all times. The men live out. On the whole, the 150 people working at this hotel have little opportunity to get to know any great number of their group. Midori Sumida who works at Cuneo Press pointed out that their numbers have now been reduced to about 25, and there is little occasion for them to get together.

The discussion moved on imperceptibly but quickly to the question of the desirability of forming groups among nisei. Charlie as usual stuck by his opposition to the idea. There were a surprising number of others of a similar opinion, George Akahoshi and Fujimoto among them. Everyone seemed agreed in principle that integration is necessary, but no one could offer a program for its realization. Harry is for the idea of small discussion groups to take up political questions that are vital to the nisei. Jake, of course, is right behind Harry, and so is Kennedy. Joe Koide feels that there is some need for group discussions to enlighten the nisei on such questions as the draft, employment opportunities etc. Jack Okamoto felt that discussion groups joining the Caucasians with the resettlers was desirable. From this point the discussion degenerated rapidly because a stalemate arose over the question of the relative merits of nisei organization or non-organization.

The point that required clarification, but which was never taken up as a significant issue, was the original question of the meaning of integration. The proponents of the group discussion idea hesitated about stressing their proposal too much because of the doubt and suspicion displayed by some regarding the possibility of organizing and at the same time promoting integration.

Fellows like Charlie are strongly against any form of nisei organization because, as they see it, it will inevitably lead to the formation of a larger nisei society. To them, the important thing is integration, and even if they can't promote it positively by some step-by-step program, they would promote it by the negative method of preventing the formation of any nisei groups. Charlie recognizes that the negative approach doesn't promote integration as such, but he declares that at least for the duration of the war, it will stop the formation of a nisei society, and give an opportunity to those interested in integrating to do so. As for the others, it isn't hurting them to drift along in their small groups; they're not unhappy nor lonesome.

I disagree with Charlie's extreme view and we've had a series of informal discussions on the question here at the office. Although I said nothing at last night's meeting, and it seemed to me



that others at the meeting failed to clarify this issue, I might state my own point of view in order to state more vigorously what I felt was at the bottom of the whole discussion.

The question is: How is integration or assimilation actually possible? I assume that integration is absolutely desirable. While the thing can't be accomplished overnight, it seems to me that any nation, especially the United States, must strive for a greater homogeneity of its population if it is to survive. This is not to say that everyone should be alike or think alike, but even in disagreement there must be a common background of understanding. I am here speaking of a desirable trend and not of what is actually attainable. There is equal danger in cutting everyone out of the same pattern, but that is not what I am talking about. I am thinking of a nation that has been built up by recent migrations in which there has been a problem of bringing together all the small nationality and racial communities in participation in the national purpose.

Furthermore, I feel that something can be done about integration administratively. I don't believe that history is predetermined. The area of free choice or of suggestibility may not be as large as the area of human action that is determined by habit, but the former area does exist and may be used for manipulation of human society. But I don't believe that integration is going to be furthered by Charlie's program. I assume that integration, or assimilation, is accomplished only through the participation of a different people in a common culture. Experience is at the basis of it, but Charlie's program of negative sanctions only serves to limit the area of experience of the nisei.

Our evidence is that very few nisei have come to mix with Caucasians to any extent since coming out to Chicago. Is the alternative then to prevent the resettlers from getting together too much among themselves? Is this the only hope of furthering integration? I am of the contrary view that even if nisei are to meet only with their own groups, if the nature of these meetings are such as to broaden their experience, a first step towards integration would be taken. One reason for the fear as well as hesitation of nisei in participating in groups outside their own arises from their narrowness of experience and understanding of subjects outside themselves. In this sense, I am in sympathy with such a proposal of group discussions as was put forward by Harry Mayeda. I understand his plan to be the discussion in small neighborhood groups of problems that are of common political interest to the nisei.

The counter argument will be set forth that this will reach only a few nisei for the bulk of them have little interest in discussions of the kind. I would admit that possibility, but would add that the few who are affected would form the nucleus of intelligent nisei leadership for the later expansion of the idea. The program would take vigorous leadership, which is one of its stumbling blocks, but a fellow like Harry Mayeda would be



well suited to undertake it. Moreover, it would seem to me absolutely essential that the goal of integration should constantly be remembered. Unfortunately, integration as a symbolic goal has little meaning and appeal; personally, the idea of pursuing the promotion of ~~democracy~~ democracy or something equally elusive but inspiring would appeal to me more. It may be argued that the group might degenerate into one that promotes social functions, and to a certain extent this must be true for no group can go on maintaining a constantly sober mien, without benefit of any social function at all. However, the social function should be subordinated to the political function of the group.

I regard the dogmatic objection to the formation of any nisei groups as unrealistic, and even if these dogmatists allow the existence of such informal groups as come into existence of themselves, my objection would not be altered. The failure to promote groups with desirable ends for the resettlers only serves to narrow the experience of the nisei to the limited circle of their own friends. I consider a certain amount of organization as necessary for the advancement of the integration program even if it seems a backward step insofar as the organization is of nisei.