

Field Notes: Free Association

Document CH-101
May 16, 1943
Shibutani

Willie Ohara (pseun.)

Willie called up about 12 and seemed quite lonely. We invited him over, and he said that he would find his way out somehow. He arrived about two hours later.

"I guess I got interested in photography largely because of a couple of accidental things that happened in my life. My interest developed when I was at the San Diego world's fair. I was looking at an exhibition there and one of them really stunned me. I got to talking with the man in charge there and he gave me a pamphlet. I sent for the little booklet that was advertised. I didn't think too much more about it and went to U.C.L.A. but didn't enjoy it so much. I started going to night school to study photography. I was interested then but wasn't too sure that I wanted photography for a career. Then one time I went to an art exhibit at the Art Center in L.A. and that really convinced me that I wanted to spend my life doing that kind of work. I registered at the photography school and really went to work."

Note: Continuation of Sakoda's life history
of Riley O'suga

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June 21, 1943
Shibutani

Dr. Yatabe--J.A.C.L.

"You know, Charles, I think some of these Nisei guys are pretty disrespectful. It used to gripe me in the Centers when they started calling me by my first name. They think that if they work in the same place as you do they're just as good as you are. I think that if a man went through the training and has special skills he ought to be recognized for it and be called "doctor". I always call my colleagues doctor because I know that's what they ought to be called. I personally don't care too much if they don't say doctor to me, but I think that some of the other fellows took it to heart. I really think that these little courtesies ought to be paid.

"I don't think this Dies Committee investigation is so bad. It's not doing anything except showing what a strong influence the J.A.C.L. actually has. It shows that we were working while the others were sleeping. As far as publicity goes, only the Hearst papers are playing it up. It really shows that we are so strong that they have to recognize our role, that's all.

"There were a bunch of nuts and reds in the camps that opposed us. They accused us of graft, but that wasn't the case at all. Our men had to remain behind with the people to the very end. When I left for the Fresno center on the advanced crew I told the other fellows to stay until the end to take care of all the problems of the people who were there. That's what they did. When they came to the centers at the end there were no good jobs taken because the others who came early had taken them. I didn't think that it was fair to the people who made sacrifices for the others so I made every effort to get the good jobs for them. I think it was the only decent thing to do and I can't see why the guys howled so much. They stayed behind to serve the people.

"As far as the Dies Committee stuff goes, I feel sorry for Dillon Myer. It's hurting him and putting him in an embarrassing position, but it didn't

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phase~~pa~~ us~~at~~ at all.

"Yes, J.A.C.L. work is a thankless job. Look. I could set up an office here and do a prosperous piece of work. I met a fellow just the other day who wanted me to go in with him at his office. He needs a dentist bad, but I turned him down. I could do a lot of things that pay better than this job. J.A.C.L. can't afford to pay its officers high salaries, but we figure that we ought to hang on and work for the people. I've been a leader for so long that people expect me to do something for them. When the evacuation came, all the people in Fresno just came to me. That's why I feel obligated to help them.

"I guess I'll have to lay low for the time being with all this publicity going to way it is, but we'll get to work pretty soon. Don't worry about this Dies stuff though. We have confidential letters from the War Department and when they get to those they are going to get their fingers burned.

Field Notes: Free Association

June 21, 1943
Shibutani

Nisei Soldier from Camp Savage

"Did you hear of what happened up at Texas when President Roosevelt went through? The commander called together all the Nisei soldiers there and locked them in the warehouse and had armed guards to watch them. That was about the dirtiest thing that's happened in the Army. All the Nisei soldiers know about it. I hear they're making an investigation of that right now.

"All the Nisei who aren't at Shelby or Savage are in the Service Command. It wouldn't be so bad if there just cleaned the cans or worked around the camp but some of them are assigned to hard manual labor. It's the kind of job that they hire bums to do for \$1 an hour. The Nisei soldiers really get kicked around in some camps. It all depends on the commanding officer.

"They have a limited number of promotions for the Nisei soldiers. They have one set of quotas for the rest of the Army and another quota for the Nisei. That's why there's so much competition about the Nisei.

"Minneapolis and St. Paul both have U.S.O.'s, but the Minneapolis one is just like a 'Lil Tokyo because Savage is the only camp around there. There are some hakujin soldiers stationed at Savage to give services but they go to the St. Paul U.S.O.

"I think that most of the soldiers at Savage have long ago resigned to their fates. They know about the discrimination in the Army and elsewhere. But what can you do about it? There's nothing you can do either inside or outside the Army. In spite of the discrimination, though, I don't think any Nisei soldier is going to desert his ranks or do anything of the kind because we know that what we do will be reflected on all the other Nisei. We're fighting for the Nisei, if not for the hakujin. I think we have much in common with the kurombos (Negroes). You get pushed around but you have to toe the mark for your own group. If you do anything good, no one may think about it, but if something bad happens, it will hurt right away.

"I heard that Savage was being investigated by the Dies Committee. The other day the commandant called us all together and told us that if any suspicious guys came around asking questions we were to keep our mouths shut.

"I think we all realize what kind of a job we have to do. We realize that it would be hell for us if we were ever caught. Japs fight and die like fiends. Some captured letters were sent up to Savage and I think that they indicate a good deal of homesickness. They're not savages, but they sure fight like them.

"The whole thing was crazy. I don't think there is any democracy in it. I'm going overseas in a few weeks. The F.B.I. investigates every guy in the camp. A couple of months ago a fellow was rolled out of the camp because his brother in Poston was involved in a riot. Christ, that wasn't his fault."

Field Notes: Free Association

June 22, 1943
Shibutani

Mr. Shirrell--W.R.A.

"My main worry right now are the Nisei who quit jobs without giving them a try. I wouldn't mind so much if they had decent reasons for quitting or if they went to their employers to tell them that they are quitting and why, but they just don't show up for work and come back to me asking for another job. Some of these kids seem to think they hold a stick over my head. They come in here say tell me that they will go back to camp if I don't do certain things for them. I tell them, 'Go ahead, see if I care.' They think they can scare me by threatening to go back. I think some of these people ought to be put right on the trains and shipped back before they do any more damage.

"I know about the covenants that exist in the various areas of this town. The O.P.A. will recognize them if they have been in effect a long time and have been accepted, but any other monkey-business can be taken up to them and I think that there are heavy penalties for those who don't toe the mark.

"I'm thinking of sending a circular letter to all the Nisei whose addresses we know telling them what to do and what not to do and giving some additional information about the kind of facilities that are available here. There are a few bad ones who sour all the employers. They call me up and say, 'I hear they don't stick.' I don't want these Nisei to become dependent upon the W.R.A. because I think that in the long run they will be better off if they learn to make their own decisions. As things are now, they will depend on us for anything and will be unable to make their own decisions.

"Some of these young kids are so damn irresponsible that I don't know what to do with them. One Nisei girl from Tule Lake was scared to work for some Negro lawyers. They were fine men. One of them was president of the National Colored Bar Association and one of the most brilliant attorneys in the country. She went out there once and just froze. She didn't know why

she was afraid of the Negroes, but she refused to go back. Naturally, there were some hurt feelings and I had a pretty tough time clearing things up after she went through. When I sent the job offer to the camp I didn't indicate that the firm was a Negro one. Why should I? If the Nisei don't want discrimination, they've got to learn not to discriminate themselves. I think some of the Nisei are as poisoned in their minds as the other Americans.

"The Dies Committee hearings made Mr. Myers sore, but I doubt if it will have any effect on our policy. I doubt if it will have any serious effect in Washington. Mr. Myer is an old hand in Washington and knows his way around.

"The Nisei want us to do everything. They give up a perfectly good job and then come in to us asking for another one. If I give them hell, we get a bad reputation. I really don't know what to do."

Field Notes: Free Association
July 30, 1943
Shibutani

Deki and Dr. Seto

Deki and Dr. Seto dropped in to pay their respects. I gave them some scotch and soda and got him a little happy. He told us of some of his experiences at the hospital in Joliet where he is working as a resident physician. "Some patients object to Jap doctors. I guess they have a lot of reasons for that. I just apologize, but some of the other fellows don't. I know one doctor that just tells them to go to hell."

"The Nisei are a bunch of poop-outs. The Hawaiians are different, though. They're a tough bunch and fight back if anybody asks for any trouble. I know that if anybody insults them they won't take any lip from them. The Nisei just back down and probably wouldn't fight even if somebody kicked them in the ass."

Deki and Dr. Seto seemed to be getting along quite well. He comes to Chicago when he gets weekends off, and stays with her overnight. He takes everything in stride.

2nd Floor Incident

About 10:30, when I came home I found a note for me saying that there had been a long distance call for me. I called the long-distance operator and she told me that it was for someone else. I asked the lady and she told me to go upstairs to find the girl who was wanted since she was too weak to climb the stairs. I knocked on a door on the 2nd floor and a woman opened it. When she saw me she cringed and demanded, "What do you want?" Momentarily I was stunned by her facial expression which seemed to show intense fear and was unable to say anything. Mrs. Livingston finally called up and straightened everything up.

Filed Notes: Free Association
August 14, 1943
Shibutani

Bill Himel

Bill Himel came to the office today and talked with Fred Hoshiyama and the rest of us for an hour or so. We then went home in his car and met Sakiko. He looked a bit out of place in his Army uniform. We had some scotch and soda and waited for the Miyamotos to decide whether or not they wanted to go swimming in the lake. Finally we went over there and found out that they didn't want to go. We drove all the way down to South Chicago but found that the place that Bill had arranged to swim was now a dump. We went back to 57th and swam. It was ice cold and all of us got out in a few minutes. After changing and cleaning up, we looked over Bill's photo album. It had pictures of Bill in a Navy uniform with two bars and a star. There were plenty of pictures of Nisei girls. We then went to a Chinese restaurant. At the Won Kon the waiter was very rude and made it clear that he did not want us around. When we walked out he told us he was pleased that we were leaving and that he didn't care if Bill had on a uniform. As we passed a group of Chinese sitting outside they seemed to make disparaging remarks and spat in our direction. We walked over to the Great China and ate there. We had a big meal and for the first time Bill let me pay for a meal; he had never done that before.

After going home I found out a number of things in a bull session with Bill until 5 a.m. Eiji Kono was in Des Plaines and was now called Gene. He came out on a fake job offer from Bill's brother and then looked around until he got a better job. Bill said that Eiji was constantly surprised that the keto treated him so well. Bill and Sakiko called each other "darling" and "dear" and said that they had received many wedding presents but insisted

that they were not married. She works for Bill's brother and has been living with them since September, 1942. She kept talking about how Bill's mother walks into his room at 6:30 in the morning to wake him up, his sleeping habits, and he referred to her as his "kanai" (wife), but they still insisted that they were not married. Sakiko's sister is married to a Caucasian in Florida.

When the news of the execution of Tokyo pilots was made public all the boys at Savage were confined to the camp. Recently a Nisei soldier was charged with assaulting a woman and the entire group was confined to the quarters. Bill said that the Army was trying to keep it quiet but missed their boat when all movies in Minneapolis flashed on their screens that all Savage men were to return to their posts immediately. In confining the men, Bill thought that the administration was trying to get the men sore at the culprit and to take it out on him. But the men were sore and the morale was low more because of this action. The Nisei, Kibei and Hawaiians stopped feuding. The eating in the mess slowed down. Morale was low.

All Nisei become T/5's when they graduate. All keto get commissions. Bill is at Fort Snelling and still T/5. He said that Tsukamoto was not as ferocious as he had thought and that he was doing a good job making out wills. Bill thought he was trying hard for a promotion to major.

Bill and Sakiko want to go the East after the war. He refused to say how he got into the Army from the Navy. He said that the Nisei didn't have an inferiority complex and that keto were to blame for everything. Maybe Nisei being in the Army would help and maybe not. Ishikawa was not typical of Savage men.

Field Notes: Free Association
August 20, 1943
Shibutani

Tom Tanabe

"I'm living over at the Division St. Y now and am working at a printing press until I get inducted into the Army. I came out here after volunteering, but haven't been called as yet. I don't know when the call is coming, but I may as well make some money while I can.

"Yatabe was beaten up in Jerome by some Hawaiians. Those Hawaiians don't take any lip from anybody, and Yatabe just puts it on too much. I don't think anybody felt sorry for him when he got it. Most people felt that he got what was coming to him.

"We spent most of our time in Jerome playing cards. It wasn't so hot there. It was must mild and nothing happened other than that one beating. I liked Fresno Center the best of all. It was really swell there.

"Evacuation wasn't as bad as a lot of people think. I know that the Issei farmers in Sacramento lost a lot, but the Nisei didn't have a damn thing to lose. If anything, they are better off now than they ever were before. They are getting the kind of jobs now that they didn't ever dream of getting before. The trouble with these Nisei around here is that they want too much money. That's all they talk about. They're not serious about making a living. All they think about is making more money and they don't worry about the future. I think they are crazy, but it's none of my business."

Field Notes; Free Association
October 20, 1943
Shibutani

Tally Yusa

That job in Matteson didn't come through. But I've got a new set up figured up in Napersville. The way we're going to work it, Mamie's going to work out there all the time, and I'm going to go back over the weekends to do some of the heavy work. I'm going to come to Chicago from Monday to Friday and finish up the four courses for S.F. State. I have to get three A's to qualify for the Chicago Theological Seminary. I guess what I do in the next five or six weeks will pretty well determine the course of my life. I want to leave Mamie so she'll get used to it. If I get drafted she can stay there and work. I wan to do Christian social work so I'm interested in social disorganization. W.I. suggested that I read Blumer and Mead. I'm reading Elliott and Merrill for the course.

I guess I'll talk things over with her. The decision is up to me. She told me to make up my own mind and decide what is best. I applied for admission at Concord House. I think I'd like to stay there from Monday through Friday. I'll be around the university. I guess I could get a scholarship to some small school, but I don't want to go to these easy, small jerkwater schools. Mamie can earn \$60 and I guess I could nick my mother for another \$50. I'm thinking of selling our house and that would bring in some more. I'll get a B.D. at Chicago if I can.

Kiyo: We're staying over at the hostel right now, but I don't like it very much. They have a few rooms for families, but they are occupied and since we are young we have to sleep apart. The place is clean and the people are fairly nice, but we have to sleep in dormitories. I hear that you have to keep everything locked around there.

Oliver: No, you don't have much privacy around there. You get used to that sort of thing in camp, but out here it feels a little different. Every corner and every nook is occupied and if you want to sit down together you have to sit in the middle of the room.

Kiyo: We wanted to come over earlier this evening but we had to stay for a meeting. We asked if we could come since it was very important, but they said nothing was more important than the meeting. They told us all about what to do and what not to do in Chicago. Most of the people there weren't particularly interested, but they had to attend. Most of the things they tell us is common sense. One man asked if we really wanted to be integrated. I didn't know what he meant.

Oliver: Maybe those meetings are a good thing, but the people don't seem to be interested. I'm not concerned about that. I've been in the east before and I know my way around here. Tomorrow I'm going out to see about a job. I went to the WRA and they gave me this lead. I don't know if I can get back into my old line of work or not. I'd sure like to, but I don't know. Times have changed. I don't care. If I have something decent to do, it's O.K. Our next problem is to find an apartment house. God, they're dirty. We haven't tried many yet, but the only ones that are open are filthy.

Kiyo: Yes, aren't they, though? I'm just worn out. We've been doing nothing else since we came here. We ate some decent food and then looked for apartments. I still haven't had a chance to take a bath. The one at the hostel is always occupied, I brought only one pair of shoes along. I'll just have to get a new pair. These are kind of tight and I just can't walk around in them any more. We'll have to do a lot more walking before we find a nice place.

Oliver: Yeah, we'll have to do something about that. The thing that impressed me about Chicago is the dirtiness of the el trains.

Visitor: Yes, aren't they filthy? Those Negroes are the dirtiest and rudest people.

Kiyo: I just don't like Negroes. They smell.

Visitor: Yes, they're so dirty! Whenever I ride with my mother-in-law, I have a problem because she has to stand while the young Negroes sit. They just don't have any manners. When mother gets home she gets out her clothes brush and brushes off everything. She says, 'kitana! shito ni atata' (I touched dirty people).

I want to get a job as an accountant, but I don't know what luck I'm going to have. So far, the WRA hasn't been able to find anything. The man says that he thinks it's a hard case and then he tells me about some fellows who went out and got their own jobs. I don't know whether he's trying or not, but he give you a pleasant story. I decided that it wasn't much use to rely on the WRA. So I went to a private employment agency and the man there told me that he would try. In the meantime I got a job from the WRA to do some clerical work in a printing company. It's not particularly hard work and I can stay alive until something better comes along. There was one job open the other day, and if it weren't for the guy at the employment agency, I might have gotten it. It was an accountant's job, but the fellow told me that if I waited for a few days he was sure that he could get me placed at Goldblatts. I know that he tried awfully hard, but it just didn't work. So I am still out of work as far as a decent job is concerned. I think I'll just keep on working where I am until this fellow in the private employment agency finds a good place for me. He's been swell so far and I think he'll keep working because I'm paying him for whatever he finds. It's worth his while to find me a good job, and all his efforts will be wasted unless he does succeed. He knows Chicago better than I do and he ought to be able to do a better job in his own field than I could.

I got my B.S. from Cal by correspondence. I had to quit school and go home a little early and I had only a few units to go. I wrote them and they told me to take a few courses by correspondence. I finished up by examination and got my degree in Jerome.

I'm living on Drexel with some friends. I met the fellows when I was down in Jerome. They had this place so I moved in with them. There is a fellow with a room and four of us are in another room. We all work together to keep up the place and we all eat together. We get along O.K.

Field Notes: Free Association
October 3, 1943
Shibutani

Naoko: I didn't call you earlier because I didn't want to disturb you people. Christ, I didn't want to come in and rout everybody out when they're busy working. But dammit every Jap I see gives me heck for not calling them up or something as soon as I got here. I'm only staying until tomorrow night and then I have to skidoo for New York. I stayed with my sister the first night. I came out with my other sister who wants to go to Cincinnati. Then we decided that was too much a burden on Blanche so we moved into the Harrison Hotel. I Guess we'll be parked there tonight too. Gosh, this is a dirty town. You can't even see beyond your nose because you breathe out black air. I can't see how people live in this town without all coming down with consumption. No wonder there is such a high rate of crime and delinquency here! The kids haven't got a chance. God, I think this place is foul. I couldn't stand it.

Dorothy: Well, you get used to it. I sure hated it at the beginning when I came out, but it's not so bad now.

Naoko: Well, me for New York. I don't know what the hell I'm going down there for, but I just want to go. There's a chance that I might be able to go to school there too. That's about the only attraction. Chicago is closed so there's not much sense in my sitting around here. I don't know. I may be filtering back this way though if things get tough down there.

Dorothy: Do you have many friends in New York?

Naoko: I only know a couple of people there. By the way, did you know that McGee might not be able to ship out again? I hear that when he was going to Oran he kept a diary. Somebody saw him and squealed. McGee thought something was funny so he tossed it out of the window. Naturally when they checked up they didn't find anything so now they're as suspicious as ever. He might not be able to get on a ship until after the war. He's in New York. I'm going there to work though. I've got to get some money to go to school. I don't give a damn who's there. By the way, what are you doing for a living?

Dorothy: Oh, I'm working at McClurgs. Anybody can get a job at McClurgs or Cuneo. You don't even have to know how to read. Even Japs can get jobs there.

Naoko: God, there are a lot of Japs in this town. They're all over the place. The place wreaks with bed-bugs and Japs. I haven't seen much of the place, but I've seen plenty of buddha-heads. I went to the Art Institute the other afternoon. I was a fool. I should have come over to see you kids. I saw your dad in camp & he was O.K. I saw Jim too. He gets me down. He's always asking questions about other people and I can just see that gleam in his eye as he gets the answers--no matter what you say he makes his kill. In a way, I miss Tule Lake. We sure had a lot of fun loafing there. I guess it's not the same anymore with all our friends gone, but it was swell while it lasted.

Field Notes: Free Association
October 4-5, 1943
Shibutani

Reiko Urabe

Reiko came in on the Exposition Flyer which was almost 12 hours late. We aited at the depot from 9:30 to 11:35, when she finally arrived. We took her home on the elevated from the Union Depot and she was amazed at the distance from the loop to our place. We stayed up until 3 a.m. to talk. She was on her way to Ann Arbor to teach Japanese at the Army language school there.

"I don't know what will happen to the Nisei. Sometimes I wonder what will happen to all of us. They do things that are so stupid. When I was working in Layton with Helen and Mary some C.I.O. men came in and tried to organize us. We tried to get the others to see the point, but they refused to join and called us communists and everything else. Our pay was lower than the prevailing wages in the area and we really wanted more moeny for our work. Finally they got together and decided to go on a strike. They made a stupid mess of it all. They went on a strike during the slack season; so that the boss simply told them to quit if they didn't like it. That was plain stupidity--striking during a slack season. There was no organization because the Nisei didn't want to be mixed up with unions. How simple it would have been if they had used their heads a little before.

"When I went to Salt Lake to volunteer for the WAC's I didn't realize how much pressure there was against it. When I returned to Salt Lake after working so many people asked me why I had done what I did and acted as though they thought I was out of my head. There was so much feeling against it. Some people no longer spoke to me. I think it is only my duty to do what I can in this war, but apparently the Nisei are so bitter that they cannot see straight."

Reiko slept with Tomi, and I slept on the kitchen floor.

Field Notes: Free Association

Oct. 5, 1945

Shibutani

Coffee Oshima

"I notice that the Japanese have been getting pretty good publicity lately, especially after the war department announced the news about the Hawaiians in Sicily. There was a nice article in the Tribune and I hear that even the Herald American carried an article. I guess those guys did all right.

"I've been recruiting workers for Hotel Sherman. But the damn kids all quit after about a week. The guys boss them around too much and the kids figure that they don't want to be kicked around like a bunch of niggers. Looks like all the Japanese work together in one place or another. Like I hear Cunio Press has 200 of them. Aw hell, the wages are good, but the conditions down at Sherman aren't so hot. So they say, 'Hell,' and go look for some other job. They get from 50 to 75 cents an hour and time and a half for overtime. But over time starts at about 50 hours so its pretty tough work.

"It's pretty hard to find a house around here, even in the suburbs. I went looking all over hell for a place and I'm not settled yet. Hell, I got to get my folks out here and the rest of the family settled. But I can't settled down until I find a house.

"I think most kids are plenty worried about the draft. They might give you that shit about not giving a damn but they're plenty worried any way. They don't know what to do, when you can't plan ahead because you don't know what in the hell to expect.

"You know this place is a hell hole to stay. Nobody gives a damn around here. It's not as nice as in St. Louis, in Milwaukee. I saw a man get mangled down on Randolph street, she got+ clipped by a car. A whole bunch a guys got around to see what she looked like. They were just curious. They just tossed a sack over her

and took her away.

"I just missed getting my WRA allowance to come out here. I asked the guys around there if I could get it but everyone/said I had too much money. Hayes told me go there and tell that I lost money in a poker game. Hell, I figured I couldn't get it anyway but now I see I could have gotten \$200 richer. I was glad to get out of there anyway because the weather was the only good thing at Tule.

"I came down here to see if I could get some bills collected down on the coast. I thought maybe the WRA could help me.

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October 5, 1943
CH-304AB
Shibutani

Tom and Rose

I don't think I want the job teaching Japanese at the University because I don't want a temporary job. The WRA is trying to get Nisei into jobs in which they can stay after the war is over and this job is just a job for the duration. I know the pay is better but I don't think I'll take it. The job that I have now as a chemist isn't so good, but I can stay after the war is over. The aim of the resettlement program is to stay here permanently and I think that that is a better idea. I don't think I'll apply for the position. I don't want to take a job when the draft is coming in because that will create a bad impression. The draft will be kind of hard on us, but you can't help things like that. I don't want them to get the impression that I changed jobs just to get out of going into the Army. They're suspicious enough of the Nisei as it is.

The Nisei in Oregon are not creating such a good impression. They want too much. The farmers around there are poor and they can't afford the kind of accommodations that they had in the centers. It is a bad place for Japanese to go. The Japanese are too successful. I heard that they are buying up the best land because they have plenty of money. They ride around in brand new cars that they had stored away and the people in places like Ontario don't like it. They have worked hard on their land and just barely make a living. Then the Japanese come in and they just take over the best part. I think that's why they have been having so much trouble. That's not good for the welfare of the Japanese as a whole.

October 7, 1943

Doi phoned up at 9:30 and said that he was at the bus depot. I told him to sit tight at the depot and that I would go after him because it would be more trouble if he got lost. He came over and cleaned up and shaved over at our place. He came over to the office to see Charlie and then went upstairs to see Halpern. He got the job. His first impression was:

"Chicago is full of people who are in a hurry but don't know where they are going. The place is too noisy. I get a funny feeling of tenseness as I stand around. Nobody is easy-going around here. I guess they just don't know how to enjoy life.

"I don't know what to do now that I got the job. I don't start work until November 15, and I guess I'll have to do something in the meantime. Maybe I'll go over and work at the Cuneo press or something. Maybe I'll go back to St. Louis and stick around for a month. It's a hell of a lot nicer there. Halpern said he would find something for me to do, but he wasn't sure."

October 8, 1943

"We don't know anything about what happened in the internment camps. My father told me about one incident that has really been hushed up. I don't think anybody knows about it, but it really happened. I don't think anybody's supposed to know about it so keep still. When that group of internees got off the train in New Mexico they had to walk a mile to the camp. Two of the men had T.B. and were weak. They lagged behind and one was bayoneted. The other one got scared and he began to run. The guard thought he was trying to run away and machine-gunned him. The Issei who were there saw the whole thing, but they said nothing and didn't do anything because they weren't able to do anything. They remembered, though."

"I guess I'll go out on a date tomorrow. Tamio said he could fix up a date for me with a musumesan. I guess Chicago's O.K."

Field Notes: Free Association
October 10, 1943
Shibutani

Tally

I've been in town for the past week trying to get settled in a new job closer to Chicago. I want to go to school, and Mamie is going to do some kind of domestic work nearby. We can't make it in Richmond (Indiana) where we are now because of a lot of things. Things are tough in Richmond. There was a lodge that tried to kick out the Japs, but the Quakers went in large numbers and controlled the meeting. There are a lot of Quakers and superpatriots there and it was a matter of who could get the most members to show up at the meeting. I hear that the ringleader of the move to kick out the Japs is running for some post in the coming election and he had to keep his mouth shut or the Quakers wouldn't vote for him in November.

Mamie is very unhappy. I've got a job lined up in Matteson, and I went out the other day to look it over. It's pretty good, and I can commute to school because the I.C. train runs down there. It's a hog ranch. I can do a little work in the morning and evening and commute during the day to the library. I have to make up four courses at S.P. State and three for Cal Extension. I want to have some library facilities open to me while I'm working and that's why I want to be free in town. I thought maybe I could live somewhere in town five days a week and go home to work over the weekends. Mamie can stay out and do light work out at the farm. There's a little school out there in Richmond but it's not so hot and the instructors don't know very much. I don't want to waste my time around there.

My mother is independent now so I don't have to worry about her. I got her settled in Evanston. She's working as a domestic and my sister's out there too. My sister is working her way through school. They don't live together, but they see each other every now and then. My mother has a few Issei friends in Chicago so she's not too lonely. We had to struggle for a while, but I'm glad I got that mess straightened out. Mamie and my mother never could get along together.

As things stand now, I plan to get my B.D. at the Chicago Theological Seminary. It's one of the best schools in the country. After the war Mamie and I are going to Europe with the Friends Service Committee to help in the reconstruction program. I was talking to some of them the other day. They asked me if I wanted a congregation in one of the small mid-west towns, but I told them I'd rather do the other work. I think there are some good possibilities there. After that, I think we can go to South America--maybe to Brazil.

I don't have to worry so much about money. I sold the house in Berkeley so we have a little money to spend. Mamie will be working too. If we need it bad enough, my mother will kick in about fifty bucks a month so I don't have to worry about that.

Field Notes: Free Association
October 14, 1943
Shibutani

Yatabe---J.A.C.L.

Everything is O.K. as far as we're concerned. I'm just writing a letter. Dog gone, I have a tough time writing. I never write my speeches because it just comes natural to me, but when it comes to writing I always have to sit around and think for a while. It's hard to set the thing down. I'm writing to camp.

I'm thinking of getting an organization started, but you know what we're up against. There are just some people who are unreasonable. I won't mention any names, but there are some people who say that a J.A.C.L. here will definitely not be welcome. For the first two months, I didn't say anything. I wanted to just soften them up. I thought when I got them softened up I could go ahead. Shirrell himself said it was O.K. and told me to go ahead and organize. Some of these people say that you don't need an organization, but I think you do. Some people say let the others do your work for you, but this is the way I figure. I tell them, the Y.M.C.A. has to worry about the soldiers, the Negroes, and the other groups. The Negroes have to worry about themselves and the same with the Jews. The WRA is working for the duration only. There isn't a single group whose sole purpose for existence is the helping of the Nisei. Nobody is going to take care of us; we've got to take care of ourselves or we'll be lost. Some people say that we ought to let others into our organization, but we'll be swamped and the Nisei lose their identity. Some people want us to change our name, but the J.A.C.L. has built up a reputation among the government agencies and the other groups helping us and if we change the name all the work that has been done to date will be worthless. It will be wasted.

I'm working on public relations now. I haven't even thought about the Herald-American because it's just a hopeless case. I don't want to work on them. I want to get at the people. The C.I.O. is O.K.; I admire their guts for standing up for us, but we have to go further. I was thinking of working on Civilian Defense too but I haven't gotten too far with them. I live right next door to a captain in the civilian defense. At first we didn't get along very well. He said hello when we saw each other and that's all. The one day my brother in the Army came over for a visit and he stayed for ~~a few days~~ three weeks. Then everything changed. We get along fine now. He says, 'Hi, Doc!' every time we see each other and he's invited me over to his place too. Then there's a barber shop by our place. I went to get a haircut and I was introduced to the guy formally. We get along just swell now. You just have to know people that's all. The other day I went down to Iowa to speak. When we got off at the station, I noticed people staring at me. They'd never seen Japanese before. Then I noticed a small kid working on a machine to get some nuts out of it. He didn't get as much as he wanted so I gave him a couple of more pennies to try again. When the people saw that, they softened up a little.

When I got to the meeting it was funny. Those guys expected me to speak in Japanese. They almost fell over when they heard me speak in English. When a swore, they almost passed out. I told them I could outswear any one of those guys, and they liked that. I told them plenty and when I got through the guys came up to me and said, 'Why you're just as American as we are!' I took my wife and kid along; I bring my kid because he can play for them. That breaks 'em down too. That's the easiest way to get guys on your side. I like to go to places where no Japanese have ever gone before. I like to break down the hostility and open the way for others to go in.

We must have an organization of our own. They say the Americans will do the work for us, but they have to look after other groups too. We have to look after ourselves. That's why I'm figuring on starting a J.A.C.L. here.

Field Notes: Free Association
October 10, 1943
Shibutani

Tally

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Field Notes: Free Association
Document CH-102
Shibutani, 10/14/43

Victor

I don't know where in hell Willie's living now. We were bunking together until a couple of months ago and then I pulled out to live here. We get pretty good rates here. The Wabash Y is too expensive. Hell, we had to pay a buck a night; here we get off on about \$3.25 a week. I think you can get Willie if you call the place where he works. I left the Y long time ago.

I'm trying to earn enough dough to go to school in February. I'm working as an electrician now in a plant for 75 cents an hour. I can save up some dough this way. Where I was working I couldn't save a damn cent. I'm living with three Nisei fellows now. We make it pretty good.

I hear this Cunee deal is a lousy one. It's run by a bunch of crooked deacons. They're the ones who bought up the Insull estate. They used to kill guys who didn't play ball with them. They used to pay off the gangs. They just fuck you from behind that's all.

No musunesan life for me. I'm a good little boy. (At this the others in the room began to heat and insist that he came in at 3 in the morning on several occasions).

Field Notes: Free Association
October 16, 1943
Shibutani

Dr. Seto

I think the Hawaiians have more gumption than the Nisei. They're much freer and the Caucasians like it. They don't take any lip from anybody. They stand up like men to fight for their rights. They're not all tied up like the Nisei are. I remember after the war started when they beat up some Filipinos in Sacramento. When the Filipino got tough with some Hawaiian he just went up and got the rest of the boys. They just waited in the alley for some Filipinos to come along and just beat holl out of them. I think they laid out nine or ten of them before the cops got wise and chased them away. Down in Shelby the Hawaiian fellows didn't like some of the continental non-coms, so they just beat them up. I guess the non-coms had a tough time because some of the boys got a little gay and urinated on the floor. The non-com had to give them holl and the boys didn't like it.

Some of those doctors in Tule Lake were really funny. I guess I'm not supposed to talk about this sort of thing, but since you gave me some whiskey I can say I was drunk. Baba and Kazuo Togasaki used to walk hand in hand down the corridors at the Tule Lake hospital. Christ, she's old enough to be his mother. I don't know what's the matter with those Togasaki sisters, but they're all funny that way. One sister had her female organ removed. I think that's what they all need. The only Togasaki that's half way human is the sister that's married. Yeah, maybe that's all that's the matter with them. Hashiba was a good doctor, but he's a poor politician. He was always on two sides. Iki was a smooth guy and I don't think there would have been any trouble in the hospital if he were there. But you know how the people felt about him. There would have been some trouble in the colony. Thompson was a tough bastard. He really told off Ba ba and Togasaki when they started yelling. That was the trouble with Kazuo. She kicked too much.

Deki and I had a big fight. I was supposed to come down town and didn't come. I got drunk and couldn't come. She thought I was sick and worried like hell. She says she was sore because I made her wait. I tell people about this and she says I go around saying I'm henpecked because I drink.

There's no discrimination in the hospital where I work. One girl from the internment camp on the Philippines was in and when she saw Dr. Horishego in there she just went wild. Otherwise everything is O.K. We assist in the operations performed by outside doctors. I hint around for cuts on the fees. Sometimes the attending physician is late for maternity cases and we have to sneak in after the gas is on to deliver the kid. Then, after the birth, the regular doctor comes in and tells the mother all about the swell kid she had. The mother's none the wiser. Sometimes they see us and give us a tip, but most of the time they don't see us at all. I get presents now and then too.

I want to see all these Jap pictures. In Behind the Rising Sun they used perfect Japanese. It wasn't so bad. It's lot of fun to see all the little Japs on the screen, but Deki won't go. Sometimes she gets in and just when the good part about the raping comes in she wants to go. Hell, that's no way to be.

Field Notes; Free Association
October 20, 1943
Shibutani

Tally Yusa

That job in Matteson didn't come through. But I've got a new set up figured up in Napersville. The way we're going to work it, Mamie's going to work out there all the time, and I'm going to go back over the weekends to do some of the heavy work. I'm going to come to Chicago from Monday to Friday and finish up the four courses for S.F. State. I have to get three A's to qualify for the Chicago Theological Seminary. I guess what I do in the next five or six weeks will pretty well determine the course of my life. I want to leave Mamie so she'll get used to it. If I get drafted she can stay there and work. I wan to do Christian social work so I'm interested in social disorganization. W.I. suggested that I read Blumer and Mead. I'm reading Elliott and Merrill for the course.

I guess I'll talk things over with her. The decision is up to me. She told me to make up my own mind and decide what is best. I applied for admission at Concord House. I think I'd like to stay there from Monday through Friday. I'll be around the university. I guess I could get a scholarship to some small school, but I don't want to go to these easy, small jerkwater schools. Mamie can earn \$60 and I guess I could nick my mother for another \$50. I'm thinking of selling our house and that would bring in some more. I'll get a B.D. at Chicago if I can.

Field Notes: Free Association
October 26, 1945
Document CH-111
Shibutani

Esther Uchimura

I hear that Congress is considering repealing the Chinese Exclusion Act. I suppose that that's really progress now that the House of Representatives has passed it. I don't know what will happen in the Senate, but it sounds pretty good. Now I think that the Japanese are really discriminated against. We are now singled out as the only people who are excluded from naturalization in the United States. I suppose that we are victims of circumstance.

I never heard about the trouble in Tule Lake. I heard it was bad but I didn't realize what really happened. Minidoka was really a peaceful camp. I'm glad to hear that the Northwesterners behaved so well in Tule Lake.

Field Notes: Free Association
October 26, 1943
Document CH-112
Shibutani

Martha Mizoue

That Santa Anita riot was really something. I was scared. I lived near the place where it started and when I saw all those people running down I really got scared. I saw those police just run in all directions and run for the gates. I can understand why people felt that way, but I don't think the hakujin can. Those police just went to all the apartments and took whatever they wanted to. The people were really sore and they went after them.

Jerome was a dead center. I suppose I ought to be happy that I didn't go to Tule Lake, but then in a way it might have been more fun if we did have a little excitement.

Field Notes: Free Association
October 27, 1943
Shibutani

Jun

I guess I'll have to go to the Army on November 11. I'm in the reserves so they can do anything they want with me. I don't know why they discharged me after Pearl Harbor, but it was O.K. with me. I got a letter from the Sixth Service Command telling me to show up for induction again. I'm opposed to segregated units like they have at Shelby, but they'll probably send me there. I've asked for an extension so that I could see my folks and finish up my business here. The Nisei used to get the tough jobs in the Army. Cleaning cans isn't so bad, but in some camps the fellows were doing just plain labor work, like digging ditches. Hell, that's no work for soldiers to be doing. I think it depended on the commanding officer. In some camps they were treated O.K., but in other camps they were really kicked around or discharged. You've got to admire any Nisei or Negro who is wearing around stripes. They've really had to work for them. You've got to figure that every sergeant you see has about 200 buck privates under his care. He's one guy that got selected out of all of them, and that means that he must have something.

Nisei may as well go to the Army if they are going to be treated right. Around here in a lot of place you just don't have a chance. Some Jews around here run all the outfits and nobody's got a chance. They just look out after themselves, that's all.

October 30, 1943

Chieko: I don't know what they teach girls in Japan but they sure are funny. The other night, Esther, Martha and I went out with three fellows. They really treated us to a big feed in Chinatown. They must have spent about twenty dollars. They really paid but neither Martha nor Esther would even sit with the boys either at the restaurant or on the street car. Then they took us to a show. There were not many seats. Finally the usher said that there was a double open, and Martha and Esther just went together instead of going with one of the fellows. Mas was plenty sore. I was kind of disgusted too. Esther said she didn't want to go, but she ate plenty and took in the show when they paid for it. She says she doesn't want to sit with any boy because she wants to have a clean record when she gets married. She thinks that if she sits tight and waits some perfect fellow is going to come along and take her away. She's nuts. She won't even give a fellow a chance to find out what kind of a girl she is.

Doi: Christ almighty. We went out the other night and there were plenty of musumesan walking around down there. There was one babe we say that had everything. We followed here along and pretty soon she went into a show. We went in too and sat right behind her. About half-way through the show she got up and walked out. She was looking back at us as if she wanted us to follow her, so we went out too. When we got out we lost her. I kept talking to any booch babe that came along, but Tamio didn't want to do that. He said, "How would you like it if somebody did that to your sister?" Yeah, that's Tamio. That's the way he thinks.

November 1, 1943

Lil: I don't know what to do about the landlady. She wants me to sit around all the time. She doesn't want any men hanging around. She tells me that so often I can't forget it. I can't see where it will hurt her if I have a few friends come to see her. I have to meet all my friends somewhere else.

Field Notes: Free Association
November 2, 1943
Shibutani

WRA: Shirrell

I don't know what to do with Charlie and Smeltzer. It's not what they say that disturbs me, but how they say it. They're just so darn obstinate that there's nothing that can be done. I'm willing to look at both sides of the story and realize that there is something to what they say. But they aren't perfect; there are some points on which maybe they have made mistakes, but they are not willing to admit it. I suspect that Smeltzer is using Charlie to gain his own ends. He wants to run the whole show and doesn't realize that this is a WRA job and that organizations like his are only auxiliaries. He's disturbed about this because he can't be the big boss. He wants to run everything and tell the Nisei what they can do and what they can't do. He nor anyone else has the right to do that. He wanted to stack up the meeting with people who thought like he did and that's why he got Charlie to go.

I have from reliable sources that Tule Lake is going to be turned over to the Army in a very short time. There doesn't seem to be anything else that can be done about it. I think that that registration was handled terribly. I guess it's not fair for me to criticize my successor, but he didn't do what he should have done. Because of that there are thousands of otherwise fine people who are just victims. Their lives are just wrecked.

I think that the WRA is going to adopt a new policy. In the past our job has been to get these people settled initially and to let them work out their own problems after that. It's becoming quite evident that we can't continue in this manner, and I think this policy will change. I'm getting Jacoby and Carter out here to work with me. They resigned and I felt that the WRA was losing some good men. I've created a job for Jake out here and I think he'll do a good job.

I've got Mrs. Izumi on my staff. She's a third generation Japanese. She can speak excellent Japanese and excellent English. I think she'll be good in handling the Issei. She can talk to them much better.

Field Notes: Free Association
November 2, 1943
Shibutani

Togo

I don't know, I think I'd just as soon be in the Army as not. When the Germans are knocked out of the war and the war against Japan becomes more intense, I think the feeling against the Nisei will rise too. I'd feel a lot better being in uniform than not. It will be bad without uniform. A few months ago when they asked me to volunteer for Savage I wasn't ready to go, but now I'm financially ready to go. The others are pacifists, but I can't quite get myself to see their point of view. I don't think I'd care to serve in a segregated unit like they have down at Shelby, but I wouldn't mind going into the Army.

November 7, 1943

Miscellaneous

Doi came over today with a girl from St. Louis who came down to apply for a job teaching at the university. She had a certificate to teach Japanese in Japan and also spoke perfect English. She was born down in Indiana and spoke with a slightly southern accent. She said she had been in Japan for 8½ years and didn't care to have any part of it.

We decided to go to a show, but the girl was concerned about getting to the station to catch the train back to St. Louis. When we got in the theatre, we had to separate because it was too crowded. We all agreed to come out when the picture came to the point when we went in. At that point, we walked out but no Doi or the girl. Tomi and I stood around for a half hour, but they didn't show up. In disgust, we walked home in the rain and as we were half way home we ran into Miyoko Ito Ichiyasu.

It was like meeting an old friend in a foreign country. We never did know her so well in Berkeley, but we talked as if we had known each other intimately for years. It was really swell to see her again. We exchanged addresses and phone numbers and then went running on our way.

November 8, 1943

Rev. Sai

I don't think we have to worry about Smeltzer gumming up everything in the resettlement program. The national church council will decide on policies. We are trying hard to get all the churches interested in this and we must have a uniform national policy. Smeltzer does not count for very much in the national picture although he does talk quite a bit around here. We are still in a transitional stage. We have about 200 or 300 Nisei attending churches now. We know that this is only a small number, but this is a beginning and we are quite pleased. They are all Christians. I don't know what can be done about the Buddhists. Something will have to be planned for them.

Field Notes
November 5, 1948
Shitbutani

We went out to Des Plaines tonight to visit Bill and Sakiko and felt very uncomfortable all the way out there. I had heard about the big riot in Tule Lake during the afternoon, but when we got on the train at the Northwestern depot I couldn't help but noticing that everyone had a newspaper. This was natural since we were on a commuter train to the suburbs and everyone reads on his way home. All five of the evening papers carried headlines about Tule Lake. Some just had "Jap Riot"; others had accounts of "20 Bayoneted". Everyone all the way down the line was reading about it and we couldn't help but noticing because we were sitting in the back of the train. As we looked up there was headline after headline. I looked outside into the platform and there again almost everyone was reading a paper--about the riot. As we got off the train a number of people started at us and we did feel rather uncomfortable knowing that the news of the riot in Tule was fresh in their minds.

Bill met us at the station and drove us over to his brother's place to pick up Sakiko and we then went over to the Kanos to get Irene. We then went over to the Shigas and waited for the girls to make the sandwiches for next day's lunch.

Bill presented on of his schemes for public relations to ask me what I thought about it. His plan was to win over the American Legion Post in Des Plaines and Park Ridge to the idea of adopting youngsters of high school age and to give them a chance to get an American education rather than the inferior training they are getting in the camps. He felt that he was successful because the American Legion representative from Des Plaines was the only man at the Illinois Convention to vote against the anti-Nisei resolution. He felt that the national organization was almost a hopeless case, but that he could work on the various local chapters as some of the people had in Minnesota.

We went over to a Chinese restaurant in Park Ridge where Eiji Kono and the Sales were present. We chatted during the dinner and then all went over to the Sales. We talked over all sorts of things and then left. Sales was apparently a big shot in Park Ridge whose support Bill wanted rather badly.

I got the impression from this visit that the few Nisei in Des Plaines were doing the kind of work that the WRA dreamed about when they spoke of "integration"--whatever they meant by that. There is considerable mingling with the Caucasians and no conflict at all. The Nisei are behaving very well and are creating an excellent impression.

When we got home we met a Nisei fellow who said that he used to be in the same church with Frank and said that Frank was his basketball coach for the church team. *****

Field Notes: Free Association
November 8, 1943
Shibutani

Visitors

Tally: Boy, that Tule Lake riot was sure bad. Almost everybody all over the country know about it. It's going to mean that the people won't even give us a chance. A couple of more incidents like that the resettlement may be all wahsed up.

I'm trying to get a job in the city library down town so that I can get access to books. If I work there I can take out as many books as I want and keep them until other peopel ask for them. I'm trying to finish up a couple of papers and make up my incompletes.

Aster: Sumi will graduate in February and I don't know what we're going to do after that. I guess she can worry about that then.

I notice that C.O.P. is doing well in football this year. I sure miss the games, though. Remember how we used to sit in that crowded stadium and cheer for the losing team. C.O.P. used to lose all the time when we were there, but now that we are in Chicago, Stagg turns out a winning team. Maybe they might go to the Rose B owl. Wouldn't that be just swell? I think everything about Stockton is better than here. Even the way that they used to deliver all the newspapers to your doorsteps was better than here. I'm getting used to a big city now, but I think that St. Louis is better than Chicago. That's because its a little smeller than Chicago.

I heard about that dance over at the Ashland auditorium but I don't think I'm going to go. I hear it's going to be pretty wild and I don't want to be seen there with those wild boys. I heard that some of the other kids were planning to go but I'd rather go to our school dances. The Vogue school sponsored some tea dances for us. It's all invitational and we had a swelltime. No rowdies could come in or anything. That way you can enjoy yourself, but in these big dances you always have to worry about your reputation.

November 11, 1943

Barry was expected in town today and Doi came over in the evening to wait for him. He had made arrangements with his landlady so that Barry could stay with him for a while. I got the impression that Doi wanted Barry to live with him now that both of them were to be in Chicago. Hours passed but we got no phone call from Barry so we continued to talk. Doi said:

"I think that the boys are all thinking about money. That's about the only thing they ever talk about other than women. All they're concerned about is where their money goes. One of the bad traits of the Japanese is to salt away all their money but to keep on insisting that they don't have any so that others won't come to borrow from them. I think these fellows have caught that from their parents. They all say that their money is going like water off of a duck's back, but I know damn well that they couldn't possibly spend all that they make.

"I feel odd and a little different now that I'm working. I feel as though I'M an adult. When you're on your own and you're making your own money, you can do as you please. I'm not used to it so I feel a little funny. But I do feel grown up, though."

November 13, 1943

I had just gotten up to run down to the office to interview a fellow when Chieko phoned from the University and said that Barry had phoned from the depot. Chieko said that she told him to sit tight and that someone would come for him. Since I had to interview, Tomi ran down to the Union Depot after him. I was busy all day and then about four in the afternoon I went home with Doi. Barry was there. Doi cancelled at date so that he could take Barry home although he was a little angry about doing that since Barry had not wired us in time for him to break the date without some embarrassment. About 5:30 we took Barry to a Chinese restaurant, and Doi, after making arrangements with Barry about keys, went out on another date. Tomi said that she was disgusted with Barry when she went to the station because he was dressed just the way the men dress in the camps. She said she bawled him out and told him to put on a tie and to replace his sweater with a coat.

November 15, 1943

Barry came in and complained that he had not seen Doi at all although they were living together. He said there were several things he wanted to ask Doi but that he had not been home either on Saturday or Sunday nights.

November 16, 1943

Barry: Doi finally came in last night. Gee, I've been living with him since Saturday, but I've seen him only a half hour except for last night. I didn't know he went out to wolf that often.

Doi: God, that guy Barry grits his teeth in his sleep and if there is one thing I hate it's guys who grit their teeth in their sleep. I can't stand it. I don't know what to do with that guy because he just won't fit into the company I go around with here in Chicago. He's too vulgar. He's just going to have to find a new room, that's all. I'm not sure whether he's going to get a job teaching at the university either. I told Halpern what I thought of him, but I don't know what the old man going to do. I can't stand having that guy around. I know that he knows a lot more Japanese than I do, but I don't think he's the kind of fellow that will get along with the men we're teaching. The trouble with Barry is that he talks too much. He's always ribbing me and I don't like it. He makes too many dirty cracks.

November 17, 1943

Barry: I got a job at the Alloy Company today. It's pretty good. I went to the W.R.A. and told Olson I wanted a job. He knew me from the time that he came down to Rohwer and he fixed me up right away. He called up this place and gave them a big line about me and they accepted me right away. I know this job at the university is better, but Halpern was kind of hesitant so I'm not going to count on it. He said something about my father being interned, but I don't think that's the real reason because Doi's father was interned and there are a couple of guys teaching there who were interned themselves. Anyway, in case it does come through I told the boss that I might have to go work for the Army but in the meantime I'll work with him. The whole thing looks pretty good. Now I have to find a place to stay. I don't think I can stay with Doi.

Doi was saying that he was thinking of finding a place for about \$60 or \$70. He said that he wanted to have a nice place where he can entertain his friends. I think this teaching stuff got into his head. He's still the same dumb bastard I always knew, but he just thinks he's a big shot now.

We then went to a movie and as we came out we saw walking ahead of us Doi and nine other Nisei fellows. Doi said that he didn't feel comfortable with all the Nisei and walked behind with us. The other nine fellows were walking together. Barry hadn't seen the other fellows for a long time so he walked ahead to talk to them, but he didn't seem to have much success getting along with the boys and came back. The four of us then went over to our place and had coffee. In the general conversation, Doi and Barry agreed for a change. They felt that the Nisei are always reminiscing about the past. They live in the past and are always talking about the good old days.

Field Notes: Free Association
November 16, 1943
Shibutani

Conversation

The interviewer was extremely fortunate to be able to sit in on a spontaneous and informal bull session. He went over to interview a Nisei woman, but when he arrived he found two visitors who had come unexpectedly. They were older Nisei--between 30 and 40--and they ignored the interviewer and continued with their conversation. This reveals quite well the kind of things with which the resettlers are primarily concerned.

Mr. Kono: I haven't gotten a job around here yet. I've been around about two weeks now but haven't had any luck. I don't know what to do. I've got a wife and some kids back in the center and I have to get them resettled. It's hard to get good jobs around here. Chicago's really hard on family people. If I write back I'm going to tell all family people to stay in camp. They can't make a go on the wages they pay here. I think the average jobs pay about 60 to 65 cents. You can't support a family on that.

Mr. Ishida: I know some guys who get more than that. They're really raking in a lot of money.

Mr. Kono: If you're a friend of Ben Yoshioka it's O.K. I know a fellow who used to know Ben pretty well who came in on Thursday; went to the WRA on Friday; and went to work on Monday for 85 centers an hour. He works 54 hours and overtime begins at 40 hours. He gets about 50 to 60 bucks a week. I hear Ben was saving the job for the guy.

Mr. Ishida: That's really dirty. If some of the hakujin there did that it wouldn't be so bad, but for a nihonjin to do a thing like that is really dirty.

Mr. Kono: The cost of living around here is high, see. Even a single guy would have a hard time. If you eat out three times a day, that'll cost you \$3.00 a day. You can't make it. Then some guys just don't know what to do with money. Some of these guys never had any money before. See, they used to work for their old men, they only got a little money when they asked for it. Now they got a lot, and they go to night clubs and go to the races and play the ponies. They spend for 30 to 150 bucks in one day. Most Nisei were lucky to get 35 bucks before the war.

Mr. Ishida: Yeah, some of these guys going to regret it after the war.

Mr. Kono: The trouble with the WRA is that they only give you a choice of three jobs. They decide what you ought to do. They don't give you a chance. You walk in and they talk to you a couple of minutes and then tell you you only got a choice of a couple of jobs. They don't even let you see what else they got. Hell, that's no way to do. I used to be the head at Gila of the Outside Employment Section and I helped a lot of people come out. I thought that all the jobs were investigated and everything and that's why I encouraged people to come out here. I come here

and find out different. These guys don't check up on nothing. They just grab anything they can get and tell you to go out there and shift for yourself. If I had known that, I wouldn't have advised people to come out. I know now. You have to know Ben Yoshioka to get a good job.

Mr. Ishida: If he were a hakujin I wouldn't feel so bad, but for a Nisei it's no good. He should give all an equal chance.

Mr. Kono: This fellow knew Ben's folks. That's why he got a good job.

Mr. Ishida: Some people are making quite a bit though. I worked on the west side as a pressman and got \$1.05 an hour, but it was too far. I took four hours going up and back. I couldn't put in no overtime because I had to travel. I know a fellow getting \$1.25 an hour. He gets plenty of overtime too. He gets double time only on Sunday. I don't feel like working on Sunday though. Hell, you got to get some enjoyment out of life, huh.

Mr. Kono: I hear domestics get good pay. I know a fellow who came out with big ambitions. No go. Then he got his wife out and they took a domestic job on the north side. Now they get room and board for the couple and two kids and a hundred and fifty bucks. Every time they have a party they all get \$5 extra apiece. They clear over \$200 a month, except for tax. I told him stay there. He won't get anything better than that. I think the trouble is that there aren't many Japanese doing domestic work. There weren't so many who did it before and they're not used to that kind of work.

Mr. Ishida: Sure there are. In San Francisco, Alameda and Oakland there were plenty of them. Must have been about 500 of them. They were all domestics.

Mrs. Ishimoto: How do you get jobs like that? Gee, that sounds good. I'd like to make money like that.

Mr. Kono: Oh, they're easy to get. Even the WRA can get them. I heard they had 600 domestic jobs open and they're not taking any more of them until they get these filled. No Japanese will take them. That's the trouble.

Mr. Ishida: There's one fellow I know that I think has the best job of all the Nisei in Chicago. He's a draftsman. He gets \$1.25 an hour and overtime. He's all set.

Mr. Kono: Well, they're some jobs like that, but the WRA is no good. You can't depend on them to get jobs like that for you.

Mr. Ishida: Have you heard of an employment agency down town with a Nisei working in it?

Mr. Kono: Yeah, I heard of them. I heard they charge \$20 just to make an application. If the job is no good, it's too bad. I heard he gets a commission on each one. That's why they take Issei and all. If the job is good, O.K., but I know a girl who got a \$27.50 job and had to pay \$35. for it.

Mr. Ishida: Well, if she got a good job, it's O.K.

Mr. Kono: I heard of a man who got hurt in a machine shop. He had a good job as a punch machine operator and lost three fingers. I think it was his thumb and first two fingers. He got \$5,000 and a guaranteed job for life. Lucky he was working for a big company. I wouldn't want to lose three fingers though.

Mr. Ishida: That's a lot of money. Some people have a lot of luck.

Mrs. Ishimoto: That's a lot of money, but I don't think I'd want to lose three fingers to get it.

Mr. Ishida: I guess not. He's set though. I know some guys who have a lot of money though.

Mrs. Ishimoto: Yes, I know some people who are really rich.

Mr. Ishida: I know one man who wanted to buy a laundry. He had the cash and everything. He has plenty of money and could have paid cash on the spot. He looked over the place and figured it was O.K. so he was all set to buy. Then the WRA said no. I don't know. I guess they advised them.

Mr. Kono: Why, it was none of their damn business. That's the trouble with the WRA. They butt in when they're not wanted and don't help when they're really needed.

Mrs. Ishimoto: Gee, where do these people get all this money?

Mr. Ishida: Some people just have lots of money. One man I know couldn't find a house so he said he would go buy one. At first the price was \$7,000 and when the owner found out the man had the money they put the price up to \$10,000. This man was so mad after looking for an apartment that he said he would buy it anyway. He was going ahead, but I said no. He's crazy, I told him. That's a lot of money. He's a big man though. He used to have a laundry in Oakland. \$10,000 is small stuff for him. I heard some guy bought a hotel on Clark Street. I hear he paid \$25,000 for it.

Mr. Kono: I heard about some of these Japanese boarding houses. They charge a lot. They're not trying to help the Japanese people. I heard one fellow had to pay \$1.40 for an evening meal in one of these places.

Mrs. Ishimoto: Gee, you could go eat in a restaurant for that. I think you could probably get better food too.

Mr. Kono: Oh well, I guess it's better than camp. We didn't have much trouble in Gila, but it wasn't so good. I think the only trouble we had in Gila was in December when some Kibei put a

Japanese flag up on the hill. God, we woke up one morning and we saw the hinomaru no hata up there. They must have been hot heads, huh? That was the only trouble.

Mr. Ishida: Poston had a lot of trouble. I think it was the worst of all the camps. It was hot and dirty. We had plenty of trouble. By the way, how did you come out?

Mrs. Ishimoto: We came out last month. We had to stop at Ashfork to wait for the train. The bus arrives just in time to miss the train so we had to stay overnight there. They had arrangements made so we could stay at the motel, you know.

Mr. Kono: Yeah, I set that system up.

Mrs. Ishimoto: Oh, did you? Well, they charged us \$1 a head and a dollar for transportation. Even children were \$1. It cost me \$5. Gee I asked them, 'do you charge \$1 for my six-month old baby?', and they told me I could take it or leave it. There was nothing else I could do.

Mr. Kono: That's bad. That's too high. That's not the way we fixed it up. I guess those hakujin know that there's nothing else we can do so they get away with things like that.

Mrs. Ishimoto: Yes, \$1 a head is too high.

Mr. Kono: Well, transportation is bad anyway. All over, it's that way. The other day I went to meet a friend and the train was 12 hours late. He sent a telegram for Kansas City and it came after my friend was in. I met my friend at the station, and when I came home the telegram was waiting for me. When we came out, all the train was full of Japanese. We had a train all to ourselves, but we could get no food. The dinner was four cars away and there were two troopships between us. We were buying box lunches, but we got tired of that so we told the conductor. He wired ahead and stopped the train before Kansas City so we all got out and had a hot meal. He was a good guy.

Mr. Ishida: Well, I guess I better be going home. Give my regards to Randolph will you?

Field Notes: Free Association
November 17, 1943
Shibutani

Al Doi

I heard they're going to have a big fight over at that dance at Ashland Hall. I heard that some Santa Anita guys are laying for each other and they 're really going to have it out. I heard that some guys are sore at the Northwest boys too. If you go to that dance you guys better go stag. You can run out faster that way.

I got invited to that Vogue School dance. It's pretty good, I hear. It's tea and dance. They had a couple before. It's by invitation only.

Most of the boys are thinking of quitting their jobs. From their talk I think all of them are quitting. They never liked their jobs anyway, and now that it's getting colder they're bitching about the climate. They want to get better jobs. They got these jobs long time ago and by now they've heard of guys with better jobs and they want to quit.

Field Notes: Free Association
November 18, 1943
Shibutani

Doi and Tamio

"The Japasapa boys really gripe me. Our boys go to work in coats and ties and change when they get there. But some of these goddam boochies don't have any sense. They go to work in filthy work clothes and they sit right next to hakujin who are dressed up. Naturally the hakujin don't like it. They wouldn't even like it even if another dirty hakujin sat next to them. Some of these boochies never grow up and don't realize that they are not back home anymore. I can't see how they can be so dumb after going through evacuation, and all that. They still think they're back in skidrow and they think that people will laugh at them if they wear neckties. They make fun of each other if any of the n~~on~~-jins go in coats and ties and say that they are snooty or that they always want to be dressed up. It's guys like that that are going to wreck our chances in Chicago."

Tamio: The Nisei are just shifting from one job to another without any reason for changing. All the boys over at my place say that there's nothing wrong with their jobs, but they want to change anyway. I think that the fact that it's getting a little cold just adds to all their beefs. One reason why they're not satisfied is that there is no percentage in their staying where they are. They just wake up in the morning and go to work and they'll keep on going to work all the rest of their lives. Some of these dumb hakujin might be satisfied with that but the Nisei just can't stand it.

Doi: In a big plant there's no feeling that anything belongs to you. You just work for some bastard who doesn't care if you freeze to death the day after he fires you. You can't get attached to any company like that.

Tamio: Take me, for example. I got a responsible job. I'm assistant foreman of the whole plant, but the only reason why I'm staying there is that I'm saving up enough money to go to school. I don't know for sure where I'm going or what to take, but I want to get my degree now that I've finished up three years. I ask this dumb bastard what the do, but he says he doesn't know.

Doi: Well, why should I be responsible for your future? After all, you're older than I am. You know, that's a funny thing, but everybody comes to me to ask me for advice. I don't know nothing. The other day Ben Kubota came up to me and asked me for some advice because he wanted to get married. When I was in Stockton Ben was ten years older than me and I had to look up to him because he was a big louie in the community and I didn't count for crap. Now he comes to ask me for advice. I sure felt funny, though.

Tamio: Yeah, I noticed that too. The age difference doesn't mean a damn thing anymore. The same is true of all the big shots that used to strut around before the war. Right now, they're no better off than the young punks. Those were the guys who were too good to go to vocational school and used to laugh at the guys who went there, but right now they're wishing to god that they weren't too proud then. They come down to our level now. They haven't got a god damn thing to show for all their bragging and shitting. A lot of those guys want to get married now that they're away from their parents, but the gals are kind of skeptical about them.

Doi: Now you're talking. I think marriage will solve a lot of problems. Like Shibs says, the people have a feeling that they don't belong to anything. I think that most of the fellows really do feel that they don't belong to anything and that nobody gives a damn about them. If they got married that would help a lot. That will give them something to work for and something to hang on to. I guess if a fellow had something to hang on to he could take quite a beating.

worse, I can go back to the farm or start some crooked business someplace else. I've been thinking that with all the boochies around here it might be a good idea to start one of those gambling houses like we had down on center street in Stockton. I don't know, there ought to be something an enterprising guy can do to haul in some dough.

Visitor: Have you thought of starting a whorehouse? I think you're just about low enough to start one.

Tamio: Yeah, Doi won't say so in some many words, but I can see that idea written in the back of his mind all the time.

Doi: No, no, anything but that. I may go pretty low, but I won't be a pimp. I wouldn't be able to look myself in the face.

Tamio: Ah, what are you trying to hand us?

Doi: I believe in making money by providing what people need. I know that we need a booch whorehouse here, but I won't start that. After all, I'm a humanitarian at heart. I'm figuring maybe I'll go to the Orient after the war. I can always get a job teaching English in Japan. I may as well get whatever I can here and then pull out. There's always a chance in the Orient for anybody who knows English. I want to do some kind of work that's going to do some good. But, you know, now and then I've got to have a tonic to make me work. I remember when I was in St. Louis, I used to get pretty low when it rained and I couldn't go out or anything. I had a letter from a friend in camp and it said that I ought to work because the blue chips were on the table and that I was out here representing all the Nisei. That just kept me going because it inspired me and made me feel good. I kept that letter and every time I felt lousy I pulled it out and read it over.

Tamio: Yeah, but you get inspired and the next day you forget all about it. You're just that kind of a guy, that's all. I knew the last time you came up here when you said that you were going back to camp to propose to Mich that you were going to go back there and just make an asshole out of yourself. I knew she was going to turn you down because she knows you well enough to know that you're irresponsible and that she would have one hell of a time if she ever married you.

Doi: Boy, I really felt low when Mich married that other guy. I went out and got drunk and stayed drunk for a long time. That's when I spent a lot of dough. I spend on the average of \$500 every two months, but that month I really went on a spree. My old man gave me \$1,500 when I started school and I was earning \$50 a month teaching out there. Every now and then my mother sent me about \$100 and my brother lent me about \$200. I don't know where all the dough went, but it sure disappeared fast. I haven't got a cent left. I don't have to worry so much about money now. I'm teaching now and there's such a scarcity of Japanese language teachers that my job's pretty safe. I know Halpern and I just say O.K., O.K. to everything he says and flatter his ego. We're working on

the course now and since I'm the only one working on the course who knows English he can't afford to can me. I'm the only one who knows anything about linguistics and those others Japs in there who think they know so much aren't even making an effort to learn linguistics. They think they know everything so I don't have to worry. If I sit tight and don't do anything to get him sore, I should be O.K. I'm doing some good in teaching these guys and I'm getting something out of it myself.

Tamio: You know, Doi, just in that last sentence you said you gave yourself away. You think you're helping other people when you're really doing something for yourself. You won't do anything unless there's something in it for you.

Doi: Oh, I don't know about that!

Tamio: I don't think you can understand somethings. I was thinking about going to New England. I don't know why, but somehow New England appeals to me. I've always wanted to go to a quiet place where everybody trusts the other fellows and people work together and help each other because they ant to. People help each other not because the expect something in re- turn but because they want to. It's the simple things in life that make you happy and it's the simple things in life that make you get the most out of it. People in New England have respect of all others. The trouble with you is that you build yourself up by Bluffing and someday the bluff is going to get you. You're the kind of a guy who tries to bluff his doctor into thinking you're not going to die even when you're on your last stretch.

Doi: The Indian situation is getting bad isn't it?

Tamio: Don't avoid the issue, Doi.

Doi: Oh hell, let's talk about something else. When I went down to Rowher I saw some things that made me sick. Guys down there that I never thought were that way were really running wild. They have those long haricuts and they fight allthe time. I heard one little guy about 14 talking about rubbers. They know plenty. I heard him say that they didn't hold well enough and that you had to put one rubber over anotherone to make su e there wasn't any leak. They sell rubbers right in the canteens and these Rokwer gals are realling giving.

Tamio: Yeah, that's pretty bad there. Some of those guys started fighting as soon as they got into Stockton A.C. They got into a fight with the Hawaiians. Three times they just lined up and had it out. I saw the boys walked around later with patches. The Hawaiians fight clean so they lost the first two times, but the last time they caught on and really bashed in a few guys. The State Garage boys are plenty tough. Even those guys are cleaner than you though. Doi always wants to do something big and he's not happy unless he's the big shit. But it's not the big things in life that count. It's the feeling od doing some- thing for somebody else that makes you happy.

Doi: Here we go again.

Tamio: Well, life is funny anyway.

Visitor: Why don't you fellows like Barry?

Doi: Oh, that guy!

Tamio: Well, there are a lot of reasons why the fellows don't like him. For one thing, he's sloppy and uncouth. He's just vulgar. Another thing about him is that he just ribs people all the time. Some times is O.K., but you can't stand it all the time. When he started playing basketball he was the clumsiest guy on the court. We used to kid him and tell him what a flashy player he was and it went to his head. He thought we really meant it when we were just kidding him. He's always pulling these corny jokes and you get tired of it after a while.

Doi: There are other things that guy does too. The other day he was in the office waiting for Halpern to come back and I was teaching a soldier some booch. He just sat there and picked out all the mistakes that I made. He came running up and said, 'No, that's not right.' He shouldn't do things like that. When I went back to camp he was such a big lewie that he ignored me. I spent a lot of time writing him two letters saying that I was coming down there and he didn't even come look me up. I had to go down to see him. That really got me. There are two kinds of guys that get me. One is the guys like Barry and the other is the Jappa-sappa boys. Those bastards just do everything to make the hakujin think we're a bunch of barbarians. I can't see how these guys can keep on living the way they do.

Tamio: Well, I don't know, Doi, you seem to be doing O.K. You still owe almost everybody you know some money. I noticed the other day when Doi was over to see the boys that almost everybody in the room had some interest in Doi. They didn't want him to kick off without paying off his debts to them. They were all interested in his health.

Field Notes: Free Association
November 20, 1943
Shibutani

Barry

"Doi says that he doesn't want to live with me because he can't stand me, but I don't think I can stand him either. He's just one of those guys. I saw the landlady today and she was saying that she had a tough time making ends meet, but I know damn well that Doi hasn't paid his rent for three weeks. I was talking to the Negro woman who was cleaning and she was complaining about how little she got paid for her work. Then the landlady came in and said that she wanted to pay her more but that she didn't have the money right then. I asked her how much I owed her and told her I would pay for the sheets and for half of Doi's room rent. The lady seemed to need the money so I paid her for the sheets and told her I'd pay the rent after I talked to Doi to see what he wanted to do about it. The lady took the \$1.50 I gave her and gave it to the colored woman. Doi came home pretty soon and I asked him about the rent. He didn't say anything so I told him I paid the lady already for the sheets. Then he got sore as anything. He said that I was supposed to be his guest and any financial transaction that goes on between the lady and me should go through him. I think he was just sore because I didn't give him the money. I know he's broke and hasn't got enough money to go wolfing before his next paycheck, but I still think that he ought to pay his rent first, especially since the ~~rent-~~ lady isn't rich.

"I know what kind of a guy Doi is. I worked with him once in the country about five years ago. He borrowed from everybody else who was working there. I think he owed everybody there at least five bucks. I don't think he's paid some of it back yet. He's the kind of guy that borrows and borrows and then gets sore if you ask him to pay you back. He thinks you're not his friend if you ask him to pay you back. He never thinks that he's pretty dirty in asking a guy who's almost as broke as he is.

"I don't see how he can kick about me high hatting him when he came down to Rohwer. Hell, I was busy. Even if I did go over to his place, he wouldn't have been home anyway. He's always out with some woman. He's really been high hatting me out here. I haven't even eaten lunch with him since I came here. He says that I'm vulgar, but who in the hell does he think he is? If he were a smooth cookie with no faults I wouldn't care if he picked on my faults, but he's pretty vulgar himself.

"The other night Yasukochi came over with his wife and all of us went bowling. His wife is pretty good in bowling, but she's sure funny otherwise. What's the matter with her, anyway? I can't see how George can live with her. She's so dumb and he's so damn intelligent. I can't understand it."

After the conversation at dinner, we went to a movie and saw a March of Time film on Japan in which Grew gave a favorable statement.

"I sure felt uncomfortable when the little girl sitting in the row ahead of us turned around and pointed at us. Gee, I thought she was going to scream. I think Grew is fair and really understands the Japanese. He's not like these crackpots."

Tomi: These Chicago people are really vulgar. I guess Chicago people are a bunch of country hicks and new rich who haven't had the advantage of a good family where they could be taught some manners. I didn't live in a rich home or anything, but at least my parents taught me a few things. These people just cut in front of you and just shove you aside. If you want anything you have to push them back. I guess they expect to be pushed because they don't say anything when I push them back. Back home when there were a lot of people waiting the grocer or butcher would ask, 'Who's next', and the people used to look around to see who was before them. They used to even pick-up-point out a person who was ahead of them when the men offered to wait on them first. I remember that happening all the time. But out here it's everybody for himself. People come in late and shove everybody aside and just yell their orders. The people here are kato (vulgar). They act like a bunch of animals. I don't see why they speak about Japanese not being able to assimilate when you can see all these people around here who can't even speak English. Anyother thing, back home people used to smile. Even if you didn't know each other it was just more pleasant because people smiled more. Here if you smile people think you are flirting or something. I just don't like Chicago. People live like savages and they're so smug. They try to put on an air of being nice by wearing fur coats and everything, but when you see them in a grocery store you can tell right away the kind of family they come from. The other day I was in the line behind two girls who were about 10. One said to the other, 'Why don't you come over? My mother's working and I'm home by myself.' The other girl said, 'No, I have to go home and cook because daddy will be coming home.' It's like that. People just ignore their children and go out to make money. No wonder they grow up to be Studs Lonigans!

Barry: God damn, I got chased by bed bugs again last night. I'm getting pretty good at killing them now. I'm thinking of putting them in a jar and presenting them to the lady for a present. Did you see the pictures in the Herald about the Butoku Kai? That's the L.A. bunch. I notice there are a lot of J.A.C.L. people in the picture. That's a lot of bull shit, but it's bad publicity. I wonder what will happen to the Nisei if the Hearst papers keep up their campaign. They can really make it bad for us and there's nothing we can do about it.

Doi: I'm sorry that I treated Barry the way I did, but I just can't stand the guy. You remember when we came out of the show the other night when Barry went up to see the boys. You noticed that he came back right away. Those guys don't like him and they just shoved him around. Nobody likes that guy. He thinks he's got the world by the tail. That's what's the matter with him.

November 22, 1943

Chieko

Did you see the yesterday's Herald? They had a big spread about the Butoku-Kai again. We heard from somebody that it was in there so we went up to 63rd and bought the paper. They're really going after the Nisei, aren't they. Golly, two full pages! We just put the paper out on the dining room table and looked at the pictures. I saw a lot of J.A.C.L. leaders from L.A. in there. We looked at it pretty carefully. That just shows you how American they were. J.A.C.L. Pfffft! Pfffft! I hate the J.A.C.L. They did more to damage the Nisei position in this country than any other single organization.

November 23, 1943

I had to call some hotels today to get a room reserved for Jim and Hattie. I had heard that there was some difficulty in getting Nisei into rooms so I just called from the university to make their refusal tougher. The first two places I called were full, so I tried the Mayflower. The following is the conversation that took place over the phone:

TS: Hello, I'm calling from the University of Chicago. We have a young man coming into town to attend a conference for a war research project being carried on here, and I wonder if you have a room available for he and his wife.

Clerk: Well, let's see. We don't have any double rooms left, but we do have one very nice room open which has twin beds. I'm sorry but that's the best we can do. When are these people coming in?

TS: They'll be here from November 26 to December 12.

Clerk: All right, I think we can take care of them. What is their name please?

TS: Mr. and Mrs. James Sakoda.

Clerk: Sakoda. What nationality is that?

TS: They're Americans naturally.

Clerk: Well, of what ancestry?

TS: I don't see where that makes any difference if they're working in a war project. They happen to be of Japanese ancestry.

Clerk: Oh, well in that case I'm sorry but we can't take them.

TS: What kind of a hotel are you running anyway. You refuse to provide housing for an American who is a war worker just because of race prejudice! What kind of Americans are you, anyway?

(The woman who answered the phone didn't have the slightest idea that a Nisei was phoning her. She probably thought that the call was coming from the university housing bureau. My intention was to get her over a barrel and do a little yelling.)

Clerk: Well, you see, we have no objections, but there are a number of Chinese living in our hotel and they may not like it.

(This statement is not true. There were some Nisei living there but a later phone call indicated that this was a lie.)

TS: But these people are not Japanese. Do you mean to tell me that you won't accept Americans who are doing war work?

Clerk: Well, just a minute, I'll ask the manager. (brief pause). You say these people are American citizens?

TS: Yes, they are.

Clerk: The manager says that in that case it will be all right. We'll try to keep that room open for you. Let's see, they are Americans and are doing war work. All right. Thank you. You see, I don't dare do some of these things without asking the manager. Good bye.

(This was rather surprising in the case of the Mayflower because several Nisei had lived there in the past, particularly during the early phases of the resettlement movement. The atmosphere had always been pleasant. It is quite possible that the clerk was the one who was feeling that way and that there was no set policy. She did not take very long in consulting the manager-- if she actually did. Later in the afternoon I talked to Miss Torell to verify the war work business in case they called, and she was so disgusted and surprised that she said we ought to boycott the place if they tried anything like that again. She thought that the place was above that sort of thing. Miss Adams was of the opinion that the hotel was very liberal as far as race policy was concerned, but when she heard of this she got very angry and said she would tell them off if they called for confirmation.)

November 25, 1943

Rosie: It certainly is a small world isn't it? It's good to see all of you again. Imagine! Last year we were miles apart and the year before we were together just like today. I'd never dreamed we'd be together like this so far away from home.

I'm working as a hostess in a very classy women's club. I get so tired of being polite that I can just go home and scream and cuss and do everything that I'm not supposed to do where I work. I have to dress up and wear heels all the time. All I do is talk to them when they come in and loaf and show them to their tables. That's all, but boyo boy I get plenty tired.

Mrs. Izumi got this job for me. She is helping a lot of Nisei and there are some that are just bad. They take advantage of her. There is a fellow named Sam who has been living there for six months. He won't work or anything and they just can't get rid of him. I guess he intends to just live off the people for the duration. He thinks the Caucasians did him wrong and I guess she wants to get even with them. When I came she asked me to help him and I tried, but where does that get me?

Jay is in Salt Lake and he may come out here. He wants me to marry him and he thought I was going to resettle in that area, but when he heard that I came out here he got kind of sore. This morning the fellow who lives next door gave me some coffee to drink before I came over. I get along well with the fellows who live at the house.

Mrs. Izumi may be helping the Nisei but she certainly isn't a kind hearted person at heart. You ought to see the way she drives around her husband. She thinks she's somebody because she might get to work for the government, but she's got her husband working as a gardener and she treats him more like a gardener than like a husband. I feel sorry for the poor man. I talked to him one day and he sure seemed lonely.

I'm worried about getting my parents out. I want them to come out and look the place over. But I think they're worried about Yoshiko. (invalid) I heard that Gila may move again, and I started making arrangements to move my parents and then I heard that they weren't going to move. The segregated people from Tule Lake weren't allowed to go to Gila and that must mean something. The same was for Poston and Manzanar. The only centers the people from Tule couldn't go to are in California and Arizona which are the two bad states.

One day over at the hostel I was walking around and I ran into Nobu Takehashi. I was so surprised and glad to see him I just ran up and practically hugged him. He was kind of embarrassed. We talked about the camp life and about before evacuation. Oh, I was so glad to see him that I jumped on him.

I see that there was a riot in Tule Lake. It sure is hard on the people who are there. It's really bad for the rest of us too. I really feel more sorry for the people in the camp though.

I heard that the wounded soldiers from the Pacific are going to be sent to the hospitals in Gila. There's a good hospital there. I don't think there's any future in the camp. When that sort of thing starts happening, we'll all have to get out. In a way, though, the evacuation was a good thing. The camps provide a good resting place for the old people. They would never have retired if they hadn't been forced to. They would have died working. The thing about camp that gets me is that the farm girls who are meeting people for the first time are going wild. They don't know anything about sex and they think it's fun to be wild. I heard there were a lot of pregnant women there. I want to be with Jay. I'd feel more at home here if Jay were here with me.

(Rosie, Doi, Barry, Tomi and I went to an Italian dinner and then went bowling. There were two other Nisei there who stared at us for a while and then went home. When we got to State Street we split up because everyone thought it would be bad for five to be walking abreast. Doi took Rosie home.)

November 26, 1943

Doi

What kind of a girl is Rosie, anyway? We went to a midnight show after we left you and then when we went home after a few rounds at bars, she invited me in. It was four in the morning. If she's like that all the time, I'm going to take her up on it.

Today Chieko came into conference late and everybody stared her up and down to see what she knew. All Nisei are that way.

~~OH-105~~

Shibutani

Dec. 3, 1943

About 6:30 Doi phoned up and said he was bringing his girl friend over to we could look her over and pass judgment. A few minutes later Rose phoned and said that a lady where she lived wanted to have a party and kicked her out of the house. She said she had no where to go and asked if she could come over and spend the evening with us. She arrived about nine and gave us an invitation to a dance being sponsored by Mrs. Waddell's group of 200 nisei girls.

"I don't see why nisei act the way they do. Mrs. Waddell said that she was willing to pay for all the expenses for this dance and they agreed without a murmur. It seemed to me that it was very unfair that she should pay for it all herself and so I suggested that we charge admission to defray the expenses. All of the girls objected but I kept speaking up and arguing so they finally agreed to charge a nominal fee. I then suggested that we might have a project to have some sort of Xmas fund so that we could give presents to soldiers and to children in the relocation centers. I thought that in this way we could be helping someone to have a more pleasant Xmas. But the girls objected and said that it was too much work. Then I suggested that we might gather Xmas presents for soldiers but the girls argued that various other groups were doing this and therefore there was no necessity for our group to do the same thing. That's an old argument. They use it all the time. Then I suggested that we have a party for nisei soldiers since they are so far away from home and probably not get furlough to visit camps. They said that they didn't want to do this either. We had a big argument.

I finally succeeded in getting them to charge a nominal fee for men and to charge a Xmas present for all women so that we could send the gift to the little tots in the relocation centers. We knew that we could charge enough to make the dance self-supporting. It isn't that we wanted the money, but I saw an excellent opportunity to make several people happy at the same time. It was all very disgusting."

About this time Doi came in. He seems to have misinterpreted Dr. Halpern's informality. Halpern is very congenial in informal situations and uses many slang words. Doi has apparently thought that if a professor behaves in that manner, he also can do so. What he apparently missed was the fact that Halpern can be a gentleman when he is among strangers. Doi shocked Rose no end because, altho he meant well, he was actually very rude and vulgar. He started kidding Rose about coming from Florin and without knowing anything about her background, made many remarks that I was afraid might upset her considerably. Doi insisted that in the intellectual group in which he was moving, people discussed nothing but books and music. The girl who came with Doi knew Rose from before and they got into a corner together and discussed mutual friends who are now out in Chicago. Each was surprised to learn that certain individuals were out. They talked about various they knew who were now married and about the whereabouts of Tule Lake acquaintances.

Doi complained that he did not like to be with Jimmy. He said that he went to eat in the Commons and was very embarrassed: "We went over to the Commons to eat. I thought it was common courtesy that I should take him to eat since he was a friend of yours and I had not seen him for a long time. When we got there, he started

talking in a very loud voice about Japan. He said in Japan they did things this way and in Japan they did things that way. He kept talking about Japanese and all people around us seemed to stop conversation and listen to him. At least it seemed that way to me. I was very uncomfortable and I kept hoping that he would stop. But he didn't. I'll be damned if I go to a public place with that guy again."

We walked to the I.C. with Rose and on our way back we stopped at the Glorified Hamburger. There was a big sign in front of the place where we sat, saying, "Please Pay When Served". When the woman brought the hamburgers, I paid her. I know I paid her because when I first saw that sign while waiting for the hamburger, I counted out 30 cents and put it in my overcoat so that I wouldn't have to peel off half of my clothes. While we were waiting for our hamburger I overheard the waitress say to the cook, "Why do all the Japs come here?" After we had finished eating our hamburger, the waitress stood in front of us as if she expected something. Tomi asked if I paid her and I said we did. She looked very skeptical but she went away so we left. After we were on the sidewalk, I happened to look in the store and noticed that the waitress was staring at us with a very suspicious look. Apparently she was quite sure we had not paid. The first thought that came to my mind was that I hoped she thought we were Chinese. So that other nisei would not suffer from this incident. I was rather resentful and muttered to myself that Chicago people were all so dumb if they couldn't count up to 30 cents anyway.

The girl who came with Doi remarked, "Gee, when you go downtown on Thursday, you see so many Japanese girls. That's the day that all the domestics have off so they go shopping together. I

think they all go together to help each other buy clothes. They also buy things for their friends who are still in camp. When you go down during the week days you see enough Japanese. But you walk down State St., you can generally see at least 20 Japanese and at least 3 or 4 that you know. On Thursday there are three times as many girls in many stores downtown."

On the way home Rose was complaining about the narrow-mindedness of nisei. She said, "I went over to Jeeti's, the Indian girl's home, the other night and while I was there I met a man from Afghanistan and another Hindu. They offered to take me home and so I naturally accepted. Since it was early we decided to go bowling. We went into a bowling alley and we saw four other nisei there. Since I didn't know them I didn't pay any attention to them. We were having a swell time and I was having a most fun with these two men. All of a sudden I turned around and looked and noticed all four of the nisei staring at me. For the first time I realized that they must have thought I was some women to be playing around with men who looked like negroes. I guess they thought I was a prostitute or something. I didn't care because I knew that these narrow-minded people would never understand what it means for people just to be friends. They are go gutter-minded that they put their thoughts into everybody's head and think the worst of everybody."

"In a sense I'm very glad that I'm here. I think that evacuation did a lot of good in spite of the hardships. I've made some very nice friends over at the E.P.R. and I wouldn't trade them for anything. I've met so many nice people who are so different from the nisei that I am very happy in comparison to before."

Field Notes: Tree Association
Dec. 6, 1943
Shibutani

Barry

"I think the first bunch came out here because they were worried about the future. The first bunch that came out were smarter and a lot of them wanted to go to school. Some of them wanted to save up money so that they would have something left ~~in~~ when the war was over. The next bunch that came out, came out because relocation was the thing to do. Everybody was doing it and they wanted to be up with the times. Now, ~~we~~ have the third bunch coming out and they are coming out because the camp is very dull. No one is left and there is not much to do. That's why they are getting very bored and they are coming out. They figure that they can have more fun outside.

"Monday night I went shopping for Xmas presents. I bought some clean clothes so I will have something respectable to wear out here and then I bought about \$35 worth of stuff to send to my folks and their friends back in the center.

"I'm paying 8 bucks for the room I'm living in and I caught 19 bed bugs on the first night. I went down to the landlady and complained and she came up and sprayed the place. That night I caught 12 bed bugs and so I complained again. She said she would do something about it but the night after that I caught 8 more. Ever since then I've killed at least 5 bed bugs a night to the end of the week. I didn't complain to the landlady because it's hard to find rooms, and I don't want to make a bad impression. It might be bad for nihonjin in general. Even if she kicked me out, I could look for a place but I know some nisei who might have a tough time if she didn't want them around.

"The other night I was going to Evanston and when I was in the subway, another nisei got in the car. He was a typical Jap

with buck teeth and glasses. There were no double seats open but there were plenty of seats with one person sitting in them. I don't know why but he decided to sit with me. I didn't like that so I just ignored him. I didn't talk to him because I didn't want other people to notice us talking. I didn't want them to think that we knew each other. Pretty soon, as we were riding along, I decided that two glasses and two buck teeth sitting together was too much and too conspicuous and so I took off my glasses and put them in my pocket. When I got to my stock, he got off too. I waited awhile and I got off and I noticed that another nihonjin got off behind me. I ignored them both and kept on walking. I walked all around but couldn't find the place where I was supposed to go. Finally I went to a corner drug store and phoned and they told me how to get there. When I got to the apartment, I noticed that both the guys that I ignored were sitting there. Goddam, I was embarrassed.

"I don't ignore other nisei because I want to snub them. I ignore them because I don't want us to be conspicuous. I almost always take off my glasses in the street car because I look like a Jap.

"When I go to work in the morning, in every street car I get into, there's at least one yabo. I can't do anything about it but I don't like to be with yabos. This morning I went to work with one of the fellows who live at our house. He knows better than most nisei so without saying anything I sat in the front of the car and he went to the back. We always sit apart. About two stops later two more yabos came and goddam, one of them knew me. So they sat down by me and started talking like anything. After a while I felt a little better but at first I sure felt funny.

"The other day when I was walking down the Loop I saw a fellow that I thought I knew. I was pretty sure I knew him but I hesitated calling him because I didn't want to be embarrassed.

"When we were leaving that place in Evanston we got into a mixup. Six were leaving, three of them lived there. Two of the boys decided to stay with the girls for a while because they thought it was not good for all of us to go at once. Three of us went home on the train in one direction and one went the other way. I had to sit with one of the kids but I didn't mind because there was one good thing about him. He just sat there and he didn't talk. When we were leaving the car at our stop, I nudged him and then got up. He waited until two or three hakujin came after me and he got up. He did this so all of us wouldn't be getting off together.

"When I hear or read about a man who came back on the Gripshold, saying that he would have a hand in running a Jap center, I feel like going to Japan and criticizing the U.S. camps. It really gripes me. I think sometimes in my unconscious moments I feel like being a Lord Haw Haw and really tell some of these smug hakujin off.

"I don't see what some people are kicking about. The Chinese are not doing as much for the war effort as the Nihonjin. The Chinese never did contribute to American life but Japanese developed farms out of swamp land and made California what it is today. They treat the Chinese nice but they never did do anything.

"I think evacuation threw the Japanese back 20 years. Some people came out okay because they had nothing to lose. But some of them will never recover their losses."

Field Notes: Free Association
Dec. 7, 1943
Shibutani

"Well, today is two years after Pearl Harbor. I've been reading the papers and looking at the pictures of the disaster. I also could not help but noticing all the attacks on the WRA and all the bad publicity that's been coming out recently. The American people in general know so little about the Japanese that even a little publicity has a lot of effect. The hakujin who are not affected by the publicity and who are sympathetic with the Japanese pooh-poo the influence of the news and say that we are over-sensitive. They can afford to claim that we are over-sensitive because the publicity doesn't mean anything to them. They can always pass for hakujin.

"When the war started two years ago, I was sure that we had come to the end of the trail. I hated Japan but I couldn't see any future for the Japanese in America. I didn't know where to turn but I was pretty sure that we would have some pretty bad discrimination. I thought that it would be terrible. The only thing that kept me going was the feeling that all of us would not be killed no matter how bad it go and that long after the war we may be able to live again like human beings. Now that I look back over it I see that it wasn't so bad. Now e have more hopes but still so many things might happen that you really can't tell."

Field Notes: Free Association
December 7, 1943
Shibutani

Doi

The major problem right now up in the language school is the Kibei issue. A Kibei fellow wants to use the Hepburn system or else he prefers to use kana. The trouble with that guy is that he just wants to set up everything so that he can show off everything he knows. Linguistically the Hepburn system is inferior to the one that we are using. When we get to certain verbs, he's going to find that we just can teach the distinctions properly if we use the Hepburn. But arguments like that pass through his ears and he just keeps on yelling and yelling. All that bastard does is make a lot of noise. He's not so hot. He knows his booch, but he doesn't know enough English to do a good job. The main trouble with that guy is that he likes himself too much. He keeps bringing up all kinds of words and keeps saying that it's better and easier to use Hepburn. It's irritating.

I don't know what they do in the office. I walk in there and nobody talks to me. They all think that I'm Halpern's pet. Halpern wants me to keep an eye on the people in there and find out what's bothering everybody so he can keep up the morale of the group. I don't belong with the others in the office and I figure the best way to keep out of trouble is not to go in there. If I don't touch them, they can't hurt me.

Now that everybody has started teaching, things are going better than before. The cut-throating sort of thing has stopped because everybody is kind of busy preparing the next day's lessons and doing stuff like that.

Yeah, Halpern wants me to keep an eye on what's going on and he wants me to tell him what's going on, but I think I'll stay away from the office. I work from nine to six and get only a half hour off for lunch. I have to go over to the hospital all afternoon to teach the special students in there who are recovering and who will be joining the unit as soon as they are well.

Field Notes: Free Association
December 11, 1943
Shibutani

Barry Saiki

Several of us fellows were going to a Chop Suey on 63rd Street, and I was embarrassed by the way they acted. Gee, they act as though there's no war going on. They yell around and act as though they owned the place. I felt so conspicuous so that I walked about a half block behind them. First I told them they better split up but they didn't think it was necessary so I just slowed down and walked behind them. It was the same when you guys were standing in the middle of the street at Randolph and State. You were holding up the traffic in one of the busiest corners in the world and were talking away as if nothing happened. I just didn't want to be conspicuous. We went into the Chop Suey and there were no seats in the booths so they put us right in the middle where everybody could see us eating. I felt kind of funny because we were eating with chop sticks and everybody was looking at us. After we got through we went to the show. I wanted to go right in, but these fellows bought some candy. When we got in they started unwrapping their candy and the noise of cellophane was terrific. I just sunk in my seat.

The people I work with are pretty nice. The other morning one of the fellows came in and said that he met a pretty Japanese girl on the bus on the way to work. He told me that he forgot my name or otherwise he would have fixed everything up for me.

One of the Negro fellows I work with came up to me and started talking about Pearl Harbor. He told me that he knew he shouldn't say anything like this to me but he felt that we could help it if the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor. He hated the Japs, but he figured that I was innocent and couldn't help what the Japs did. I guess he didn't know I was an American citizen or anything.

The other day, the landlady asked me about the Japanese. She said, 'Gee, you people certainly move a lot. Were you that way before the war?' Nisei are always moving around. I guess that's because they're never satisfied with the places that they get so they keep moving around. Another thing, they know of the better places that their friends get and they want the same kind of places.

Field Notes: Free Association
December 12, 1943
Shibutani

Bull session

Yuki: I'm working in a Negro Y.W.C.A. now. I thought that I could find out a lot of new and interesting things by working with them, but I've been rather dissapointed because they're just like anybody else. Some of them are awfully nice and some of them are really bad. I like my work. I think it's swell.

Tamio: Sure, Negroes are just like anybody else.

Barry: Anybody else, but the Japs. The Japanese are crazy. Take the way the Japanese Army fights for example. Those guys fight in such a way that the hakuin can't understand. That's why from our standards they're nuts.

Tamio: Well, I can't find anything in them that's so admirable. The damn Issei talk about their guts and everything, but I think they're just a bunch of dumb dopes. They don't know what they're fighting for and they just follow commands. They are going to die for their country, but they don't know what their country is fighting for.

Barry: Yeah, they do creazy things. But you got to look at it from their point of view. Don't get me wrong now. I don't like those guys either, but I say that if you look at it from their point of view, the whole thing is understandable.

Yuki: But that doesn't justify their acts.

Barry: No, I'm not saying that it justifies the things they do. The whole thing may not be able to be justified at all from a rational point of view, but I think it's understandable if you look at it the way they look at it. No, I don't think they are justified. Maybe it's rational from their point of view.

Tamio: It's not rational from their point of view either.

Barry: If you grant them their assumptions you might possibly come to their conclusions. We're just not willing to or can't understand them. I think it might be rational from their point of view. They start out by thinking the emperor is everything and they think anything he says is good. Hell, they you can't argue anymore. That's the way they've been taught. They can't help it if they think that way. The more I think of it the more I think it is rational for them.

Tamio: Well, maybe it's rational, but its not right from the point of view of humanity.

Barry: Oh, well, that's different. From a humanitarian point of view nothing these damn fascists do is right. By the way, you going to go over there to fight those guys?

Tamio: I don't know where I stand with the draft. First I hear it's coming in in November, then I hear it's going to be Janaury, then I hear it's not coming at all. Last I heard was that it was coming in in April. I want to go to school to finish up a

year's work. Then I can get my diploma and then I don't care what happens. I want to have something to hang on to when the war's over. I'm thinking of going to school beginning this January. I heard from one of the soldiers who works in the staff office down at Shelby that the draft was off for good. I know a lot of contrary stories are circulating, but I think this guy ought to know. After all, he's right in there.

Barry: What would you do if there were a draft?

Tamio: Hell, what can I do? You have to go, you have to go, that's all.

Yuki: Sure, there's not much anybody can do about a thing like that unless he wants to be put in jail. I think some of the Nisei ought to go. After all, it'll be better after the war for all of us if somebody goes.

Tomi: Sure. I don't see what some of the bums around here are getting done anyway. All they do is sit around and make trouble. They just go around creating bad impressions and they continue yelling about something that happened a long time ago. They're actually better off out here than they would have been if there had been no evacuation, but they moan and complain and just get in the way. They quit jobs without reason and get everybody mad. A few months in the Army will do them good and it will teach them some responsibility. Then it will also clear them off the street and the others who are left can live in peace. I think they ought to draft these men who aren't doing anything constructive. It's not fair with all the other young men going.

Yuki: It's not just the Nisei who were disrupted by the war. Everybody has had to suffer. There are thousands of people who had to give up their homes and business to serve overseas. Some of them are even giving up their lives.

Barry: That's right, but the Nisei don't see things that way. They figure like this: the government did us wrong so they haven't got the right to draft us. I think there's going to be a lot of resentment if the draft comes in.

Tamio: People are really scared of the draft though. I know when I was in camp a lot of people were saying that the reason why they didn't want their sons to come out was that they didn't want them in the Army. Sure, that's the reason why a lot of them don't want to come out. Some of those Kibei are sure going to be sore when they get drafted right out of the centers.

Barry: Who in the hell wants Kibei in the Army? I know a lot of Kibei and I wouldn't condemn them as a group. Some of them are really good fellows, but some of those guys think just like Japs.

Yuki: That's true. You can't trust some of them.

Tamio: Hell, those guys are liable to shoot their guns in any direction.

Barry: Well, those guys had a field day in camps, but now they've come to the end of their trail. They thought they were pretty good, you know. They even threatened to beat me up. Jesus Christ. We used to get into a hell of an argument. Just when I got going and I started giving them some good arguments they would pin me down. They ask me why I'm behind barbed wires if Americans are so good. They do that all the time. When they say that, then there is no more argument. It's like the man who quotes the Bible for his authority. When he says it's so because the Bible says so then you can argue with him anymore because he'll get sore. Yeah, I guess the Japs are all like that. They're fanatical.

Yuki: Here we go again.

Barry: Well, it's true. Those guys were brought up on those storâs. I remember being told those stories about General Nogi and Port Arthur and the baku-dan-san-yushi. (Three brave bomb carrier)* When I was a little kid they used to tell me those stories and if I didn't go to college and run into a bunch of Reds who used to tell me about the rape of Nanking and tell me what a bunch of bastards the Japs were I may still believe them. All the Nisei were brought up on those stories, and I guess some of them still carry them around.

Tamio: I don't think most fellows take them seriously now. May-be they may remember them, but I don't think it interferes with their thinking. After all, all these guys are interested in is living and having a swell time. What the hell do they care about the brave Japs?

Barry: I think we ought to think about this sort of thing, though. Just think. They're having a lot of trouble just taking a few islands here and there. The Japanese haven't even begun to fight. When they get close to the homeland they'll really fight and we're going to lose a lot of men. I read in the paper the other day that Japanese pilots were torpedoing ships and then trying to get away when fired on. They're still thinking of getting away safely. When they get close to their homeland those guys aren't going to think of getting away and they're just going to crash their ships into the boats if they have to. They won't hesitate to die when they're close to home. I think a lot of American boys are going to lose their lives unnecessarily unless we think about these things. It doesn't make any difference if they're rational or not. That's the way they are, that's all.

Yuki: Well, I guess that's true, but what good will thinking about it do? After all, we're not directing the strategy.

Tamio: That's what I say, Barry. Let's get closer to home.

* Baku-dan-san-yushi refers to the three men who during the fight against China in the '30's gave their lives in order to open a gap in an impenetrable Chinese wall. After several attacks had failed, the three men volunteered to tie explosives on to their body and to charge into the lines. When Chinese bullets hit them the dynamite went off opening the line. They became national heroes.

Barry: Let's talk about more pleasant things, shall we? Let's talk about women.

Tamio: Too many women already here.

Barry: How about the northwest-California split among the Nisei?

Yuki: Yes, isn't it strange that a group of people who are so much persecuted by others have to get down so low as to fight and persecute each other. You'd think that the Nisei of all people would get together and work as a group or at least leave each other alone.

Tom: That seems to be the case in all minority groups. One of the worst and most vicious caste systems in America is within the Negro group itself.

Yuki: Is that so. I thought so when I noticed how careful they were about selecting girls for membership in the Y.W.C.A. I thought anybody could get in by they try to find out all about them before they let them in. Only certain kinds of Negroes can get in apparently.

Barry: Yeah, it's sure funny. The guys I stay with hate the northwest people. Some of them are always talking about beating up some guy for the northwest.

Tamio: Yeah, and the Stockton boys don't like the Santa Anita fellows. They say the boys are wild. They're a disgrace to the nihonjin.

Yuki: Yes, and I notice that there's quite a bit of resentment against the University of California graduates who are going around telling everybody they are "intellectuals" just because they went to Cal. They really think they're somebody. They just won't associate with other Nisei. They just hang around by themselves.

Tom: Isn't that terrible? They did that in Tule Lake too. Those U.C. boys were so smug and they went around acting as though they knew everything. I knew most of them at Cal and saw what they did there. They just wasted their parents' money. Their parents worked hard in the fields to send them to school and they just went and had a good time. They never thought of doing anything but have fun. They didn't learn anything at Cal. I think somebody ought to give them a good swift kick.

Tamio: And you know, those guys aren't kidding when they say they think they're intellectuals. That's what makes it so funny. They say it when they're serious.

Barry: Those guys never read a book in their lives. I doubt if they know how to read. It's a wonder some of them even got into Cal. It's a miracle that they got out with a diploma.

Yuki: I wonder if all of these things will go on after the war. I guess a lot depends on where we go.

Barry: I heard that we could go back to California now and that we don't have to wait until after the war.

Tom: Where did you hear that?

Barry: Some guy said that he read it in the paper. I looked all over in the papers the next day, but I couldn't find it. Then I figured that the WRA wanted to keep it quiet so that the people on the Coast won't get alarmed.

Tom: It was in the Herald, but there may be some strings attached. I doubt if there are so many indefinite leaves to California other than for those who are working for F.C.C., the Army, or have keto husbands or wives.

Tamio: Ahh. Who in the hell wants to go back to California? If they don't want us, the hell with them. If they think we're going back there on our knees begging them to let us in, they're crazy. The hell with them.

Yuki: I think camp life has done something to a lot of people. They're not the same people who went into camp. They won't like it in California because so many of their friends won't be there. What they really miss is not California but their old friends.

Barry: Yeah, and they don't behave well enough to go back to California. Like these guys I live with. Gee, I'm always embarrassed when I go around with them because they just yell around and act as though there's no war going on. They don't realize that everybody's making sacrifices and that they're not the only ones.

(Notes were taken from time to time during the conversation by going to the next room on some pretext or another. As much as possible the exact words used have been used. It was obviously impossible and impractical to get everything. All salutations and other formalities have been cut.)

Field Notes: Free Association
December 13, 1945
Shibutani

The Herald had a hell of a dirty editorial about the Nisei today and it made me mad as hell. I had all kinds of visions in my mind as I was daydreaming about the F.B.I. arresting the editor of the paper for subversive activities. I thought of sending them a letter quoting a section of the espionage act just to scare hell out of them.

Right after the war broke out, I really thought that the worst would come. I thought that the Nisei would be beaten up and lynched right and left. I kept wondering what I would do if a mob came after me. Those were the kind of things I thought about. It couldn't be helped. You just thought of those things, that's all. The only consolation that I had was the feeling that after all, all of us won't be killed. Some of us will come out of it alive. Then I figured we could live again like human beings. I figured the best thing to do was to sit tight and hope for the best. I remembered that one of my teachers told me once that when you didn't know what to do, you ought to sit tight because then you couldn't make the situation any worse. I figured that you could wait until it was all over and then you could think of the exciting experience that we went through.

Field Notes
December 17, 1943
Shibutani

Chieko

When I heard that there was a nice article in Time Magazine about the Nisei I rushed up to see if it was in the library. I heard that it was really good so I went up to see for myself. I wanted to buy a copy, but there weren't any more around. It really was a fair statement, though, wasn't it?

Esther moved in with us after we came to Chicago. I never saw her before. We happened to visit her just when she was kicked out of her place. We first met her when we were all living together at the Seminary. Since she was being kicked out we thought it might be just as good for all of us to live together. She's sort of funny, though. She has no friends. Martha has only a few friends. The same group of fellows come over to see us all the time. I used to know them quite well. I guess Esther is waiting for the ideal man to come along. She won't go out on dates or anything. She just sits at home and waits and waits. She thinks it might be bad if she went out with somebody because that might spoil her record or something. Heck, I see nothing wrong with going out with fellows as long as you know how to behave yourself. I don't know how Martha's coming with her boy friend. He's smoking again. I don't think it was fair for her to ask him to stop. It's nothing to smoke. Mars (Esther's brother) is coming in from the camp again. I don't know if I ought to take him too serious. He's too serious for me.

Field Notes: Free Association
December 18, 1943
Shibutani

Doi

I guess I'll marry a girl with some money. Maybe I'll find myself a war widow. There ought to be plenty of them around up in Minneapolis. Hell, I could get \$10,000 and a girl who's almost a virgin. I think I'd better marry a tall girl so that our kids can be tall. I'll have to get a girl with big eyes too to sort of make up for my small eyes. I'll have to find a girl who's had her appendix out already because an operation will cost me about \$300. I think I'll have a heart to heart talk with her. One girl said bluntly to me that she liked to have a long engagement. I never knew that before; I never thought of that before. That's the first time a girl told me frankly what she thought about things like that. I liked it. I think more girls ought to tell the fellows just what they want.

The old prejudices that worked back in California ~~are~~ going all over again. Remember that Furuyama gal. She's got a bad rep just because her mother used to lay for P.I.'s. I remember those guys talking about going to that hotel because the mama-san was pretty good in bed. She's a nice girl, but the boys never take her seriously. Course her brother's being a bastard doesn't help out any either. He got put in jail once for raping a hakujin girl. He's a god damn pimp anyway. She's never done anything, but only the fast guys will go around with her so that her rep goes from bad to worse.

Koe came in from Savage. He said that he's coming around to see us.

December 18, 1943

Koe

I know a lot of fellows up in Savage who haveno business up there. They just went to the Army to get out of the centers. I went out to beet work just to get out of camp. I couldn't stand it and I can understand why a lot of other guys would want to get out. I wanted to get out of camp and do some work so I picked beets. The Army's not bad. We study about 13 hours a day. We have no more school now. I figure mystudying days are over. I think after the war I'll send my brotherand sister through school. When I'm overseas I can send home about \$75. a month for them. If I get killed, they can have \$10,000.

December 18, 1943

Mas

My parents and brother and sister are still in Tule Lake. I changed my mind after answering No and then went out to Jerome alone. I've been living at the Hostel and going to school and working my way through since coming here, but they are hinting at the Hostel that they want me to move out. I hear that Tule had quite a bit of trouble., My sister says that blocks 4, 5, and 6 were tear-gassed. All the camps are kind of dull now. With the exception of Tule there are no young people left in any of the centers. It must be awfully dull in all of them.

Field Notes: Free Association
December 20, 1944
Shibutani

Sakurai and Jacoby

Sakurai: The trouble with the letters going back to the Centers is that the wrong kind of people write at the wrong time. I know a lot of people write when they first get here and then when they get settled down they are too busy to write. When you first get here, you can't help but being demoralized because the place is so new and everything. That's why a lot of letters that go back are so bad. They don't give a true picture of how things are after you get settled down.

Jacoby: I have heard also that those who are successful in Chicago don't write about their successes for fear that those who read their letters may decide to come out. If these people do come out and fail, they are likely to be blamed. I understand that failures don't write for shame.

December 20, 1944

Harry Mayeda

I was in the Marshall Field candy shop the other day and was trying to get something to send back to the centers. There was a big mob there and I just couldn't get in. I'd get almost to the front line and then some woman would just shove me aside and I would find myself practically at the tail end again. Finally, a very dignified woman came in and wormed her way into the front. She literally shoved all the people aside to get up there. When she had purchased her candy, she turned toward me and then again literally shoved all the people between us out of the way. Then she beckoned to me to come to the counter. She then turned very indignantly to the salesgirl and said, "see here, this gentleman has been waiting for a half hour. The only reason why he's not in the front is that he is too polite to push people around. Will you see to it that he is served?" The salesgirl said all right so I was served. The parting shot at me was, "You don't get candy like this in China, do you?" Boy, I think if those mad women knew that I was a Jap, they would have torn me apart.

I had an interesting experience in New York. I went into the Miyako restaurant where all the other Nisei hang out and guess who I ran into? Diane was there sitting with Noel Toy the fan dancer. I was walking out with two of my friends and she came up to me and said, "Why, Harry, it's been such a long time since I've seen you!" Boy, I almost went through the floor. I did some fast talking and then left. I apologized to my friends for not introducing her to them and told them I had forgotten her name. I guess that kind of lie is permissible. I couldn't tell them she was a prostitute in Tule Lake after the familiar way in which she spoke to me.

Field Notes: Free Association
December 20, 1943
Shibutani

Recent Tule Lake
Harry Mayeda

When the segregation program started and when the segregees started coming into Tule Lake the people just looked upon the camp as the place for Japanese. The common phrase was, "This is Japan!" They started Japanese schools with calisthenics for the kids and with all the traditional formalities. The people who had some teaching experience in Japan or in this country started their schools. When they couldn't use the recreation halls, they started holding classes in their rooms. Every morning you could see kids running around the camp and exercising under the supervision of their teachers.

First of all the incoming group was dissatisfied with their quarters. This is understandable when you consider the kind of facilities they had when they were in other camps. The first beef came when the people who came in had to be separated in housing. It wasn't the fault of any particular person because those who had left Tule Lake had left from all blocks in the camp. There were no whole blocks that were open so that the rooms had to be assigned as they were available. Some tough ruffian kibei started raising hell, but they were refused. There wasn't much anybody could do about it. They got sore and they slapped a girl who worked in the housing department and then broke all the windows of the place.

Next came the coal mess. Best got the notion that he had to be tough with these people. He made the announcement that they had to work 8 hours. Then came the strike. The people who were agitating were not those in the crew. They were people who were dissatisfied with everything else who took this as an excellent opportunity to get going. Kai was one of them. The coal crew bunch come into see me and asked me to mediate the difficulties for them. I told them I was leaving and all that, but they insisted in such a way that there wasn't much that I could do but the work with them. They demanded that they be given four meals a day; that they work only four hours a day; that they be picked up at home by the trucks; and a couple of other things. I agreed to take the demands up to the administration to see what could be done about it. I made one mistake though. I knew that some of those guys were not members of the coal crew so I left out three of the agitators from the committee. Ever since then I was in dutch with them. For a long time Best refused to see me but finally I went in and convinced him that the best thing for him to do is to give in to these demands. After a long talk I succeeded in getting everything the people wanted. But I was in the doghouse because I left out the three agitators who wanted to get in and try to get more.

Other difficulties arose in Tule before this. One night the C.A. sponsored a dance for the C.A. workers who had come in from the other camps. When we were about half way through Kai showed up and demanded to get in. The person watching the gate wouldn't let him in without paying admission. He said, "We'll see if I can't get in." A few minutes later he showed up with

a gang of Kibei roughnecks and forced his way into the hall. He then stopped the dance and gave us a lecture. He told us that we had no right to be enjoying ourselves when our fellow Japanese in Japan were suffering so much. He finally told us that if we persisted in having dances his ruffians would come in and wreck everything.

The real break came when two trucks racing to the farm crashed and several people were injured. Then the big trouble came. The strike was called. Then the administration pulled a prize boner. The people didn't go to work and yet the administration didn't know what was up because no negotiating committee went up to yell. Kai and his gang were smart. Best then announced that if no committee came up to negotiate by 8 o'clock the next morning the Army would harvest the crops. Kai had the administration over a barrel. They called the administration bluff and there was nothing the administration could do about it. The next morning came along and nothing happened. The WRA didn't know what the do. Then the news got out that one of the injured men died. It was decided that this man should have a public funeral. Best refused to allow them to use the gym or the outdoor stage for this purpose, so they had it at the sumo ring. The whole group was guarded by Kibei roughnecks and some people were actually forced to go. The tension was really high. Doug Cook came along and started taking pictures. One of the roughnecks told him to stop and when he wouldn't they took his camera and wrecked it. Then when they told him to go, Cook refused and they pushed him around a little. Opler was around there too but when one of the fellows who knew him told him smilingly that he didn't think Caucasians should be around, Opler caught on right away and left. Shirai tried to open up the coop and almost got beaten up. He didn't know anything about what was going on. The Kibeis had closed up all the canteens on the ground that it should not be open while such a solemn occasion was taking place. Shirai went up to the coop place and when he found it closed he started yelling that it shouldn't be closed that day. A couple of tough Kibei walked up to him and told him. He was so scared that he just ran for home.

I understand that at the Monday meeting when the people all went up the administration building to hear Myer speak, some Kibei went from door to door and routed the people out of their apartments. The people didn't have much choice about going or not.

I'm kind of worried about what's happening now because my brother who is left in there tried to start a counter-movement against these bums and he was discovered. I'm afraid of what they might try to do to him.

I was in a tight fix just before I came out. It was known that I was going to leave sooner or later, and they knew that I wasn't one of them. I was scheduled to leave on the 24th. Tsuda who is with the wardens came over to see me and told me that I'd better not sleep at home on the night before because they were going to come after me. He thought that if I slept somewhere else they could come in and see for themselves whether I was in or not and then leave. If my parents refused to open the door

or something like that they might break the windows or something. So I went over to sleep with Father Dai that night. Nothing happened. The next day, when I left, I understand that some thugs were around to beat me up as I left, but too many of my friends were around and they couldn't do anything.

I think the major problem out here in breaking the ice. They ask you as soon as you go in for an interview whether or not you are Japanese. Then they ask you if you have your release. They speak very nice and politely when you explain your circumstances to them, but when you get near the point where you want the job, they back down. The usual line is, "Of course, I understand and I don't care but some of my employees might object."

Oh, we go to the Victoria quite a bit. It's pretty good there. I don't see why some guys spend ten bucks in taking out a Nisei girl. They don't get what they really want because they're too bashful to ask for it. Just think how much more fun you can have for only \$3.50!

I never take any chances. I'm never drunk when I go up to see the whores. I know what it's like to have syph or gon. I remember once in high school there was one guy who never went to the can when anybody else was there. A gang of us grabbed him once and took his pants off. He had a dose and boy it was a horrible sight. I don't ever want to get like that. I don't drink because that lowers my resistance. I always use a rubber too. I never kiss any of them because they all play the harmonica. Even if they didn't I still wouldn't kiss any of them. I know one guy who used to offer the gals extra dough to play the harmonica. If she refused even then, he used to kiss her. But I think that's bad. You can catch anything. I caught the crabs about three times. It itches like hell. Yeah, I believe in playing safe. I go down to see a doctor and get a check up every six months. That's the only way to play safe because syph can get you without you knowing anything about it. Some guys are crazy. They go for the French kisses and everything. They're going to end up in a morgue.

All of us used to hang around the houses in San Francisco. We used to go see a gal and spend the night dancing and eating. We used to know one gal that was free in the morning. We went over about seven or eight and her maid used to wake her up. We had breakfast and then I lay her for about an hour. Then we ate lunch and beat it. Hell, all that for \$1.50. I don't see why you have to worry about dates. Those gals are pretty nice kids inside. They're in the business and if you're nice to them, they're nice to you. You just have to know how to take care of yourself that's all.

Hell, I wouldn't hold it against a gal if she wasn't a virgin. A girl could make a mistake and still be a swell kid. Anybody makes mistakes and the guys who say that a girl is wrecked just because she did it once are cracked. I don't see what they have to be so damn narrow minded when their minds are filled with dirt. I know a lot of girls who made mistakes and they're just as nice as the others. Some of them are smarter for the experience. Most Nisei are hard to understand. They're underhanded and don't do things in the open. They won't go to a whorehouse and they won't be friendly with a gal, but when they get them in the dark they do their damndest to rape them. I don't understand it at all. They pay lip service to all kinds of Christian virtues, but they don't live up to them when nobody is looking.

(COPY)

Heart Mountain
Jan. 31, 1944

Dear Joe:

Mother is worried stiff on hearing the news of your application to volunteer in the army. Her experience is that a boy who volunteered or went to the Army Japanese language school have been invariably sent to the front in the South Pacific upon graduation in six months or so. Some boys she knows purposely failed in the final examination in order to delay the date of being sent abroad. She also heard the news of a Japanese boy at the front who was surrounded by Japanese soldiers, had to raise hands to surrender. He was questioned whether he was a draftee or a volunteer. As he answered he was the latter, he was shot on the spot.

She wanted you to wait instead of volunteering, and be drafted and escape on account of physical defects of eyes and fingers.....

Dad

Field Notes: Free Association
January 11, 1944
Shibutani

Incident

Barry and I walked into a small hash house in Maywood to eat before going over to visit some friends. As we walked into the place, everyone who was eating there stopped eating and stared at us. When we sat at the counter the man we sat next to gave us a dirty look and got sore and left. The waitress was a bit hesitant about serving us, but came up with a smile and took our order. She was a bit nervous and spilled our water. We were a bit uneasy because we knew that many soldiers from Maywood had been killed or captured at Bataan. After we started eating one of the waitresses came up to us and asked us if we could read Japanese. Barry said he might be able to read and little, and she produced a post card from one of the concentration camps in the Philippines. She wanted him to read the printed material on there. Barry concentrated for a while and started reading. As he started reading, everyone in the place once again stopped eating and we were once again the center of attention. When he finished everyone continued to stare at us. Then Barry asked how the fellow was getting along and the waitress said she thought he was O.K. in a friendly manner. Barry then remarked that he wasn't able to read all of it because the language was difficult and that the Japanese had stolen the characters from the Chinese. When the girl heard this she asked if the characters were the same in Japanese and Chinese. Barry answered that the meaning of the characters were the same but that the pronunciation was different. This threw some doubt into the minds of the people about our being Japanese or Chinese. The girl apologized and thanked us profusely and we left. Barry didn't want his dessert.

I remember once when I went to Sacramento with five other fellows to play basketball. After the game one of the fellows wanted to go to J street to the whore house. I was the only one who didn't want to go so I objected but there were too many of them. They parked out there in the middle of the place and I was only two blocks from my married sister's hotel. I didn't want to be seen around there so I stayed in the car. The boys went up to one hotel and three of them came down after about a half hour. Two of them stayed. Then they came after me but I didn't want to go. They went to a second hotel, but they came down again. Only one fellow came after me though. One fellow stayed up there. By this time I wanted to go the lavatory, and I didn't want to walk over to my sisters because she would get suspicious if she caught me up about four in the morning. So I went up with the two guys to a third place. I went to the car and then they made me sit down with them in a reception room. Pretty soon one of the girls came out. She knew one of the fellows from Stockton times. She sat down on his lap and he started feeling the hell out of her. The other guy looked at her and said he didn't want to stay. They wanted to have some fun so they told her to come after me. I got so scared that I ran in a closet. I guess she thought I was hopeless and stopped chasing me. The other two guys felt the hell out of her and then they left. When we got out one of the fellows said he liked one of the girls in the second place and went up. The other fellow and men went back to the car and waited for the other guys to come. We didn't get back to Stockton until about 7 in the morning. The guy who didn't go still washot so he went to one of the houses in Stockton.

We used to do that kind of thing all the time. I don't think it was fair to the whores because these guys used to go around to get free feels and sandwiches. They never spent any money-- some of them. They used to besecared. They just went home and dreamed about it. It's a wonder the girls didn't get wise and throw them out. That was a bad thing about the Japanese before the war. That was too bad.

Field Notes: Free Association
January 20, 1944
Shibutani

Himel

Sako and I went to the Skyline dance on New Years Eve. We should have gone to the Hull House. It was a lousy affair. I imagine that there must have been about a hundred people there at midnight, but we left soon after that. The orchestra was slightly bigger than three pieces, but it was really lousy. At first there were some local Chicago people there, but they left too. In general it was a lousy dance.

You should have seen the Northwestern Depot the other day. All the Savage men are off because its now vacation time between semesters. About 200 of us came down here to Chicago together. We had a car to ourselves. All of these roaring Yabbos descended on the station at once. Sako said there were plenty of Nisei girls waiting at the station too. The people at the station were amazed at the invasion. I overheard one woman say, 'Oh, look at all these cute Chinese soldiers!' I guess if somebody knew that they were Yabbos they would have run like hell.

I'm still working on the youth plan down at Des Plaines. I don't know how things will work out, but I think it's worth a try. Our plan is to get at least a few Nisei accepted as foster children in some families so that they can get educated as a part of an American community. Gene Kono and his wife are now foster children in a prominent Des Plaines family and they seem to getting along just swell. Next Friday we are going to have a meeting at the combined Park Ridge and Des Plaines high school. The school has agreed to get all the morning classes in civics, history, and social science to meet together to listen to what we have to say. We're going to pass out some mimeographed stuff beforehand so that they won't be completely ignorant of what's going on. I intend to have some Savage boys down there in uniform and maybe a few civilians. We're planning a panel discussion for the kids. I don't know what effect it'll have, but I think it's worth a try since it might possibly open the way for something good. After we work on the kids for a while I'm going to go to work on the Kiwanis Club and see what can be done there.

Savage is a mad camp of roaring Yabbos. They're all mad as hell. I don't blame them when we consider the treatment that they have been getting. Most fellows up there have common sense and when some order comes through for good reason they can take it. But what we don't like is that the administration is two-faced and have just been making this tough for us. When we went in we were promised a four day vacation every two months. When the first two months was up we were told that we couldn't leave unless we had a written invitation from someone to visit them. A lot of the fellows are from Hawaii and they didn't have time to meet people who would give them invitation. I got a few, but most of the fellows stayed in camp. At the end of the next two months for some peculiar reason they told us that we couldn't take time off, but that we could take Thanksgiving off. That was reasonable enough, but when Thanksgiving came they told us we couldn't go further than fifty miles. The reason they gave was that we would be too tired to work. That really wrecked the morale in camp.

I don't see why orders like that are given. There's no reason why the fellows have to be treated like that. It's bad enough without making things worse by breaking promises like that.

Do you know John Aiso? (L.A. Nisei, brilliant speaker, Brown University debator and honor student, employed by American Tobacco Company in Manchuria, now high official in Savage) I think he is a low-down Jap. He's just as treacherous as the typical picture people have of Japs. I heard that he used to give some pro-Jap speeches in L.A. Now that he's in a responsible position he's really taking it out on the Nisei. I think he's going to be beaten up after the war. At the end of the semester all of us were asked to write our comments about our course. A lot of fellows wrote what they thought of Aiso. When the staff was reading them, Aiso walked in and read a few. When he saw these references to himself, he took the sheets away from the staff and wouldn't let them look at them. Then he went through them all and picked out a few particularly violent ones and took them to the top man. He tried to get them traced, but the commandant refused to do it. He said that they had promised the fellows that they could write what they wanted, and he was going to stick to it. Then Aiso tried to take the papers to the individual instructors because the teachers know the handwriting of the pupils. The top man again refused. But Aiso is that kind of a guy. Once we had a visitor who was speaking. The boys have the habit of falling asleep no matter who is speaking--Roosevelt down to the lowest creature. Aiso spotted John Yoshino and another guy drowsing off so he marched them right up to the stage. He interrupted the speech and tried to get these guys to stand at attention. He's a civilian and he has no authority to stand anybody at attention so these guys wouldn't do it. I think it was pretty rude of Aiso but he wanted to make an example of these guys. Aiso is always booed by the fellows, but after that time he is the most universally hated guy up there. He's always thinking of ways of getting even with his enemies. When he does get something over on somebody, he goes around bragging about how he got this guy or that guy. I think he's one of the guys responsible for the low morale.

To show you how low the morale is, when the fellows go there, they are asked to recommend people they know who might qualify for the school. I went around from barrack to barrack to see what the response was. In most barracks the guys didn't recommend anybody. In other barracks they recommended one or two. Most of the guys said that they wouldn't even recommend their worst enemies because they didn't want to wish on them the misfortune of having to come down here. All we hear is gripe after gripe.

Rumors about Himel spreading in Chicago:

1. The reason why Himel didn't get a commission is that he is too close to the Nisei.
2. The reason why Himel didn't get a commission is that his record shows too liberal a background.

3. Himel was kicked out of the Navy because he married a Nisei girl.
4. Himel is engaged to a Nisei girl.
5. Himel and the Nisei girl have been married for a year.

I went over to the WRA office at 10, but Helen Miyoshi wasn't there. I decided that she would probably be in soon so that I may as well wait for her. As I was sitting there I counted 20 Nisei in the waiting room waiting for interviews. I looked over the file cabinets and saw that there were only two interviewers who were working. Mrs. Izumi was chatting very pleasantly with a couple of other WRA employees and the girls were sitting around talking to each other. Thank god no one was reading newspapers.

I got tired of waiting so I struck up a conversation with the fellow who was sitting next to me. He had been waiting for two hours. His name was Takata and he said that he was from Stockton. He said that he was originally in Gila and then went out for beet work in Idaho. He said he came here because he knew there was plenty of Nisei here:

"Chicago sure has a lot of soot. I heard it was dirty but I didn't think it was this bad. I don't mind it so much though. I don't know what I'm going to do right now. I just got out of high school before evacuation and I'm not trained for any kind of work except farming. We were promised a couple of jobs here but when we got here we found out that a couple of fellows got in ahead of us. So we were just out of luck. I don't know what's the matter with the WRA. We would have come even without the jobs, but since they promised us we had something to look forward to. Now we just don't feel so hot. I'm living at a place they call the Congress Annex. There must be about 40 Nisei living in that place. God, a lot of fellows live there. I hear there are a lot of Stockton fellows living together down on the southside."

I waited until 11 o'clock and still no Helen; so I decided to go home. When I got home I found that Tomi's cousin was visiting. During the course of the conversation I found out that he was living at Congress Annex too. He said that there were only about 25 fellows there, but he felt that that was too many to be living together.

"I had a ruptured appendix two months ago and I'm really in a hole now. One of the fellows drove me to a hospital and he took me to the wrong one, but my stomach hurt so much that I couldn't go to the one where there were a lot of Nisei working. I didn't have any insurance or anything so it really cost me a lot. I had to sell my car the other day. I just couldn't afford to pay for the license any more. I'm out of work now. I was working as a shipping clerk, but the work is too boresome. I'm like these other Japs. I walked out in two weeks. I don't know what to do, but I know I don't have to worry about property or anything. We sold everything and we were lucky because the curombos (Negroes) are now taking over Japanese places and I don't think the prices will be so high after the war. "