

JOURNAL--APRIL 1 to JUNE 5, 1943

April 1: We got up at 7:00 this morning and rushed to clean up. All the Najimas came over and Mrs. Akamatsu and Ruby came over. Some fellows came with a truck at 7:30 to pick up the luggage. They got sore because we weren't ready and we were equally sore because we were told to be ready at 8:00. A warden came in to check up and I got a receipt from Shimbo for turning in our beds and mattresses. Kay came over to help us pack and finally we got all the heavy baggages out by 8 o'clock. I had a bad cold and my temper was pretty bad. Naj came in to help so Kay went over to help Frank. May Omura, Ruby, Mrs. Najima, and Frank's mother came over. Then the Morimotos came in and we sat around waiting for Don Elberson. Mary and Grace came in at 9:30 but Don did not show up. Mom, Frank's mother and Mrs. Najima had a crying session. Then Frank and Michi came over with Jimmy, Kaz, and Koso. Nobu and May came running by as did Naeko and Magee. Still no Don so Frank and I headed for the Ad. bldg. We went in to seek Jake and to get out money. As Jake handed us our money, we all commented how we better not let any evacuee see this because they would really draw a logical conclusion. Don had given Jake the money for safe-keeping. We saw Mr. Smith and Anna and said goodbye and then spotted Don over at the leave office. There was a big crowd there. The Milligniers, Montgomery, Dekkie, Naj, May, the Uyenos, and all the people who had been helping us pack were there. We pulled out from the leave section at 10:00 and we stopped at the gate for a check and Mas Sakada, Kuneo Yoshinori, and Perry Saito ran to the gate to say goodbye. They said that they would be seeing us soon. As we drove out, we took a last look at Tule Lake. It wasn't much of a dump. We saw a lot of nice farms around there and joked about the free air. We got to Klamath Falls at 11:30. We checked our baggage, got our tickets and went over to Mrs. Bishoff's for lunch. Then we rushed back to the station and barely made the bus. The scenery was beautiful along Oregon because the trees were all green and the snow was partly on the ground. Michi got pretty sick on the bus. The people with us were sociable enough. We stopped twice to wash and both times we ate something. The prices were not much higher than they were before the war. We got to Bend at 5:30 and ate our first decent meal. It was only 85¢ and we were surprised because it was nothing like the \$2.50 that they had been telling us about. It was just another hash house but all four of us agreed that it was a magnificent meal. Then we went over to the park and fed the ducks and the swan. Mr. and Mrs. Yamazaki and a girl were traveling with us and they caught up with us at Klamath Falls. We pulled out at Bend at 8:25 and had a pretty tough ride. The fellows in the back of the bus were drinking and raising hell. We stopped at a gas station and when Frank and I were standing there a great big guy came up and said, "Hey Chinese, what time is it?" We talked to him for a while and though he was drunk, we found out that he was a defense worker who had to be in McDermott, Nevada and was worried that he might be tossed off the bus for drinking. His pal was dead drunk. He said that the Nisei girl who was sitting next to a soldier kept talking to her and he was mad at the soldier for bothering her. He said he talked to her for a while and she was a nice girl but she didn't want to talk so he moved. His last remark was, "I'm going over to build an airport so we can go fight you fellows." ~~Taxi~~ At Burns the driver stated making arrangements to kick out the drunks. Several draftees got on after saying goodbye to their parents. Frank was kind of bothered because the drunk kept putting his feet on Frank's shoulders. He had a pretty tough time. We were kind of thirsty and Yamazaki and I went out to get a drink. There was no fountain around so the lady took us around the back and gave us each a glass of water. Everybody around the depot was very nice. All night we had a helluva ride. I could hardly sleep and when we arrived at Ontario at 5:15 in the morning for a 45-minute stop, I couldn't take it anymore and got off. The Yamazakis, the Miyamotos and Tomi

were the only ones still asleep. The driver turned down the lights so I went out. The Nisei girl and the soldier were chatting in the lobby so I joined them. Every one was saying good morning very pleasantly and we all felt that we had something in common in that we had gone through a horrible night together.

April 2: I must have fallen asleep after we left Ontario because when I woke up we were almost in Boise. We got a little mixed up because we had neglected to change our watches from Pacific to Mountain time. At the bus depot a man said that there was no way I could transfer my baggage to the train depot at the other end of the town. I had to call a taxi to haul the stuff. And so we decided to separate from the Miyamotos. Boise had a very beautiful depot but the place was filled with soldiers. Most of them just ignored us altho one girl kept eyeing us and nudging her soldier friend. She was definitely unfriendly. Then a woman from the State dept. questioned Tomi about who we were and where we were going. She had no identification though but we told her anyway. The train was late and it left at 12:45 instead of 11:00. We got into an old rattle trap that must have served before the turn of the century. It was hot as hell and we had hard and dirty seats. Tomi and I had to separate because there were no double seats open. We both sat with women who were quite sociable and nice. Both of them took us for Chinese. Tomi had a tough time because her seat kept falling back and the man behind her had to keep pushing her up about every five minutes. We arrived late at Pocatello and couldn't get any food because too many soldiers were milling around the counter. We finally fought our way onto the Salt Lake City train at 7:15. We were over an hour and 15 minutes late. We sat on an end seat with an old man who was apparently a conductor off duty. We talked a little and then the man left. He came back and told us that the diner was not crowded and that we should go now. We found that he was right and we were both surprised at the cheapness of the food. We had been told that exorbitant prices but the whole meal only cost 75¢. They gave us all the butter and sugar we wanted. We had planned to go to Topaz on the morning train and so we thought that we would go to a late show and a night club to kill the evening. We got to Salt Lake City at 1:00 and found to our amazement that nothing was open. The taxi driver explained that it was a Mormon city and that everything closed at 11:00. Tomi lost her glove. Then we got into a taxi and looked all over for a hotel room. We went to 7 hotels but there were no rooms open because there was a national conference for Mormons this weekend. I was sure it was not discrimination because other people whom I saw on the train were looking around too. Finally, at the 8th hotel we got a room for one night but he told us that we had to get out tomorrow. He said that the trains were late so that many extra people were staying overnight. There were a lot of soldiers and sailors who were puffing mad. We took a hot bath for the first time in almost a year and we turned in about 3:00.

April 3: We got up around 9:00 and I phoned several hotels but there were no rooms. This wasn't discriminatory either because I didn't tell them my ancestry. Then I called up Reiko and we agreed to meet at the Hotel Utah at 11 o'clock. I had to go over there anyway to get Pullman reservations. I didn't want to go through the hell that we went through again. Frank Tsukamoto was supposed to make the reservations but he told us on the morning of our departure that he couldn't do it and we had to do it ourselves. Reiko couldn't come but Martha Utsunomiya came instead. Our baggage had increased so much that I went over and bought an overnight bag for Tomi. Then we took the stuff to the U.P. depot and checked everything, and then rode over to Reiko's place. Tosh Miyazaki, Kazue Tanabe, and Helen Miyoshi were there. Jim Sugihara phoned up a little later. We talked over the camp situation and then ate a wonderful dinner that Reiko had prepared. We went downtown at 5:30 with Helen and were walking around when we ran into Jim Sugihara. Helen said that all the evacuees wanted chop suey and movies the first thing when they got out. She said that they always commented about how nice it was to walk on sidewalks and that they stared at the bright lights. We decided to go to a movie but changed our minds because Helen had to go to a JACL carnival. The four of us went to a Chinese restaurant and Helen

insisted on paying as Martha had at lunchtime. Then we got some sodas and sent a wire to Tomi's sister, Mary. Then we took a tough bus ride and headed for the carnival. On the bus we met Toko Fujii. At the carnival there was a big gang. Billy Hata, Seige Kiya and Emily Yoshida were all there. Tom Tsuji's Topaz dance band was playing. They charged a quarter to get in and a dollar to dance and the floors were separated. The band was playing for a long time before anyone went in to dance. We saw Chiaki and Bill, both of whom who were disgusted with Utah people. Chiaki said, "These people don't know how to organize. All the leadership among the boochies is from California people." The band was too loud so we went outside with Reiko and Kazuo and I asked them what was going on that prompted Chiaki to make this remark. They said that the Issei in Utah were really Japanese but that the Nisei mingled much more with the Caucasians. The California Nisei were transplanting their ways to Salt Lake. Dances and clubs were all organized by Californians because the Utah Nisei usually went to Caucasian affairs. Reiko thought that there was a definite teaming of resentment by the Utah Japanese toward the attitude of superiority displayed by the Californians. She said the general feeling among the newcomers was that the Utah people were just dumb and slow than the Californians. Kazue said that the conflict was dying down altho it was quite acute at first. Reiko had to go home so Tomi and I went to Kazue's place and talked until 1:30 about evacuation, the race problem, and about personal careers. Reiko seemed to be unhappy about something because she didn't have the old smile she used to have. Tosh came over in his car with his girl friend to pick us up and drove us to his laundry. When we told him that we had no place to stay, they insisted that we stay at their place and his sister gave us her bed. It seemed that these people were quite accustomed to doubling up and allowing evacuees to sleep in their homes. Another man was there, bunking too. They told us to get up early and leave in time to catch the train. They said they probably wouldn't hear us leave anyway. We just met him today and so it didn't seem right but they wouldn't hear of our leaving. His sister and girl friend slept in Toshi's bed and he and his brother doubled up.

April 4: I didn't get much rest all night and I kept on getting up over and over to make sure that the alarm would not go off. It was so early that I didn't want to wake up anybody in the house. The place was really a dump. It was just a single large room with a lot of partitions. Stuff was all over the place. If the alarm had gone off, it would have woken up everybody in the room. As I looked around, it occurred to me that so many Japanese in California had lived in places like this and had never known what it feels like to have a house. I called up the station at 5:30 in the morning and the man said that the train was not only on time but already on the tracks. I woke Tomi up and we ran for the station. It finally pulled out at 6:50 and we arrived at Delta at 10:50. Jimmy was at the station waiting for us. We went home with him and they gave us a huge steak. But the reception was pretty cool. The Miyakes drove us out to Topaz and for the first time I got an idea of what a real dust storm was. We saw the camp and then we didn't see anything and then the white haze passed by and we saw the camp again. We had to cover our heads in the blanket to protect our eyes and Jimmy had to wear goggles. We went over to the Miyakes when we got into Topaz and as usual, we just ate, played cards and shot the breeze. Sue came around and one by one all the other relatives dropped in. I was pretty sleepy but had to look interested. It was quite clear that Mr. Marano was still sore and when Tomi's mother asked him why he didn't speak to us, he answered, "Atama ga mada hakkiri shite oran." The thing I noticed about Topaz was the difference in the housing. All the rooms were lined with sheet rock and the floors had linoleum. Each apartment had a vestibule and did not open directly in the outside. The washroom were also lined with sheet rock and there were regular wash basins made of porcelain. There was a large mirror over each wash basin. The shower section was made of concrete and the whole thing looked like a gymnasium. It was quite a contrast to Tule Lake for the facilities were just like those in the assembly centers. I asked about the registration and everyone said that the people were opposed to it but they obeyed the law. There were no beatings and it was the Nisei who organized the vigilante committees.

April 5: We stayed at the Harano's. They brought in a couple of extra beds from somewhere. We got up around 10:00 and I borrowed one of Johnny's jackets and went roaming all over camp. I went over to Bob Iki's place and learned that he had organized a club called "Vx for Victory". It was really an amazing contrast to Tule Lake because the Nisei really had the upper hand. Bob fixed it up so that I could get see Ernst without an appointment. Mr. Bell was there and we talked over the situation in Topaz and Tule Lake. They were saying that nothing happened in Topaz that would even compare with Tule Lake and they were planning a program for educating the people. We talked until 12:45 and then went back to Bob's place. Ernie Takahashi and Johnny Yoshino came in and Ernie started telling me about how he was going to coordinate 8 organizations to combat juvenile delinquency. People weren't even thinking of such things in Tule altho a few like May Sato may have been interested. I gathered from the discussion that these people played poker quite a bit and they had close connections with the administration. Ernst seemed to know what was going on. They were both receptive to anything that Bob had to say. Then I learned that Prof. Obata had been beaten up. Ernst wondered if there was any connection between the beating and registration but Bob pointed out that many people had grudges against him and there were dozens of reasons why he could have been beaten. Bell asked how the Tule Lake situation could be solved. And the conversation ended there. From Bob's place I went over to see Mine Okubo. She had a huge sign on her door "No visitors--leave note here if important". I practically tore the door down but there was no answer. I went over to see the block manager of 11. It was Yamashita with whom I had worked with at Tanforan. I talked to him about the dust and found out where Jimmy Hirano lived. He was vice-chairman of the block managers. Only Mrs. Hirano was in. So I talked to her and she invited us to dinner. I went out looking for Tomi and ended up at Sue's place. Tosh had a complete collection of Tanforan and Topaz papers and offered to seal them to the Study. Mom and Tomi came in and at 6:00 Tomi and I went to Block 11. We saw Mrs. Hirano in the mess hall but Jimmy wasn't there. Then I saw Bob Akamatsu and was surprised to find that he was very bitter about the evacuation. He said that he was doing a job which was worth \$3200 a year and was being paid \$19 a month. Then Jimmy came back and said he had been over at Block 4 looking for us. The roast pork that we ate was delicious but Jimmy kept apologizing and said that it was one of the lousy meals. He told us that we could have duck. We went all over looking for Tobey Ogawa but he wasn't home. Then we saw the Kaneharas and they said that they had registered 'no' so that they couldn't go out. In spite of that they were very friendly and said that they wishes us a lot of luck. Since Tobey was the general manager of the co-op, we went over to the office and we found him. The whole staff was there working at night. I was amazed at the efficiency of the place. Shoes were repaired in a week. Government checks were cashed for nothing and personal checks were cashed for one cent. We went over to Tobey's place to chew the fat. He and Jimmy agreed that there was no trouble of serious nature during registration. Tobey then told us about his business trip that he took to the east for the Co-op. He said that the Co-op almost went into the hole but just managed to pull out with a small loss. He told us about his experience with a big Chinese who told him that "You're from the coast, I can tell from your eyes". He also told us about the Jewish wholesalers and how they started to gyp him. Then Jimmy told us about his run-in with the FBI. He said that the FBI man who questioned him was pretty pleasant. He was questioned because his block had the largest number of repatriates. I was amazed when he told me that the number was only 20. Jimmy said the man was very courteous but little by little nailed him down. The man asked about others and Jimmy said that he later learned that all the people who were questioned after him were asked about him in the same way. Jimmy said that the FBI had the situation pretty well sized up. He said that they weren't going to arrest anyone. He also said that the FBI had detailed minutes of a Kibei meeting and concluded that there must be an inu. Even a cagey man like Jim was forced to talk. Then he told us about the people who had been sent to Topaz from Hawaii. He said they were all Kibei and that they were people who had just returned from Japan when the war started. They were arrested on Dec. 7 without clothing or anything and had been in jail ever since. The registration came up two days after their

arrival. Jimmie said that he tried to explain question 27 and 28 to them but they rose up in spontaneous protest and threatened to kill him. He said he could understand their feelings and didn't blame them at all. Then we got into an argument over resettlement. Jimmie was opposed to resettling. He said that he wanted to take another look at Japan before he decided his fate. Then Tobey said that most of the Japanese in America would stay here. He pointed out that the old folks slaved like anything to go back to Japan to retire. But by the time they had the money, they found that their children didn't want to return so they decided to stay with the kids. Both agreed that there were few Issei who were going to repatriate. We talked until 12:00 and then Jimmy took us over to Mine's place. We got her out of bed. She said she had been painting 48 hours straight and was tired but insisted on our staying as we were leaving tomorrow morning. As usual she had a lot of food in her place so we ate and stayed until 1:00. Jim walked us home and suggested that we get a ride from Ernst to the train depot tomorrow. We decided not to take him up because he would want to know too much about Tule Lake.

April 6: Today was our wedding anniversary but it was a pretty hectic day. We got up at 7:30 but I was drowsy for the first 5 hours. Mr. Harano had left the house without speaking to either of us so Mrs. Harano, Todi, John and I walked over to the gate. We saw the Kaneharas who brought over a gift. Then we met Seiji who said that he was going to repatriate. He said goodbye and said that there would be no hard feelings if we were on opposite side to the war. This was such a contrast to the spirit in Tule Lake that we were surprised. On the way to the gate we met Sue and Tosh. We noticed that there were a lot of Topaz people going to Delta on the bus. Tosh explained that these shopping tours were held every day and that one person from each block was allowed to go out to Delta every day. We ran into Ernie Iiyama and Bill Fujita. Bill asked about Evelyn Rhodes and said that he might go to Washington to work with her. We finally pulled out and agreed that we would see Hayakawa and Shirrell about a job for Tosh. We talked to some of the kids in the bus and they said that all they had to do to get out of camp was to go apply with their block manager. One fellow said that he had heard about beatings in Tule Lake but thought that they were just rumors. He said he heard that Iki and Tsukanoto were killed but were told that they were rumors too. We got in at Delta at 9:30 and Mary gave us her watch to get it fixed in Salt Lake or Chicago. Mary took it for granted that we would do all the things she wanted done since we were all in the same family. It was the kind of conception in the family that I was not accustomed to. But we took her watch. We got to the station on time but the train was an hour late so we went back again. Nobu came with us to the station and said he was trying awfully hard to get into the all-Nisei battalion. He was about 4 ft. 11 3/4 and said he would have to throw his chest so far in order to pass the physical requirement. He said he wanted to be with other Nisei and said that most Nisei felt that way even though they've never admitted it. We got to the station at 3:00 and Ernst was there chatting very friendly with some evacuees. There were about 10 or 15 Japanese waiting for the train. They were noisy and not very well behaved. Apparently going to Salt Lake was quite a common thing. The train finally came in at 4:15 and there were no seats. I sat in the wash room with soldiers and 2 sailors who were on the ~~xxxx~~ Wasp when it was sunk by the Japanese. They were all very nice and finally one of the sailors bought me a hamburger. They asked about the camps and they thought it was a dirty shame. The many that ignored us or else were very courteous. The train got in at 7:30 and we went up to a hotel and headed for a restaurant. We naturally had Chinese food and then went to see our first real movie, "Random Harvest". We got a couple of bottles of soda and started heading for the hotel when I heard a man remark, "I thought they didn't let Chinks out this way". It was 12:30. Then as we approached the hotel, two drunken soldiers saluted us and asked us where a good Chinese restaurant was.

April 7: I got up at 10:00 after getting a good rest for a change. We took our bags to the station and went to the U. of Utah. The cab we went in was driven by a woman who was just learning to drive. She didn't even know how to start a car. We met Helen and Kazue on the campus and Helen took us in to see Prof. Elmer Smith who was supposed to have made a study of the boobies. He didn't impress me very favorably. He talked about methods and he sounded just like some of the textbooks. He didn't seem to know very much and he was definitely prejudiced in favor of the Nisei. I got the impression that he was far more interested in doing something practical for the Nisei than in making a scientific study. We went into the cafeteria for lunch and met Kazue, Reiko, Helen, and May Yoshino. Some guy from Stanford showed up and all of us sat together at a table. Practically everybody there made a comment about too many Japanese at one table but nobody made a gesture to move. I went over to the library and met San Fusco. He got involved in some Nisei case in S.F. and was kicked out by the Western Defense Command. He's a very interesting guy and he kept saying that the WRA was okay but what they were doing were simply stop-gap measures. We walked home with Reiko and then headed for town. We saw the Mormon church and then went over to Martha Utsunomiya's place. Her radical sister and brother-in-law were there and they told us about the JACL whom they naturally hated and the Nisei apathy. They said that they felt the need of an organization to take care of the Nisei but they could not get the support of the JACL. The train was late so we took our time eating suki-yaki and then walked over to the station. Helen and Reiko were waiting there. We almost missed the train because one of the bags we checked was almost lost and the dope in charge of the baggage room was so slow that he found it in time for us to just make the train. It was all very confusing because each guy said something different and we finally found out that the whole thing had gotten mixed up because my ticket was ~~xxxx~~ checked from Boise instead of Salt Lake and the guy who took my bags forgot to make a notation. While we were waiting and arguing, Reiko said that two Nisei from Poston were touring the area in a car with 3000 gallons of gasoline. She said that these fellows were employed to make a survey for the WRA and that the Nisei were very resentful of their whizzing around in their car. When Reiko told us about that, I remembered that the first question Smith asked me was what connection we had with the WRA.

April 8: We rolled out of berths at 9:00 and had to wait about 15 minutes to get into the diner. We had breakfast with a middle-aged couple from Wisconsin named Johnson. We stopped for 10 minutes at North Platte and we were able to see Kim and Earl who were waiting at the station. After supper I was sitting in the smoker when Johnson and a Canadian named Farrell came in. This guy Farrell had apparently noticed ~~me~~ last night that my Pullman ticket was stamped "Government Service". He asked about that and he raised the question, "Which government do you work for?" At first I was puzzled but I immediately realized that he thought I was Chinese. My suspicions were confirmed because he started talking about what a wonderful woman Mme. Chang Kai Shek was. I thought her speech was okay so I agreed with him and I guess that convinced him that I was Chinese.

April 9: We had to get up at 6:30 for breakfast today and it was foul. We rolled into Chicago at 11:15 and I had to get a taxi to take all our baggage to Concord House. The cab driver brightened up when I told him the address because he knew it was a ritzy area. When we got there, we found beautiful apartments all around but right in the middle was a dirty house that was just about ready to collapse. That was it. The room was in a mess. Apparently the Yamazakis had been there until today as Ted Shigeno's guest. We dumped all our baggage and went over to a restaurant to eat. It was the first Italian meal we had had since evacuation. Then we walked over to the Yasukochi's but no one was home. So we went back and cleaned up our room. A kettle that we had sent parcel post arrived and it was in a holy mess. There was a stamp on it saying that it had been in a fire. All of our books had been sent with the kettle so I got pretty worried, especially about the Polish Peasant which W.I. had lent me. Ted came in and we talked about the camp. Supper was noisy as anything and the Negro cook offered to take us around town. After that we went over to the Yasukochi's

and bulled until 12:00.

April 10: After sleeping until noon, we cleaned up the room and it looked a little more livable. We went out to eat and were surprised at the prices were so low. I walked all around the University area and it looked like one filthy dump to me. We both bought some clothes and then went back and cleaned up our room some more. I bought some presents for pop and then wrote some letters. I can't say that I was very happy about coming to Chicago. The place was too dirty and I definitely don't like it.

April 11: Today is Sunday and Ted told us that we ought to go to a Nisei gathering that was being held regularly at the Fourth Presbyterian Church. We took the I.C. for the first time and Ted explained to us where the various expresses stopped and didn't stop. We stopped on the way to eat and Ted insisted upon paying for the food saying that we were still newcomers and guests of the city of Chicago. I couldn't understand that because Ted's salary at the co-op was so small that you wondered how he stayed alive. While we were walking around the church I ran into Shig Wakamatsu. He said he left his wife in Montana and came out to give Chicago the once-over. He wasn't sure whether he wanted to stay or not. The one thing he noticed was that the town was really dirty. Then we ran into Frances Moriwaki who said she was working as a secretary for a religious group. Since she had been her a little longer, I asked her what she thought of the place and she said that Chicago was just a dirty dump and that the Nisei were asking for trouble if they came here in large numbers. Then we met Betty Onori, Kin's niece who said she was very happy that many Nisei were being sent here. She said that she was really having fun and thought that the resettlers were very nice. She invited us to go to the monthly dances that were being held. I met Ben Yoshioka and Togo Tanaka. They were both big shots and the people stood on the sidelines and watched as they performed. Ben was very formal and Togo was much more friendly but I didn't have any chance to speak to him because he was swamped by everybody else who was there. Ben just came in and left. The Yasukochi's were there and I couldn't help but noticing that George had changed so much. He was nothing like the Yasukochi of the Berkeley days. All the spark seemed to be missing. None of his gayness was there and the sharp repartees were entirely missing. He just wasn't George anymore. I thought maybe we ought to make a study of him and Bessie. Then I met Koichi Inouye. Somehow he felt very distant and strange. We had known each other for years and yet we found that we had very little in common to talk about. The whole conversation was very cordial but very unfriendly. It occurred to me that it was going to be kind of hard to break through to interview some of these people. In the midst of a noisy tea, I heard a rumor that Mitch and Ann had arrived in Chicago en route to Cleveland. Unlike Salt Lake City, I could see no conflict between the old time Chicagoans and the newcomers. After the service and the tea, we walked with Ted through the main part of town. It was very big but very dirty.

April 12: Tomi went to see Kiyo Miyake this morning so I wrote letters. I ate lunch in a drug store and wrote letters all afternoon. After supper I was assigned to washing dishes and it was quite a job since there were about 30 people eating that night. It took me until 8:15 and I was so tucked out that Tomi decided to take me to a show. We saw "Arabian Nights" and it made me wonder about human civilization. In the picture there was alot of hullabaloo about one beautiful women and all the tyrants who fought each other to get her. It showed the masses of the people as being entirely powerless and I wondered about the notion of some philosopher of history that civilization led to the increasing freedom for the masses. We stopped at the barbecue joint on the corner and noticed a newspaper clipping. The owner's family was in occupied Greece and he was buying a lot of war bonds. That made me feel a little guilty about loafing and it occurred to me momentarily that I should either get to work or join the Army.

April 13: It was snowing and cold today. I had lunch with Tomi and Faye. I wrote letters all afternoon. We didn't get enough supper so we went out to eat again and got back in time for a house meeting. I studied a little and wrote some more letters.

April 14: I got up at noon again and went out in the snow. I had to go into a bookstore to find my way to the University. I finally found Dean Redfield's office and noticed that ~~they~~ was a nisei girl in there. After being interviewed by 3 secretaries, I got an appointment to see Redfield at 2:30 tomorrow. Then I went to see Ogburn. His secretary was very nice and she said that they had been waiting for us to show up. I sat around for a half an hour amid a huge batch of file cases. They really have big offices here. Ogburn finally came in. He was very polite, in fact, over-courteous. He talked about this, that and everything and then shooed me out. While I was sitting there listening to him, I couldn't help but noticing a big sign on the bookcase directly across the room from the seat where he parked me. The sign read, "No one will apologize to you for taking away your time, but that is one thing he can take away from you that he can never get back." Before I knew it, he stood up and said, "Well, Mr. Shibutani, it was nice to have seen you." And he opened the door. He was very nice about it all but I felt like X a penny waiting for change. Somehow, I got the feeling that Ogburn handed the same line out to everybody. He was a little too smooth. After supper I talked to Ted for a while and he said that he had really changed since he came to Concord House. He said that he was now more open-minded and he saw the errors in the way he used to live on the coast. He said he couldn't join the Army now, that he had really seen what the racial problem in America was like. He said he didn't want to mingle with the Nisei and told me about a group of fellows from Menzanar who were living together in one place as they had on the coast. He said that he didn't want to see the Nisei getting together like that. About 10:00 Tomi and I went out to the drug store and she bought a bar of chocolate. A man who was standing by offered to pay for it and said, "You don't get candy like that in China, do you?" Tomi said, "No" and we left, leaving the guy feeling very happy. Apparently everybody in the area think we're Chinese because we could hear them talking about Mrs. Chiang at the other tables.

April 15: I loafed all day and then went to see Redfield. He said that he was at a WRA conference last week. He said that the registration was badly handled and showed me a clipping that he had in his pocket of a statement by DeWitt to the effect that "Once a Jap, always a Jap" and giving them a piece of paper did not make it any different. He said that he was fighting against certain people in the University to get Nisei into the University. He had succeeded in getting non-evacuees into the Division of Humanities and the Division of Social Sciences but that the other two divisions refused to take anyone of Japanese ancestry. He thought it would be possible for me to attend classes and said that he would fix it so that I could get in. He said that he could tell the Dean that I had not been evacuated but had been sent to camp to make a study and was therefore not an evacuee. He remarked that this wasn't an entirely honest procedure but he wanted to get someone in as a test case. He introduced me to the two Nisei girls working in his office and then took me upstairs to meet Mary Fujii and her anthropology husband. Mary said she was formerly a Y.D. and we talked all afternoon about the JACL.

April 16: Tomi and I went downtown in the afternoon and went to see Mr. Shirrell at the WRA office. He said that the resettlement was coming along all right and that he had a fight with the governor of Wisconsin over getting some Nisei into the state. He said that Waller was in the M.P. in Texas. Then he told us about how he had to bawl out some Nisei every now and then so that they wouldn't cause too much trouble for the other Nisei. He said that there was a printer in town who wanted 150 Nisei employees. He said that this man had a one and a half million dollar contract but no labor. Shirrell said he didn't want to send more than 25 to one place but this printer kept on insisting that Nisei can do two times the work of any Caucasian and five times the work of a Negro. Then he remarked that the domestic jobs were very good because after a

few days the employers would storm into his office and demand that something be done about the nice evacuees. Once the employers hear the story about evacuation, they get so mad that they want to do something. Mr. Shirrell was very anxious to get hand-picked people out at first for the impression it would create in the midwest. He said the WRA was now fighting DeWitt to get permission for fathers of soldiers to go back to California. He felt that someone had to get into California before the war was over or it would be very difficult to open up the state after the war. Then he remarked that Chandler told Dillon Myer that he would recommend ~~xxx~~ (1) the restoration of the Nisei draft, (2) the resettlement of the loyal, and (3) the imprisonment of the rest. He laughed and said that Chandler was slightly behind the time because that was what Myer had been talking about all along. He was very bitter about the way Coverley had handled Tule Lake. Then he said that Park, Redfield and Hughes had approached him about making case studies of Japanese Americans. He said that he stalled them off and told them to wait until DST got into town. He said we could have anything we wanted and that it was okay with him for us to go over his list of people who were arriving in Chicago. The WRA had no time for tabulating but if we wanted to do the work, it was okay with him. He said he wanted the same information we wanted. He took us over to Ben Yoshioka but Yoshioka was bustling around and he looked kind of busy so we left him there. We met one of Tosh's friends and talked for a while.

April 17: I was coughing like heck all morning but I was sure I didn't have a cold so I wondered if I caught T.B. I went out and bought some presents for people in the camp.

April 18: About 1:30 some of the kids in the house came in and we talked about race relations. Most of them were pretty well informed but they didn't know anything about the orientals. We played baseball for a while in the park and then sat around. They told us that Casablanca was a good movie so we went. It was a story about the underground movement in North Africa and it occurred to me that some of the Kibei in Tule Lake must have felt like the characters in that movie. After the show we met Freddie at the barbecue joint and we talked about the movie. Freddie had been a prisoner in a German concentration camp and had escaped with the aid of the underground. He said that the underground workers didn't have beautiful women like Ingrid Bergman hanging around but he thought that the movie was good anyway. We kept humming the song "As Time Goes By" over and over and long after I went to bed, it kept running through my head.

April 19: I got up at 7:30 because I decided that I would begin working. I had breakfast with the gang and then went over to the University. First I saw Hughes and he told me that during the summer quarter he was going to have a race relations seminar which he wished to devote to the study of resettlement. He said that we could study the Nisei and he would get Caucasians to study the Caucasians. I went home and typed some letters. I was supposed to see Kiyoko Nishiyama so Tomi and I went down there in the pouring rain. We talked about the evacuation and the types of study being made. She said that all she had to do was to write a thesis for her M.A. She said she knew Frank because he was the reader in a course she took on statistics. She went on to explain that she wanted to stay away from the Nisei altho her sister goes around with them quite a bit. Some dopey gal named Okamoto came flipping into the room. She was one of the oddest women I've ever seen. Kiyoko was saying that she didn't want to be with Nisei and yet there were six rooms full of Nisei in the house where she lived. She said that Koichi was living at the same place. On the way back, we decided to stop at the chop suey joint on Harper. The Chinese waiter came up with the biggest smile I'd ever seen and asked us if we were Chinese. We could tell by the expression on his face that we were and was ready to welcome us as long lost brothers. We told him that we weren't and he then asked us if we were born in this country. When we said yes, he smiled and said, "Ah well, then we all same." He was very nice about everything and gave us extra portions of food without charge. As we were leaving, he bowed very politely and told us to come again. He asked me if I were going to school and then remarked that it was

quite expensive. Tomi praised his food and that made him so happy that he brought some more. We got home at 12:00 and several of the fellows were still up so we shot the breeze for a while. While we were thawing out, we talked about possible race riots after the war and areas of race tension here in Chicago. The Nisei are in a tough spot. It seems that Salt Lake City or St. Louis was better than Chicago. I realized that I was developing a terrific dislike for Chicago but reconciled myself to fate. The future is uncertain but there was nothing that could be done. I thought I would get used to it eventually. I thought about DeWitt and imagined myself beating him up. Then I had visions of starting a liberal movement which would sweep guys like him out forever.

April 20: I was writing letters in the afternoon when I received a note from Ogburn containing a pass to all sociology classes. It was apparently good indefinitely so I wondered if I should attend Burgess' class on methods. Frank said that he was a dull lecturer but I thought that maybe his subject might be good. Tomi brought in some hamburger from the corner store and so we took it easy all evening. We talked about what might happen to the world after the war.

April 21: I typed documents all afternoon. At supper there was a big argument about conscientious objectors. Somebody wanted to throw a C.O. party at the house but Ted objected and said it would hurt the reputation of the house. I worked on case documents all evening.

April 22: I got 2 letters today, one from Frank saying that all our books were burnt and one from DST recommending that I register in school. She advised me to take a rest and save some money. I went up to the WRA office and looked over the data that were available. There were slips from Grenada, Rohwer and Heart Mt. but none from the other centers. Mrs. Dry, who was in charge, was a very nice woman but extremely dumb. She was very worried about the regulation and seemed to be always afraid of getting hell. She knew very little but she felt her responsibility and when I told her how incomplete the whole thing was, she became very upset. Then Shirrell came in and looked over the cards and threw up his hands in disgust. I thought for a minute that Mrs. Dry would faint or something but he calmed her off and said it wasn't her fault anyway. Then Shirrell said that Washington had promised him that copies of WRA-26 would be sent to Chicago for each person resettling here. Apparently there was no regular form which the projects could use to notify the field offices. Rohwer had made up its own form. Finally, Shirrell and I agreed that we should make up a form of our own. On the way back, I bought a pair of pants and a sport shirt so that I would have some dirty clothes to work in. I had thrown all my dirty clothes away when I left Tule Lake without realizing that we had to do dirty work at Concord House. It was like a waste of money but it couldn't be helped.

April 23: I struggled to get up in the morning and finally had to get up when the freight was delivered. I unpacked all the stuff and then headed for the University. I couldn't find Burgess in so I got hold of a schedule of classes and found that Wirth was offering a course in social organization. I decided that I would take that rather than Burgess' course and went in to see him. Wirth was very cordial and quite different from the picture I got of him from Frank. We had a long talk about the race problems and he was very worried about the effect of the news of the execution of the Tokyo raiders on the resettlers. He had a lot of curiosity about the camp and kept asking me questions and I had a hard time keeping up with him. He said that I could take the course and felt that there would be no difficulty in catching up five weeks' work. I was there for over an hour and was quite surprised that he had not thrown me out. When I got back, all the fellows suggested that I audit the course because Wirth was very tough. So I decided that I would sit in the class for a while and then decide about registration later. For some reason, I felt jittery. I kept wondering about post-war and wondered about things like what would happen to Russia if she were defeated?

April 24: I got up around 10:00 and helped Tomi clean up the breakfast dishes. I received a check from Sears for the suit I had returned and so it must have arrived in Chicago. The books might have gotten through the fire too if the suit and kettle did. After supper I washed dishes with Freddie.

April 25: Today was Easter and I slept until 1:30. One of the girls said that Jim Otsuka said he was coming over when he phoned from the hostel. We loafed all afternoon and then went over to the Chop Suey on Harper St. This time another waiter came up and asked if we were Chinese and when we said no, he said that we looked like them. He was quite embarrassed but his service was as courteous as the last man's. When we got home, after a movie, Ted said that the Sakadas were in town. He complained about the lousy dances. It rather surprised me because he had said that he wanted to get away from Nisei.

April 26: Part of the book shipment arrived today and there was a note saying that the other books had been lost. Thirteen of mine and 10 of Frank's were in a package. Some of them were still wet. The Polish Peasant was missing but 3 books which were in the same box were in this package so I concluded that it must have been burnt. That made me feel pretty blue all day. I got a little note from Charlie so I phoned up but he wasn't home. Then I went to the Friends Service office and met Frank Ijikata and Roy Kuwahara. After a long wait I talked to one of the gals there and they didn't have much in the files. It was quite a gathering place for Nisei at that. I saw several fellows puffing away on cigarettes who were sitting directly under a big sign which read "No Smoking". Somehow even though no one said much, I got the impression that there was a feeling of hostility against the people on the WRA staff. When I suggested that they might pull the resources in this office and the WRA and said that Mr. Shirrell had given us his approval, the Friends balked and said they would think it over. Then I went over to the WRA office. Roy said that he just sent Charlie to the Friends Service office. I was talking to Miss Mercer about Hull House when I heard that there was a riot in Marengo. She said that the Curtiss Candy Company had hired 5 or 6 families for their farm down there and some man who had read about the execution of the Tokyo fliers had gotten notice that his son had died in action. This man rounded up some of the other men in town and in a meeting demanded that the Japs be kicked out. Curtiss stood pat. Shirrell and the man in charge of employment were up half the night. Mr. Shirrell came in looking very ragged and he said that the conferences were still going on. He said the town was ashamed of the unfavorable publicity it had received and that altho the mayor was unable to act, he was willing to help. I went into the wash room and the man who was in charge of the information booth in the building started talking to me. He said that the American Japs ought to be given jobs and ought to be allowed to come out just like the others. He said, "I hate the Irish and the Bulgarians, the Mexicans and the Polaks, but the American Japs are okay". Then he started telling me about all the Japs and Nazi spies in Chicago and said he knew a Japanese lawyer who had been arrested by the FBI. He remarked that there several xx American Japs in the FBI service. He said he knew because he used to work in the FBI Bldg. He was a very friendly fellow and said that incidents like the one in Marengo were not common, and should not get as much publicity. I went back to the Hyde Park area and finally got a haircut. The service was excellent but the guy charged me extra because I had so much to cut. I bought a couple of papers. I called up Charlie and I thought that I had caught a tone of resentment and I hoped that the old attitudes of Sakoda would not hamper our work here. I read some books and worked myself into a mood for study.

April 27: I rushed out to 58th and University to see Charlie. Bette and Eniko were there with him so the four of us walked all over the campus looking for the high school so that Bette could register. Then we sat around waiting for Redfield to show up. At 2:30 I went to class and at 5:00 I went to a restaurant to eat for the first time since I got up. When I got home, Tomi asked me to ~~xx~~ guess who was around to see us. When she said that Jim Otsuka had come, I replied, "What dope?" and then I turned around saw Jim sitting down behind me.

Ordinarily that would have wrecked my day, but Tomi told me that all the books had arrived. The Polish Peasant was battered and the covers were ruined, but it was here. Some of the books were damaged beyond repair but most of them were in reasonably good shape. At supper Jim surprised everybody by his sloppy manners. He spilled a lot of food all over himself and kept talking about concentration camp. Ted came over to our room later and revealed himself not to have changed as much as he thought. He was still a typical Nisei. He said he resented girls who read books because they were "too good for us". Otsuka's a very odd guy and he sat around blowing the breeze about one thing or another until 9:00.

April 28: After lunch I took all the soiled books to trade them off for other ones that I needed for my course. I think I got a good swap because the man at one of the bookstores didn't know his books very well and I'm pretty sure that I gypped him. I had to do the dishes with Mickey tonight and Dr. Blaisdell unexpectedly dropped in. Blaisdell was in pretty good humor and said that the Army had clamped down on DeWitt and the day following day after his statement about a "Jap being a Jap", they forced an order on him allowing Nisei soldiers to go into the Western Defense Command. Blaisdell thought that the WRA was doing a good job and then he started talking about the political situation in America. He seemed quite fearful of a revolution after the war. Tomi and I walked with him to the International House and had a soda with him. He told us about Berkeley and said that we weren't missing anything.

April 29: I had to get up in the morning because the rest of the book arrived. We had lunch with Jerry and then I rushed off to class. After class I talked to Burgess and he said that there were a couple of Nisei who were writing theses on the subject of resettlement. He was a nice old Joe and he was very pleasant. After supper I got into an argument with Julius about the Jewish problem. While we were talking, Peter brought in an article by Pegler on the Nisei. Then I tried to copy some lecture notes I had borrowed from a kid but I was awfully frustrated because his writing was lousy and he must have been asleep. Either the kid was dumb or Wirth didn't say anything worthwhile.

April 30: After lunch I had to scrub the floor in the laundry room. I tore apart a chair in the basement for Faith. At 4:00 Magee Takshige came in with a quart of Black and White Scotch. He wouldn't have supper but he sat around drinking his Scotch. He said he wanted to leave it here because he didn't want to get in trouble on the train to New York. He said Nao wanted to leave Tule but she wasn't sure where she wanted to go. Dr. Seto was coming to Joliet and he said that Dekkie might come with him. Then he said that Tule Lake was all unsettled because too many people were leaving. About 8:00 o'clock he left to catch the train and we felt that it might be the last time we would see him since he was going off to join the Merchant Marine. After that I went down to the basement with Freddie and helped him clean up. Since this was house cleaning week-end, I helped Eannette clean the ceiling of the dining room.

May 1: Everything in the house was a mess. Tomi and I had to go out to the corner to eat and the man offered Tomi a job in his restaurant. After that I had to go over to the fire house with Hal and Peter to get a ladder to take down the storm windows. Everybody in the house sat around waiting for the paint to come but it didn't come until long after supper. By that time half of the people in the house were gone so about 8 of us who were left, painted the ceilings and walls of the dining and living rooms. We worked until 3:45 in the morning. We sang and ate and cussed at each other. Somehow there was a congenial feeling and even visitors got into the mood and helped us paint. We sang the six songs for Democracy. In spite of the fact that we were pretty tired, everyone felt pretty good, because we were all working together.

May 2: We got up very late and had ravioli and sandwiches in our room. I had to help scrub the dining room floor but there were too many bosses so I quit and let them do it. Then we put up some screens. When we were half way through, Morton's father and mother came over. Supper was elegant because house cleaning

was all over and it lasted until 9:30.

May 3: I took the Polish Peasant to the book binder and the guy promised to get it out within 2 months. I came home and read the Chandler Committee reports. While I was doing dishes with Marlon, Hal said that the sociology faculty was having a forum tonight on Science and Sociology. We rushed down there and were a little late. I missed Ogburn and Burgess and got there in time to hear Warner talk about all kinds of things that didn't make any sense. Then Hughes gave a pretty good talk and finally Blumer went to bat. I was surprised at how young he looked and at his tremendous size. He got up and said that all the kids had paid 25¢ to get in but so far nothing had been said that was two bits so he would put on a show for them. Then he proceeded to criticize at what each man had said. He tore Ogburn all apart, then he said that he agreed with Burgess and Hughes but when he came to Warner, he said, "The only part of Mr. Warner's statement which was intelligible was the part where he stumbled." After he got through, the kids kept asking a lot of dumb questions. Some of them were having a lot of fun and kept asking Warner how he could possibly agree with Blumer and maintain his position at the same time. It was quite obvious that everybody on the faculty except Ogburn was afraid of Blumer because they agreed with everything he said. I introduced Tomi to Burgess, Hughes and Ogburn and then we headed for home. When we got home Jeannette said that some Nisei had applied for admission at Concord House. Ted said no because there were too many Japs around already.

May 4: After class I went over to register. Everything was all fixed up and they didn't ask me any questions about being a boogie. It seems that the registrar had signed my admission credential last year when I first applied for admission as a test case for relocation. That signed blank was still in my folder so the clerk let me in without asking another question. I read after supper and considered the possibilities of going either to England or Asia. I thought that things looked pretty bad and yet I didn't know the language to go to Asia and that left only the British possessions. Tomi came around at 12:00 after visiting all evening with some salad. She had noticed the superficial background of some of U. of Chicago students. She said that she was very impressed with their big talk and so they got started talking about nutrition and then she realized that they were big fakes.

May 5: Freddie treated us to lunch this afternoon and told us about how the Gestapo ran the Nazi prison camps. He said the Hollywood Nazi were no good. After that I rushed to school and had to wait in line to pay my fees. I told Redfield that I had registered when I saw him in the library and he was very surprised that I got through with no difficulties. Then I dropped in to see Blumer and he said that he could see no hope for the Nisei after the war unless all the people got united on some kind of reconstruction program and took in the Nisei as part of the country. It was pretty hot today so I was sweating when I got home for supper. I read Durkheim until 12:30 and went to bed feeling that the day was not wasted.

May 6: I walked over to 55th with Tomi to get an iron and to mail some gifts to the center. I went to class and was very pleased because Wirth was very outspoken in his criticism of capitalism. After class I had to go home and clean up the food room which was a dirty mess. And then after supper I had to wash dishes with Joyce. She was so damn slow that it took until 8:30.

May 7: I got up at 8:45 today and stuck around waiting for Charlie. We all took the I.C. and went to the Northwestern depot. We saw May Takasugi at the depot and when I introduced Charlie to her and said that she was Jimmy's sister, Charlie blinked and stared at her and in an unbelieving tone asked, "Jimmy's sister?" Since May was so poised, Charlie couldn't believe it. The Miyamoto's and the Thomases arrived in a very majestic train. The City of Denver was only 10 minutes late. Kengo came and we all went to lunch together. At lunch W.I. asked me whether I had gotten the Polish Peasant fixed and then he told me that

I could keep it. I was stunned and didn't know what to say. Then they went to W.I.'s brother's place. We went house hunting with the Miyamotos. We walked all over all the way up to 61st. After dinner we went to a movie and then to a barbecue. They stayed at our room for the night and we went up to stay in Janet's place. I got up several times during the night because the place was too cold.

May 8: About 6:00 I thought I might as well go up and went down to the living room. Everybody was shocked to see him up so early. Laviolette called up and asked to talk to Frank. I went over to the University with Frank about 10:00 and Tomi and Michi went to look for an apartment with a piano in it. We were all talking with the Thomases when Ogburn came in and invited us out to lunch. Then we went over to the WRA with DST, Frank, Laviolette and Charlie for a meeting with the Friends Service Committee staff, representatives of the "Y" and other interested people. Holland of the WRA was there to give a speech and he sounded like a dope. The policy he was advocating seemed extremely stupid. He wanted to lower the living standard in the centers to force everybody to settle. We all thought he was nuts but we wanted to stay in their good graces so we kept quiet. Then Frank and I walked over to the depot to get their baggage. I got kind of burnt up because we were among the first to get on the cab platform but the man there saw to it that we were the last to get a taxi. Frank took it good naturedly but I just gave him a dirty look, stuck my hands in my pocket and jingled some money, and then didn't give him anything. We rode over to the apartment that Michi had picked and took the baggage in. Frank thought it was too dirty and he couldn't understand why Michi picked it. After supper we went over to see Ethel Shanas who had a beautiful place and said she only paid \$50 for it. After a long discussion, they decided that they would not take the apartment.

May 9: The Miyamotos came in after lunch and said that the man refused to refund the \$20 that Michi had placed as a deposit. Frank thought that if the guy felt that way about it, they could stay for \$20 worth of rent and then move out. Michi was as mad as hops so we went to a chop suey to see if we could cool off. We talked and talked on the question of whether to take the apartment or not and finally Frank decided to go to a hotel. He thought that the rent was too high in this place and that the room didn't look so good because there were pipes in it. The advantage was that the room had a piano. They didn't want to stay at our place because they thought they were putting us out and on the other hand it would be expensive living in a hotel and the \$20 deposit would be lost.

May 10: The Miyamotos came in after lunch and so we helped them move their luggage to the Harvard Hotel. DS and WI and Charlie were over at the Social Science Bldg. so we walked over there and spent the afternoon talking about loyalty. We went home in soaking rain and supper was not so hot. I tried to study but I had a helluva stomachache.

May 11: I got up at 8:30 and rushed 17 blocks in the rain to get to the office. Only Charlie and WI were there. The conference on problems centered on internal migration hypotheses. At 12:00 I went to a drug store to eat but I didn't get enough so I rushed over to the bookstore and ate some more. I had to get my typewriter fixed anyway. At class we got our final examination questions and I was floored because they were really tough. I went back to the office and Frank looked over the questions and said they were the same kind of questions they asked in the Ph.D. exams. Dorothy looked them over and said that she'd never want to take a course from Wirth. I went to the hotel with Frank and Michi was home because of the rain. She said that only a moron could like Chicago. And I think she felt the same way I did during the first few days.

May 12: I had to rush to the conference this morning. Frank presented an outline for the study which looked damn good. I had lunch with Charlie, Frank and Michi and then went to the library with Charlie. We had to fight a battle for our fellow privileges but finally got them. We talked all afternoon with Hughes

and by the time we got home, Michi and Tomi had decided to go to a show. Mrs. Shirrell called up and ~~xxxxxx~~ invited us to dinner. We saw the picture "Suspicion" and then went home.

May 13: I had to get up early to go to Milling Hospital to take an exam. They went over me for a whole hour and the doctors said that I was in excellent physical care except for my eyes and athlete's foot. He congratulated me and predicted that I would be in the Army in a month. We bulled all day at the office and just wasted time. Tomi was kind of griped because the people in the house didn't wash the dishes well enough and she had to do them over again.

May 14: We had conference all morning and then I spent the afternoon working on some of the questions for the examinations. George Yasukochi called up and said that Larry Tajiri was in town and we should meet with him. At 10:00 all of us piled in at Yasukochi's place and talked to him about the Supreme Court and the JACL. Larry said that the old Kiwanis, Rotary club crowd was out of control in the JACL and that the Red were in for the duration. We stopped at the barbecue place and we discussed the possibilities of moving out of Concord House since the house duties required so much time.

May 15: I pulled myself out of bed at 8:30 and rushed to the office but everybody was late. We bulled in general. We had a rainstorm this afternoon so I loafed. There was a big row at supper time over the question of whether or not to admit a woman in with a baby. That made Tomi kind of sore because everybody was so mad that they didn't do the dishes so we served notice of leaving. We went to a show and had to run home in a thunderstorm.

May 16: Kiley came in today so we bulled with him for a while. Then we went over to Lindy's for supper and walked around. Riley went to the show and we went to look for an apartment. One of the ladies said that quite a few Chinese had come around asking her for rooms lately. It seems that the Jap invasion of this area has started. We thought we would move to a different area and went home and looked over the map.

May 17: I got up at 12:00 and rushed to the office after getting a sandwich at the drug store. A guy named Sweltzer was in and then Prof. Obata and the old bitch, Mary Takahashi, came in. After Obata spouted out for a while Mary told us a history of her family. We wasted the whole afternoon.

May 18: We were eating fruits in our room when Sunhold came in and said that there was much discussion about leaving. I rushed over to the University and Obata was around so I went to class. I went home in the rain and noted that there seemed to be a split in the house. Some of the people were very cold to us whereas some of them sympathized with our decision and said they were moving out themselves. Tomi was so tired that she went to bed and I went out later to get some hamburgers for her.

May 19: I had lunch with Tomi and Jerry and sat around talking to Jerry until 3:00. I read for a while and then worked on exam papers. Then we went over to the Miyamotos and shot the breeze until midnight.

May 20: I got to the office about 10:30 and there was a big uproar about whether or not Jimmy should go to Gila. We went to the Faculty Club and ate lunch with Charlie and the Thomases up on the stage. We then went over to the Botany building to get some supplies. I walked home with DST in the rain and she suggested that since my future was uncertain I ought to work for an M.A. instead of a Ph.D. When I got home, Tomi said she found a place but didn't put a deposit on it.

May 21: I read all day and worked on my exam paper. About 6:00 we dressed and hit it off for Shirrell's and met the Thomases on the I.C. As we rode down on the cab toward the north side, I noticed how clean the Gold Coast was. For the

first time we saw something clean in Chicago. Dr. Tashiro was there and struck me as being a very cocky guy. I thought that he must have a terrific inferiority complex to make him as aggressive as he is. Sumi Shinozaki was there too but she was very quiet. At 11:00 we came home on the "L" with the Miyamotos. On the way back we met Jerry, Susie, and Julius and all had a hamburger together.

May 21: We were just getting ready to leave for lunch when Naj came in. If he had come a couple of minutes later he would have missed us altogether. We had lunch and then took Naj over to see George Yasukochi and then DST. He told us that pop had to work in the coal crew because Sa-urada and a few others wanted to make the inus suffer. He said that pop was sick for a couple of days. That made me kind of worried because there were so few doctors left in Tule Lake. I took him to the B.O. station. He said that Chicago was the dirtiest place he had ever been in his life and I didn't blame him for getting this impression. After supper I was supposed to do the dishes with Peter but he didn't show up so everybody was pretty sore. Tomi and Ted helped me.

May 23: We got up at 1:00 but dinner was late because Susan made a slight miscalculation. We didn't eat until 3:00 o'clock and by that time they were having a practice air raid alarm. No one was supposed to be driving around but I could see the outer drive where the cars were whizzing back and forth as usual. Freddie was the air raid warden and a bomb fell on our front lawn. He had to make a lot of phone calls to get the bomb extinguished and so half the house was very amused. It was so windy that most of the bombs fell in the lake. Susan used so many dishes that everybody got sore and we had to work until long after 4:00 to clean up. Peter was sore because he thought Susan had worked too hard. Everything was in an uproar when Frank called up and suggested that we ~~take~~ have dinner and take in a show. We saw a triple feature program of murder mysteries and Michi was ~~xxxx~~ thoroughly disgusted.

May 24: It rained like hell today and I had to go around looking for DST because I got a wire from Morton about Jimmy. Frank and I went over some problems and then I went over to the library. Tomi had a bad cold and she was pretty sore about everything because she had to spend a day cleaning up the kitchen. Nobody had cleaned it for a couple of months and it took her all day.

May 25: Everybody was at work today for a change. Rundquist came in for a while but after he left we all worked like anything on the outline. We worked all day and then in the evening the blow-off came at the house meeting. Jay said that the reason why everyone was leaving was because a few people were not living up to their responsibilities. Susie and Michi said that nothing was wrong but Jay and Hal said that unless everyone did their work we ~~a~~ couldn't have a cooperative. Edna was very embarrassed because she was obviously guilty of everything that was being discussed. At the meeting we learned that 12 people were leaving within the month and Jerry concluded that that was the symptom of degeneration. Tomi was so mad that she didn't go to the meeting.

May 26: Today was a wonderful day so I rushed to work in the morning but no one was ~~xxx~~ there and I got locked out. Tomi found a place to live in in the afternoon. After supper Peter came in and said that everybody was blaming him for our departure and he felt very badly about it. We assured him that he was not to blame and he immediately out into the hall and got into an argument with somebody.

May 27: Tomi lost the apartment she got yesterday so she went out to look for another one. We worked on outlines all day.

May 28: When I got to the office this morning, Akira Onachi was waiting for me. I took him over to see Redfield since he wanted to get into the University. Tomi came in around 1:00 so we took Charlie out to lunch at a foul Chinese restaurant. About 4 o'clock Tomi phoned and said she found a place and she wanted

to see a movie. When we came out of the show, some people made remarks about Japs under their breaths. It made me feel uneasy to be in a hostile world and I felt that I could appreciate the fears of Issei about leaving the center. It made you feel sort of unwanted since you had so few friends. There was nothing wrong in the daily life and materially we lived comfortably enough but somehow you felt that you really didn't belong in Chicago. Is the world really going to pot? I considered the possibility of joining the Communist party if the Republicans win in 1944.

May 29: It was hot today and we were all dripping wet working on outlines. I had just started to study when we were surprised by Tom and Rose Okabe who dropped in unexpectedly. They said that they had been here for a week and a half. We called up the Miyamotos but Michi was sick so we sat around our lawn. I paid off Susie later and made arrangements to leave.

May 30: Today was really hot. It rained but it was still hot. The Miyamotos came over about 5:00 and we went out to dinner about 7:00. We decided to go to a show and were out until 12:00. The house had a discussion on race relations and ~~xxxxx~~ they were kind of sore because we didn't come.

May 31: It was really hot and stuffy and my body was sticky even after taking a bath. I went up to 502 and DST, Togo and Charlie were there. We bulled all afternoon. At supper we had a big crisis because several people who had signed out, showed up and there wasn't enough food to go around. They argued for 3 hours and so I went back to the h room and packed.

June 1: Today turned out to be a helluva day even though we were at last moving out. While I was combing my hair I threw a joint out on my back and couldn't move for a while. I slept for a while or maybe I passed out and Tomi packed in the meantime. It was really hell eating with your left hand. Frank came over and helped me load some of the stuff. We waited around until a moving van came but when it didn't come by 5:30 Frank went home. Right after he left the mover came. It was a helluva set-up because he had 2 Negroes who did all the work. We finally got the stuff moved and the guy demanded \$9 for 20 minutes' work. I asked him how comb since he originally set the price at \$7:50 and he told me that it was 6:45 and he had to pay his men over-time. I was in no mood to argue with him and I couldn't because he still had some of Frank's stuff on his truck.

June 2: My back was still sore so I went to the hospital and they gave me an infra-red treatment. When I got back Charlie was all upset about Ernie Takahashi's plan of organizing the Nisei in order to assimilate them later. Then I heard that WI went to see a doctor about his hearing because he couldn't understand what I was saying. When I got home I got a telegram from Mr. Iguchi saying that his two daughters were coming into town at 7:40 in the morning tomorrow and saying that he wanted me to get them settled.

June 3: After getting the girls settled, I wrote letters all afternoon.

June 4: Tomi didn't get home from work until 7:20 at night so we didn't get through eating until 9:00. We moved the stuff around in our new room until 1:00 in the morning.

June 5: About 10:30 I went to a barber around the corner. He was a very friendly guy who apparently didn't want to ask me if I was Chinese or Japanese but who was very curious to find out anyway. He said he had never heard an oriental who spoke English. He beated around the bush quite a bit so I just let him keep guessing and praised the Chinese and the Nisei alike. He said, "Of course, I don't care what my customers are, I just want their business." but he was still pretty curious. In the evening we went to the sociology banquet and we felt pretty good when Dorothy outlined our study because it sounded damn good. As we got off the El on 63rd, we noticed quite a few Nisei up and down the street and Tomi suggested that we move again.