

A STUDY OF
THE RELOCATED JAPANESE-AMERICANS
IN MINNEAPOLIS

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INTRODUCTION

"In 10 wartime communities in the western part of the United States, more than a hundred thousand men, women, and children are living temporarily, awaiting an opportunity to resume normal lives in ordinary communities. All of them are of Japanese descent, and were evacuated from strategic military areas of the West Coast in the spring and summer of 1942. These wartime communities, known as relocation centers, were established when it became evident that such a large number of people could not immediately locate themselves successfully in new communities. There was no intent to remove from them any of their rights or to deprive them of the opportunity of earning a livelihood and contributing to the Nation's economy.

"Nearly two-thirds of these people are American citizens. Nearly two-thirds were born in America and most have attended American schools. Only a few hundred of this citizen group have ^{ever} been outside the boundaries of the United States. The draft-age men not already in uniform were made eligible for military service by an official announcement of the War Department on January 28, 1943, which recognized "the inherent right of every faithful citizen, regardless of ancestry, to bear arms in the Nation's battle."

"The aliens, who comprise the remaining third, are barred from citizenship by our immigration laws which do not permit Orientals to acquire citizenship by naturalization. Almost without exception, however, they have lived in the United States for at least two decades, and the majority of them have been here for three decades, or longer.

"The relocation of these people--both citizens and aliens whose records indicate that they would not endanger the security of the country--in normal communities where they may enjoy the full benefits of American justice, is a national problem deserving the thoughtful consideration of every person who believes in American principles. All together, the Japanese-American population evacuated from the West Coast comprises less than one-tenth of one percent of our total population. Dispersed throughout the interior of the country, only a few families to any one community, they should be able, with their wide diversity of skills, to contribute notably to the civilian and wartime needs of the Nation." *

The project undertaken by our group has been an attempt to understand this situation in our own community. To do this we have gathered statistical material from all the available local resources. We believe that the interviews reflect the diverse attitudes prevalent among the relocated group--attitudes which will give us greater understanding when making plans for the post-war world.

We hope that our survey will prove to be useful and that it will be of as much interest and value to those who read it as it has been to us.

Audrey Johnson

Barbara Tosdal

* Quoted from a government pamphlet entitled "Relocating a People".

STATISTICAL REPORT

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The information on which the statistics for this study were based were obtained from the Minneapolis Lutheran Hostel, the Minneapolis War Relocation Office, the United States Employment Service, and the United Ministry Federation of Minneapolis.

In compiling a composite list from the above-mentioned sources, we found there to be 1099 people who had made use of these facilities in Minneapolis and St. Paul from February 1943 to March, 1944. Since the records were inadequate, we could not hope to find the exact number of people living in Minneapolis and St. Paul at any one specified period. Doubtless, many of the men included in our list have been inducted into the armed forces, and others have probably left for positions in other places.

Due to the fact that many of the records found did not contain material suitable for statistical manipulation, we were obliged to limit our sample to the records of the Lutheran Hostel. Our sample included 137 Japanese-Americans on which we tabulated the following information.

In this sample from the Lutheran Hostel were included 67 males and 70 females. Table I shows this distribution by age and sex. The computed median age for males was 21 and for females 23. Figure I, made from the material in Table I, gives a graphic picture of the distribution. It can easily be seen that there is a clumping at the lower age levels for both sexes, few beyond the age of 39 years. Those few above this age level were predominately males and family men. The males arrived at an earlier age, as low as 15 years, than did the females perhaps to obtain employment before being

Table 1

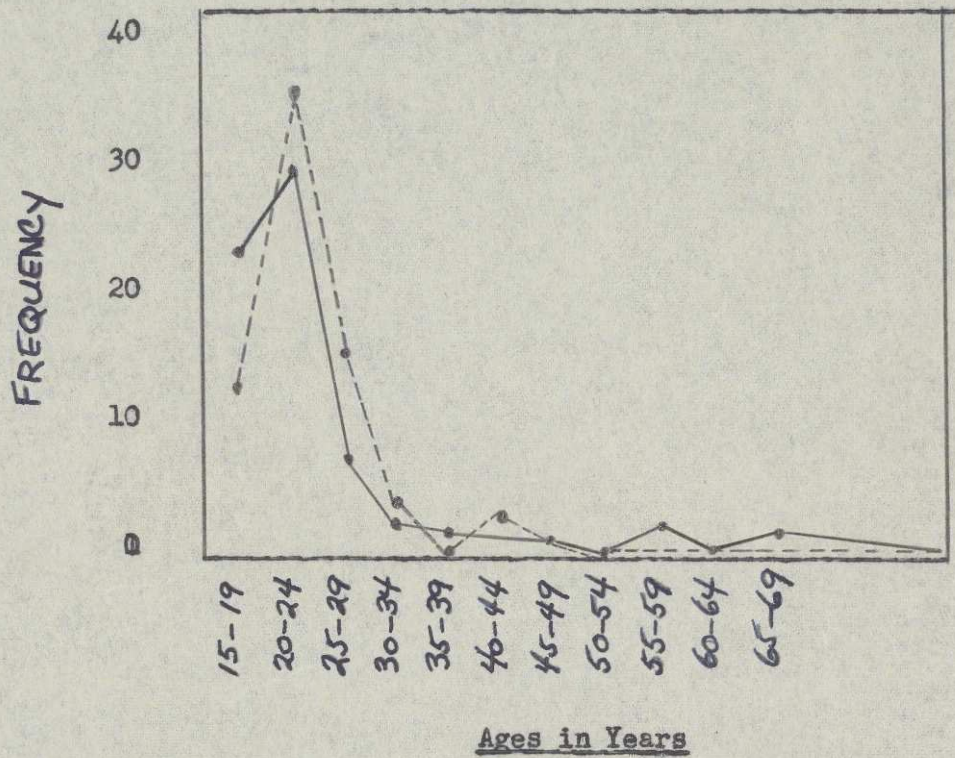
Distribution of 137 Relocated Japanese in
Minneapolis and St. Paul by Age and Sex.

<u>Age</u>	<u>M</u>	<u>F</u>	<u>Total</u>
15-19	22	13	35
20-24	30	36	66
25-29	7	15	22
30-34	2	3	5
35-39	1	0	1
40-44	1	2	3
45-49	1	1	2
50-54	0	0	0
55-59	2	0	2
60-64	0	0	0
65-69	1	0	1
Total	67	70	137

Source: Card files of the Minneapolis Lutheran
Hostel.

Figure I

Graph showing the Distribution of 137 Relocated Japanese in Minneapolis and St. Paul by Age and Sex.



Source:

Card files of the Minneapolis Lutheran Hostel

SCALE: _____ Males - - - - - Females

called into service. The girls probably came to confirm previous contacts.

Concerning marital status, we found in our sample that 56 of the males were single and only 11 married. Of the girls, 56 were single, 13 married, and 1 divorced.

Table II shows the religious preferences of the group. Buddhists were predominant with Methodists second and a group preferring Christianity third. The other religions represented in order of frequency were no religion, Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopalian, Congregational, Roman Catholic, Quaker, and 7th Day Adventists.

The majority, both sexes made no special note of their job preferences. The 38 males who did cite a preference sought jobs in the following occupations listed in order of frequency.

Student	8
Mechanic	7
Hospital Orderly	2
Defense work	2
Warehouse work	2
Civil Engineer	1
Farmer	1
Clerical work	1
Newspaper work	1
Craftsman	1
Metal work	1
Public Relations	1
Hotel work	1
Aircraft	1
Art	1
Chemistry Lab.	1
Busboy (part time)	1
Service Station	1
Rooming house	1
Laborer	1
Shipping Clerk	1
Accounting	1

The sample is perhaps too small and too diversified to draw any conclusions from. These preferences, too, might have been made

Table II

Religious Preferences of 137 Relocated
Japanese in Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Buddhist	39
Methodist	26
Christianity Preferred	25
No Religion	13
Presbyterian	12
Baptist	9
Episcopalian	5
Congregational	4
Roman Catholic	2
Quaker	1
Seventh Day Adventist	1
Total	137

Source: Card files of the Minneapolis Lutheran
Hostel.

having immediate employment possibilities in mind rather than long term employment were all fields open.

The jobs the males actually held were as follows:

Student	11
Laborer	6
Busboy	5
Hospital Helper	2
Sales	2
Stockboy	2
Painter	2
Shipping clerk	2
Janitor	2
Copy Reader	1
Springer	1
Dishwasher	1
Spotter & Presser	1
Mechanic	1
Receiving Clerk	1
Baker's Assistant	1
Refining	1
Welder's Helper	1

The females who cited preferences of jobs gave these:

Domestic	22
Clerical	12
Student	4
Hospital work	3
Nursery Work	2
Seamstress	2
Factory work	2
Power machine	2
Nursing	1
Librarian	1
Dental Lab.	1
Accounting	1
Beautician	1
Diet Kitchen	1

The same stipulation as given for the men's job preferences may be given for the women. The jobs they actually held were the following:

Domestic	22
Clerical	10
Power Machine	7
Housewife	3
School	2
Factory work	2
Diet Kitchen	2
Nurse	1
Timekeeper	1

Nursery work	1
Shipping Clerk	1
Hospital work	1
Nurses' Cadet Corps	1

A brief study of the above information shows that both males and females had jobs in the lower wage brackets. Whether this is due to a selectivity of the Japanese making use of the Hostel facilities or to the limited job opportunities available to these people we can not be sure. There is the possibility that our material shows bias due to the factor of selectivity mentioned. However, we believe our statistics give a true picture as far as this one institution is concerned.

Audrey Johnson

Barbara Tosdal

INTERVIEWS

Nan S. is a single girl about twenty three years old, of slight build, pretty face, and has a charming, cordial manner. We had arranged an appointment by telephone and although she had just a slight idea of what information we were asking for, was most receptive. We discussed the phases of the survey for a few minutes and then gradually Nan began an account of her experiences up-to-date. She is one of nine children; her older brother is married and lives in Detroit; another brother is married and lives in Denver. Both brothers are of draft age, and Nan felt that the both would be called into service. An older sister is in the Relocation Center at Topaz with Nan's parents. Another sister is in the city of New York. She left the Relocation Center at the same time as Nan did. A third sister is in Cincinnati and has a younger brother with her.

The family has lived in San Francisco up until the time of evacuation. Nan was employed as a clerk in a store that was run by a Caucasian. The family had about two weeks notice to leave their home and found it rather difficult to complete their plans since they owned their home in San Francisco. At the present time this home is vacant and the furniture and personal belongings are stored there. Nan said that they hoped to go back to San Francisco, but are making no plans at present. The parents had thought of leaving the Center, but when it became evident that their two sons might be going into service, they felt that the best place for them was at the center.

Nan said that her parents had adjusted themselves to life at the Center, but describe it as "no life at all". She said that

her mother was attending craft and knitting classes and seemed to be having a good time. Her father just sits around and reads all day.

Nan sort of smiled as she said, "You know, I was back for a visit last month. It was a strange feeling to go back and now I realize just how much I have developed since I left the Center. When it was necessary for us to evacuate and go to the 'race track evacuation point' I was very bitter. It seemed to me that there was no reason for our being evacuated. We were loyal Americans and my employer and fellow workers at the Caucasian store where I worked were very sad. They actually wept when I left there. Almost every Caucasian felt extremely sorry for us. We felt that most of the hysteria was caused by newspaper publicity, and that the Government was forced to take this action, although they have no more definite plans for what we were to do than we had.

"We lived at the 'race track' for several months before we were sent to Topaz. I really learned a great deal about living in a small place during that period. Most of the families were quartered in stalls in the stables. It was really very funny to see how people set themselves up as comfortably as possible in the minimum space. We would use a little chintz here and there, build bunk beds, and became quite comfortable although we never could get rid of the horsey smell. We had a community kitchen while we were at the evacuation point and also while we were at Topaz. I worked as a Nurses' Aid and was paid \$8.00 per month. I never worked so hard in all my life, but it was the best thing in the world for me. If I hadn't been busy I don't know what would have happened to me. As it was, I became very bitter and I certainly was a most unhappy person. As I look back now I can see many funny things about our

living both at the evacuation point and at the Relocation Center. At the time however, all I could think about was getting out.

"I decided to come to Minneapolis more or less at random. I just wanted to get out and that is what I did. For awhile I was employed as a mimeograph operator at my present place of employment. When the switchboard operator resigned I was asked to pinch hit, and I have been doing switchboard work ever since. I am not particularly interested in this type of work as I find it rather monotonous. I would rather get back into some type of art work. My sister in New York City wants me to come and live there. I intend to do so in a few months. I don't feel that there is any place that I can call home and I may as well travel and see some of the rest of the world until we can reunite our family again.

"I can see now that the movement of the Japanese colony from the West Coast was a good one. We had segregated ourselves and had never used the opportunity of mixing with people as we are doing now. Another thing that struck me, particularly when I came out of the Relocation Center was that everyone, regardless of race or nationality, has problems. When I realized what people were suffering because of their families being broken by war, I felt that our problems were no greater than anyone elses. Living together, a race apart from the world, as we were in the Relocation Center, made us feel that our problem was an insurmountable one. We had many fears about coming out. I remember talking to a 'girl reservist' who said that probably one of the reasons why we had run into antagonism was that people were afraid of the Japanese. She was quite surprised when I replied that we were afraid of everyone else and that no one had to fear us. Since I have come out to Minneapolis, however, I have never

felt any discrimination. I know other people have felt that they were being discriminated against, but I must have a very thick skin because I don't feel these things. I like to bowl and to swim, and I have never run into any criticism when I have been out. At the present time I am living with another girl, a Nisei, and I have lived at this same place since I came to Minneapolis in August, 1943. We have been trying to find an apartment but you know how difficult this is now. However, my roommate found a place. The couple, Caucasians, who had the apartment, wanted to leave immediately for the west coast and they could not afford the months rent that they would have to pay because they were unable to give thirty days notice. The man was most anxious to have my friend rent the apartment and accompanied her to the manager's office. My friend asked if there was any objection if she, a Nisei, rented the apartment. The manager replied that she had no objection if the owner had none. My friend then went to see the owner of the building and found him most agreeable but he felt that it would depend on whether the other tenants would be agreeable. As a result my friend went back to the apartment building and interviewed every tenant. Not one of them had any objection to her moving in and we are going to do that tonight. As far as I can see she had no more difficulty than a Caucasian woman who has a child, would have in locating a place to live."

Nan had brought along with her to the interview a few copies of the magazine that had been published at Topaz. She said that she felt that it would give me a pretty good idea of the way the young people think at the time they are in the Relocation Center. She was particularly proud of the drawings that were made by Mine Okubo, and wondered if I had seen the April issue of the Fortune in which many drawings of Mine Okubo had been used.

Nan said that she felt sorry for the people that were left at the Center; old people that could not go out and start life again because of the great fear they had of mistreatment. She said that the "grape vine rumor system" enlarged greatly on the incidents that happened to the Nisei outside the Center. She felt that many of the people who were at Tule Lake and who were termed disloyal because they had expressed a desire to return to Japan, were really loyal Americans, but they were so beset by fears of what might happen to them that they were taking what they thought was the path of least resistance. She talked casually about a few other facts--her high school education in San Francisco; her feelings of resentment when she was separated from her friends and her gradual ability to forget the past and build for the future. Nan was justly proud of the philosophy she had gained through her experiences and the new perspective that she had attained. She hoped that she would be able to go on and resume normal living whenever conditions were such that the entire family could reunite. We thanked her for the time she had given us. Nan said that she felt that it had been a worthwhile experience for her as she had not thought that people would be interested in this particular part of her life and had never talked to anyone about it before.

Margaret J. Ludenia

II

As I approached the house where Mrs. K. lives I noticed a Caucasian woman working in the garden. At my inquiry she said, "Go right into the house. Mrs. K. is expecting you." Mrs. K. lives with a Swedish woman who has been very much interested in the housing problem that faces the Nisei coming into Minneapolis. Mrs. K. is an accepted member of the household and does her share of the routine jobs around the home.

Mrs. K. felt that she might not be the right person to give her views on the subject of relocation, since she left California before the evacuation became a government order. I wondered why she left California and she said, "I left Los Angeles, to go to Oklahoma to marry my fiance who was stationed there. Two months after we were married my husband was transferred to Camp Savage and I came to Minneapolis to be with him. My family were quite worried about my leaving Los Angeles and going so far away from home. I am the youngest of five children. My two sisters and two brothers were married at that time and all had their homes in Los Angeles. They soon realized that my decision to leave California had been a wise one since it was necessary for them to be evacuated and go into Relocation Centers.

"When I came to Minneapolis I was one of the first Nisei to arrive here. People did not know just what to think of us, but most of them were very kind. The officers at the camp were very helpful and for awhile I lived with a lieutenant's wife. My husband and I used to walk the streets and look for a place to live but whenever we gave our name and they realized we were Nisei, they refused to rent to us. We don't feel bitter about it because we realize that people weren't used to us."

"At first about the only place we could go for recreation and companionship was the USO Center. Later the YWCA and the church groups began to take an active interest and it was through the YWCA that I found my present living arrangements.

"I worked for six months as a maid and then one day I was in a department store looking at some things in the art department. One of the salesladies began to talk to me and when I said that I was interested in this type of work she immediately said she would see the manager. In about fifteen minutes I had a job. I stayed with this store about six months and then went to a store specializing in art work where I am employed at the present time.

"The Nisei from the Center have found Minneapolis and St. Paul one of the best areas for relocation. People are kinder and more understanding, and there are no employment problems. Many of the girls are employed at downtown stores and have found only one group of stores that refuses to employ Nisei.

"One of the groups that have been most helpful is the church group. On Sundays most of the men leave Camp Savage to come into the city to go to church. They feel most welcome at any church they want to attend. They feel that every effort is being made to make us feel a part of the group. The men at the Camp have often said that this is one of the most inspiring experiences they have had.

"I have enjoyed living in Minneapolis and I think that the people are what you call tops. I do not know whether I would like to live here in Minneapolis after the war, but that is because of the climate. I was born and raised in Los Angeles and had never lived any other place before going to Oklahoma. Getting used to Minnesota winters has been quite an experience. However, I guess we can adjust ourselves

to anything that is necessary.

"Recently I visited members of my family who are still in Relocation Center. It was rather amusing to see how the people have adjusted themselves to that sort of life. I would find it very boring as I like to be busy. In the camp there is very little for the majority to do. Of course there are the camp kitchens where one can work. They have their own Police Force, Fire Department, and Administrative Department. However, these jobs take care of only a small majority of the people and the rest are left more or less to their own devices. Some of the girls have returned to the Relocation Centers because they are expecting babies or their husbands are in service and they do not feel that they can support themselves on the allotment especially in a strange city. These girls are finding the adjustment most difficult because they would rather be on the outside. They spend their time in taking care of their babies, and visiting their friends who are residing in the same Center. The older people are doing a much better job of adjusting themselves to a rather limited existence. The men have victory gardens and flower gardens around their barracks and you can see them puttering around at any time of day. Most of the older people who are skilled at crafts or trades or who do art work have started classes so that anyone who is interested can learn. It is rather interesting to see what they can achieve with odds and ends of materials, a little piece of wood or paper to make dolls. When I visited the Center they were having a hobby show and I was surprised at the pretty things that they had made. I feel that the older people will wish to remain at the Center because it means security and access to their friends. Many of the older Japanese people are liked the older people of other nationalities. They have resided in their

own neighborhoods and haven't bothered to learn more than a little broken English. They would have difficulty in getting out and building up a new life where they would not have their friends and where it would be difficult for them to talk with other people. I know an older woman who has recently come to Minneapolis and who resides in this neighborhood. There is another Issei woman in this same locality and if it hadn't been for this woman I don't know what the newcomer would do. The older people are very unhappy when they are separated from their friends.

"I suppose I have found that it has been necessary for me to make adjustments that I had never dreamed would be necessary. I had always thought that I would live in Los Angeles where I had my friends and family. I was dependent on them and felt I could never be separated from them. Now I am living in Minneapolis, far from all of my friends and my husband has been overseas for fourteen months. This separation has been difficult for me but on the other hand I have felt that the experience has been a very good one for me. I have learned to know many kinds of people, to like them and to get along with them. I never would have been able to do this in California. Now I am independent, have a job, and I am as happy as it is possible for me to be under the present conditions. It is not only the Japanese families that have been broken up and scattered all over the United States. Many Caucasian families have had the same experiences and the same problems.

I wondered whether Mrs. K's family had noticed the change in Mrs. K. and this new spirit of independence when she had visited at the Relocation Center. Mrs. K. said, "My father passed away about three years ago when I was still living in Los Angeles. He was a jeweler and had his own business. My family was broken up with the marriage of my sisters and brothers, thus my mother decided to return to Japan. She

made application and was accepted and returned to Japan on the Gripsholm. Other than word that she had arrived safely, I have had no other word since she left. I sometimes worry about her, wondering whether she has enough food and clothing because we knew that even before Pearl Harbor the civilians were being rationed as to food and clothing. I talked to my mother about these things before she left. She said that she had lived as long as she felt was necessary, and a few years more or less would make little difference. I have decided that as long as I can send her no word or receive no word from her, it is better not to worry but to realize that whatever happens it was my mother's wish to be with her relatives in Japan, and that she will be able to accept whatever happens.

"We owned our own home in Los Angeles and the furniture is stored there. It is probable that we will return there once the war is over. I think that about seventy-five per cent of the Nisei will wish to return to their homes since many of them own their own businesses and homes and this will draw them back. The older people will fear going back because of the attitude that they have feared might arise out of this war. I think that we do not need to fear discrimination. We will all be too busy after the war to allow any antagonism or discrimination to interfere with the business of re-establishing life as it was before."

Margaret J. Ludenia

III

Miss A. is twenty-five and single. Like her sister, she graduated from high school in California. After this she went to the _____ Business College for two years. When she finished her course there, she stayed at home to help her parents in their laundry and dry cleaning establishment. She was neither angered nor surprised when the family was evacuated in the spring of 1942. Their movements had been increasingly curtailed during the winter; first the curfew and then the ban placed on traveling over five miles. Since the family lived twenty-one miles from their nearest Japanese friends, they felt, according to Miss A., that "we might as well be evacuated".

In Arkansas, Miss A. worked as secretary to the head of the cooperatives. She did not like Arkansas or the camp life so she applied for release before the camp setup was too well established. She wrote to Minneapolis, Chicago, and St. Louis relocation boards, New York not being open to Nisei at that time. Her first offer came from Minneapolis before her clearance had gone through. She accepted as soon as she got her clearance and left camp immediately. She had no trouble in getting permission to leave camp. In Minneapolis she worked as a stenographer at a children's society living with Mrs. T for the first six weeks. A friend of Mrs. T's offered to rent her the apartment above her garage. The garage has since changed owners, but Miss A. still lives there with her sister. Later she worked at the YWCA and was then offered a job at the University of Minnesota. However, she needed additional clearance papers for this and before she could get these she got a job as secretary at a nursing school. She likes Minneapolis and has no desire to return to California after the war.

Betty Koalska

IV

Miss M., twenty-seven, single, was born in California and moved when she was three to _____, California. She went through high school there and then worked in her family's grocery store for two years. After this she went to _____ College for two years where she studied costume designing. Later she worked in a dress shoppe, and on December 1, 1941, she opened up her own shop. Because evacuation was ordered on May 17, she closed shop and then went to the Fresno assembly center. She said that conditions there were crowded but sanitary. She minded most the boredom of waiting to be transferred. She said, "Nothing ever happened, life just stood still."

She wondered what would happen next, but she felt that there was no point in worrying about it. Evacuation had been ordered by the government, and there was nothing to be done about it. When she and her family, two brothers, two sisters and her parents, were moved to Jerome, Arkansas, Miss M. taught home economics in the camp high school. The camp was much better organized than the assembly center, but she did not like it because she was much criticized by her block neighbors. Having spent her whole life in areas populated almost entirely by Caucasians, she was out of place, especially since most of her neighbors were Tule Lake bound. They did not like her tolerant attitude toward the evacuation, and she did not see any reason for their bitterness. She says that the government was fair in allowing the evacuees to decide between staying in camp, being sent to Tule Lake and eventually to Japan, or relocating. For the older people, she thinks the evacuation was literally a lifesaver. Many of them

are saving their small monthly allotments against the time when they will have to leave camp. She does not think there is any question about the disloyalty of the inhabitants of Tule Lake. The camp held meetings and forums in which the three choices were explained and discussed, so that everyone should understand.

In spite of her dislike for the camp, she feels that it was a broadening experience to see the ways in which people react to a disorganization in their lives. She thinks that the worst thing about the evacuation is its effect on the children. Japanese families are a solid unit until the children grow up and marry. But the children whose families were going to Tule Lake were ostracized by the others, and were in the midst of a conflict situation during their entire stay at camp.

Miss M. left camp on a hospitality clearance; that is, a person approved by the War Relocation Board agreed to have her visit until she could find a job and a place to live. She got a job almost immediately in _____'s alteration room and found a place to live with a friend who had left camp earlier.

She would like to go back to California after the war. Most of her friends are there and she says she has never been conscious of any racial prejudice against her. Even though she opened her shop at a most unfortunate time, she had a good business and believe she could make it a success when she returns.

Betty Koalska

Miss N. is an attractive, intelligent Nisei girl of twenty-seven. She was born in _____, California, and lived in various towns in California until she entered Junior College in Salt Lake City. After two years there she spent five years in Japan. When she came back in 1941, she attended the San Francisco Teacher's College until the evacuation in March, 1942. On March 26 she and her parents were moved to an army assembly center, barracks built on a race track in San Diego. Here she taught school, although there was no organized school system. From there the family was sent to a relocation camp in Arkansas. Again they lived in barracks, this time more comfortably. Mary taught school in the public school there. The camp was well run and provided such organizations as Boy Scouts, YMCA, and YWCA. The Japanese people, however, had no voice in the government.

A friend at the YWCA in St. Paul suggested that Mary come there so she filled out a lengthy request for release and waited six months for its approval. Finally, after intercession by the Presbyterian council and the friend at the YWCA she was released. She had already been registered at Macalester College. Since the dormitory was not open, the dean made arrangements for her to live with a professor whose home was on the campus. She will graduate this summer with a major in sociology. Japanese may not teach in public schools, so she intends to go to the University of Chicago for graduate social work.

She said that most of the Japanese people living in military zone II, more than 100 miles inland, did not expect to be evacuated and were frightened rather than antagonized when they were moved.

However, she said that the attitude toward them was such that they felt safer in assembly centers than in their own homes. She was very emphatic concerning the loyalty of many of the people at Tule Lake. She believes that many do not understand what they are to do, that their ignorance is mistaken for disloyalty. She finds people in St. Paul much more friendly than those in California and ascribes this to the fact that there are so few orientals in the midwest. However, she does not think that this is sufficient protection against race prejudice. She does not think assimilation of orientals is possible until the people are educated to an acceptance of them.

She does not believe most relocated Japanese will want to return to California after the war because, as she says, they were forced to live in the least desirable parts of towns and to pay exorbitant rates for inferior housing.

Although she did not say so, she seemed to feel that government handling of the Nisei problem has not been entirely successful. She disapproves of the Tule Lake project because it internes many people who are not aliens. Her belief is that much misunderstanding between the government and the Japanese people is due to ignorance and could be easily cleared up through education to each others way of life.

Betty Koalska

VI

Miss Y. is twenty-four, single, and at present living with her sister in an apartment above a garage in a pleasant neighborhood. She was born in California and went to grammar school and high school there. After graduating, she went to the University of California at Berkeley for three and a half years. In the spring of 1942, she and her family were evacuated to the Fresno Assembly Center. She described conditions there as being very crowded. The eight members of her family lived in one bare room. Sanitation facilities were crude. Later they were transferred to a relocation camp in Arkansas where conditions were considerably improved. The barracks were more pleasant, roomier, and the plumbing was up to date.

When the school system got underway, Miss Y. Taught third grade in what she described as an excellent school. The W.R.A. authorities were very nice to work for and knew how to carry on the business of establishing a camp. There was in the camp a council made up of relocated Japanese elected by each block of barracks. They planned such things as recreational programs, cooperatives, made some rules, and generally had a voice in governing the community. They appointed a recreational committee who organized a dance band. Miss Y. said it was a very good band, and she stressed the fact that it went outside the camp to play for dances in neighboring communities. Each block had its own playground space and had the responsibility of deciding for what it should be used. Usually, equipment was provided for young children as well as for older people. Most playgrounds also sponsored dances and did the churches, schools, and other organizations. There were a Christian (nondenominational) and a Buddhist Church. No one

was asked to go to any church, so that religious freedom was an actuality.

Miss Y's sister came to Minneapolis first so Miss Y had no difficulty in obtaining a release from camp or a job and place to live. She first worked as nursery school assistant at a neighborhood house but gave up that job in favor of her present one as a stenographer. She would like to teach school but does not expect to go back to college. She feels that the Japanese people will not be welcome in California after the war but she does not plan to stay in Minnesota although she says everyone here has been very kind and she has always wanted to come to Minneapolis. She doesn't like the climate well enough to want to make her home here.

Betty Koalska

VII

"My wife and I have lived in Minneapolis for almost a year, that is since I was accepted for service in the army. We were both at the University of California when the war in the Pacific broke out. Mary had only a years' work to complete before she would get her degree. We hope that she will be able to get it as soon as our son, a Sansei, (thir generation American) is old enough to be left with someone else while she attends classes. Would you like to see our son? Well, I suppose we are like any other American parents. We think he is wonderful and will show him to anyone who will look at him. The doctor says that he is a fine healthy American making excellent progress. I was at the University of Southern California majoring in international law, and when the present trouble is over I hope to complete my studies.

My only working experience was received while helping my father who owned a truck garden immediately outside of Fresno. It was a beautiful modern outfit on which highly concentrated vegetable and fruit gardening was done. In fact, the Issei farmers of California probably produce more than fifty per cent of the total crop of vegetables for home consumption and exporting purposes of the state. Issi farmers are hard working, industrious, painstaking, and precise workers. They love their lands and their produce. It's a common joke to accuse them of knowing personally each plant which they have under cultivation. My father is like this, and more than anything he misses the cultivation of the land. We were luckier than most other farmers, because we took more than a month to settle our affairs. Most of the families who had any securities or assets of any kind were cruelly exploited. They literally had to give things away. As you probably recall, the order

for evacuation came out in the late spring which is harvest time in California. Because people were moved so quickly, it meant that the farm owners could not reap the harvest, nor were they able to negotiate for the sale of their produce. It was an unnecessary tragedy. The government intention was not thus. Rather it was the idiotic interpretation made the many ignorant, amlicious, intollerant agents who represented the government. Their power want to their heads, and they acted like a self appointed Gestapo group. They herded and hurried the families. They permitted and fostered the exploitation of thousands of innocent people.

Most of us are bitter when we realize what happened. But what could we have done? Fight back? It didn't seem to be the answer to the thinking leaders of the Nisei. Neither was it for the more liberal thinking Caucasians. America is our land; we want to defend it and keep it a unified whole. If the federal government felt that wholesale evacuation was necessary to the safety and security of our nation, then we American citizens could only submit. Most young Nisei understood what the fordes were which created the anti-Japanese feeling on the coast. We all knew that the monied interests felt it to be to their benefit to make a scapegoat of all the Japanese; Isseis, Niseis and even Sanseis. The California newspapers were excruciatingly horrible to look at. They ran headlines of the five to ten inch variety telling of the atrocities committed by the Japanese, but never did they mention that all Japanese, like all Caucasians, are not alike. Day after day these headlines were flung before the eyes of the frightened populace inciting one group against the other. It was the usual trick which nations have used in the past under similar circumstances, and it worked in the United States as it has elsewhere.

Man learns slowly, and always the hard way.

The camp we were at was surrounded by a group of hostile communities. Many feelings were naturally transferred to the staff in charge. It meant that there was constant tension and friction; everyone was suspicious of one another. However, with the passing of time and the improved recreational program which permits the interned groups more activity, the morale of the entire group was raised. No, I did not like camp, and I have yet to find anyone of my age who did. Why should we? Would you? Would any other American?

In fact is there anyone who wants to be interned or enjoys internment? Do you believe the fact that so few are moving out of camps is an indication that the Japanese like the luxury and leisure of camp life? If you do, you have a fallacious idea. A basic reason for the slow movement out of camps is that the average age of the Issei man with a family is fifty-nine. They are fearful of moving. Many of them have no trades; neither do they have resources. Will they be able to compete with the average population when looking for jobs? Most of them are discouraged, disillusioned, and frustrated. The thought of the outside world is like a nightmare. My own and my wife's parents are average Issei of middle age. They have the added security of resources, but they are fearful of leaving camp until we here can assure them of the security of housing. They have more than the average family who are now living in the camps. They are hopeful that someday in the future they shall be permitted to return to their own homes. The younger ones, the Nisei, are more materialistic and realistic. We know that there will never be a going back, and many of us wouldn't return even if we could.

Our coming to one another really isn't an example of clannishness. Actually it is a matter of expediency. Many of us have younger brothers and sisters who could never leave camp unless there was some place to which they could come. In my own small apartment, we are also housing my younger sister, who is a scholarship student at a normal school in the city, as well as my seventeen year old brother who enlisted in the army and is to report for duty July 1st. He lived in a camp for over two and one-half years. We felt that it was imperative that he experience normal home life before he entered the service. Many other older relatives feel the same way.

We have found Minneapolis a refreshing experience as compared with what other Nisei have found in the communities they have chosen to enter. Here the atmosphere is so much freer. The people express no feelings of animosity. We've wondered why this is so. Is it that you are more simple, natural, and religious? We have observed that your local radio programs are so different from those so common in California. Here there are many religious and musical programs; there even on Sunday it was a rare event to pick up a good religious or musical program on a local station. Actually we have experienced no anti-Japanese feeling in this community. However, my friend who has a Caucasian wife has met with a great deal of animosity, but intermarriage of races is another problem and it hasn't its foundation in the present war situation. They would have had the same difficulty which they now experience in the most cosmopolitan cities on the west coast.

I am not good at making recommendations in a field so ripe with delicate feelings. Racial feelings have been made so basic to our thinking and philosophy that it becomes difficult to extricate

oneself from the maze and be objective with suggestions for how to make a better world. What I think should be done seems to be so simple and so natural a procedure. In fact the ideas are common, and beginnings in such directions have been operating throughout the history of man. There are many reasons why they have never taken hold, and you know the reasons as well as we do. But today conditions have in truth made the world one. If the leaders of the world want peace, it means that people must understand one another and not be fearful. We must realize that all wars haven't been fought by people whose skin was a different color. History no doubt shows us that some of the bloodiest combats were not waged by different racial groups, but by Caucasians against Caucasians. So what do I think should be done? Would it not be helpful if there could be a wholesale education of American citizens to the extent of the assimilation of the second generation American Japanese. We are more than ninety percent American. Our only difference is that we still retain our racial uniforms which is something over which we have no control. We must also establish inter-racial committees on which would be active people from all races and creeds. We must also eliminate dual citizenship clauses for all peoples. No longer should it be lawful to exclude from public service loyal Americans because of the pigment of their skin.

You wonder if the government could have acted differently? Again this is a delicate question and I know of no one who has answered it either satisfactorily or successfully. I can only say that the leaders of a nation reflect the world they live in. We cannot sanction brutality or discrimination in other countries by other leaders without incorporating some of their philosophy as our own. What has been done shall remain as an indelible blot on the pages of democratic history. I almost said democratic progress, which it

definitely was not. In fact this blot occurred because at the time the vitality of democracy was at low ebb."

Jeanette Schwartz

VIII

Thoughtfully Mrs. H. began her story: "I don't suppose our experience of resettlement is any different from that of any other family. Some times I think that it's not the resettlement which is difficult but rather the subtle meaning and significance which there is when one realizes that people can be shunted around at a 'cooked up reason'. But I was going to tell you about our experience during the past few years. The day after Pearl Harbor we boarded a train in New York City, in haste to get to the west coast. Six months previous Tom, my husband, had been transferred to New York by the news company for which he was employed. It was a wonderful position. He enjoyed it very much, and we were extremely happy. As it has turned out, this position is the reason he is still unable to get cleared with government and be accepted for army service. The news company broadcasted daily to Japan. It is a company owned and operated by Caucasians. Tom received and relaid messages for them. For reasons we can't comprehend Tom's loyalty is being challenged because of this employment. But that's silly. Tom was born and raised in America; he knows no other country. (The thread which ran through her entire story; We know no other country.) We rushed back to the west coast because we knew from before what the anti-Japanese feeling was out there. We were from San Francisco where the tension has always been at a high pitch. Ten days after we arrived we were in an assembly center, which we shortly left for a hastily completed camp in Utah.

"The time spent at the assembly center is still like a nightmare. We were herded together like cattle. We actually lived in

stables. The days were long and empty. We had nothing to do; we knew nothing about what the plans for the next day would be. We were hemmed in at every side. There was nothing to do. We even became suspicious of one another.

"The camp in Utah was in the middle of nowhere. In fact it wasn't until long after we left for Minneapolis that they finally began to call it Topaz, Utah. They call it that because of the mountains and Indian tribes of the vicinity which go by that same name. Shortly after arriving at camp Tom enlisted. He felt that his electrical-radio training and experience would be helpful to him and that the army could also use his skill. Because we knew that he'd be stationed at Camp Savage, our families decided to leave camp and settle in Minneapolis. When the bombshell fell. My parents were quickly cleared and permitted to leave camp. They had been in Minneapolis for almost a year before we came. My husband and I were left behind. In spite of special intervention and many letters of character, Tom has been unable to entirely clear his record. We were finally allowed to leave camp and come to Minneapolis in the hopes that ultimately he's obtain his clearance and be called for army service. We've been here almost a year, and he's still classed as an enemy alien. Now his employer wants him to be deferred (when and if he's ever called) because he's doing work of a delicate and confidential nature; work necessary for the war effort. But his loyalty is still questioned.

"I am puzzled when you ask me to tell you about camp. What can one say? Under normal circumstances one goes to a camp for a facation; in two weeks they've had as much of it as they can stand. But when the two weeks become two years..... and is still continuing

.....But camp by choice is not an example of what Americans of Japanese descent experienced. It is an abnormal way of life. It was well meaning, and some Japanese say that the plan averted race riots on the coast. But actually it is a tremendous waste of money, a drain on the morale of a people, and destructive to the development of its youth. Maybe it's allright for the older people, who've had a hard life. It has security, quiet, rest, and many other factors which we think old people want and need. But in no way is it beneficial for youth. Life has no meaning. They only mark time for when it is over; for example, my young brother. He always liked school before and was a good kid. At camp he became disrespectful of the teachers and played truant. He said that it was silly to go to school. My brother said he couldn't study, because if he did the others wouldn't have anything to do with him. Since coming to the city he's returned to high school and is doing extemely well. It was the way with most of the young people at camp. They are unhappy at the camps. It's not that we don't appreciate what our government is trying to do, or that we don't realize how much money is being spent daily to run the camps. But camp life is not American life. It is as foreign to us as it would be to any Caucasian.

"My name is not really Mary, but my baptismal name is so long and complicated that my friends just decided to call me Mary. Most Japanese parents give Japanese baptismal names to their children. When we go to school we use regular American names. I was born in San Francisco and graduated from high school there. My father lived in San Francisco thirty-five years. He never even wanted to return to Japan for a visit. He loves America. He made and lost a lot of money during his lifetime. Since coming to Minneapolis he's been

employed by a cleaning establishment. I have a brother in the army, a sister employed in New York City by the YMCA, and a young brother in high school. When we first came to Minneapolis I obtained secretarial work at the University, but was discharged because of my husband's doubtful loyalty. It was a humiliating experience, but there was nothing which I could do about it. You'll be surprised that my mother is American born, I know, because she speaks no English. But that is part of living on the west coast. We've been criticized for huddling together when we leave camp. We've been urged to spread out. On the coast we couldn't. When we tried, we were considered belligerent and arrogant. When a younger member tries to move out of a prescribed area he is herded back. Little Tokio was not created by choice. It was a necessity.

"Minneapolis has been like a new world for us. Only once have we experienced anti-Japanese feeling. When we wanted to rent a house we were told it was already rented. Later we learned that it wasn't at the time we applied. We know that housing is a big problem. Right now we are living like animals. (I guess we are getting hardened) We could only find this rooming house. We cook eat and sleep in our one room. It's hard on all of us. At present my husband's employer is trying to find us a cottage at the lake. If he succeeds then my husband's parents will also come to Minneapolis. I think that it's the experience which we have had that has brought us so close together. Before we were like everyone else; children grew up and started their own home and life. This experience has drawn us together. You see you can't leave camp unless you go to someone or to a job. As soon as one member leaves and gets settled, his first desire is to bring those familiar to him wherever he is. We really lost very little economically. We are just ordinary Americans who work every day to

maintain ourselves. But there has been something in the air in Minneapolis. People are so kind and friendly. We have been permitted equal entry into the schools, the shops, the places of amusement. It has not been that way before, nor is it that way in other places. Like many other Japanese we will live here forever.

I would like to ask you a question now, may I? Is it that Caucasians don't think of Japanese as human beings? Is the different pigment of skin forever going to give us second rate citizenship? We have our men in the services. Two months ago my brother was listed as missing. We have the same emotions as you. America is our land. Japan means nothing to us. No more than it does to an American, Italian or German. Have the latter been accorded the same lot as American born Japanese? How can the men in battle feel when they know that here at home this is happening. What does it mean to the minorities of the world to realize that in free America there are many levels of citizenship; that equal rights have no meaning; that people are not free? What does it all mean? All of our friends are asking the same question: "WHAT DO THE CAUCASIANS THINK?"

J. B. Schwartz

IX

"I am twenty-two and was born and raised in California. I have two sisters and two brothers. May is seventeen and will graduate from high school in June of this year. She's already had many offers for employment but will take a secretarial course before finally accepting any job. Jan is twenty-one and graduated from high school in California. At present she's working as a power machine operator. Both of my brothers are in the armed services. Ben is twenty-five and is living at the YWCA; he leaves for camp at the end of the month. My oldest brother, John, is twenty-seven and has been in New Caledonia for over a year. He's a staff sergeant and is as proud of himself as we are of him. Our parents are both dead. My father died shortly after we arrived at camp. My mother died when we were all very young. Father never remarried. He didn't believe in bringing a step-mother into the home. So we all pitched in and helped him. Most of the mothering was my job, because I was the oldest girl.

"Like many Japanese, my father sub-let farm land and operated his own vineyard. He made a very comfortable living, and we all went to school as long as we wanted. My brothers are graduates of Universities. May would have gone to the university if this hadn't happened because she enjoys school and is an excellent student. Our life as children was very quiet and peaceful.

"We were at camp for a long time.....from March 1941 to April 1944: The camp at Eyla, Arizona, was never a happy place for anyone. The climate is horrible. The buildings crack, and the furniture decays because it is so dry. The insects were almost always out of control! We had to stay so long because we had no where else to go. Life has always been serious and hard for me, and so camp didn't seem

to be so different. I know that it was very bad on most people. The first year was a particularly difficult one in that the program and work was so poorly organized. Most of us (including myself) didn't have the initiative to act as leaders. At last we began to clamor for something to do. Some of us were able to work with the others. I began to organize the activities for the older women; others worked with the children. From needle work and knitting we spread out activities to every type of recreational activity. The people worked alone and in teams. It was a great experience, but it just began to tap the surface of the needs for a creative camp life. I am not being critical of the government. They have a hard job on their hands. They are very short handed, and much of the help they have is not trained or adequate to the job. We know all of this.....but.....why did it have to happen? There must have been a better way to solve this problem. The others like myself have decided to make the best of it. We weren't strong enough to fight against ~~the~~ injustice of the program.

"My brother Ben was on NYA while at camp and was transferred to Minneapolis because he wanted to attend Dunwoody Institute. He was thrilled with the change. He urged us all to come here and settle as quickly as we could. People have really been wonderful to us. I am no longer afraid of walking down the street any more. If people stare at me it is only because they have normal curiosity for strange features. No one seems to be afraid or antagonistic. I think that I should be paid by your Chamber of Commerce because I laud your city so much. It is so beautiful, and the people are so kind and considerate.

"Many Japanese American girls have taken domestic work upon their arrival to the city by choice. It wasn't that we couldn't get other work in our own field. But we were frequently along and rather

fearful of starting this way. We've felt more like being within the circle of a family. Most of us have had very happy experiences in this type of work. I feel like I am part of the family I am living with. I never could have adjusted to normal living without their help. Mrs. B., my employer, has helped me grow out of my fears of being seen by Caucasians, and their little Judy has been wonderful for me. She's the first Caucasian child that I have known in years who didn't look at me with suspicion and skepticism. I've had several offers of jobs which would pay me twice as much as I am now earning, but I just haven't been able to leave here. Once I did say I'd go, but when the time arrived to depart, I just couldn't go through with it. I recently obtained a part time job in recreational work at one of the community houses in the city which will permit me to retain this job as well.

"I am very much interested in the value of recreational work with people who have been injured in any way as well as for normal expression. I don't expect to get very far in the field, because I lack professional training and I don't want to go to school. Maybe some day I'll be able to work as a volunteer in a hospital or recreational center helping with the men who have returned from the battle front. I could help these men feel that they were still needed.

"But my real reason for taking this job at the recreational center is the opportunity it'll give me to show children that Japanese Americans are like any other people. If I do that, I'll feel as if I've done something big for the war effort. My friends think that I am silly for wanting to work so hard. They think my efforts will affect so few people. But I can't but feel that there are many others like myself with the same desire. The sum total of all our efforts must ultimately reap some fruit. Other Americans must learn to be

able to walk down the street knowing that when people stare at me it's only because they are curious and not because they are afraid that I carry a weapon and shall "knife them in the back".

J. B. Schwartz

"I am twenty years old and before the war in the Pacific I lived with my parents and brothers in a small community outside of San Francisco. My father had a large truck garden and hired as many as 100 Mexican laborers during the season. While at camp I had a lot of experience working with the younger children and decided that if ever I had the opportunity of going to school again I'd major in Child Welfare work.

"Shortly after arriving at camp two of my brothers enlisted in the army; the oldest was called in immediately and is already seeing active duty. For a long time no Japanese Americans were called in. Then last year another brother was called. He is now at Savage. He and my sister-in-law invited me to live with them. I was very happy to come as I knew that I could help in their home because my sister-in-law, Rose, was going to have a baby. I also hoped that when I wasn't needed in the home so much, I could look for work. Most of us at camp had heard that Minneapolis was a good city to live in and that there was no difficulty in finding work.

"I think that I have been unusually lucky in coming to Minneapolis. When I discussed my training and experience at camp and my interest in nursery school work at the War Relief Office, I was immediately referred to the Miss Wood's Training School as a candidate for a scholarship. Miss Wood is very much interested in having students from all minority groups represented in her school. She believes that to know people of other racial or religious groups is the way to understand them. She only offers her scholarship to girls of other racial groups, and at present we have a Negro, a Chinese, and

myself in a class of forty Caucasians. The instructors and student body have been wonderful to me. So far everyone has been interested in knowing more about Japanese people and none seem to resent having me as a student in the school.

"It is difficult to say what I'd like to do in the future. Our family is so divided. With my parents still at camp, I feel rather lost. Once they have the means of getting a release, or the government makes other arrangements for them, I would like to have them come here, or I'd go to them.

J. B. Schwartz

X I

"With a shrug of her slim shoulders and a smile on her lips, Mrs. H. began her story of the past three years....."I don't know what I can tell you, but if you think it will help to understand us, I am happy to do so.....My husband and I have been in Minneapolis for almost a year. He's still classed as an enemy alien. However, he recently passed his thirtieth birthday and so for the present we doubt that he'll be called into service. We really came here so that he could be near to Savage and attend Dunwoody Institute. Previous to coming here two of my sisters and his sister had come, and their letters were so enthusiastic that we came as soon as we could get released from camp.

"I am always amused when asked if I've ever been to Japan. Few second generation Japanese (Nisei) ever do go. If one's parents are wealthy, or if one lives further north on the coast, he might go. The strange thing is that few people realize how much cheaper it is to go to Japan for Americans with American money than it is to go anywhere else. Sometimes an older son is sent to Japan to be seen by aged relatives and remains to go to school. Actually Japanese born parents are deeply concerned, as are all foreign born parents, at how quickly their children shed the traditions of the old country. Many times it is only a frantic attempt to keep one's children closely bound to the home that prompts parents to send their children back to Japan.

"I know I am better when I think and talk about the camp and the entire program. It's been a horrible mistake and our government knows it. I know that it can't be changed or the memory erased from the minds of those who experienced it. It was the most disillusioning

thing that could happen to any people. Even where the agents were understanding and kindly the people were mistreated and harassed. But for the most part the agents seemed to be mad with their power to shunt people around. They glowed in their false sense of strength and made it unnecessarily horrible for everyone else. Sometimes one can't help but believe that men doing such in the government service must be of an inferior calibre. To be sure, they had a difficult job, but they didn't have instructions to be mean and demanding.

"The losses to families from an economic standpoint will never be properly estimated and is not so important. But the loss to our sense of security, independence, and freedom was even greater and can never be rebuilt! It will leave an indelible scar. Many Caucasians made capital of the resettlement project. My husband was financially very well off. He and his Caucasian partner were doing well in their large fruit market. His partner prevented him from selling his share, and in this way we left for camp penniless. Later we heard that the partner had taken over my husband's share. It was like this with most of the American Japanese in business. Most of us lost everything and arrived at camp without even a moment of the past. But again it wasn't the money loss which was the devastating part of the experience. It was the whole program and for what it stood.

"Camp life is still a night mare. I shudder when I think of the money which is being poured into them daily and the infinitesimal returns the government will receive. For what will they have? Men and women broken by years of enertia. Children who will not know what normal family living of the American variety is like. Communal living by order is entirely different than by choice or individual living within the confines of one's own family. Actually, I have a gripe against camps I suppose. I wasn't very well when we got to

Topaz, and shortly after I became pregnant. My baby died and I feel that it wouldn't have if we'd had the proper medical care for her. But how can one expect proper care for infants when there are only three doctors and three nurses for over eight thousand people? During the last year thirteen and fourteen year old girls were being trained to be nurses aides! They were only children, and yet some of them did the work of a nurse attending at operations, sterilizing instruments, and even attending at child birth.

"Camp life is bad for people of all ages. Children are thrown into a new but unsupervised kind of freedom. Japanese home life has been rather restricting to its children. But at camp everything is different. There is no home life. Families don't even eat together. The children develop a peculiar sense of irresponsibility. They sense that they can do as they please. They taunt their parents with: "The director will tell me I can do thus or so". And at the same time we all know that the director is too busy to know what the children are doing. The situation is as demoralizing for the older adolescent and young man and woman. They are all marking time, idling it away. The educational facilities are nil; furthermore, there is no incentive for going ahead. Young married couples have many worries. We all want to leave camp, but most of us are poor. We have connections. Many of us have no trades. My husband and I were very lucky as we had no children. Where there are children, there's always the concern of making a living. Nisei women want to take care of their own children. Furthermore we know how hard it is to get adequate help. We disliked camp, but most of us feared leaving because of the uncertainty of our reception in a new community. We thought at the beginning that camp was a wonderful opportunity for the older folks.

Most Japanese adults have had long and hard lives. Camp should have been one long and happy vacation. How stupid we were to have so falsely dreamed. After the novelty wore off they became as restless as the younger people. Today they clamor to leave camp. But for what? Where can they go? How will they remain self-supporting? After the war, with the needs of peace time, will they be the first to be unemployed? And what will be the effect of many unemployed Japanese?

"My husband and I have been very fortunate in Minneapolis. He went to Dunwoody and was immediately placed in a factory where he is working as a machinist. During the first week I obtained employment at the department store alteration department. It is not exactly the kind of work for which I am trained, but Minneapolis has few places where they manufacture costume-made clothing for women. However, my employers have been wonderful to me and I think the experience has been invaluable. Recently I have had several offers for other jobs, but am uncertain about making a change. Jobs have been remarkably easy for Nisei to obtain.

"If we have met with any anti-Japanese feeling here it has been with housing. At first I thought we had trouble because there was a housing shortage. Later I "caught on". It was because of the pigment of my skin that I couldn't get into a decent home. I'd call a prospect by phone and everything seemed agreeable, but when they saw either myself or husband the rooms would be rented, or they would suggest that we call at another time. Our present arrangement was only a lucky break. We are sharing the home of a young Caucasian couple. The man recently left for camp, and now there is only his wife. It is not too happy an arrangement as it is hard for two women to try to manage in one kitchen. I have my way and she has hers.

"Most of my unhappiness about our living conditions are more

real than the above. My husband and I are anxious to get settled. One can't feel that way living in someone else's home. We don't own a piece of furniture here. We would like to start to build a home again. Yes, we'd even buy, if we could find something. Together we earn enough money to do so. If we could find a place of our own, we could send for what furniture we have stored in our church. What we have left is not very valuable, but it means a great deal to us. They are the first things we ever bought together. We are very much concerned about our things which are being stored in that the Church Federal of America recently issued a new edict giving permission to the churches of California, which have stored the furniture for evacuees, that they might open the wings used for storage purposes. It would be most unfair if they were permitted to do so, in that everyone's possessions would be lost forever. There's a movement on foot to add a stipulation to the edict, making it unlawful to open the storage places without first shipping the furniture to the rightful owners.

"We would also like to get a large enough house so that my parents who are in Granada, Colorado, and my husband's mother who is in Topaz, Utah, could come here to us. My father with a little help could find something to do, but alone he is afraid to venture forth. We would not feel safe in urging them to come unless we could at least provide housing.

"We discuss very frequently what the government might do with the thousands of people who remain in camps. Many of us believe that if the men or women were given a lump sum of money, and referred to communities similiar to what they've been accustomed, that within a short time they could adjust normally and again become productive citizens. So many Japanese are skilled, industrious farmers, that they could give profitably for themselves and their country. But this way,

each passing month means that they become more discouraged, bewildered
.....and more and more unlikely to adjust to any kind of normal living.

"Minneapolis is a beautiful city. We thought there was nothing like life on the coast. I am sorry we had to learn about other places in the way we did. I don't think that I shall ever be lonesome for the coast; even to go there on a vacation seems distasteful to me. Here I move about with other Americans, and although they seem to look at me with strangeness in their eyes, I have never encountered any fear or resentment. I hope that this feeling can weather a depression, or a wave of anti-Japanese feeling. Actually we are Americans, and are only being punished because the pigment of our skin permits us to be separated from other Americans.

J. B. Schwartz

XII

My interview with Mr. M. turned out to be more or less of a panel discussion. When I arrived at his home to keep the appointment I had arranged for, I found not only Mr. M., but two other men also waiting for me. He introduced the older man as a close friend of his who had just recently come to Minneapolis, and the other as his younger brother, a student at the University.

Mr. M. and his wife are both American born, and have two children, a girl seven, and a boy five. My host received his elementary and high school education in the states, and then went on to business college. His wife is a graduate of a California university. Their home was very lovely and in excellent taste. It is in one of the better residential sections of the city.

Mr. M. and his father were in a very successful marketing business in California consisting of several **trunk** farms, wholesale houses, and retail stores. He felt that the evacuation order would come, and began liquidating his business some time before it went into effect. He feels that this move saved him from the serious losses suffered by some of the other Japanese. His California home and the various branches of his business are all leased out for the duration, and unless something happens to change his mind before then, he expects to return to California and resume operation of them personally after the war.

He worked for the cooperative grocery unit of the relocation camp where he was sent, and therefore spent most of his time traveling over the country on its business. He has an older brother who is stationed at the school at Camp Savage, who wrote enthusiastically of Minnesota—urging them to come out to Minnesota and settle. Therefore,

when his business took him to Chicago, he came to Minneapolis to visit his brother, and to look over the city. He liked it, and so went back to the camp and planned with his wife to come to Minneapolis. He sent her ahead to find a home while he finished his business in the cooperative food service.

She finally wrote in despair that it was impossible to rent a house because people refused to have Japanese tenants, so he told her to buy one. She waited until he came, and they bought their present home. They learned a few months after they moved in that the neighbors had made quite a fuss about their moving into the neighborhood, but they had already purchased the home and couldn't back down now. However, he doesn't feel that there has been much overt unpleasantness. His little son seems to have done a great deal to ease the situation by making friends of all the neighbor children and later of their parents.

His guest, who had recently arrived in Minneapolis looking for a business opportunity, and hoping to make a home for his family here has run into some discrimination. He had already paid earnest money on a combined restaurant business and living apartment, which was located above the business quarters, when things reached a dead lock because the other tenant who shared the upstairs living quarters, which are divided into two apartments, refused to live there if Japanese moved in. A settlement has not yet been reached.

Mr. M's younger brother, Mr. C., who is a bacteriology student at the "U", explains his good fortune in being admitted to the "U" when so many Nisei were refused, by saying he is one of the "lucky six". It seems that six students were admitted some time ago and that admittance has been almost impossible since then. However, he feels that there is much less discrimination here than there is in

the universities on the Pacific coast. "But I stick pretty close to my lab.," he says with a grin, "Less chance of running into anything unpleasant that way."

All three of the men seemed to feel that the younger Nisei were better off in the middle west than on the coast because of the larger field of vocational opportunities. That this group has been forced to spread into less densely Japanese populated areas they felt was for the better. However, they felt that the older people and the family groups would on the whole remain in the camps, desiring to return to their old homes and business after the war.

They discussed some of the looting and unpleasant incidents on the Pacific coast involving Japanese as dispassionately as they discussed the treatment of the Negroes in the south. Perhaps, I should say impersonally rather than dispassionately. The closest the conversation came to any show of emotion or intense feeling was when Mr. M spoke of his "so called friends" who said that they knew he was not a spy, but how could they be sure all the other Nisei weren't.

Jean Mahaffy

XIII

It really was a pleasure to interview Miss K. She is such a normal, happy, wholesome nineteen year old American girl. Perhaps I would be more accurate if I said Nisei but somehow such a modification of her Americanism seems absurd. She is so like any nineteen year old college freshman you might meet on any American campus.

"My father," Miss K. told me, "came to the United States when he was twelve years old and went through school here. Then he went back to Japan to be married. I don't know how true his story is, but he always delights in telling us about the two little sisters he used to play with in Japan before he came to America. And how when he was twelve years old and going away, he decided he would pick out one of them for his future wife. He says he picked the youngest because she was so jolly even if she was a little too fat and rolly-polly. Then when he went back, a young man to marry her, he found his little playmate had grown into a beautiful girl. Well, they got married and he hurried back to America to build a home and business so he could send for her. After he had been gone awhile mother discovered she was pregnant, and so they decided she had better wait until she had her baby before she came across the ocean. That baby was my sister. She is twenty-four now and is a graduate of a five year college nurse's course. She is teaching here in the hospital where I am training. She's really very brilliant.

"She has tried everything to become a citizen; she wants that so badly. She tried to join the Red Cross and the Waves---anything to get her citizenship. She's written everyone, even Eleanor Roosevelt. They tell her that she had better wait until after the war, but she write back that she knows about people who have gotten their papers during the war. She'll just keep on trying and trying until

she gets it.

"My brother who is also older than I, is now in the paratroops. He was a student at the Washington State University and got a job in the bio-chem lab. He wrote the school authorities and had it all fixed up to go on at the "U" here. But when he got here they wouldn't admit him or give him the job they had promised. He felt awfully bad about it."

I interrupted Miss K. here to mention that the doctor whom she had referred to as her brother's correspondent had died about a year ago. She was very excited and said she would write her brother about it immediately. It would sort of restore his faith in some one whom he had admired greatly.

"Brother is such a wizard at bio-chem and loves it so much," she continued. "But he felt that the Nisei should show people that they really wanted to be citizens and pay for the privilege as well as receive benefits from it. So he enlisted. He says it is up to every Nisei, especially, to do their part in this war. He's awfully pleased about being put in the paratroops.

"We had been skiing that Sunday morning when Pearl Harbor was bombed, and we came home to find father awfully mad and mother so sad. I felt so funny going to school on the bus the next day--as though everyone were staring at me. Some of our friends wore buttons that said 'I am Chinese', but we didn't because everyone knew we were Japanese anyhow. We lived in a Caucasian neighborhood because father doesn't believe in living and mingling too much with only Japanese, and there were only a few Orientals in the high school I went to. I think we were treated more pleasantly because of this than others in Seattle. But it never had been as bad in Washington as it was in California. However, the Japanese people were pretty scared right

after Pearl Harbor. I remember how mother used to worry and cry when father would be late coming home from work.

"Well, they decided that my brother and sister should leave the coast before they had to go to a camp. They decided to go to Minnesota because they thought the skiing would be good there. So many good skaters come from Minnesota. When we got here we just couldn't believe there weren't any mountains. Anyhow that's why they picked Minnesota, and then because the "U" was here they decided on Minneapolis. That's when my brother wrote to the "U". My sister knew she could probably get a job anywhere because of the shortage of nurses. I wasn't coming at first, but I cried and made such a fuss about its not being fair, that finally it was decided that I could come too. So I did and finished at a high school here. When I graduated I thought I would go into the WAVES, but I would have to wait a year and mother was so anxious for me to get started in nurse's training that I went into the cadet nurse corps instead. I was going down to St. Mary's at Rochester at first, but when father found out that there were already thirty-five Niseis there he said not to. He doesn't believe in going where there are too many Japanese.

"I have a year and a half left now, and then I hope to go to the "U" for my B. S. degree and specialize in public health nursing. Father doesn't believe in paying things on the installment plan so he paid all three years of my tuition at once. Now that the government is paying it for the cadet nurses, I can't get it back. Oh well--

"Mother and Father stayed in Seattle and sold the house and business. It was kind of hard and made us kids awfully mad. We had waited eight years to build our house and now we sold it for two thousand less than it was worth. We sold it to father's best friend. He's a Chinese. He said we should feel free to come back anytime.

Father sold his interstate trucking business to a larger firm. They were nice also, and said he could buy it all back after the war. But we won't ever go back.

"Mother and Father have been living in a camp, but now they are coming out here to live with us. It is kind of hard for Father to start all over again in business. We didn't feel any kind of discrimination here in Minneapolis until we tried to find a home for our parents. We hunted and hunted and sometimes we were all set and payed down on the rent, and then they would decide they couldn't have Japanese. Finally we rented a house from a Mormon family and everything was fine. But a committee of the neighbors met and said we couldn't move into the neighborhood. My sister insisted on talking to them, and she told them that she couldn't understand this when they were supposed to be fighting for democracy. It made me feel awfully bad because they were all Catholics like we are. I just couldn't understand it. They said they would bother us and make things so unpleasant we would have to move out. But my sister is awfully persevering and she kept talking to them about democracy and everything until finally they gave in. I am still kind of scared of living there though."

Jean Mahaffy

This fifty-eight year old Japanese gentlemen looked very much like a shoe maker out of a children's fairy tale or like an Oriental version of Santa Claus. He had the typical small build and short stature of his race, but the thing you first noticed and carried with you long after wards was his gentle twinkling eyes with the tired lines around them.

He told me that he had been through high school in Japan which, he explained, provided education comparable to our junior college level. He left Japan as a young man with his wife and four months old son and settled in Seattle where in 1912 he learned the trade of a photographer in which he is engaged today.

When he spoke of working in the developing room of the photographic studio in which he is employed in Minneapolis, I said I was familiar with dark rooms because I had been an X-Ray technician. At this he looked very pleased and interested and told about his work in the X-ray laboratories of the relocation center where he was confined prior to his settling in Minneapolis. In regard to the relocation centers he was very reticent. However, he seemed to feel that his people were treated as well and fairly as was possible in a situation which had inherent in it so little satisfaction for the internees. There was no doubt, however, about his feelings that the Japanese who moved from the centers to settle in the interior were much better off no matter what discrimination and prejudice they met. Back of this certainty on his part could be felt the whole terrific pressure of his cultural background which was so insistent on self-sufficiency. As he said when commenting on the fact that Oriental make up such a small segment of our criminal and public relief population, "It is a great

shame to a whole family which never in its life can be changed that one should be in prison or on relief."

This Japanese citizen, who has lived in this country for about forty years, has living with him now his wife, a daughter in high school, and a son. Another daughter is a nurse at St. Mary's Hospital in Rochester. He experienced some difficulty in finding housing here. On two occasions he interviewed a prospective landlord and paid a deposit on a home only to be called by phone the next day and told that it would be impossible for them to have Japanese tenants. However, he says he is satisfied with the quarters he finally found in which he is now living.

Minneapolis, he feels, is a much better place to live in than is Seattle. His youngest daughter, who attends a Minneapolis high school in which there are four other Japanese students, is, he feels, very happy here and finds the situation preferable to that existing on the west coast. He said that although some of his people were remaining in the camps because they wanted to live on the coast after the war, he wanted very much to stay here.

His consuming desire that his son be permitted to study at the University of Minnesota seemed to be his main concern at the present time. The son has applied, but the father seemed to feel little hope that he would be accepted. Yet, he was pathetically eager to have me assure him that some possibility existed of this precious privilege being granted.

"My son," he pleaded, "was only four months old when he came to America, but he cannot be a citizen. He is not a Nisei. But he went to grammar school, high school, and a year at the University of Washington. He's an American; he belongs here."

I asked what field his son was interested in, and he explained

that he had majored in mathematics which he had taught in the center.
Somehow after talking with this gentle Japanese father, his son's
college education mattered a lot to me as well as to him.

Jean Mahaffty