

Evacuation and Resettlement Study,
June 3, 1943. DST.

SCHEDULE FOR INDIVIDUAL RESETTLERS

Date of interview Aug. 24, 1943 Interviewer Charles Kikuchi

1. Name Yoshie Hibino 2. Sex, M F 3. Married stat. M S D W O
4. Present address 55555 Everett Aug. 20, 1943
5. Later addresses _____ Date _____
_____ " _____
_____ " _____

6. Birthplace El Paso, Texas 7. Birthdate Mar. 17, 1922

8. Alien or citizen citizen 9. Nisei, Kibei or Issei nisei

10. Addresses between Dec. 1, 1941 and evacuation

(a) Los Angeles, California Date From 6/1940

(b) _____ " _____

(c) _____ " _____

(d) _____ " _____

(e) _____ " _____

11. Assembly Center Manzanar Date April 4, 1942

12. Relocation Center _____ Date _____

13. Addresses between time of leaving Relocation Center and present

(a) Winnetka, Illinois Date Jan. 29, 1943

(b) 444 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. " Aug. 10, 1943

(c) _____ " _____

14. Persons living in household on Dec. 1, 1941. Relationship to Re-

(a) Mrs. Rena Borzage (wife of director) settler employer

(b) 3 in family (worked as domestic) _____

(c) _____

(d) _____

(e) _____

(f) _____

(g) _____

(h) _____

(i) _____

(j) _____

(k) _____

(l) _____

(m) _____

15. Persons living in household on evac. day

(If same as 14, enter symbol, e.g. 14(a).)

(a) Carl Tamekichi Hibino Relationship to Re- Father

(b) Kunie Hibino settler Mother

(c) Self _____

(d) _____

(e) _____

(f) _____

(g) _____

(h) _____

(i) _____

(j) _____

(k) _____

(l) _____

(m) _____

SCHEDULE FOR INDIVIDUAL RESETTLERS, page 2.

15. continued	Age	Sex	M.S.	Birthplace	Grade compl. Amer.school	Educ.in Japan	Occupation Dec. 1, 1941	Relig. Affil.
(a)	64	M	M	Japan	occasional	16th	hotel mgr.	Buddhist
(b)	44	F	M	"		12th	housewife	Christian
(c)	21	F	S	U.S.	12th		domestic	none
(d)								
(e)								
(f)								
(g)								
(h)								
(i)								
(j)								
(k)								
(l)								
(m)								

16. If immediate family (parents, siblings, children or spouse) were not included in household group in 15, because of different residence or because deceased, give details regarding them)

	Name	Relationship to resettler	Residence (if deceased write "dec.")	Age (if dec. age at death)	Sex	Mar. Stat.
(a)	Kimiko Mory	sister	S.F. & Salt Lake	20	F	M
(b)						
(c)						
(d)						
(e)						
(f)						

16, continued -

	Birthplace	Grade compl. Amer.school	Educ. in Japan	Occupation Dec. 1, 1941 (for dec. last occupation)	Religion
(a)	Texas	12th		elevator girl	none
(b)					
(c)					
(d)					
(e)					
(f)					

17. What members of household and immediate family evacuated together to Assembly Center or Free Zone (give symbols used in 15 and 16).

#15

18. Composition of household in Assembly Center or Free Zone (Give symbols from 15 and 16; if others, give sex, age, relationship) Upon arrival:

#15

SCHEDULE FOR INDIVIDUAL RESETTLERS, page 3.

18. continued -

Just before departure to Assembly Center or Free Zone _____

#15

19. Composition of household in Relocation Project (Give symbols; if others, give sex, age, relationship).

Upon arrival: _____

#15

Just before leaving Project: _____

#15

20. Composition of household in Chicago at date of interview: (Give symbols; if others, give details)

Name	Relationship to resettler	Residence (if deceased write "dec.")	Age (if dec. age at death)	Sex	Mar. Stat.
(a) Barzlon, wife	employer				
(b) 2 children					
(c)					
(d)					
(e)					
(f)					

20. continued -

Birthplace	Grade completed American school	Educ. in Japan	Occupation Dec. 1, 1941 (for dec. last occupation)	Religion
(a)				
(b)				
(c)				
(d)				
(e)				
(f)				

21. Changes in composition of Household in Chicago: Note departures by symbol and dates. Give details for new households or entries:

Date	Name	Relation-ship to resettler	Residence (if deceased write "dec.")	Age (if dec. age at death)	Sex	Mar. Stat.
(a)						
(b)						
(c)						
(d)						
(e)						
(f)						

SCHEDULE FOR INDIVIDUAL RESETTLERS, page 4.

21. continued -

Date	Name	Relation- ship to resettler	Residence (if deceased write "dec.")	Age (if dec. age at death)	Sex	Mar. Stat.
(g)						
(h)						
(i)						
(j)						
(k)						
(l)						
(m)						

21. continued -

Birthplace	Grade compl. Amer.school	Educ. in Japan	Occupation Dec. 1, 1941 (for dec. last occupation)	Religion
(a)				
(b)				
(c)				
(d)				
(e)				
(f)				
(g)				
(h)				
(i)				
(j)				
(k)				
(l)				
(m)				

22. Educational history of resettler

Elementary schools (name and location)	Dates	Grade completed	
Loretto Academy, El Paso, Texas	1928-1935	8th	
Grammar schools (name and location)	Dates	Grade completed	
High schools (name and location)	Dates	Grade completed	
Austin High, El Paso, Texas	1935-1939	12th	
Belmont High, Los Angeles, Calif.	1939	post-graduate	
Colleges, universities and vocational schools (name and location)	Dates	Grade completed	Degree
U. of So. Calif., Los Angeles	1940-1942	14th	
Attendance at Japanese language school, location	Dates		
El Paso	irregular - 2 years		

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22. Occupational history (begin with first job). Note periods of unemployment by entering dates continuously and writing "unemp" in Job column to cover such periods. Include employment in Assembly Center and Relocation Project and continue with employment since resettling.

[illegible]

23. Religious connections (begin with first, include assembly center and Relocation project and status after resettlement)

Dates	Attended what church	Where attended	What Sunday sch.
1928-35	Catholic	El Paso	
1939	Catholic	Los Angeles	
	none in Manzanar		
	none in Chicago		

24. Political activities

Dates	Voted in what elections	For what party
	never voted	

2. Manzanar 4/2/42
3. Manzanar 4/2/42
4. 727 Central Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
5. Hibino, Tamekichi Japan
Kunikane, Kinino Japan 5a. Artist
7. Grammar school, Loretto Ac., Texas 9/28 to 6/35
High school, Autis High, Texas 9/35 to 6/39
College, U.S.C., Los Angeles 9/40 to 5/41
- 7a. Major: Music
Member of Honor Society
8. None
12. 63 142 lbs.
13. No major defects
18. Single
19. Daughter
20. 3/17/22
23. No
24. College 2
25. Speaks Japanese
27. Musical
- 27a. Musician
28. 1940 to 1942 Mrs. Frank Borzage Secy. Personal male typist \$16 wk.
146 N. Rosemore, L.A. rm. bd.
Film Director
29. Skill--Piano playing
Hobby--Music, reading
O.P. Music-playing piano, concert. (Would like to carry ambition of
concert pianists)
30. None

Yoshiko's father, Tamekichi Carl Hibino

2. same
3. same
4. same
5. Hibino, Zenzaimon Japan
Morikawa, Kizo Japan
- 5a. Abroad farmer
7. Grammar school, Iko-koto Jinjo Shogako, Japan, 4/86 to 3/94
High school, Mitake Chugako, Japan, 4/94 to 3/96
College, Gifu, Gifu Japan 4/96 to 3/00
- 7a. Major: Art--received diploma and rating to teach art.
8. Kani-gun, Gifu-ken, Japan 6/19 to 4/20; same 8/80 to 11/03
12. 62 108 lbs.
13. No major defects
18. Married
19. Head
20. 8/6/80
23. No
24. College 4
25. Speaks English
27. Prop. Cleaning Estab.
- 27a. Art teacher

Yoshiko's sister, Mary, see C.H. 24

Charles Kikuchi
Evacuation and Resettlement Study
University of California.
August 31, 1943

CH-9

Yasuko Hayashi (Pseud) is a young 21 year old single Nisei girl. She was a student-domestic worker prior to the evacuation. At present she is employed as a ~~xxxxxx~~ governess in a home, her second position since coming to Chicago from Manzanar on Jan. 31, 1943.

Yasuko's chief problems are in the nature of personal adjustments, which is typical of many of the Nisei girls who have resettled without their families. This case is not one of serious maladjustments as Yasuko appears to be making serious attempts to cope with her present problems.

It is expected that further additions will be made to the account as follow ups are made, time allowing.

This is a case of a young Nisei girl who is having a rather difficult time in making adjustments to resettlement. The cause for it has its background in the pre-evacuation period. It is more of a personal problem rather than a racial one.

Yasuko Hayashi, 21, is an extremely Americanized girl. She was born in ~~Los Angeles~~ El Paso, Texas and she did not have any contact with the Japanese until after high school graduation when her parents moved to Los Angeles. Yasuko attended USC, majoring in music, and worked as a domestic for Mrs. R. Borzage, the wife of a prominent Hollywood movie director, during the period before evacuation. She is fairly talented in piano playing, but her ambitions for a professional career has been disrupted by the war and other causes so that Yasuko has not finished her training yet. At the present time, she is in her second domestic job since coming to Chicago on January 29, 1943 from the Manzanar Relocation center. Personal maladjustment, plus her associations with more liberal Nisei during the period of the riot, prompted her resettlement.

Yasuko is big for a Nisei girl. She is about 5'4" and weighs "over 150" pounds. Her excess weight has been at the seat of much of her personal problems, although her more Americanized background has a great deal to do with her present maladjustments. Yasuko is not a personality problem. She is aware of her difficulties and willing to do something about it. She has again taken the initiative to carry on with her goals after a period of depression.

Yasuko has a very friendly personality and is extremely good natured, to the point that she is teased a great deal about her "fat." She has managed to cover up and laugh it off although it

has hurt her keenly. Seldom does she reveal her real feelings. The interview was successful from the point of view that Yasuko opened up a great deal and revealed her problems. In this process, the interviewer ~~was~~ was able to offer her some suggestions so that she could solve her own problems objectively. Rapport was established through informal contacts over a period of several months before the actual interviews took place. The interviews themselves were intensive in nature. Before any preliminary opinions or observations are advanced, Yasuko's own story and her conception of herself and her problems will be recorded. No final analysis will be attempted at this point.

Yasuko is the oldest of two daughters. She does not have any brothers. ^{Her} ~~she~~ only actual work experience has been in domestic work, aside from her WRA center experience as a music teacher. She was educated partly in a Catholic convent, but she has more or less dropped the religion. Yasuko has a wayward sister to whom she is terribly loyal. Her sister's activities have had some harmful effects upon Yasuko's personality. In spite of that Yasuko is quite individualistic. Although she is bewildered and gropes for an understanding of her situation, she is not submissive nor does she outwardly show an inferiority complex. She is very much at ease among her friends, and much more at ease among caucasians for some unknown reason. The fact that they are not aware of the gossip about her wayward sister may have a great deal to do with this as Yasuko is then less on the defensive. Yasuko's most immediate problem is her loneliness. She does not care for the Nisei society, yet she seeks out her former Nisei friends and clings to them almost to the point of annoyance. She has sought the socially popular group, to which she is accepted because of her

musical ability. At the same time she is accepted among a limited intellectual Nisei group, largely because ~~she~~ she is willing to learn and is a good listener. In both instances, she has merely been on the fringes. In her own works, she has few intimate friends. There is a slight tendency for her to live in the past and talk about her American friends which she had in Texas. At the present time, Yasuko is not satisfied with either her job or her friends. In order to achieve some measure of security and a feeling of belonging, Yasuko maintains a separate apartment with another Nisei girl because "it makes me feel like I have a home." She does not care for her position as a nursemaid to a child of a wealthy Jewish family. She has reconciled herself to domestic work by thinking of it in terms of a sacrifice for a musical education, a project which she will start in the fall according to her present aims.

Before recording her story in her words, it may be well to include an entry from ck diary (Aug. 16, 1943) which gives an impression of Yasuko before the interviews started and before her background was known to the writer.

"Since Yasuko has stopped therefor a weeks visit, the phone bill has gone up and the man in the front room don't like it because it keeps interrupting his rendezvous with his woman. Yasuko goes up there just to peek at them, I think. He then gossips over the phone for an hour and wonders why she gets such a dirty look. Yasuko thinks that the woman upstairs is cheap and vulgar, and she comments, 'Gosh, she looks like a slut. She's got beady eyes. I could scratch her eyes out. I wonder what they are really doing?'

"Yasuko is really a personality complex. I think I should overcome my fears that she has designs on me (man's

conceit!) and do a case study of her. "M^{rs} ariko says that I have her respect and confidence because I do not tease her as much as the other fellows. I refrain for the sake of science!

"Yasuko is fat in the first place and she takes a terrific ribbing about that. G.T. call her 'fat, big, and vulgar' but she does not let on that such things hurt her deeply. Then on top of that, she tries to act coy which is not in keeping with her size. Then she is always hanging around because she is lonesome. In order to compensate she has bought a lot of expensive clothes. I talked to her a while this evening in order to try and help her find herself as she is all mixed up. She is only 21. Her background is apparently very good as her father is a well known artist. She grew up in El Paso and she picked up Spanish from the Mexicans so that she has some sort of a dream to go to ~~Mex~~ Mexico to live. It is her Utopia. She wants to get through college, but she has no idea why. I asked her what she thought she would be doing five years from now, but she has absolutely no plan in mind except some vague dreams. She has some talent in music so that she is planning to finish up on that starting from this fall. Then she would like to learn typing and shorthand if 'it kills me' but she has not confidence that she could do an office job. She has been doing domestic work and she resents it terribly as it puts her in an inferior status.' She is terribly loyal to her sister whom nobody ever speaks of because she had a 'reputation' in Los Angeles, San Francisco and Texas. She is known as 'Texas Molly.'

"Yasuko came to Chicago six months ago with the idea of doing domestic work so that she could save up enough money to go to college this fall. She has been getting approximately \$82.00 a month clear, as she gets her room and board with her job. So after six months, she saves exactly \$15.00 when she could have saved at least \$360.00 and still met her personal needs. Yasuko does not know how this money went. She loaned \$50.00 to a friend, a very secret friend it seems, and lost \$20.00. The rest of her money has been spent because of her loneliness and frustrations. She worked up in Winetka and she would come dashing down to MK's twice a week because of wanting something exciting to do. She reads good books, but she gets bored with that. Most of her money goes for clothes.

"Yasuko gives a lot of her clothes away to girls in order to solidify friendships. She bought four hats in the past month~~s~~ costing about \$8.00 each. Her friends joke about the expensive hats and yet they took two of them which were offered. She buys expensive clothes and feels that it is a good investment, which it is, but she probably does not need that much. She has little knowledge of the value of money because it was all given to her before by her parents. Now she has decided that she is going to have a career.

"Yasuko does not think that she will have a chance with music although she had hopes before the war. She has vocally given up marriage as 'I want to have some fun first.' Secretly, a great deal of her frustrations and unhappiness now is due to the fact that she cannot get a boy friend which she feels is very important in the group

she goes aroundwith. Yasuko has quit her domestic job and she wants to get one in twon so that she will not have to commute so far to 'see her friends.'

"I told her that if she really wants to go into business work, even if only clerical, she should do it and not listen to advise from her other girl friends. I told her that her psychological adjustment was more important than the few extra dollars she could save in domestic work, and the innter tensions caused by doing this work. MK looked at it from a dollar and cents point of view, but it was the same argument that many Nisei girls gave before the war. Yet many of them are out of it now and they save more now than they ever did as domestic workers, and they feel better because they have some 'status' in their own opinion of themselves. This is Yasuko's trouble now. She plans to rest couple of weeks at MK's and then take a domestic job and then go to school. She will probably get the money to go to school from her father although she does not say so."

With this "preliminary" analysis, the writer began his interviews ten days later. Yasuko's own story shows that she understands her situation fairly well. The formal interviews were completed over four different periods of time, each being about three or four hours in length. Her story follows:

"I only have a vague picture of my father's background. I never did ask him much about it. He was born in the Gifu Ken and he is now "over 60." I don't know his exact age, except that he is about 20 years older than mother who is 44. Father has always been a Buddhist, but mother is a Christian.

Father came from a large family who were farmers for generations back. He was the second son and not able to inherit any of the property so that he did not see any opportunity by staying in his homevillage. He went to Tokyo when he was fairly young and he managed to get through a teacher's college, but he has never taught. He also took a lot of art work there.

"Around 1903, he decided to come to America when he was about 20 years old. He wanted to study art here as all the students from Japan were coming to America about that time. I think that Dad did not want to go to fight in the Russo-Japan war either so he left before he was conscripted. He was in America 17 years before he was married and in that time he traveled all around the country. He was in some art school in the midwest for a short time. Then he drifted to the Southwest. He went to Arizona and he worked as a cowhand for a caucasian couple there. They could not pronounce him long first name, Tomikichi, so they named him Carl and he has used that name ever since. Dad did all sorts of work in his younger days and he roamed all over the west. He was a cowboy, miner, lumberjack, railroad worker, and houseboy. He was the first Japanese to open a curio shop in Arizona. He did very well there for quite a while. Then he heard that there were a few Japanese in Texas so he went there. He and another Japanese opening up a large cleaning place. It was the best one in the city of El Paso which was a growing town and father made lots of money. He was getting to be over 40 so he decided that he had better settle down and get married. So he went back to Japan to find a wife.

"Father went to see his old school principal and it was here

that he met mother. Mother had finished high school and was in a finishing school then. My parents fell in love so that a baishakunin arranged the marriage. Mother came from a very good family from Nigata Province and she was in Tokyo in school when she fell in love. Her family were large landowners. She had one uncle in Tokyo who was in the publishing business and he specialized in the Japanese classics. He objected to the marriage. Mother had always led a shelter life of a rich girl but her mind was made up. Her family never forgave Dad, but they could not do anything. Dad brought mother back to Texas with him.

"There were very few Japanese around El Paso so that mother had a hard time for a while. The first year they stayed above the cleaning plant, but father wanted to give mother the things she was used to so he built a large home. I was born there in 1920. A year later my sister came along and there were no more after that. Father continued doing very well with the cleaning business and in 1925 his partner decided to go back to Japan so Dad bought his share out. He did very well and expanded all the time until 1932 when the depression hit him and ruined his life work.

"During all these years in this country, Dad had never given up his interest in art. He had an artistic temperament and he just lived for his art. He was not a very good businessman. He was very gullible and he often made wild speculations in oil wells, mines, bean sprout farm, and so forth. In spite of the money lost this way, he was well off until 1932. From that year on, he had quite a few business reverses. Finally in 1938 he gave the whole thing up and he went to California. After

six months, he leased a hotel and brought the family out there.

"Dad has had a fair amount of success in his art. He specialized in southwest landscapes. In 1937 he had an exhibit at Marshall Fields in Chicago, and he has shown his paintings in New York, Boston, Miami, and the whole southwest. Occasionally he sold a picture but he could not bring up a family on that in spite of the fact that he was known to be one of the best painters of South West landscapes.

"My father is a small person. He has white hair now. In his younger days, he had a terrible temper when he was aroused. He never beat any of us though. Most of the time he was gay and jolly. Dad had a knack for losing money. He was overgenerous with his friends and he did not think nothing of loaning large sums to them with any security. He always managed to keep a good sense of humor and he did not worry too much about security. He was happy as long as he was painting.

"After I was born, Dad wanted to become an American citizen. He went to the Supreme Court in Austin to make the appeal, but it was refused. This was one of his few real disappointments. He felt badly about that for a long time. I think that he wanted to be just like his American friends. Dad was well liked in El Paso. He used to know one of the mayors and a lot of the politicians. I did not know of this until later when I found some letters of recommendations from them among his papers. He had to have these letters so that he could go to Mexico to do some art work.

"In our family, father made all of the important decisions. This was when he was well of f. After 1932 mother made lot of the decisions because she was more practical. Father did not mind. He

always said that mother was his best critic for his art work so that she had good judgement.

"Mother was hot tempered too. She was tiny and very pretty. She never did speak much English; it was broken English. He wrote fair English as she had learned a little in Japan. However, the way of thinking was always Japanese first because she was born to a well off family and she did not come to America to seek new opportunities. His feeling gradually passed away with the years. After we lost a great deal of our money, she became more a part of this country because she would never think of going back to Japan because of her pride. Mother always wanted the very best of things. It was second nature with her. I got this trait from her. Her weak point was that she was very sensitive and easily hurt. She was always more of a social introvert and she held aloof. I suppose she did think that she was better than the other immigrants. One thing about mother, she was never catty. She was always charming and friendly when she met people and acted well bred.

"From earliest childhood on, I never needed anything. Mother always got me the best of everything. Since I was the first child, she spoiled me. I was always her favorite, even after sister came along. My father used to reprimand mother for ignoring sister sometimes.

We lived in a large stone one story house. Father had put a lot of money into it. There were nine rooms all together, with three baths, sunporch, and a double garage. Mother designed some half moon things on the window. It was pretty and Oriental in effect and the newspapers wrote that up. We also had help in our home. We had a laundress and a woman who came in to cook and

clean. We were very proud of our home because it was built around father's paintings which were on the walls. In the front room there was apiano which I soon learned to play.

"I had a trained nurse look after me for the first three years of my life. Father wanted to make sure that my sister and I got the full benefit of American knowledge on how to bring up a child. It was a gay and happy childhood. Our house was located about halfway between the Mexican and Caucasian town so that we were a little isolated. But we got to town a lot because father had three cars. One of them was used for a laundry truck.

"I got alongwell with my parents from the beginning. My sister and I were simply spoiled to death. One of the greatest influences on my life was Mrs. Marshall. She lived across the street and she was mother's closest friend. Mrs. Marshall guided my childhood training. She gave me my first lessons in English. Every day without fail I would go over there and she would teach me for one hour. Mrs. Marshall was a well educated woman who had made a poor marriage so she was a little out of place in our neighborhood. It was Mrs. Marshall who taught mother Americanization. She told her about American customs and about clinics. Mother was so impressed that every year she would buy me a new outfit of clothes and take me down to the clinic for a checkup.

"Both of our help were Mexican. Our maid had a lot of children and she would bring all of them over to our house on Saturday. We played with them so much that we soon began to speak Spanish. Father also had a number of Mexican employees in his shop. When mother used to take me down there for a visit they would talk to me in spanish and I learned a lot from them.

"Our home and family life never did have much Japanese influence. My parents had a lot of Japanese books but they were all

kept in a built in bookcase in their bedroom. In our livingroom, father kept his art books, encyclopedia, classics, and classical records. The only thing Japanesy about our hous was that it was spacious and clean. We had a few expensive J^apanese vases on the mantal. We ate half Americana nd half J^apanese food. Mother and Dad always ate with chopsticks except on festive occasions. On Thanksgiving and Christmas, they used forks. I never learned how to use chopsticks until after I went to Los Angeles. Mother always did the cooking of the J^apanese food. Our nurse taught her how to cook American food because of our diet, but she did not care much for it. O^ur mexican cook had worked in a caucasian home previously and she was skilled in A^american and Mexican dishes.

"We used mostly ~~English~~ ^{English} ~~English~~ at home. Mother spole to us in J^apanese, but we answered her in ^English and sometimes S^panish. We did not learn the fundamental phrases in J^apanese until we were about 13. Father used a mixture of speech. He tried to speak to us more in English. We were never conscious of the fact that we were J^apanese until we went to C^aalifornia.

"When I was 6 mother started me in on piano lessons. She had started to take lessons herself after she came from Japan so that it was natural that I should learn also. I took lessons for the next 12 years. My music determind what school I should go to. I had started in the kindergarten in the public school when mother decided to send me to the convent. Mrs. Marshall advised her too. She was mother's best friend and she acted as her interpreter. Mother wanted me to have a good music teacher and Mrs. Marshall told er that the best one was at the Loretta School. The very next day I started school there.

"At first I was scared to death of the nuns. They wore their black robes and I did not think that they were quite human, but some sort of creatures sent by God to earth. But I soon met Sister Dolores and she was so nice to me that she became my idol and I fell in love with her. She was my piano teacher and I give her credit for bringing out any feeling that I do have in my playing. There was something almost spiritual about her.

"I also got on well with the other children in school. They were mostly catholics. Half of them were from the richer Mexican families. There were some who were from Spain. One-eighth of the students were daughters of Army officials stationed at nearby Fort Bliss. The rest of them were from well to do American families. There were a few girls from poor families and I always regret my snobbishness. There was one girl that I was very mean to. Her mother cleaned one of the downtown buildings after work hours and she got \$25.00 a month for doing this. The girl would go to work with her mother and she always looked frightened. She got picked on a lot.

"When I went to the convent, the rest of the children made me conscious of money and being better than the average child. I think I was mean to the poor girl because I felt sorry for her. It was a snob school and I became a snob. I thought I was so much better than other people. The rest of the children in the school all treated me well and I was made much of. I suppose their parents approved as father was locally well known for his art work and so in a fairly prominent position. Then the fact that I got a wrist watch when I was seven years old made me the envy of the whole school. I often got new things before the rest of the children. Mother had a knack of getting me just the

right things at the right time. I did well in my studies and made many friends that I still write to. After the Loretta School, I was sent to a private girls school because mother wanted me to get the finishing touches in becoming a refined young lady. This was bad for me because it was even more snobbish than the Convent.

"Dad never told mom that his business was going to pot so that mother kept on demanding things for me. When the business started to go on the rocks, I had to be withdrawn from the

Girls finishing school and sent to a public school. I think that it was a blessing in disguise that I went to the public Austin High School because it was democratic in a tmosphere and I got to know real Americans of all sorts.

"Mother was bätterly disappointed when she found out that Dad had lost a great deal of money. She thought that our position was lowered. For a while she pitied herself. She nagged father and blamed him for beingstupid in his business ventures. Once she even tried to strike him during an emotional upheaval. Father laughed at this and he calmed her down. He told her that things would not be that bad and she did not have to worry about money so much. But Dad was in the hole so deep that he could not get out. When Mom realized that our days of moderate wealth were passed, she duddenly changed and accepted the fact. Since then she has shared all the hardships with Dad, which meant a reduced level of living. It was still not too bad. Dad leaned on mother a lot during those hard times. We just lost everything. The crushing blow was when we lost our "dream" house. It was not so much Dad's failure in the cleaning business, but his unwise speculations that caused most of the hardships and loss. Dad just

was not practical in business.

"In the meantime, I was unaware of all of these things. I just went on to school and had a normal school life. I had a very good time in High School and I went around with half of the elite drowd there. I was vaguely conscious of being Japanese, but it never gave me much deep thought or worry. It would come and go. I think that the incident which first brought it to my mind was when some of my friends tried to get me into the DAR. They came to me and said that I could not get into the organization because of my race. It was some kind of a junior DAR and I wanted to be in with my friends. I was hurt at the time, but this feeling passed quickly because I got into other activities. It was not that important to me. I got into one of the social sororities in high school and I got to know everyone worth knowing in the school.

"They accepted me as one of them because I was a novelty at first and then later because of myself. I was gay and spontaneous and I liked to have fun. I was 100% American in my ways and I enjoyed a certain degree of popularity. I was slim then. I looked down on the poorer Mexican pupils like my caucasian friends did, but I was good friends with the richer Mexican pupils. We used to visit each other's homes and the rich girls were always impressed with my home which was so unusual. I could not help but feeling a little superior. Class lines are much more important in Texas I think. I did not notice it so much when I came to California.

"Although I had the Convent training, I have drifted away from the religion. I thought that some of the nuns were too strict. Once I was in the habit of telling tall stories. On one occasion, I did not want to wear the drab uniform that we were

required to wear. I wanted to wear the new velvet dress my mother has just bought for me. I wore it. When I got to school the nuns asked me why I was not wearing my uniform. I said that I was celebrating the birth of a new baby brother. Two days later mother went to the PTA meeting and everyone started to congratulate her. They could not understand how she was able to get around so soon. The truth was soon discovered and my mother washed my mouth out with soap. This was not half as bad as the punishment the nuns had for me. I had to pray for a long time to ask atonement. I think that it was this event that made me doubt the church a little. I could not see that I had committed such a sin. I have never been to any other kind of a church so I don't know if they are that severe. I just went to the Catholic church out of habit. At one time I was going to be baptised but my father said that I should wait and choose for myself when I was older. I lost interest completely after I went to Los Angeles and now I do not have any religion.

"Like most of the girls in high school, I had my share of boy friends. They were caucasian or Mexican. We went to the movies and dances. Sometimes we went to night clubs across the border. I was only 14 when I had my first serious crush. He was a fine looking Mexican college student who was going to a nearby college. It was through him that I first learned about sex. He told me all about intercourse, babies, etc. He was working part time in a doctor's office so that he was not bashful to talk about such things. I was a fool because he was 11 years older and I almost lost my virginity when he got romantic once.

"This Mexican fellow was keeping a mistress who lived in an old apartment house next to my father's cleaning establishment.

One morning I went to see father before going to school. I was in a candy stand just after leaving the shop as I wanted to buy a movie magazine. It was then that I saw Bob for the first time. We got acquainted because he was older and so handsome and I had such a crush on him immediately because I thought he was more handsome than a movie actor. Mother and Dad never knew about this. One night he took me on a drive. He stopped at the Doctors office on the way to pick up something. I went upstairs with him. When we got to the door, we heard a couple in there and they were having intercourse. I did not know what it was and I asked Bob why the doctor was getting so close to his patient. He told me to tiptoe out and after we got back into the car he told me all about sex. After he drove out of the city for a while, he stopped and he started to kiss me. I did not mind that so much but then he started to get fresh. I suddenly got very frightened. He got very close to me and I knew that he wanted to do intercourse with me, so I began to cry. Bob stopped then and he said that he did not mean anything, but that he loved me. He took me home after that. I still had the crush on him and I went out with him often but he never did more then kiss me and feel my breasts and legs.

"Naturally I got very curious about sex. I asked Dad about it and he got embarrassed and sent me to mother. He did not know how to tell me so that she got Dad to buy me a book and I learned all about sex. I was on my guard with Bob after that. Then his slut girl friend got pregnant and he had to marry her and ruin his career. I was heartbroken, but I had his kisses to remember. Father did not know what was wrong with me and he thought I was ill, but I did not tell. In a short time, I was over it and back into the school life with students my age.

"I had a girl friend from convent days who was one of my best friends and we went everywhere together. Her father was respectable, but he played around with other women. One time my girl friend and I went across the border, this was when I was still 14, and I saw her father making love to another woman in the night club we went to. This made a change in Martha's life as she went wild after that. She got married a couple of years later but it was annulled. I think it was all her father's fault as she was a nice girl before she caught him with the other woman.

"Another 'Spanish' girl friend that I had was much more refined and she was one of the better friends I had. Her grandfather was once the President of Mexico and her father was a government official there. She was going to school in Loretta when I first met her. During the summers I would go to her home in Mexico and we went all around together. She took me to see my first bullfights in Mexico City. I was very impressed with her chauffeur and maid.

"Those were the pleasant days. I enjoyed my schooling fully. Although I had a social life and mixed with all types of people, I also tended to my studies and I graduated as an honor student in 1939. I did not have any Japanese friends in El Paso although I knew some of them. Father had mixed friends, while mother had only Mrs. Marshall as a close friend. Father had made very good adjustments. Through his art work he got in with a circle of artists, doctors, miners, lawyer, politician, and produce managers. The last were Japanese. Most of the Japanese farmers there were making money. There was no Japanese association, but occasionally some Japanese celebrities would come through and all the Japanese would get together and give a huge dinner. Usually the celebrities would stay over at our home.

"My last semester in high school was not happy because Dad had finally gone broke. He went to California to look over the situation. He had gone with the intention of going into art work and give exhibitions. He thought that he could make enough money at this to support the family. Six months later (June 1939) he called the family west. He could not make any progress with his art so that he had leased a hotel in Los Angeles. It was on the West side and the patrons were caucasian bachelors of low income. It was not in a poor district, but a fairly average one.

"I was out of high school and planning to go to college but I found that I did not have enough credits so I went to Belmont High school to make up with a Post graduate course. I wanted to go to a well known music school, but there was no money in our family for that. So I decided to go to USC and major in music.

"I did not like California at first although I had heard a lot about it. As I got to see more of it, I began to appreciate it more. Then I went to the Japanese Town for the first time. It amazed me to see so many Japanese faces all at one time. There were thousands of them, it seemed. When I first saw the Nisei I thought that it was going to be fun. They looked very Americanized to me. Father did not want us to stay at the hotel until he fixed it up or else he found another apartment for us. We stayed with a Japanese friend of mothers for three months. She had a Nisei daughter and she introduced me into the Nisei society.

"I was very much surprised that I could not get along with them. Usually I felt at ease among people, but among the Nisei I did not know what to say. They did not seem to

act too friendly. I was puzzled and hurt as I thought it was my fault. In a way it was because I soon found out that I was more American than they and in some ways I was a shock to them. I was Frank in anything I said and I suppose they wanted girls to be more quiet and not express an opinion. I had a feeling that they were too conservative and that they did not know how to speak English correctly. They had a funny twang in their voices. On the other hand, I soon got on guard myself so that a barrier was built up. I never did feel at ease among the Nisei although I got to know a number of them in the two years before evacuation.

"I don't know whether it was the climate or from being nervous about what my sister did, but anyway I started to gain a lot of weight about in 1940. I just felt like eating all the time and I ate quite a bit. I put on more and more weight. I was not too conscious of it at first, but my mother finally brought it to my notice. I was never shy, but I did get a little self conscious at first. In time I managed to cover up and people could not hurt me with comments about my weight. I did not see too many Nisei so that it did not matter.

"I started to work for Mrs R. Borzage in her home and I also enrolled at U.S.C. I felt that I could thus pay my own way to school. Mrs. Borzage was the wife of a well known film director. She is now separated from her husband because he had an affair with Lupe Velez. Mrs. Borzage was a success in her own right. She owned a cosmetic business at one time (the Rena Company) and she made good money. She sold out later, but she still gets an income from it because many of the formulas were her own.

"I liked her from the first and found that she was

a fine person. There was a lot of publicity at her diverse and in the Nisei circles, some vicious rumors spread about her conduct. When I first saw her I was very conscious of her good breeding. She was always very good to me. She told me later that the reason she had hired me was that I had such a good voice over the phone. It made me angry to have Nisei girls come to me and ask me if the rumors about her were true. They had heard that she slept with other men in her own house and had breakfast in bed with them. This was not true. This was the first time that I was conscious how vicious rumors could be. The Nisei girls just spread the rumors like wildfire.

"When I started college, father said that I would have to pay half of my way because of his financial reverses. I decided to go into domestic work as I could do this and also go to school. I did not know how to cook or anything when I went there. I had a good personal relationship with my employer and I did not feel like a servant. It was just like a home to me. I just accepted domestic work and I did not think that I was lowering myself. Mrs. Borgaze never made me feel inferior. I did not feel resentful at all although there were times when I wished that father did not fail at business. It was a little hard not to be well off like before and get the things that I wanted without having to work.

"I think that my father's art work had a lot to do with my accepting things. I used to take some of his paintings to show Mrs. Borgaze and she liked them a great deal and she would always show them to her friends. I took one to hang in my room so that I would feel more at home. Mrs. Borgaze insisted on hanging it in the dining room and I felt

better. It was through these painting that she met Dad and mother and she treated them as equal. I worked with her right up to the time of evacuation and I also managed to finish two years at USC as a special music student.

"In time I developed a circle of friends. They were mostly Nisei, but occasionally I would run across one of my old friends from El Paso. I never was close friends with any Nisei as I was stood a little apart. I had a boy friend for a while but he was not very interesting. This Nisei was a student at Redlands University and he dated me a few times. But I just could not feel at home with any Nisei until I met Ruth Watanabe. Ruth is one of the smartest Nisei who ever went to college. She graduated at the top of her class at USC and she won many other honors. She never had a grade lower than an A. She went to do her master's work. Altogether she had about four degrees. Now she is working on her Phd at Rochester. There was an article in the Saturday Evening Post once.

"I heard that she was a good music teacher so I looked her up. I found that I could feel natural around her so that I started to take some lessons from her. We had a lot in common and she said that she did not feel comfortable around the Nisei either. We had music as the most common interest so that we got on well. Two other girls I liked were Micky and Mariko. They were of the art group. Both were very pretty so that they were quite popular. It was chiefly a social group that hung around the edge of the intellectual group. I was not interested in the intellectual group then.

"I was conscious of the fact that I was different from the Nisei in California. I felt more like the caucasians as

I knew that I could hold my own among them. I did not think too much about it, but I knew that there was a difference. I could not understand that.

"My impression of the Nisei did not get any better. They were narrow in their opinions and small in mind. I did not know what the word 'Ken' meant until they asked me what ken I was from. They acted as if we were from Japan. The Nisei were very conscious of class. I was disgusted when they said that they were better than the 'eta' which was considered the lowest class in Japan. I had been snobish in El Paso, but it could not even begin to compare with these attitudes. I could not see why the Japan classes should make any difference in this country. The Issei left Japan to get away from these narrow ideas and then they revived them when they got there. There is no place for a caste system in this country. The Nisei did not have much else so that they thought class was important. I became so disgusted by these narrow attitudes that I tried to stay completely away from them and I did not go to the Japanese community very often.

"There was another reason for this. I always felt uneasy about being among the Nisei after what my sister did. I got a taste of how the Japanese could gossip. I got the full blow of their narrow mindedness when Kiyoko, my sister, left home. It is hard to explain about my sister. She had the same background, the same education that I did and yet she turned out so different. I don't know why she did it.

"Just after we came to California, Kiyoko ran away from home and there was no holding her down after that. She went

from bad to worse. Kiyoko left home when she was only 16. After we got to Los Angeles she ran away because she was dissatisfied with everything. In Texas, she had always played with the boys. She would bring them home on Saturdays. Some of them were bad Mexican boys, but Kiyoko never did have intercourse with them although she used to let them feel her. I think that she did a lot of it for spite. Mother sort of ignored her during her childhood and Kiyoko liked to have people make a fuss over her. She was always rebellious and unconventional, but my parents thought that it was a stage that she was going through. She was a tom boy and she had a whole string of Mexican and caucasian boy friends all through high school. Kiyoko was very pretty so that she was more popular with the boys than I was.

"After we got to Los Angeles she went to high school for a while, but she did not like it. She had a mania for being dishonest and she was always trying to outwit other people by giving them the dirty end of the deal. It was not that she needed things as Dad and Mom always gave her a lot of things. But Kiyoko liked it better when she could get it herself. Maybe she got this from the Mexican boys.

"When we were together, we were always fighting. Kimiko had the knack of lying to her advantage so that she often made it sound as if it were my fault. She got much worse in Los Angeles and she would deceive my parents a lot. She began to go out with boys a lot and Dad felt that she was a little too young to be going out with the older boys. She would oppose him and then sneak out of the house. Dad didn't know what to do with her and she made him very unhappy.

"Finally when she could not get the things that she wanted from Dad, she ran away from home. She took a schoolgirl job and instead of going to school she would go to Japanese town and hang around the cafes flirting with men. There were a lot of single men so that they all made a big play for her. She decided that she did not like the schoolgirl job so that she quit it and then went to stay in a Japanese hotel. She ran up a bill of \$25.00 and then wrote a bad check and Dad had to pay for that. It was only a matter of time before she was having affairs with men. She did not do it for money, but they used to give her a lot of presents. I think that she was sex mad. In a little while talk began to go around Japanese town smearing her name. She was living with a Nisei boy then. She moved on to live with a Chinese gambler and she left town with him.

"Mother soon got wind of all this gossip. She was terribly hurt and shocked. She could not understand how a daughter of hers could go wrong. Father was angry, disgusted, shamed and hurt. He made many attempts to bring Kiyoko home but it was a failure. She just would not stay in the house any more. She had no shame about what she was doing. She said that she was not doing anything but having fun. We found out that the woman we stayed with when we first came to Los Angeles was spreading some of the dirty gossip. She said that Kiyoko had had an affair in her house and that she had found out that she had been having all sorts of affairs with Mexicans in El Paso. This was a dirty lie. Mother was hurt at this but she was too much of a lady to go tell her off. It did not help much with Kiyoko getting worse and worse. There was no stopping her.

(Throughout the interview Yasuko attempted to justify her sister. She is terribly loyal to her. She felt that the reasons for her sister going wqyward was beyond her control. At the same time she had an ambivalence of feeling. She would hate her sister for what she had done and in the next breath she would justify it and ask what she could do to help her. She felt that she had to do it for the sake of her family and then she thought that she should not be concerned as her sister was "just like another unrelated individual." Yasuko was quite emotional during the telling of this part of her story, yet she made strong efforts to be calm about it. There is apparently a deep resentment against her sister and a tendency to project some of her own problems to her sisters feet. Yasuko never has told anyone the real story of her sister. She has been holding it back for a long time. She had some vague ideas that the interviewer could help her solve this problem. The accumulation of this nervous mental feeling has made Yasuko morbid at times, but she has managed to cover up her true feelings to her friends. There is no doubt that her description of her sister's activities is true since Kiyoko's reputation is well known among the Japanese, and it has created a lot of gossip since a loose woman among the Nisei is not too common. Yasuko has made it a part of her personal problems with the result that it causes her much unhappiness. There is no doubt that the gossip has reflected upon Yasuko's character. Yasuko is overconscious of the fact that other people gossip about it. She also inwardly feels that similar vicious gossip is being passed about her character, her weight, and her personality. To date, she has "covered up" remarkably well,

Yasuko continued:

"I used to see Kiyoko once in a while down in the Japanese town and she did not feel sorrry about anything. She would actually bragg about all the men she was getting. She knew that she was pretty, tall and slim and she tried to make me conscious of the fact that I was getting fat. I just could not understand her. I was ashamed of her cheapness, but I could not stand other people to say anything about her. Finally, Kiyoko went to work in a Japanese cafe and she went to be~~d~~ regularly with the patrons there. I was shopping one night down in Japanese town and I met her on the streets. It embarrassed me when she stopped to talk to all the men. It seemed that all the cheap men knew her.

"Soon after that she took a trip to El Paso. She spread the story there that mother was mean to her and that was the reason she was running away. Then she wrote two bad checks there with some of Dad's former customers. She used the money to run around with a Mexican boy she had known before and they had an affair. Mrs. Marshall wrote to me about it and she wondered what had come over Kiyoko ~~for~~ to make her go bad. I will never forgive her for lowering our family name in El Paso. I will never go back there now. I could not face my friends.

"It hurt my mother the most. She did not say much about it, but she suffered terribly. She thought that in a way it was her fault. Kiyoko went on to New York, Chicago and many other cities with various men. I think most of them were migrant workers. Father engaged a detective to look for her. That was where all of my college money went. Dad spent over \$3,000 to pay the detectives. The next thing we heard she

was back in San Francisco. Dad finally decided to let her go her own way as he did not think that she would ever reform. Kiyoko then came back to Los Angeles.

"Near the end of 1940 she became engaged to a caucasian person. Jimmy was a nice sweet boy, not to bright. He was sincere about Kiyoko and much in love with her. She was working in a cafe again when he met her. Kiyoko loved him too. Jimmy tried to reform her, but she would not change in spite of the promises that she made. She went around with another Chinese gambler on the side. By this time she was completely haywire. She drank, gambled, and had a lot of affairs. Jimmy did not know what to do and he used to come to me and cry on my shoulders. He was engaged to her and he did not know what to do. They were saving money together and Kiyoko stole it to gamble.

"I was very sympathetic to Jimmy and naturally he came to see me more and more and the first thing we knew, we were in love. He started to take me around. I think that I took advantage of him because I used him a lot without realizing it. Kiyoko found out about us in time and she was furious. She met me on the street one day and she called me all sorts of vile names. I just walked away so she followed me right to my place of work. She just would not let up. Finally she grabbed my new wrist watch that Jimmy had given me and smashed it on the floor, and left.

"It was my turn to be furious. I went down to the Olympic Hotel to make her pay for it. When I got there she was packing her bags. She would not say anything. She had a new radio-victrola in her room and I was so mad that I

was shaking so I grabbed the radio and broke it. She did not say a word. I left the room in a storm. I was walking down the hall when somebody came and kicked me very hard in the rear and called me a dirty bitch. It was my sister. We almost had a fight. After that she started rumors about me stealing her boy friend and having an affair with him.

"Kiyoko's reputation was so bad that she went to San Francisco. When she was away I felt sorry for her. She wrote back and said that she was broke so Dad sent her money. Mother did not want to have anything to do with her. She was so bitter and hurt about it all. She did not even go out as she was ashamed to face the people. She stayed in her apartment all the time.

"In San Francisco, Kiyoko worked in a Chinese night club as a waitress and hostess. I do not know much about her except that she continued her life."

(In San Francisco, Kiyoko ran around with some Italian and Nisei boys and she also picked up men in the Chinese night clubs. For a while she worked as a domestic when she had a venereal disease. Through her, many Nisei contracted gonorrhea. She was not a professional. Writer had the impression that Kiyoko was a lonely girl who wanted a real friend. The Nisei boys were ashamed to walk around the Japanese community with her, but they would take her favors elsewhere. Kiyoko often wandered around the Japanese community alone.)

"Kiyoko began to write me letters. She said that the only reason why she had gotten so angry was that she did not think that ~~xxxxxx~~ Jimmy was good enough for me. She said that he had tried to rape her once when she was having her period.

She told me to break up with him for my own good. I was getting tired of him anyway, but ^{not} for that reason. I knew that you could not hold men back too long, but I never slipped.

"The next time I heard from Kiyoko she was in Chicago living with some Japanese man. Then she went back to San Francisco and she was there when the evacuation came. I wrote and asked her to come home as it would not be so good for her to be all along^g, but she refused. She went to Tanforan and then Topaz. She had a very hard time in camp. She wrote and said that the people were very mean to her and she wanted us to send her this and that. I sent her some money. Then one day she sent a special delivery letter and she said that she was marrying a Kibei out of loneliness. I thought that it might work because she could then develop some responsibility with marriage."

(In Tanforan Kiyoko was an outcast. She was always sitting by herself in the grandstands and nobody talked to her. Her reputation was well known. She was called "Texas Mollie." In the evenings, various Nisei and Kibei visited her apartment secretly.)

"The next time I heard from her, she was in Salt Lake. She said that she had left her husband because he was a kibei and they did not get along. She found out that she was pregnant and she did not have any money. I did not know what to do for her. Right after that she wrote another letter saying that she was married to another kibei. I found out then that she had never been married to the first kibei but was only living with him. Her real husband was willing to marry her in spite of the fact that the child was

not his. I finally thought that things would work out. The baby was born two months premature. Kiyoko loves the child in spite of the fact that she still has her selfish streak. The other day (August 24) she wrote and said that she was getting a divorce. She said that she was now in love with a caucasian who looked like Jimmy. I don't know what to do. The fellow is 25, but I don't think that it will work out. I'll never be sure of Kiyoko any more and somebody will have to send her money. My mother does not know all this and she is relieved that Kiyoko is married. I hope no one spreads the gossip to her. I won't ever tell mother. Why does Kiyoko do such a thing? She had a decent education, talent in art, and the same background as I did. She went wrong when she went to Los Angeles. She can be mean and good hearted at the same time. She is just weak.

"All of these things have affected me a great deal. I don't know whether to send for her and look after the baby for her or not. The baby will not have a chance as Kiyoko is never going to reform. She will work in some cheap cafe and continue her life. Her marriage with the caucasian boy will not last. I don't know what to do about it.

"It has been this thing that makes me close up. Few people know the real me as I try to cover up and be gay. I don't talk about my sister to anyone. It makes me feel like I have to make up for her weakness by being strong myself. In a way it has been good for me because I got to know only real friends who will not gossip behind my back. When my sister first started to run around I just happened to

belong to a Nisei girl's club. They talked about me behind my back. I quit the club as I did not like their smallness. When I used to come in, they would all get quiet. All of these things makes me more critical of people and I either like them or I don't.

"In spite of this attitude, I had many acquaintances. I ~~had~~ only a few friends. I never tell them much about myself.... Oh, I don't know what to do about Kiyoko. Should I bring her out here? What will she do if she does not marry the caucasian fellow. It will be too hard on the baby to go through life like that. I may bring her out although I know people will talk. I don't know whether to be selfish or not."

(Writer advised her not to bring her sister out here and that she had no responsibility for the child and that it was time she stopped being a martyr for her sister. She was told ~~that~~ she should think it out and make her own decision, but it should be in terms of her own personal future.)

"All of these problems were just starting before the war. For a short time before Pearl Harbor I temporarily got these things off of my mind for a while and I was fairly happy for the first time in months. It was because I had a boy friend who was serious over me. "arty was 27 and a caucasian, of slavie descent. I met him through a bullfighter friend of mine. I had met Pepe in Mexico City when I first went thxere to see the bullfights with my girl friend. He had later come up to Los angeles. Father had leased another hotel in Los Angeles and Pepe was operating a restaurant near it.

"One day I went down to see my father. Then I wanted to

phone but the hotel phone was out of order. I went over to use Pepe's phone at the restaurant. I was going to phone a caucasian girl friend of mine at USC, but the line was busy so I had to wait. It was then that I first saw Marty. Pepe introduced us and I liked him. He seemed so much better than the Nisei fellows I knew. He was good looking, but a little quiet. He seemed to be attracted by my friendliness so he asked me for a date. I accepted and that night he called for me in his car and took me to a night club. We went to one where they said no Nisei could go, but nobody said anything to me. Then he brought me home and left abruptly.

"We had a date to meet the next day for lunch. I had classes at the University, but I cut. I thought this was more important. I had to wait over an hour for him. Just when I thought that he was not going to come, Marty walked through the door. We spent the whole afternoon together. Then we went to a bar and he had seven drinks. I drank soda water. After Marty was feeling good, he took me to dinner. We walked around the park after that and it was very late when he took me home. I was staying at the hotel then as I was taking time off from Mrs. Borzage.

"It happened that my parents rooms were on the other side of the hall from my room so that Marty wanted to come up and talk for a while. I thought that ~~it~~ was all right as he did not seem drunk. He got fresh with me right away so I had to make him stop. I did not mind him kissing me french style with his tongue on my lips, but I did not want him to lose control. He got up and left pretty soon.

"I still liked him when he came the next day. From then on, we went around steady together for a couple of months.

We loved each other very much and we got very intimate, but I never went to bed with him. Marty was good looking and he had other women in his life. When he could not stand it any more, he would go to them. However, he kept on going steady with me because I would not give in to him like the others. Two weeks before the war, he was drafted and he became a second Lieutenant because he held a reserve ROTC commission. We kept writing back and forth and I was not sure that it was the real thing.

"Three weeks ago (August 1, 1943) he was in Chicago. I went out on a date with him and for the first time he asked me to marry him. I told him that I could not make up my mind right away. He still wanted me to give in to him that night but I would not. I thought about it all that night and I could not sleep. Finally I decided that Marty was just passionate and sexually verile and that he really did not love me. He said that if he did not have me soon, he would get impotent. He said he had come expecially to propose, but he was vague about a wedding date. I pondered about it and finally concluded that I would turn him down because he was just making promises in order to make me give in to him. I decided that I really did not love him either. I did not want to hurt him so I wrote him a kind letter and said that it was all over and I did not want to see him any more.

"I think that I should marry a Nisei boy so that there will not be a chance that I will hurt my parents any more. I have had few boy friends in my life, but they all tried to get intimate right away. Dad knew about Marty and at one time he had asked him to leave me alone, but I still went

around with him. But I never did have sexual intercourse with him.

"After Marty left for the Army in November 1941, I felt lost so I plunged back into my studies. I never went around with a Nisei boy seriously. There were some interesting ones, but not interesting enough. They usually became repulsive after a while when they tried to make advances. I thought they were crude, but I had a prejudice against the Nisei.

"There was one Nisei boy who proposed to me the first night I met him but he was too short. He had come down from San Francisco that day and he had a big car. He was an older person and I guess he wanted to get married very badly. I think that he was only making promises to make me do what he wanted as he knew about my sister and he thought I was the same way. I think that he had an affair with my sister while she was in San Francisco because he said that he knew her well. That put me on my guard.

"There was one other older Nisei person who wanted to marry me, but he was not my type. I've never been really interested in a Nisei boy or felt that I wanted them around me at that time.

"I was not conscious that the war was coming on. Dad usually kept his opinions to himself. Marty was convinced that war was coming, but not with Japan. War did not mean anything to me as I was more interested in domestic problems. I was waiting for Marty to propose, but he went off to the Army without doing it.

"I had no plans for the future except to get out of

school. I was majoring in music and I had vague ideas of going on with it in order to make my mother more proud of me and lessen her heartbreaks. I wanted to get out of Los Angeles as the environment was not entirely happy. I felt that I was at my very best among strangers as I am more sure of myself and ~~and~~ I felt self confident. It was because I could start from a clean slate and I knew that people would only judge me for what I was.

"I did not have any particular although I was interested in interior decorating and reading. I read a lot then, all kinds of fiction and biography. I've always liked to sit on a park bench and watch the people as they walked by. I would look at their hands to see if they were hard workers. I tried to analyze their personality from their looks. I wondered if they could hide behind a mask like the Japanese.

"I did not belong to any clubs although I craved people. But not the Nisei particularly. I've always felt on the outside looking in among the Nisei groups. I was not an introvert either. I could get to know the Nisei fairly easily because of my musical talent but I never felt close. I've always been attracted more to the socially popular or pretty girls. Maybe I was used for my piano playing or to be the butt of jokes about 'fat' but I think they took me for what I was. I put on a lot of weight in the year before the war. I seem to impress the Nisei with my piano playing in spite of that. In a way I got to know other Nisei through these girls I knew. I never let them see my true side. It was fairly enjoyable and I was not that unhappy. I spent most of my leisure time casually and went

around with other Nisei girls when I did not have Marty. I never did have a feeling of happiness completely. There was always something in the back of my mind, especially my sister. Sometimes, the Nisei thought I was dumb. Most of them thought that I was a nice good natured girl, spoiled, and talented, often the butt of jokes. I did not have an inferiority complex at any time. I think I got ~~to~~ immune to things. The Nisei never did know the real me.

"That Sunday of the war, I was working at Mrs. Bogzage's house. Her secretary burst into the living room that I was straightening out and said that Pearl Harbor had been bombed and America was at war. I couldn't believe it. I went to the radio and turned on the news broadcasts. I realized that it was true so I called my Dad. He was in a temporary hotel that he had just leased in the heart of Japanese town. He said that the whole area was under patrol so that he asked me to go to our apartment and get his locked box with all his private papers and bring it to him. I went over there right away and took it down.

"I was frightened when I went into the Japanese section. It was in wild excitement. Dad said to go back to work right away and not to call him unless it was very important. My mother did not agree with this. She wanted me to call her often so that she would not worry about me. Dad saw the FBI picking up a lot of Japanese and there were a lot of rumors going around that all the businessmen were going to be arrested. He thought that he would be taken soon.

"Dad felt that he would be picked up because he had helped to organize the Japanese school in Texas that I had attended for two years, and also because he had entertained certain Japanese officials when they passed through. He had never belonged to any of the Japan organizations or contributed money to the Japanese Army. Some of the Japanese living in his hotel were picked up on December 7 so that nobody was sure who was going to be next.

"When I went back to my work, Mrs. Borzage was very sympathetic. She was shocked at the news, but she said that I did not have to worry as it did not concern me since I was an American citizen. [Things were all jumbled up, but I really did not give the war much thought. I was shocked like the other people but I did not think of it in terms of what would happen to the Japanese. I kept on working and my self assurance came back in the days that followed. < I did not see many Nisei during this time as most of them stayed at home. I saw a few of my girl friends, but we did not talk about the war very much. I tried to keep busy with the Christmas preparations to keep my mind off of it. Mrs. Borzage also gave me extra things to do just to keep me busy. One night she decided to clean out the bookcase so that I would not go to my room and worry. She would come to my room at night and talk to me. > The only thing I had on my mind was that father would be picked up. Fortunately this did not happen.]

"The only incident that happened to me was when Mrs. Borzage's mother came to visit. She protested against having me in the house but Mrs. Borzage would not listen to her. She said that I was just as loyal as any American and that she was not going to dismiss me just because some people were prejudiced.

"I did not see my folks again for two weeks. Dad felt a little more at ease and mother told me just to act natural as I had never done anything to be ashamed of. I quit my classes at USC because things were so uncertain. I decided to keep on working as we needed the money. I had wanted to join my parents but they were in the hotel in the heart of Japanese town and they thought it would be better for me to stay out of it. A short time later Dad decided to let this hotel lease go and he moved back to his west side hotel. This was in February. I had Dad's money in my name so that his accounts were not frozen.

"This was a very uncertain period in my life. [When the talk of evacuation came, I was set against it. I thought that it was not right that American citizens could be treated this way. Mrs. Borzage felt the same way. She went to her attorney and told him to put up a \$5000 bond for me so that I could stay with her and work. The attorney made inquiries about my background and then presented the case but he found out that no exceptions would be made to the evacuation. I was bewildered.]

"Mrs Ashton, a millionaires wife, was visiting Mrs. Borzage then. She was from Colorado. She wanted me to go back there with her where I could work until it was possible to come back to Mrs. Borzage. I talked to my parents about it, but they wanted me to stay with them as they did not want to get all separated and they did not know what was going to happen. I did not take Mrs. Ashton's offer for this reason.

"I thought of going East to go to school, but I had lost interest although I was unhappy at the interruption. Dad had spent \$3,000 in looking for Kiyoko just before the war so that he did not have enough money to send me east to a school.

He was a little worried about the future and he did not want to spend any more of his money than was necessary. Mother wanted him to save all of his money as they were not having any income then. I have them all of my salary for them to live on in the period just before the evacuation. Kiyoko wired from San Francisco and she said that she was not working and that she was having a hard time. Dad sent her some money without the knowledge of mother. However the times were so uncertain that mother was willing to forgive Kiyoko. She even asked Kiyoko to come back but this was refused.

["When the talk of evacuation first came up, I did not think much of it, but I got bitter because others did. Soon I saw that nothing could be done to prevent it so I accepted it. I knew that it was a violation of our citizenship rights but I did not think that it could be prevented. I knew that some of the Japanese were doing spy work and it was better to get them away from places where any damage could be done. During those days, we expected an invasion by Japan at any time.]

"As I thought more about evacuation, I soon started to look forward to it as an adventure. The only trouble I had was to find a place to store father's paintings. I looked all over. Finally Mrs. Borzage hung some up in her home and stored the rest in her basement. She also helped to get me a safety deposit box so that we could put our papers, jewelry and other valuable things that we did not want to take to camp. The paintings were insured for \$18,000 and Mrs. Borzage was authorized to sell some. She also took all of my father's books and my collection of around 500 volumes and stored them in her basement.

"From March on, I was so busy doing all of these things that I only saw a very few Nisei. They all seemed to be in hiding.

I did not look for many of my friends as I had too much to do to get the things in final order. My contacts with the Nisei were almost completely cut off. I thought that it was so silly that the Nisei should be so frightened. I was not in Japanese town so that it did not hit me that hard. Once my mind was made up to accept evacuation, I could not get bitter any more. I did not have any ties to break anyway. The chief thing on my mind was to take care of Dad's paintings. We had only a few close friends and we did not think much of the other Japanese on account of Kiyoko. I was for America and I thought that Japan was wrong although I did not know the reason for the war. I worried more about Kiyoko because she wrote and said that she did not intend to go to any camp.

"I was not too calm during the evacuation now that I think back on it. [At times I thought evacuation was unjust and at other times I thought it had to be. I don't remember exactly how I felt. Everything came so sudden. I don't think it struck me too hard. When I heard about Nisei sabotaging I thought it could have been possible. There were a lot of kibes that the Nisei had told me were more pro Japan. Dad's record was clean so I did not worry about internment any more. Other dads were taken from among the Nisei friends I had and I thought that some of them were pro America and belonged to secret organizations and donated money to Japan. In other cases, I was angry because innocent fathers were taken and their families had a very hard time. About this time, I thought that I was identified more as a Japanese and I did not like that.] I had never been discriminated against in Los Angeles so that I thought I was like the other Americans. It was a shock when restrictions were replaced

against me. I think that I am adaptable so I just did not think too much about it but just tried to make the most of it. I thought that I would not be so self conscious if I went to an all Japanese group. I thought maybe I could finally learn how to feel comfortable around the Nisei. I was aware that there would be dirty talk about my sister but I figured that the people would have more important things to talk about.

"Like many of the Nisei I said, 'Everytime I turn around I will see a Japanese face in camp and I don't know how I will stand that.' But deep down I thought it was a good chance for me to get to know the Japanese. Mother hated to go to camp, but she did not talk about it much. She just accepted it as something she could not do anything about.

"I had my last fling just before evacuation. Some of the caucasian friends I had took me out to a night club. I did not observe the curfew. Nobody bothered me and I had my last good time. Then I turned to looking forward to evacuation. I heard that we were going to Manzanar and I thought that it would be a pretty good place. A friend had gone up there to look around and he said it was only a camp. We decided to take more things in order to be comfortable.

"There were many false alarms about when we were going to leave. The exact date was not announced until the last minute and I made many false trips back to my home and quit my job. I would find out that our group was not going just then so I would go back to work. Now we were not sure where we were going. There were rumors that some of the Los Angeles group would go to Santa Anita and Arizona. Dad was so set on going to Manzanar and he looked forward to it as it would finally give him a chance to paint

to his heart's content. Mother packed some Japanese food at the last minute as we heard that the food was very bad. Some of the other Japanese families took a great deal of food with them. We also took heavy clothing, a sewing machine, and boots in order to be prepared for a camp life. I took some of my music with me but I did not think that I would ever use it. Finally the date set for our leaving was April 6 and it was to Manzanar.

"I don't think that I felt sad as I left Los Angeles. It had never meant much to me anyway. It had bad memories for me and I felt that I didn't have any roots there. I was sorry to leave Mrs. Borzage. She was nice to to until the end and she came down to see me off. I did not think that I would be gone too long. It was about a week later that I realized it was for the duration.

"As the train left I felt momentarily sad at the loss of my freedom. I did not bother much with the other people in the train, but I read 'How Green Was My Valley' on the way down and meditated on whether Manzanar would be a good place. When we were half way down there, I met a very nice Nisei couple. I was to get to know them very well later. He was to become the editor of the Free Press and be one of the liberal leaders down there. I talked to them for quite a while and I was impressed. I had never been interested in intellectuals before, but this couple were quite human and wide awake to various problems.

"When we got to Lone Pine, it was very late and we were worn out from the long trip down. There was not much to look at except dry country and distant mountains. We had to wait in the station for a long time before the bus came to take us to Manzanar. Mother smokes, but she did not want to do it on the

train because she knew that it would cause more gossip. We had to find a place in the station where she could smoke in privacy. Dad was all excited. He was impressed with the scenery and he wanted to start painting the mountain scenery right away.

"We did not get a very good reception when we finally did get into ^manzanar. The wind was blowing very hard and we had to stand in a long line to get checked in. There was only a mass of Japanese faces around the place. After the induction I looked for some of my former friends. They came and took our baggage to our barracks. We had to walk a long way to get to our apartment as it is across the camp. It was a very disappointing place. All there was in the room was an oil stove and some beds. My friends went to get mattresses and blankets for us. They got blankets, but we had to go without mattresses the first night.

"Although it was late, we had not eaten all day so that we went to the messhall. It was the sloppiest place I have ever seen. I almost fainted in there and the food was bad enough to make anybody vomit. I ~~felt~~ felt very discouraged and wondered if life was going to be this bad all the time there. We were so tired that we just went back to bed and fell asleep after that. We slept almost the whole next day through.

"In a few days, we had a new outlook on things. Dad was raring to go from the first. He got lumber and made some benches for us to sit on, and also some other furniture. I just walked around to see the camp. I was lonely so I went to look for the Yamazaki couple I had met on the train. Ruth had two children so I began to help her with them. It was very hard for the mothers because they did not have anything for the comfort

of their babies. The sanitary conditions were very bad. There was dust all around and the toilets were little out houses. It was worse than a farm toilet.

"Since there were only three of us, there was not too much to do for our apartment. [After the first week, ^{in Mangan} I began to look for a job. I went to fill out the employment form and signed up for some typing and I also put in that I could play the piano. I got a notice about a week later saying that I could work in the employment office doing some filing.] I was very bored by then so that I ~~gave~~ took the job. By that time, Tomamasa got the Free Press started so he asked me if I wanted to do some typing and stencil cutting on the paper. I was not very good at it, but I kept the job for two months. Then I went to the Hospital for one month as a nurses aid. this job was not very satisfactory either and I got more and more restless. I was not making too many new friends and the confinement of the camp life was pressing in on me all the time, but I did not know what was the matter with me.]

"Finally one of my friends told me that the music school was opening and there was a need for teachers. I did not think that I had enough experience to do that, but he urged me to sign up anyway. I went over to the music school and found that there was only one piano teacher there and she had 60 pupils so she urged me to take a job teaching. I went to the employment office and was placed. I did this work until I left in January 1942.

"This was the only job that I enjoyed while I was there, but it had its difficulties too. It was something that I felt was constructive for me and that I could add to my skills and

experience. I had not touched a piano for a couple of months and I wanted to get back to practice. There was only one piano, but we managed to work out our classes so that we all had a chance at it. Later we got more pianos. Since I was the most inexperienced teacher, I had the young 5 to 16 year old pupils. They applied themselves very well and I liked to teach them. At first we taught in the Redrecreation Hall, but the people in camp donated money to build a music hall up on the hill. It cost several hundred dollars. There were about 300 pupils in the music department all together. By the time I left I had 60 pupils.

"My relationships with the other teacher was not so good and I became very unpopular with them. I did not go out of my way to please them. They were nice to my face, but they talked behind my back. I just could not adjust myself to them. There were some Issei and Nisei teachers in the Music Hall and I never could get along with them. I did not care for their Japanese ways. They thought I was too blunt with them. The atmosphere got tense so I only enjoyed my pupils and neglected the other teachers. When I left there, my pupils all brought me gifts. I think that the other teachers did not approve of me because they thought that I was not a real teacher. There were four teachers, but I think that I made just as much progress as they did with the pupils in spite of the fact that they always criticized my teaching. They thought I was too boisterous with the pupils and did not use enough discipline.

"After I was in camp I began to want to educate myself more. A lot of this was due to the influence of the Yamazaki couple. I started to attend the Forum meetings and enrolled in a psychology class. About this time the Yamazaki's lived in our apartment with us so that I had frequent talks with them. I

was never much interested in politics or social equality before my talks with them. I had never considered being an intellectual, but I got more and more interested. I never did go into it too deeply but I did a lot of listening. I had a faith that the Nisei citizenship would always be protected so I did not worry about that.

"I saw a great deal of bitterness in the Nisei but I never did get that bitter except in streaks. I did not take part in any of the block politics although I did join a Young People's Association. Tomamasa tried to organize the Nisei to think more about post war problems and to educate them but the thing failed for lack of interest. There were too many conflicting things like dances going on.

["I just did not get along in camp. I was very miserable there most of the time. The people did not like me and the women ⁱⁿ the block started more rumors about my sister. they could not mind their own business and leave us alone. Some of the Issei thought that I was shocking because I did not act quiet like a Japanese girl. I just could not feel at ease in camp although I did make attempts to adjust myself better. In self defense I acted haughty to hide my real feelings.]

"The group of Nisei that I got to know where the intellectuals and I found them sincere friends. They had come to camp with the same high goals, but they were disillusioned and they soon began to think of getting out. I found that they were very much alive to current events. I think that I had only about seven real friends in camp and the rest were just acquaintances. It was rumored that they were a communist group, but I found them to be

intelligent persons who were seriously interested in the Nisei future. I did not worry too much about these problems, but I liked them as individuals. They had a better value of the things in life and they were not superficial like the majority of the Nisei. Most of these persons had been connected with the Free Press. I was not too intimate with them as I was only on the edge of their group and I had nothing solid to contribute. They liked me as they could joke with me.

"I did not have any boy friend during the time I was in camp. I still was not interested in the Nisei boys, but the real me probably would have liked to have had boy friends. I was too much on the defensive and I thought they had wrong ideas about me. I was terribly conscious of my weight, but I did not do anything about it. These things were not uppermost in my mind as I was disturbed by other things although I do not know exactly what.

"One of my few friends was Myrtle, who was a former show girl and very pretty. Her sister had been murdered while in the business and it had been written up in the papers. We had a lot in common because I had a wayward sister also. When we were in camp the Los Angeles Hearst paper had a story about Myrtle's sister and the people in camp found out all about it. Myrtle was on the defensive against most people in camp as she wanted to live the thing down. I got to be good friends with her although she did not know much about my sister and I did not volunteer to tell her.

"My opinion of the Nisei got worse and worse. I thought that they were narrow and conservative and always worried about what other people said about them so that they could not use their own

minds. I did not think that they were American enough and the camp got more and more of the Japanesy influence. The liberal Nisei could ~~not~~ not do much against it because the bulk of the Nisei did not care about it anyway and they were not willing to come out and oppose the Issei like they should have done. For this reason the Issei and the Kibei got stronger and braver and they tried to dominate ~~ag~~everything. Many of the Nisei were bitter so that they took in everything that was told to them and they lost hope.

"The December 7, 1942 riot brought out the ~~w~~weakness of the Nisei. The trouble with them was that they were all divided into narrow cliques. The pro-Japan groups in camp used this incident to try and dominate everything. Many of the Nisei liberals were put on the blacklist. I was on it too because of my associations with the ~~Free Press~~ Free Press group. The other Nisei in camp were still superficial and they were not concerned about the real problems facing them.

"The cause of the riot was that the pro Japan group were threatening the Jacl leaders and other liberal Nisei. The real start of it was when the United Citizens Federation was started. When I went to the meetings I noticed that when any Nisei stood up for America there were many boos. Some of the leaders were threatened and told to stop the talking about Ameriaa. There were other reasons why certain of the leaders were disliked. They SAID that Togo Tanaka was out for personal glory all the time, but I think that they thought he was doing some undercover work and they did not like some of the things he had written in the newspaper before the ~~the~~ evacuation. The threats against Fred

Tayama was more personal. Everyone in camp knew that he did not have a good record before the war. He had a chain of restaurants and he cheated his workers and exploited them. He also accepted money for advice given as a Jacl official and the people wanted revenge. There were other like Tokie Slocum who talked too much and he deserved to be beaten although he was pro-America. All of these personal grudges were govered up under the issue of pro America versus pro Japan. It was a bitter feeling and things were bound to happen anytime. The San Pedro group had been passing death threats around and they were well organized as a very bitter gang.

"The camp was ready for the riot because everybody was dissatisfied with camp life. I first heard of the riot when the rumor spread around that Fred Tayama had been attacked in his house and seriously injured. There was a rumor that a mob was going to the hospital to kill him. The mob started to go after all of the people that were marked like Tokie Slocum and Togo Tanaka. They tore many of the apartments apart~~ment~~ and slashed the furniture. Then it started for the Administration building where they heard that some of the Nisei on the black list were hiding. the MP's were stationed there and they warned the crowd to stay back. By this time there were a lot of curious people around.

"There were some in the crowd who dared the MP's to shoot and they called them names. The MP's were very nervous and when the crowd started to advance again they shot ~~into~~ into it. This broke them up but innocent bystanders were shot. There were seven shot and three of these died. I was one block away when I heard the shots so I got afraid and I went right home. Later the rumor went around that the boys were shot in

the back. The people got very angry at this. Martial law was declared and the schools were shut down and the soldiers stayed in the camp for about a month. There was a great deal of simmering anger underneath although on the surface things got quiet. Secret meetings were held and there was an organized plan to get all of the Inu. There were a couple of beatings at night.

"In some way the administration got ahold of a list of the Pro America Nisei who were marked on the blacklist and it decided to take these people out right away for their safety. I was on the blacklist because of my associations with some of the liberals. We had about one-half San Pedro Japanese in our block and they were very pro Japan, even the Nisei. One day I went to the mess hall and somebody grabbed me and called me an Inu and then ran. I was shocked by this. They would whisper it all the time so that Dad got worried about me. My girl friends were also on the blacklist and one of the mothers objected to me because she thought it was my fault. They would sneak over to my house to see me. One of the girls clashed a lot with her mother who wanted her to change to the majority stand. She was inclined to be extremely pro-^{Japan}~~America~~ while her daughter was extremely proAmerica.

"The WRA started to take the prominent leaders who had been threatened out to the CCC camp in death valley for their protection and then to resettle them. Some of the ~~xxxxxxx~~ Nisei volunteered to go there because they said that they had received threats too. I was given a chance to go there, but I did not want to leave my mother behind and I did not think that there was any immediate danger for me. I decided to wait in camp as I felt that I would

be leaving soon anyway. I had applied for a leave clearance in September and I felt that it was coming soon. [Most of my friends were taken out to the CCC camp.] There was only one girl friend left of the group so that we stuck together from then on. I was not frightened as I had never been conspicuous.

"The pro Japan feeling overshadowed the personal grudges once the riot got started. The Issei were very bitter because of the "murdered boys" and they wanted revenge. They wanted Japan to win the war as they said that the Japanese would never get justice in this country. The extreme ones said that they would get their revenge when the Japanese Army occupied the White House. Most of them felt that the Japanese were going to win the war and there was a lot of propaganda passed around about this time. It was the first anniversary of Pearl Harbor so that some of the pro Japan group secretly celebrated it.

"The smarter Issei kept in the background. My parents did not say anything. My father said that he was not going to take any side as he did not know what it was all about. He said that I should be for America because I was a citizen. Many of the parents tried to make the Nisei feel that they were Japanese and that they had no future in this country. Many of the Nisei believed this and they became even more discouraged. Most of the Issei were from Japan and their hearts were for it so that they either tried to convince the Nisei or they kept quiet. Some of the strike leaders were Issei although many of them were Kibei. Most of them were from the San Pedro bunch. There was one war veteran, named Ben, who was also a strike leader and pro Japan.

"The San Pedro people had been carrying a grudge for a

long time. They had been very bitter because at the time of evacuation they had only one day to settle their affairs and they lost most of their belongings. Many of the innocent Issei men had been interned because they were fishermen. They had to move voluntarily and most of them went to Los Angeles where they had a hard time before the evacuation finally did come. All of these things mounted up and they struck when they had the change.

"It was a great shock to me to find out all these things. I was always proAmerica and I had taken it for granted. I could not understand how the Nisei could get so bitter as to turn against the United States. It did not seem possible that they could give it up so easily because in most things they acted pretty Americanized. I began to wonder if they really had taken in all the propaganda that was taught to them in the language school. I knew that the Nisei tended to be conservative, but not that conservative. When they started to think about what they were doing many of them changed their minds and decided that their future was in this country after all. I was not in camp during the registration, but I heard how many of the young Nisei were influenced to take a choice for Japan. I could not understand how their parents could do such a thing to them. I could understand how the Issei felt, but I did not think that they would ever ^{go} to such extreme means as to riot. The Japanese have always been quiet and law abiding. Maybe they had reasons for going beyond the boiling point. The shooting of the boys had aroused many tempers to fever pitch.

"The Kibei were never liked by the Nisei. I remember that it was almost a social sin to associate with them before the war.

I did not know any kibeis before I went to camp. I met a few of the liberal Kibeis like Carl Yoneda at Manzanar and I was impressed that he was more Americanized than most of the Nisei. He was very active in politics. But in Manzanar I began to hear how most of the Kibeis were very pro Japan. I met one of them, Henry Mittwer. He was an Eurasian and he seemed nice enough to know. But he had been educated in Japan so that he was for them. He even changed his name to Suzuki. He must have changed his mind when the registration came because he is now resettled with his wife whom he married a few months ago. Most of the Kibeis did not change, but they stuck to their pro Japan beliefs right through. They also had a contempt for the Nisei and they wanted to get them. I heard that they were the ones who were always agitating and stirring up trouble in the camp. I did not know any of them so that I did not hate them. I only felt sorry for them as they were so stupid to think that they could overthrow the United States. Many of them must have been fanatics. Some of my friends told me that the Kibeis were more pro Japan than the Issei and I could believe that after the riot.

"I felt even more sorry for the Nisei although I wavered between dislike and pity. The only Nisei I knew very well were very pro-America and I just assumed that all of the Nisei were like that until I found out differently in a short time. I would hear snatches of conversation among Nisei and they sounded like they hated America for what had been done to them. Most of the Nisei did not even go that far; they just stayed in the rut. The liberal pro America Nisei tried to win over all of the Nisei to take a strong stand, but they failed because the Nisei as a whole did not care for serious problems and they left them alone.

"Often the liberal Nisei did not even have the support of the administration. Naturally they were angry too when some of the innocent Nisei were shot during the riot. They did not think that the administration took drastic enough action against the pro Japan group and they did not give enough protection to the Nisei who were outspoken in their belief for this country. At the same time there was a lot of crooked business in camp politics. Even among the Nisei there were factions who fought for control of the camp government. Many of the liberal Nisei did not like the JACL and there was conflict between them.

"On top of all this there was a lot of crooked business in the administration before the WRA took over so that there was cause for a lot of the bitter feeling. When the WCCA was in charge of Manzanar, the Free Press was heavily censored and the liberal Nisei were not even ~~xx~~ allowed to educate the other Nisei at times. All of the strong editorials for America seemed to be censored. There were so many restrictions put on the 'Free Press' that most of the best Nisei quit it and went into something else.

"I don't know if the paper could have changed the Nisei much anyway. Most of them did not think much and like me they wanted fun. The dances, dates and right clothes were more important to them than any of these vague political issues. We can't all be smart. I was a little more fortunate as I was exposed to the thought of the more liberal Nisei and made conscious of things. The majority of the Nisei took things for granted and they did not think too seriously. It was too much of a headache to do that and it was more pleasant to go visit with friends and have social relaxation. Besides most of the Nisei had not any background in these things so that they

could not find answers to any problems. They had been irresponsible before the war and their parents did most of the serious thinking. That was a great mistake because the Issei still did much of the thinking for the Nisei in camp and it was the wrong kind of thinking for young people to have. It was a bitter and defeatist approach. I don't know if I am making myself clear as I am mixed up myself and I don't know too much about these things although I want to learn.

"The morale of the camp dropped way down. I heard many rumors about girls going wild and not ~~care~~ caring about anything anymore. But it was mostly the fault of the fellows. They were the ones who tried to throw aside the established conventions and they convinced many of the girls to give in to them. I heard that some of the girls got pregnant and there was a lot of loose conduct among the Nisei. They were in a rut and they did not care. If they tried to think about it, it seemed hopeless anyway. They really could not see much of a future and they figured that they should live while they had a chance. Other Nisei just tried to carry on their normal lives that they were living before the war and they did not think that camp made any difference at all. They wanted all their former clubs and stress upon social activities brought to camp just like they were before. Even the church group were the same way. They just continued right on in a new setting, but with the same old things. Tomomasa used to say that they were unthinking because they could not see that their ^{private} worlds had crashed around their ears at the time of Pearl Harbor and they were not awake to the fact that the world had changed although they had restless feeling occasionally. They tried to deny the existence of the obvious.

["As the days had gone by and the novelty of the camp wore off, I got more and more unhappy at the camp life although I don't know exactly why. It was many things. The camp was not like what I had hoped it would be. The people could not stop their dirty gossiping tongues and they talked more than ever about my sister. They did not have anything else to talk about. They also talked about my family. They said that mother was stuck up and that she thought she was too good for the rest of the people.] She spoke better Japanese than the other people in the block and they thought that she was trying to show off.

"Although Mother did not like camp life, she took it as gracefully as she could and she tried to adjust herself. Dad was better adjusted than any of us because he had gone into the art work right away and concentrated on that. For a while he headed the art department. The people began to recognize how good he was. When Dad became director of the art department, he did not think that he was capable for the job. He wanted to spend most of his time painting so that he gave it up. He was commissioned to do paintings for the government which he is now doing at the \$19.00 a month WRA salary. Dad is keeping the best paintings to give to me someday. He is happy in camp because he is doing what he always wanted to do. Mother is still trying to make her adjustments. She had not made many friends there as she keeps more to herself. She does not care for Japanese society. She got along without it for many years when we were living in Texas. If the people would not gossip so much, I think that mother would like it a lot better in camp. When they leave there, they are not going into any other Japanese community. They would rather be apart from the Japanese as they know how harmful rumors can be.

① "I started to think of resettlement almost from the first. Things became so hard that I wanted to get away from all of it and start over. One old woman spread it around that my sister was in a reform school for her misbehavior. She said that we had left Texas because my sister had had an affair with a Negro and that my father was a failure and only posing as an artist. These things hurt me deeply. The women gossiped a lot in the shower room and in the laundry and they were always telling the worst about everybody. I knew that if I stayed there, things would get more and more miserable. The Japanese never come out in the open but they talk behind your back and you can't do much about it. You try to ignore them but still they keep it up.

② "In September 1942 a WRA man came to Manzanar and he started to interview for resettlement. I had been thinking of applying for Student Relocation, but I did not think that I could go to school for a while as I did not want to rely on my father's money. His future was more uncertain than mine and he would need all of his money as there was only a little income coming in. I decided to go out and get a permanent job so I went and made an application with the WRA man. Dad was in favor of the plan as he did not think I was getting anything out of camp and he thought I could go to school after I worked a short time. Mother did not want me to go out all alone as she was afraid that something would happen to me. She thought that it was dangerous for a young girl to go out all alone. She argued that a Junior College was going to open soon in Manzanar and I could go there and also keep up with my music work at the same time. But I could not get over the uncomfortable feeling so I wanted to get out and nothing could stop me. Mother finally gave in and gave her approval.

③

"It took a long time for the release clearance to come through~~k~~. After the riot in December, I was more than ever convinced that I should go out since my friends had all been taken out. Some of them had volunteered into the language school of the Intelligence service at Camp Savage. It was these Nisei who could have given me something of value in camp and when they left Manzanar did not hold anything for me. When I had put in my application in September I did not know what kind of work I could do so that I decided to do domestic work as that was the only way I could save money. In my application I had asked that a piano be in the home so that I could practice.

"Mrs. Borzage had been keeping in touch with me all along. She wrote to me at least once a week. I asked her for a recommendation so that I could go out and she wrote to the FBI. She thought that she could help me resettle as she had a friend in Chicago, Mrs. Bennett, who could possibly hire me in her home. Mrs. B. also offered to lend me some money so that I could go to school. I did not feel that I could do this.

"I don't know why I picked out Chicago to resettle there. I knew that I did not want to go to Salt Lake or Denver as there were too many Japanese there. My best friend had gone to Chicago before the evacuation and she wrote that the job prospects were good for Nisei girls there. I decided to go there because it was the biggest city I could go to. I had another good friend in New York, but the area was still closed to me.

"Finally in January my clearance came through, and the WRA office in Chicago wrote and said that I could get a domestic position with Mrs. H. Bowes in Wrennetka. I wrote to her for the details, and I also wrote to Mrs. Borzage telling her that I was

going to take the job. Mrs. Borzage wired to Mrs. Bennett in Chicago right away and asked her to investigate the job. She then phoned and talked to Mrs. Bowes. The next day Mrs. Bennett phoned to Los Angeles and told her that Mr. Bowes was a reputable ~~taxer~~ lawyer and the working conditions were good. Mrs. Borzage phoned me at Manzanar and said that the job was alright to take. The following day Mr. Bowes phoned me from Chicago and he said that he would like me to come out and he offered me the money for transportation. Mrs. Borzage wired again and she said that she had put a \$100.00 War Bond in my safety deposit box as a birthday present. All that money that went for phone calls and wires across the country would have been enough to pay for my salary for a year! I took the Bowes job and prepared to leave.

"I tried to arrange it so that I could go by way of Los Angeles so that I could go see Mrs. Borzage, but this could not be done. She wrote and said that if I ever needed money to let her know right away and to call her in case of trouble. He said that her home would be open to me after the war. She has been a good friend to me all the way through and I owe her a lot. If I ever go back to Los Angeles to do domestic work, I will only work for her.

"I left Manzanar on January 29, 1943. I felt awful the day I left. It was much harder than when I left Los Angeles to be evacuated. I was with my family then, but this time I would be going without them. Mother looked very forlorn and she took my departure hard. I felt sad at leaving her as I did not know when I would see my parents again. But I had to get out of the camp atmosphere because it was almost unbearable by that time. The army registration had just been announced and the people were all getting excited once more. When I left all of my piano

came down to say goodbye to me. It was a hard struggle to leave at the last moment. There were certain things about Manzanar that I regretted to leave when the time came. In a way it did offer me security and I would not have to worry about many of the problems of living. There were also other things that I had a fond memory of. I was even willing to overlook all of the faults of the people. It was an experience that I could look back on.

"As soon as the bus left Manzanar for Reno, I started to look forward. I did not have much of a feeling at all except that I knew vaguely that I was now a free person. I did not worry at all that any harm would come to me although some of the Issei women told my mother that it was very dangerous for a girl to be traveling alone. There were several other Nisei who were leaving camp with me. When I got out of sight of Manzanar, I think I was glad to leave it behind me and to shake its dust from me.

"When we got on the train at Reno, I sat with Dr. Mitani. I could not avoid that as it was the only empty seat. I did not want to talk to him but I could not do that. We had clashed several times in the music school. He thought I was too fresh and I thought he was too self important. At first we talked out of politeness. By the time we got to Ogden I discovered that he was not such a bad guy and that he liked me. He was bald and I was fat so that we ribbed each other by the time we were on the train a few hours. We forgot all about our past grudges.

"I had planned to go to Salt Lake from Ogden in order to see my sister, but I was not able to do this. Another girl was planning to go to Salt Lake also so we got off the train together.

we could not get any hotel accomodations to stay over that night in Ogden. There was one hotel open but it was very expensive. The other girl was a stingy thing and she said that she was going on to Chicago as it was not that important to go to Salt Lake. She never spent a nickel unless she weighed it over carefully in her mind and that irritated me. I phoned my sister in Salt Lake and she said that she had no place to put me up and that the hotels were crowdded so I finally decided to go on. The next train going through to Chicago was due in two hours and I tried to get the other girlx to take a pullman, but she refused. It was not that she could not afford it, but she did not think it was worth the extra money. I didn't want to travel alone so I stayed with her and we got on the next coach train to Chicago.

"It was a stuffy old train and it was full of soldiers. I was annoyed with the other girl because she not only stingy, but she was untidy and she smelled. She was very pretty though. In a short time, the soldiers began to speak to us and she flirted with them. There was one drunk sailor on the car and he kept asking Miya a lot of questions and she encouraged him. I think that she was just dumb. That night about 1:00am Miya woke me up with a nudge and I saw the sailor bending over her getting fresh. Miya was so scared that she could not move and she didn't even push his hands away from her ~~her~~ legs. I told him to get away or I would tell the conductor. I got up to go after the conductor and he grabbed me by the breast. I broke away and started to go after the conductor and the drunk sailor chased me. I ran through three cars and he finally caught me between cars and put his hands over my mouth and started to tear at my clothes. I was so scared that I pushed him away and started to scream. The conductor

finally came and pulled the drunken fool away. He was angry so that he started to yell that I was a god damn Jap whore. I had not even talked to him before. The sailor had been very rough with me so that an MP came and took him. I did not realize fully until later that the sailor meant to attack me when he ripped my blouse. Another MP escorted me back to my seat and he said that I could prosecute the sailor. ~~But~~ I was furious at Miya because it was her fault that the sailor got ~~fresh~~ fresh. He was sitting in the seat very scared when I got back. Three other sailors came up to me and asked me not to press charges as they said their friend was drunk and that he was just returning from the South Pacific and that this was his first furlough. I did not want to be the cause of the sailor getting into trouble any more so I told the MP that I had no charges. They put the sailor on another train when we stopped at Omaha.

"I gave Miya a lecture and said that it was her fault because she had encouraged the sailor. She was just naive and she thought that she had to be nice to the sailors and soldiers for the sake of giving them a good impression of the Nisei. One thing I did notice was that not one soldier did anything to chase the drunk sailor away. They could not have slept that quietly. The civilians did not want to come to our rescue because they did not want to interfere with the service either. The rest of the trip was very calm.

"I got to Chicago on January 31. Mr. Bowes had been waiting five hours for me. It was late afternoon so that he helped to get Miya to her place of work. I told him that I wanted to look up my girlfriend and that she had invited me over for the night. He told me to take the weekend off and to get rested up so that I

could start work on the following morning.

"Miyako had come to Chicago the previous year and she had never been evacuated so that she knew the city and most of the Nisei there at that time. She came down to the station with some friends and they took me to dinner. We talked until late that night telling each other everything. The next day I met about 20 or 30 Nisei who came over to Miyako's place. It was on the near north side and as they did not have anything else to do they would wander over. A lot of Nisei soldiers used to come over but they stopped coming so much when the other Nisei from the camps started to come out. It was at this place I met most of the Nisei I know now, but I don't particularly care for them. Miyako has a piano in her apartment and I know that she uses ~~me~~ me to play it for her friends, but I don't mind.

"On the following Monday I went up to Waukegan by train. It is about 20 or 30 miles from the Loop. As soon as I got there, Mr. and Mrs. Bowes made me feel very much at home and they did a lot to make me contented. I was never happy out there. It was the environment and not my employers as they treated me well. I just did not like it. They wanted me to do too much work. I had to do all the cooking, laundry, taking care of baby and cleaning the house. I was only getting \$18.00 a week and doing about three times the amount of work I did for Mrs. Barzage. Out here I have found out that they expect you to do way more work in a domestic job than in California. I guess it is because they can hire negro help so cheaply. In a matter of a few weeks I began to resent the job, but I had made a bargain to stay until Fall and I wanted to live up to it as the Bowes had been kind to me. It was the work that I resented. I never did expect to do

so much laundry. None of it was sent out. I had to wash seven shirts a week, sheets, towels, personal clothes for two adults and two children, and curtains every week. I also had to iron allof these things. I was working over 10 hours a day and that is too much for this kind of work. I was not entirely settled in mind either so that little things began to irritate me.

It was better than camp, but I was not satisfied with things. I had inner disburbances and I had vagues feelings of unrest. I just don't knowwhat it was.

"I planned to save about \$300.00 by the fall and then go to school. I was making about \$82.00 a month clear. But I was not happy there so I spend a lot of my money for this and that. Another thing was that they did not have a good practice so that I could not practive and I felt that I lost out a lot. I wanted to go on with my music so that I could make my mother proud of me. But I just let things drift. I can't under stand why. I was still mixed up and the days went by rapidly. Some days I was very happy in the job and others I felt depressed. I had nobody I could really talk these things over with. I came downto Chicago to see Miyako about once a week, but some weeks I did not go down. I didn't go down because I was lonesome or to see other Nisei there. I just happened to be going down, that's all."

(In looking through Miyako's guest book, writer found that Yasuko had been a visiter some 30 timesx in six month, which is an average of once weekly. Miyako stated that it was probably because she was lonesome and she wanted to meet some Nisei boys. Yasuko is not entirely clear on why she came to see Miyako so many times except that she was a friend and it was convenient.)

"When I left my position with Mrs. Bowes, after six months of work, I had only saved \$15.00. I don't know what happened to my money. It just went I guess. I did not keep a close check on my money. You know how it is, I was let loose after a long confinement in camp and there were a lot of things I wanted to make up for. Gosh, I can't remember what I did with my money. I have an expensive taste and I did buy some clothes, but I think it is more practical in the long run to get good clothes because they last a lot longer, don't you.

"Well, I did loan \$50.00 to a friend. (At this point, Yasuko was very hesitant about telling her financial condition. After a little coaxing, she came out with the true story of the 'loan.') I loaned the money to a Nisei boy. He was down on his luck and he wrote me and said that he was passing through. I knew him from Los Angeles and I felt sorry for him. He was going around with Kiyoko for a while and he was very serious about her. Kiyoko had just used him. She borrowed a lot of money from him and took some too. He had a couple of IOU's, one for \$50.00 and another for more. I felt sorry for him because he did not get a very good deal from my sister. He wrote and asked if I could pay the \$50.00 IOU as he did not want to send it to my folks. I did not want my folks to have this unpleasant experience and since I was making pretty good money, I decided to settle this debt as my sister would never do it. Then I did think that I could repay him a bit for some of the things my sister had made him go through, so I gave him the \$50.00. You think I did the right thing, don't you? It was the least that I could do. I also

sent a little money to Kiyoko in Salt Lake as she was having a difficult time for a while when her baby was being born. On top of that, I lost about \$20.00 through sheer carelessness. I did not get the change for \$10.00 once and another time I lost some money on the L. I have never been used to taking care of my own money as Dad did that for me and I just spent what I had on hand. It is just a bad habit I guess.

"Miyako thinks that I squander my money; maybe I do, but I don't think so. When you do domestic work, you have to have some pleasure, don't you. I only came down to Chicago about four times a month. I bought a few books, and I spent quite a bit on the concerts at Ravinia. I like good music and this ^{was} one of my real pleasures. I met another girl who was doing domestic work in Winnetka and she used to be a music student at the University of Washington so that we went together. All of these things take money, you know. I don't think that I squandered it although I suppose I should have saved a little more. When I went down to Miyako's this month after quitting my job, I had to borrow \$5.00 from her so I could have enough to go around and look for the job, and I needed a little until my first payday."

(Yasuko is a little mixed up about why she spends her money so readily. In one breath she admits that it was because she was bored and lonely and the next she states that it was for things that she needed. It is true that she had purchased a lot of good clothes. Her explanation is that her mother taught her to have good taste. In one of her unguarded moments she did admit that she put a lot of stress on buying good

because it made some of the other Nisei girls more envious. She also implied that it covered up her weight to get good clothes on and it gave her a certain amount of pleasure to be flattered for her good taste in clothes. Yasuko often serves as an unofficial advisor to some of the girls in her social group on clothes matters and this gives her a certain amount of prestige and status. Mention has already been made of her willingness to give away clothes which she has just purchased. This is particularly true for the girls who give her excess flattery on her clothes taste. Writer has the opinion that all of this has a close relationship to her feelings of inadequacy at times and she tries to cover up by the obvious method of clothes. Yasuko has also given hints that this is some of the cause although she will not fully admit it. Her defense is that she does not know much about the clothes problems of a girl.

Sometimes Yasuko pays a Nisei girl to put up a hem for her on one of her expensive new suits. This serves two purposes. She can show off the good quality of the suit; she indicates in this way that she is not used to fixing her own clothes as she was well off before; and finally it gives her some sort of gratification to be 'paying' to get her suit fixed.

Another ~~xxxxx~~ explanation for the lack of any savings is that she was lonely. She did not have any particular reason for coming down to Chicago, but she wanted to visit her Nisei friends, also knowing that there would be other Nisei around visiting at the same time.

The 30 or more trips that she made to Chicago itself is a considerable expenditure in fares. When she was in an extreme hurry she would take a taxi.

An example of her financial extravagance was on August 26, the day it rained. She was staying over with Miyako that night and when it was time to go to work in the morning, she did not have an umbrella. She had only a \$7.50 check which her father had sent to her. She called a taxi and went down to Marshall Field's where she bought a \$5.00 umbrella. Then she would have taken another taxi to go out to the South side, but she did not have enough money.

Because of her inability to save any money, Her tentative plans to continue on to college has been disrupted. Yasuko is not too concerned about her financial problems.)

"I did not enjoy my work at Bowes, although my employers were of the best. In my work I got up at 7 in the morning and worked until 8. It was a full day of work. There was a great deal of housecleaning to do. Another reason why I did not like the work was that it was out too far. I did not have too much recreation. I did not go to Church and I did not belong to any clubs. Besides, reading and going to the concerts, I listened to sympathy programs on the radio a lot. Once in a while I listened to the University of Chicago Round Table Discussions. I went to a few plays in 'town' but I did not go to very many movies. When I did go, it was usually to an Evanston movie house.

"There were about 30 Nisei girls working up in Winnetka, but I only got to know one of them. They all looked

me up but I was not interested in them. I had enough friends that I met at Miyako's and I did not care to know too many Nisei unless they had the same interests that I did.

"I would have quit sooner as I was getting more and more dissatisfied but I had made a bargain to stay until Fall. Then this month~~s~~ they wanted me to go to Minnesota with them~~x~~ for their vacation. I was getting to the point that I could not stand the four year old child anymore so I used this as an excuse to quit. It screamed a lot and got on my nerves. Then they were not sure of what they were going to do when they came back from their vacation. They thought that they would move to a smaller house and take in a sister in law and her children. The husband of this woman was going into the Army. They also thought of bringing in their parents. I figured that it would be too much work if all these people were added so I asked them if I could be released from the bargain. I was so unhappy that I would have quit even if they did not agree.

"I went to Miyako's apartment with the intention of staying a week to rest up before looking for a new job. She said that I was down there so much that I might as well move in. I thought that this was a good idea. I longed for some sense of security and the apartment could be home to me. It did not cost much to share the rent and I would have had to pay that much anyway to store some of my things. (\$3.00 per week.) I was not sure that it would work because Miyako is temperamental. I knew that I would have to make concessions to keep the peace. I knew that we would clash if I did not give in. I would have

to be the one to get up early and do the work." Yasuko ~~was~~[?] is a queen. She always has an alibi to stay up late and then not want to get up in the morning. She ~~says~~ says that it is insomnia, but it is from going out on dates too much. I didn't want to be too much under her dominance. She is sophisticated and worldly and sometimes she makes me feel as if I am her maid. But I want to stay with her as she is the only one that I know well and I like her. She is interesting~~x~~ and also Americanized. I can also meet interewting people there. I don't particularly care for them, but it is interesting for the time. Some of the fellows that go there are interesting to talk to. There is usually somebody over there, as many as 10 or 20 on weekends. They all think that they are sophisticated, but I don't think that many of them really are intellectually inclined although they like to give that impression. We rarely talk about real serious things in our conversations.

"The chief reason I like to go over there is that I don't feel secure and the apartment is a place I can go to on my days off. I can call it home and do what I please. You value a place like this when you are doing domestic work.

"When I first went to stay with Miyako, I was thinking of getting an office job, but I wasn't trained so I started to look for a light domestic job or else to take care of babies. I felt that if I did this, it would give me more time to catch up on my reading. I never have been particularly interested in current events, but I would like to delve more into this now. It will make me understand a lot of things better and maybe I won't be so mixed up.

I really want to learn new things. I know that if I live with Miyako, I will have little time for that as she is more socially minded. Sometimes she can be cruel in her teasing and I want to be able to match her on some things also. I would like people to know me personally and not let others speak for me. I am not half as tempermental as Miyako says I am. She gives people the impression that I am giddy because artistic people are expected to be that way, but that is not true. I am never completely myself over there. I have met a number of intelligent people through Miyako before so I do owe her a great deal.

(In many ways Yasuko is very individualistic, but at the same time she is not sure of herself. She tends to cling to a dependency role with Miyako so that she will not have to make her own decisions completely. At the same time, she is struggling to keep her spirit of independence but she is bewildered by new crises~~es~~ that develop and she can not face them alone. She would rather have Miyako's moral support and tolerate her other relationships with her than to make a clean break and strike out on her own. At the same time, she covers up very cleverly so that Miyako is unaware of the main problems which bother Yasuko. The writer has been to Miyako's apartment and seen the attempts of Yasuko from becoming completely submerged under Miyako's more dominant character. Yasuko is not willing to make a complete break from all Nisei ~~ties~~ ties as she is still in the process of seeking her way out of the complex problems which she faces, many of them purely psychological.)

"After I was with Miyako a few days, I started to look

for a job. I did not go to the WRA and the Friends Service Committee as there were plenty of domestic jobs listed in the classified sections of the newspapers. I scanned the papers and did most of my interviewing by phone. I know of some Nisei girls who ask before they start the interview, 'Do you mind hiring a Japanese American?' but I don't tell them until the end of the phone interview. I think that as far as domestic jobs are concerned, there are plenty of choices and I am the one in the better bargaining position now. I just tell them what I want and if they can not meet it, I try some other place.

"When I called Mrs. Bazalan, she sounded very desperate. It sounded like a fairly good offer so that I came out to see her. At first she only offered \$18.00 a week and I wanted \$22.00 a week for being a governess for her two children. We compromised on \$20.00 a week, plus board and room. I asked her if there was a piano that I could practice upon and she said that I could use the one in the next apartment as she knew the woman well. I decided to take the job as Mrs. Bazalan was young, friendly and straightforward. I started the job a week ago. (August 20, 1943.) "

(The Bazalans are apparently an upper middle class family. Mr. Bazalan is a Federal Tax Lawyer. They are Jewish. They live in a fairly high class apartment house called the 'Jackson Towers.' It is 18 stories high and occupied 80% by Jewish families with good incomes. The Bazalan pays about \$250.00 a month for his apartment. It is on the 16th floor of the

building. The apartment occupys half of the floor. It is furnished in expensive taste. There is a Negro cook also employed by these people, but she assumes more of the servant role.

The Bazalans are apparently very liberal minded. During the first week that Yasuko was working there, the writer went to interview her. They were most interewted in the problems of the Nisei from the questions that were asked. Mr. Bazalan said that he did not know much about the Japanese before the war. Mrs. Bazalan was equally sympathetic. She is a wellesley graduate, and she has also done some gradutte work at the University of Chicago. Both has charming personalities, and Yasuko is treated much more as a member of the family than the Negro cook. They are interested in her personal problems and attempt to help out whenever they are able to. This is after only one week of work with them.

During the initial visit there was some diff- iculty about the interviewer using the main elevator instead of the service elevator. (see CK diary) Yasuko got extremely irritated over the incident and she took the matter to her employers. They graciously decided that Yasuko's friends could use the main elevator and informed the building manager of this. Mrs. Bazalan also talked to the elevator girl who had made the insulting remarks and obtained her ~~apologies~~ apologies. Mr. and Mrs. Bazalan both remarked that in many ways the Japanese problem was similar to the Jewish problem.)

Yasuko continues:

"My work here is fairly easy. I have exclusive charge of two children, six months and four years old. I do not do any of the housework. At present the baby is my main charge and I take it out to the park a lot. I am just like a personal nurse to them. At first I thought the baby was some sort of a freak as it had very funny sexual organs, but I am getting used to that now. The only thing that I have not liked about the job is that I have not been able to practice the piano once since I have been here. The baby takes up all my time and I am with it from 6:30 in the morning until 7:30 at night. I get Thursdays and occasional sundays off.

"At times I think the job will work out and at other times I feel like quitting. I have to sleep in the same room with the baby so that I do not have too much privacy. They let me use the living room a lot, but that is not like having your own private room. I think I will stay on until I decide definitely on what I am going to do with myself. One thing I like about the job is that they treat me like an equal and I have more freedom in spite of the fact that I am on call most of the day.

"I really do not know their true feelings towards me yet. They are kind and considerate, but I am still a bit wary. I don't know if it is because they are so desperate for help or because they really do have a personal interest in me. I am very conscientious about the children. I feel responsible for building up the body and character of the baby because it is entirely under my supervision.

"I want to take music lessons, but I don't know. From now

on I have to make my own living and do something that will be profitable and I don't think that music will pay me enough to live on. I am not that good at it. At the same time I feel that I owe it to my parents to follow through, but I am being lazy about it and I keep putting it to the back of my mind. I have some vague plans of taking music lessons this fall. I also want to take a business course to have something to fall back on. I think that I could do well in business as I create a good impression with people. I don't think that I will be a secretary, but it will be something in business. I can take music lessons at night and Saturday afternoons, but I really don't know what to do. Maybe I won't have time to do all this and work to. If I quit my job to go to school, I won't have anything to live on unless my parents send me the money and I don't think that I should be taking their money now as they need it for their future.

"I am at the point where I don't know what to do or what I want to do. I need to seek advice. But I think that I will try music for one more year and see what happens. But then there is the question that I have to make a living. I just don't know. Gosh, do I have to answer that now? I wish somebody would talk to me in two bit words and clarify things for me. I am interested in politics but I don't know how to go about studying about it. I need somebody who will talk to me about it. I just want to listen and absorb things. If I find out what it is all about, I may be better able to decide what I want for my own future. I don't like to give out my opinions when I am not sure about these things. Right now I am a little

twisted about everything and I have not tried to think too much about these things although I know that I should.

(The interviewer suggested that Yasuko attempt to list all the possibilities for the future in her choice of vocations. Then if she really wanted it bad enough, he suggested that she go ahead with it even if she had to make sacrifices. As for her political training, writer suggested the University of Chicago series of Forums, the Y racial relations discussions, various magazines, radio forums, and conversations with people. Yasuko has an ambivalence of feeling about her future job possibilities and it frightens her. She may take the easy way out and continue in domestic work unless encouraged otherwise. She has to know her own mind before anything can be done, and the most that the interviewer could do was to offer certain guides and then leave it up to her to make her own decisions. Yasuko has adopted a sort of wishful optimism about her economic future, but she is still in the state of muddled confusion as she is intelligent enough to realize that she has to be practical and not rely upon wishful thinking to work out her problems.)

"It is hard to know what I will be doing in the future. Five years from now, I would like to still be taking music lessons and doing an office job. I don't think I will be married by then. I don't crave boy friends to do necking with, but I just want plain friendships without all that petting. I always wanted a big brother. You can depend upon them and they help you with your troubles. It gives

you a more secure feeling. I think that the girls with big brothers have a much easier time in resettlement because they can get the benefit of their brother's experience and he helps them over the tough spots."

(Another manifestation of Yasuko's desire to have somebody else make the decisions for her.)

"I would never think of the idea of going to Japan after the war. My future is here. I could never be the nice ~~sweek~~ Japanese woman that they have in Japan. They could not send me to Japan anyway because I am a citizen. I have never thought much about the war and Japan. I don't think it means much to me. I don't care what happens to Japan. The only thing is that I would not want Japan to win the war. Once in a while I feel sorry for my grandmother in Japan and I wonder what happened to her and how does she feel about things. I can't hate the Japanese like the Americans want us to because I just don't think that it affects me that much. I have not any feeling for Japan and that is that. The War will be over one of these days and people will continue living. The war is not going to bring anything drastically different. Even if they get democracy, they will continue to live along the same old way.

"As for the Nisei future, I don't know. It looks black for them. It will be okay for me and others like me because I do have confidence when I meet the caucasians. Most of the Nisei don't feel sure of themselves and they are not assured that things will work out for them agreeably. They tend to feel inferior when they meet a caucasian, but I can meet them on any grounds. As for the Issei, I don't

know what will happen to them. They are so old that they will have to depend on the Nisei now. There is not much for them in the future because they are on their last legs and dying off. Some parents realize that the Nisei will have to command in the future so that they lean on their children more for decisions, but many of the parents still want to rule and they talk about going back to Japan and taking their Nisei children with them. The Nisei should not stand this.

"If the Japanese start coming out of the camps a lot, small Japanese towns will develop. The Issei can't talk English so well and the Nisei have been so clannish before. They have been all together in camp now for over a year and lost many of their former contacts with the caucasians. It is hard to start all over again. When they come out they will go where other nisei are. They don't have the guts to go off to another place and start on their own. They have to have other Japanese around. Then the Issei won't try to rededicate themselves. They think that they are better than the whites so that they won't try to assimilate. Also most of the Issei who came to this country are mediocre and they do not have the education to make a new start. They plod along and now it is too late as they are set in their ways and it would be too hard for them to start living a different way. It would be mean for the government to try to change them overnight because they would be very unhappy. They would rather be in camp among their friends than to go out where they do not see any of them and have to start from where they were when they first came to America.

"I can't understand why the Nisei are the way they

are. If I can realize certain things, they surely should be able to do the same. I do not see how they are going to assimilate. They are not cooperative enough. Only a small percentage will really assimilate, don't you think? Most of the Nisei talk about it and they want to do it, but they do not know how to go about it. They are too backward. I really don't know how they are going to turn out. I hate to think of them as hopeless, but that is the way it is beginning to look.

"It mixes me all up when I try to think about it. Some of the Nisei will never be able to assimilate because they do not have anything to offer and the caucasians won't even give them a notice. They won't mix anyway even if they are given the chance. WE will just have to see what happens and hope that they will be able to make the best of their chance now.

"As for my own family, I will have ~~xxxxxx~~ something to say about how they resettle. Dad will lean on me more and mom will follow him. She believes that her life is almost over anyway and so she should help me and not think about herself. I really do not know if I will go back to California, but I will have to go back to settle some of my Dad's business and take care of his paintings. I have a feeling that Dad may strike out on his own one of these days and then he will ask me to join them. I will have to go because they will need me as both of my parents will be a little bewildered when they come out. I don't think that they want to go where they will be lots of other Japanese around. My mother has already written and said that she would not go to either Denver or Salt Lake. ~~xx~~ She

wants to stay as far away from the other Japanese as she can as she is tired of hearing all of their dirty gossip. My parents don't seem to need the other Japanese as they have not lived much among them anyway. Dad has his painting and mother has Dad and that is enough for them. I don't know when they will want to actually resettle as it is only a vague thing yet. Dad is over 63 and it will be a little hard for him. I don't think that he has quite enough money to go out and retire. He is working on his painting in camp now and he is not tired of that yet.

"I am just living in the meantime, but it is not a dull existence. I may be on my own completely and my parents may not come out. That is hard to say. I have certain problems, but I don't think that I will have them all the time. Some people think that I have a sex problem, but I don't think about it. There are too many other things to think about than getting married. I am honest about sex and I can talk about it freely. It is a natural thing, but most of the Nisei girls think it is nasty and something that is not to be talked about it public. But in spite of this attitude, they are plenty curious. I am not shocked by the subject. Right now I do not have any actual desire for a sex experience. I think I know enough about it. I do not crave it because I didn't actually have the sex intercourse yet. I am not so hot blooded as some Nisei think. I want marriage, but I want the real thing when the time comes and not rush into it. I don't think that I ever had any real frustrations because someday I will meet somebody who will make me the ideal mate. If I don't get married, I will have my past life. As long as

I ~~am~~ being frank I might say that masturbation is not a problem with me now. It was for a while when I was a little younger. I first learned about it one night when I was going to the convent school. I noticed that the bed next to mine was shaking so I asked the girl what she was doing and she showed me. Every girl goes through that stage. Most of the fellows I knew were very open about sex so that they told me all about it and I never felt that it was nasty. I've often wondered what held me back from the actual intercourse. It may be that I thought of the pain. Kiyoko's experience proved to me that it was the wrong step to take. I heard once when I was in high school that once some girls had a sex experience, you may get sex mad all the time. I didn't want to take the chance and ruin my parents completely. I was even afraid of masturbation because it gave pleasure and the nuns in the convent told me to watch out for pleasureable things or else it may overcome you. This always stuck with me.

"The sex element is still with me as I think I am a normal girl, but I don't masturbate anymore. I think about sex occasionally and sometimes I dream about it. But I don't read all of those mush love stories. When I was working in Los Angeles I got to read some of those secret sex books and I was not shocked by some of the things that are done.

"I think that the Nisei boys are very much sexually alive. The girls are the same way, but they are careful to hold back because they know what gossip can do. They just tantalize the fellows and some of them tease the boys along without knowing what they are doing. I can ~~ix~~

understand how the boys feel when the temptation is put up to themx and they are awakened. They had more time to think about these things in camp as there was not very many releases. In Los Angeles the Nisei boys used to go to prostitutes a lot, but they acted very secret about it. I don't condemn them for going to prostitutes. If there were no houses, I would not be a virgin now. At the same time, I would be wary of a Nisei who went to a house because of the venereal disease danger.

"It was pretty well known in Manzanar that a lot of relations were going on between the Nisei. The fellows had to have it and they found plenty of girls who gave in. In Manzanar, the girls gave in easier than before. I remember one night I almost gave in and I had to keep a strong hold on myself. You almost get tired of being asked and begged. That was all the Nisei boys could think about.

"I think that the Nisei girls on the whole did not give in because most of them were afraid of sex althoughx they were curious about it. They hate to admit it, but I used to hear some of them talk in the showers and other places. Out here the Nisei girls are worried about not getting married and they have to be more careful than before. They get lonesome and when they fall for a boy they want to hold him so they may slowly give in. It is hard to refuse if you love a person. I feel that when I get married there will be no more problems of this sort so I just do not worry about it. There will be somebody who will care for me and then I will get married. It may be a Nisei and it may be a caucasian.

"Another of my worries, I suppose is my weight, but I don't let it get me down. I feel that I can be conceited enough divert any teasing to my other talents like music and my personality which gets me by. I don't know why I gained so much weight. I know that I overeat and I do get to be a habit. I have tried to diet but I am weak. I eat at odd hours and I don't know why. Maybe it is from too much worry. I know that I started to eat a lot when I got annoyed with Kiyoko. I haven't met anyone yet who has made me really want to be slim and nice looking.

"I think that I will be slim eventually. It is too much work to go on a diet. I took some pills once and it helped me to lose weight, but as soon as I stopped I started to gain once more. Now I don't believe too much in reducing diets. I just think that I will lose weight one of these days. It may be glandular, but I don't think it is exactly that. I am thinking of going to see a doctor soon to see if it is my weight.

"It annoys me when people who I don't exactly admire or respect makes comments about my figure. When I respect a person, I realize that there is a tendency to kid occasionally, but they accept me for what I am. I think I will keep on learning as I grow older and then a figure will not be that important. It won't prevent my marriage although it might. The person I want will have to be big and not superficial in mind like most of the Nisei who think that looks is the only desirable thing that they want for their mates. That is a little childish and it only shows that they have not grown up yet. These things will not be important to the person I marry.

"I still think about whether I am going to marry a caucasian or a Nisei. I still am not over Marty, although I do not think that I will go back to him. We were quite intimate although we never went to bed together. I've often wonderree what it would really have been like if I had gone all the way with him. Nobody whuld have known about it. I know that I should be tthingking of the future and not these past things.

"Another of my problems is what iam I going to do with Kiyoko and the baby. I have thought of bringing them out here but I do not know if that will tbe the wisest thing for me. I know that I will not get along if Kiyoko lived with me, but I am thinking more of the baby. This feeling comes and goes. I don't know what makes me even worry about them. I should be more worried about my own problems. Kiyoko knows how to get around and take care of herself, but I just feel sorry for her baby. Kkyoko won't be able to run around all the time now that she has a child to consider. I don't want her to be bothering my parents any more. She has done enough harm to them.

"There are a lot of things that I do not understand. I don't know why it should be that Kiyoko should hurt me so deeply. It is possible to hate one's relatives as much as you would hate a non-relative. I don't think that it is blood that makes me think of her or any family tie. Maybe I pity her. Maybe it is because I might have been in her place, and I feel that I rose above it. But it wrenches me when I hear things about my sister. I have a lot of things to live down and I don't want to unnecessarily

antagonize people. If I do that they will spread more gossip.

"Sometimes I think that I should stop to analyze myself. I have to be honest with myself and face the facts. Right now I am very mixed up in many things, but it will clear up eventually and I will be able to see things in the true light. I want to be respected as an individual and it is necessary that I take stock right now before there is a danger that I go to pieces. I have to do it myself with some advice from people who are in a position to help me. If I can get some helpful suggestions, I know that I will not have any more problems.

"It will be hard work and I could not depend on anything like religion. Everybody has problems in his life and they overcome them so I can do the same. It will not be by religion as I know the Catholic religion and it is a farce to me. It make the people sin all the more and then lie about it in church. There is too much hoping going on these days through religion. If you are going to solve anything, you have to do it yourself. I have lost my faith in religion. Maybe there is something to it, but I don't believe it now. I have not reached my highest points of aspiration yet. It will be hard to reach, but I will keep on working towards it. The most important thing is that I work with this in mind. Music plays a big part in my life. Sometimes when I get in an emotional mood, I go play the piano and this gives me release. I have not been able to do this out here.

"I am trying to expand myself now and try to understand the bigger things of life, but I am not making much progress.

Next year I will vote for the first time in the presidential elections and I hope to know more about politics by then. I have had a lot of people preaching to me about the communistic beliefs. They say communism is the true democracy, but I can't accept that. Usually the other person knows more about it and there is a tendency to sway. I don't believe we will ever find a true democracy. It will take too many people with big hearts and minds to do that, and the world is not ready yet. A person should never be too sure about anything these days. I think I like socialism but I don't quite know what it is all about.

"I don't think that I worry too much about these problems because I don't know enough about them. I have a lot of worries and problems of my own that I have to work out first and then I can go on to the bigger things of living. I don't know how long it will take to become all clear on everything, but I am not the type to worry myself to pieces about things. I think that I am fairly happy now."

Writer's tentative impressions.

There are several problems which are bothering Yasuko. Most of the things that prevent her complete adjustment to the environment here are personal in nature and it has no relation to the evacuation or the Japanese racial problem. Underlying many of her fears and insecurities is the gossip attached to her sister. Yasuko is a martyr to her sister's behavior and in this way she rationalized some of the adjustments she is not able to make. She has a fairly well balanced personality and she is aware of many of her problems so that it is possible that she will be able to work out solutions in time.

Much of her thinking is confused. She has not decided exactly what are her views as this interview was probably one of the few times that she has ever attempted to think things out. Yasuko is confused by many things and the things she worries about mostly are personal and not connected to the general Nisei problems unless brought to her attention. Some of her self assurance and attitude of independence is not all that it is made out to be. Part of it is to cover up her feelings of inadequacies in her physical development so that she does assume a light giddy air at times. Although she is not satisfied with her Nisei group, she is afraid to let them go as she feels that she can not get along without them. This is particularly true in the case of Miyako, her roommate. She will submit to all sorts of threats to her feeling of independence to avoid losing this contact, which she herself has accepted as a security.

*Some of the reason for this feeling of insecurity is the fact that her own family showed a tendency towards instability in the past. It was most evident in the case of her younger sister, Kiyoko, who suffered a complete breakdown upon reaching Los Angeles for the first time. These tendencies had manifested themselves in the home life prior to the move. According to the account, Yasuko's mother indicates that she never has made the complete adjustment to life in this country. A fair degree of adjustment was made during the time when the family was in good financial circumstances but there was a complete breakdown after going to Los Angeles. It was aggravated by the "disgrace" brought upon her by her daughter. She became extremely introverted and clung to Yasuko as the one who would justify her good background.

The father also shows a certain degree of maladjustment. He had been thwarted in his desires to have an artistic career for years and he never did consider himself as a business man. The evacuation was the first time that he was able to plunge himself fully into the work that he considered his real field. All of these things has resulted in the family clinging to each of the members in spite of the process of disorganization that was going on.

Yasuko is now going through a difficult ~~adjustment~~ adjustment process because this is the first time that she has ever been away from home and out on her own. She did work in a domestic job in Los Angeles, but she visited her home frequently. Out here, she has had no one to whom

she could go to for advice and to open herself up. She has relied upon her parents in the past in spite of her story in which she attempts to create the impression that she is independent in spirit. Yasuko never had to make many of her own decisions before, and suddenly she finds that she has to make all of them. This throws her off balance so that she is seeking "substitutes" for her parents.

"To a certain degree Yasuko tends to blame the environment for some of her problems. She views it as a hostile being which she has to personally overcome. She points out what it did to her sister and she is determined that the same things are not going to happen to her. She does not fully realize that some of what she considers as her personal problems are really problems created by her sister and not related to her. Yasuko in a way enjoys playing the martyr role as it is something that she can fall back upon in the event that she does not reach up to her expectations in her piano ambitions. It is both an obstacle and an incentive to her. Yasuko has projected all of her sister's problems on to herself and this complicates her adjustments.

It is true that gossip among the Japanese can be extremely vicious because of the close knit Japanese communities which existed prior to evacuation and the lumping of all the Japanese in the centers. This gossip has caused Yasuko much unhappiness and made her hesitant in a Nisei group. Among the caucasians, she is much freer in expression and she does not hold herself tense.

Yasuko realized that her excess weight is a cause of some of her personal problems and her reluctance to go into

a Nisei society springs from this. At the same time, she is not having the opportunity to go into a caucasian group due to the nature of her work. The friends which she does have fall into two extremes--social minded and intellectually inclined. Yasuko hangs on the fringes of both and hopes that she will be accepted because of her ability to play the piano. She is slowly becoming aware that she will never be completely accepted into the social group and therefore she is making attempts to cultivate her mind so that she will be able to talk to the intellectual group of Nisei on an equal footing and thereby elevate her concept of her own personal status. Yasuko has a fairly pleasant personality so that she is able to approach ~~friend~~ new acquaintances rather easily but if they do not measure up to her high standards of what a Nisei should be, she does not bother to cultivate them.

Yasuko's concept of what the Nisei should be is based upon caucasian standards--the people she knew in the past. It is an impossible standard not only because the Nisei have weaknesses, but because Yasuko has projected some of her own failings into the ideal that she has created. She is unhappy because she can not find this standard. She is not able to make adjustments to the ordinary run of Nisei because she is on the defense at the crucial moments and she has been severe in her general dislike of the Nisei. She feels that she is intellectually and socially emancipated from the entire group and it is their place to seek her out first. At the same time, she cannot overcome the feeling of loneliness

so that she condescends to meet them upon their own grounds at the same time attempting to keep aloof from them. She wants them to recognize her for something that does not exist and is only a figment of her mind. This is characteristic of many of the Nisei who have resettled. The writer has noticed the tendency to condemn all of the Nisei for faults which the individual possesses himself. Perhaps this is due to the personal frustrations of the individual which gains expression by projecting it to the group.

Since Yasuko has a fair personality, she gives the appearance of being well adjusted at first glance. She managed to cover up most of her inner problems although she invites teasing of her weight by herself calling attention to it. Yasuko is not completely maladjusted; in fact, by the Nisei standards, she is fairly well adjusted. One of the things which Yasuko has to cling to is her music ability. As long as she has that, she does not have to admit to herself that her problems are similar to the Nisei problems. She also has a higher conception of her mental ability than what was indicated in the interviews although this may be another example of compensation. In her periods of feeling inadequate, she has her music to boost up her morale.

For this reason, Yasuko does not want to give up her music career although she is becoming aware of the fact that the chances of her making a living with it are slim. Thus, there is a certain mental conflict as to whether she should not start to prepare herself for a

better means of getting her livelihood. She does not want to give up her music at the same time, because she does have an interest and in the back of her mind she rationalizes that it is the only salvation for her mother's peace of mind, to be a success in music to compensate for her wayward sister. This makes is a noble ideal and Yasuko feels that she is not doing it for herself. But Yasuko is also practical in a way and she knows that she will have to make her living some other way as she does not have confidence that her ability to play the piano is good enough for her self support.

The fact that Yasuko has had a ~~certain~~ greater Americanized background that most of the Nisei has helped her feel that she has hopes for more security in the future. Sometimes she attains some prestige by telling about her trips to Mexico to see the bull-fights, etc. She rebels against the thought that she should be classed with the other Nisei. In this respect, the evacuation was quite a severe shock to her.

It may be that sex problems may be her dominant problem although it is not brought out into the open but camouflaged as other problems. She tends to romanticize the past although her accounts of attempted rapes is very possible. She is not held back by any moral codes, but she feels that the community gossip (Nisei) will hurt her as she has seen what it has done to her sister. In spite of that, the interviews indicated that sex problems was one of her biggest worries. A certain element of feminine vanity enters here as she wants to show

that she can win men if she really wanted them. This is also a defense as she realizes that fat women are not particularly thought to be romantic. To do this, she often plays a very unconventional role, but she freezes when the thought of her sister enters the picture.

There is really nothing basically wrong with Yasuko that she cannot overcome. Throughout the interviews, there appeared to be an absence of the racial problem. The wider issues of the Nisei are still vague to her or she is not fully aware of them. She does not feel that these issues affect her, although they may cause her some uneasiness in her subconscious mind. However, she interprets everything from a personal viewpoint, i.e., what will become of my parents?, how will they make a living?, When will I get married?, How will I make a living in the future? ~~etc~~ Should I attempt to break away from the Japanese completely because they gossip too much? etc.

Yasuko recognizes that she has to make some important decisions by herself soon, but she is not sure of her ability to do this without "advice" from her friends or somebody who will tell her "in two bit words."

The case is interesting from the point of view that many of Yasuko's problems are typical of the problems that many of the Nisei girls are now facing--chiefly of a personal nature and not of the wider ~~xx~~ issues of the evacuation and its aftermath.

Jan. 19, 1943

Dear Y~~e~~sa~~ko~~

I have sent all the references... both to Mrs. Harlowe and the YWCA, I tried to call you but the Operator said that you would not be allowed to talk so I had to skip the whole thing, I amso sorry as I was looking forward to talking to you.

I do hope you will get the job and if I (EVER) get away on a trip I will head for New York and then I could stop off and see you, Mr. B. is in N.Y. now on his picture he is doing "Stage Door Canteen" and using all the top Stars, so he had to go to N.Y. for the scenes with them.

Did I tell you I had moved... rented my house for four months, after the man was in the house for two weeks he was called into the Service... however I did get the first and last months rent \$1000.00 not so bad eh'... so I am back home again and really very glad... I never lived in an apt before and I JUST DONT LIKE THEM????? I'll take my little home anytime... what do you think.

By the way if you can tune in on K-M-T-R every night at 10:30 p.m. you will hear the TT. he is now singing at Sugar Hill Cafe, not bad but not good either, but what the -- a job is a job, and he is very grateful and happy to be working.

I received your wire and that was when I tried to call you... but no dice. If you can call me do so and reverse the charges.

If you get the job in Chicago when do you think you will leave, how chances for coming through here on your way East???? Now dont laugh I have started a knitted dress... yes' I know it will give you quite a turn... me too... now when the war is over and everything is all peaceful and quiet I will be dashing around in a beautiful blue knitteddress... yes when the war is over?????

How do your Mother and Dad feel about your going away, as long as you are on the marked list, I suppose it is better that you get away, I am so surprised at henry, he seemed such a nice quiet fellow, never a ward about anyone or anything... but as you know the old saying "Still water runs deep"... yes I guess you are better off away from there, however I do hope you will not run into any trouble back east be careful and do not do any talking, I would not be out too much ad you never know how the feeling runs, and although I know you are a loyal citizen there will be many who do not and will condemn you right off due to the fact that you are Japanese, so do be careful and do not offer any comments... this is Mother Experience signing off"... but all joking aside I am sure your Parents will tell you the same.

Blue Boy is well and getting so big and the talk of the Rossmore dist. every morning when I let him out the first thing he does is

to take a flying leap into the pool, it makes me shiver to even think of it these cold mornings.

Xmas and New Year did not seem like a thing to me this year... just another day, I am so glad its all over... I spent a jolly eight days going to Court from Dec. 8th and have just received the verdict... the Judge whom I think is a dear just cut the Plumbing bill in two isn't that grand, I wish you could have heard all the lies they told but to no avail as the judgment was in my favor... thank God.

Sgt. Alexander has gone to Florida to Officers Training Camp, Donald Livingston was married and is now getting a divorce, Mrs. Wallace was in town and is now on her way back to Tuscon her husband who is in England has just been made Wing Commander and he has his silver star which means so much to him and he will be a Brig. General by the time this reaches you.

I have been doing so much USO work that I am about all in, but if I do not get any more gas I will have to give it up, I cant see myself lugging 25 dozen sandwiches by bus to San Pedro and other points, dont know what the outcome will be but am holding my breath.

I hope if you have not already left that you will have time to write before you leave, if not write as soon as you can let me know how you are enjoying your liberty.

Everyone sends their very best, Mrs. Rogers is well again and the TT is knocking himself out nightly but all is well.

Best of luck, happy landings etc and all that sort of thing and a big, big Aloha,

Lovingsly,

/s/ Okasan

(Mrs. Bouzoge)

(COPY)

146 N. Rossmore Ave.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

War Relocation Authority
San Francisco, California

To Whom It May Concern:

~~Opie~~ Patricia has worked for me for several years and in that time I have found her to be honest, trustworthy, obedient, dependable, exceptionally intelligent. Having lived in my home I feel that I can truthfully state the above, and in regards to her loyalty I really feel that she is 100% American. I have known her father and mother and have discussed the subject of the Old and New Generation and have found their views entirely American.

Yaeko is a convent bred girl and has graduated with high honors. She is a very fine pianist and was studying for concert work while with me. If it were possible to have Yaeko back with me, I would be glad to have her, providing it were absolutely right.

If I can help in any way I shall be glad to do so.

Very sincerely yours,

Rena B. Borzage ..
146 N. Rossmore Ave.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Verified as copy of original

/s/ Walter A. Heath
W.A. Heath
Assistant Senior Administrator
Manzanar WRA Center
Manzanar, California

(COPY)

Feb. 18, 1943

Dear Yaeke: *Yaeke*

Thanks a lot for your note. I'm glad to know you are in Winnetka now. Are you working? How do you like being out on your own?

I'm sorry I've been remiss in writing but I have been very busy at school. I am working in the library every day, besides doing all the work for my scholarship. And I'm also working up a concert repertoire, which means that I practice about three hours every day. It seems that I spend all my evoking hours at 8:00 in the morning and get home just in time for dinner at 6:10.

My teacher is having an all-Bach concert at Kilbourn Hall in a few weeks and I'm to play a French Suite then.

Last month we had those lovely things known as finals, and the midnight oil was burned at a great rate around here. The school is a lot stiffer than S.C. and the exams were consequently harder. But I certainly like it here a lot.

Do you have a lot of snow where you are? I got a letter from Dean Hunt of S.C. today and he says that the campus already looks like Spring. I wish I were back there. Here in Rochester we are still in the middle of winter, with the thermometer hovering around zero all the time and the wind blowing and the snow lying piled in high drifts. Well, anyway it is different from sunny California!

Do you remember Carol Cooper? She is living in Scarsdale, which is only a short train-ride from here, so I shall visit her this Spring.

I heard from Mary Louise today.

Look, if you have time, drop me a line and tell me what you're doing.

Love,

Ruth

(COPY)

March 24, 1943

Dear ~~Yaeko~~: *Granler*,

It was about time you wrote, chum. At that, to both Chico and me -- from that. May I infer that you only half-love me? At any rate, I was glad to hear from you and know that you're working hard for a change. Be sure that you get into school, however, or I'll be disappointed in you.

Your mother appears very well, and as I believe, working on your clothes. Why don't you do some sewing yourself, chum?

Needless to say, I've been very lonesome for the past couple of months, since you and all the rest of my close friends have left. Rest assured, however, that your memory lingers on.

About your glasses, Dr. Itatani tells me that he was still writing for you to come back to tell him what kind of rim you had decided on, I thought that had been done but apparently not. Please write back right away and tell me, so that he can order. He still has your prescription, so that all he needs to know is what style you would like. You can either write directly to him c/o Hospital, or write to me. Then, as soon as the glasses come, I'll send them to you.

We finally got the Yamasaki's things finished, packed; and Unchy writes that she has received them. I would like to have seen Lorraine's face when she saw the sweater. You were also given credit for the knitting of the sweater, so don't worry almost that. Your mother finished up the ribbon part beautifully and she also supplied some pretty red buttons. Our only worry was that Lorraine ~~may~~ outgrow it before she has had time to wear it out.

Well, chum, let's get on to Manzanar. Big things are and will happen here. By the "thing", I mean the ixodus of all loyal Americans and all loyal issei who are being cleaned quite rapidly. The questionnaire proved to the WRA the question of the loyalty of ~~these-who-are~~ the evacuees sufficiently so that those who are, will be able to become again, a part of American life. No doubt you are burning with interest over my future, so here I go on my dissertation of myself.

At the present time I have in an application to the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania. The Committee on Admission is probably deliberating the question of the eligibility. Jone Mary Ishazuchi is candidate for the sophomore class, and the risk attached thereon. So while my fate for that school is being deliberated, I am getting ready to go to the U. of Utah to the graduate work preparatory for a Master's degree. Bosteringly, much as I hate the damned subject. I'm also going to be some

undergraduate courses in Mathematics, Advanced organic and physical chemistry and languages, probably German and Spanish. If I hear favorably from the Women's Medical College of Penn., I shall enroll there in September, if not, I'll go ahead and work for a Ph.D. as a frustrated medical student.

The atmosphere of Manzanar is becoming more and more unhealthy for me, physically not so much but mentally and spiritually. I've gotten in the habit of going to church on Sunday morning and enjoying it immensely. I'm almost ready to throw over my Mammon Science for the Christian God. Have no fear, however, I shall never enter a nunnery, unless they become coeducational.

Chico may accept an offer to work as a nursery-school teaching assistant in the suburban of Chicago. The main attraction is spending the summer in the forests of Vermont. If and when she earns enough lucre she may go to some university teaching college. At any rate, that is not settled yet.

I just came across Carole Tanaka, she is peeved because you don't write to her. What's the matter with your literary ability? Certainly if you don't have quality you should have quantity, chum.

Mambo Nagai returned your music book -- but I took the liberty of sending it on to Lily, since she asked to borrow one. Hope you don't mind, but if you do, you know where to get it.

If you see Kiyoko, give her my regards and moral support. Tell her to remember that those that are in camp want to get out and that she is lucky to be out. Why don't you ~~institute~~ introduce her to Moriler so that Kiyoko will have some social life?

If you see Ken Horita, give him our regards. Hope he goes to school soon.

Well chum, if you take until 4th of July to answer this letter, I'll never write to you again.

So long,

/s/ Middie

(COPY)

Saturday nite
Mar. 15, 1943

Well, here I am again. Since I wrote the ~~above~~ letter, we've had such a siege of sickness that our house that it's been the ninth street branch of the community hospital for the past month. First it was Mas--flu; then Luanne came down with the same thing. She had no sooner recovered, then baby got German measles. While I was still taking care of her, I came down with a bad attack of flu plus a strep throat and was in bed for a week. And what a nightmare it was--by the time I got sick, baby was feeling pretty spry, so while I was trying to sleep, she would sit on my head, pour water over my face, pull the dry skin (from fever) off my lips and sneak off the bed while I was dozing and got herself into all kinds of mischief. I don't know what I would have done if my girl friend (the southerner) hadn't come over to take care of me. She worked for seven months in a doctor's office, so she knows quite a bit about various ailments. Mas was no help at all--as might be expected. He only cooked two meals on my worst day. On the following day, I waited and waited for him to come home and when he hadn't showed up at 6:30 I finally got up and cooked. He had been through teaching since 3 and didn't come home until 7--the stinker!

So you see, that explains why I haven't mailed this letter yet. I am enclosing the pictures I promised you, though, if that will make up for the delay. The family portrait that we had taken by the photographer all came out so lousy that I'm not going to order any. I had planned to send you one. There certainly is a dearth of talent in a country town like this. My hair was getting so long that I finally got a permanent last week--and you should see my hair. In the first place, they cut it off too short, in spite of my request not to, and my hair is so kinky and dry that I look like an Australian bushwoman. The operator took seven hours to give me a permanent too--on top of that it cost me seven bucks. It certainly turned out to be an expensive permanent because now I'll have to buy me a hat before I can venture out in public. I wish more than ever that I had gotten a permanent while we were still in camp.

Another example of how lousy everything is in Boulder. I sent my new dress--the only one I bought since coming here, and incidentally the only in my possession which isn't at least six years old--to the cleaners because I got a spot on it, and they ruined it. It was such a becoming dress too and fitted me so perfectly--cost me all of \$3.98. The cleaner allowed me five bucks for it, so I bought myself a brown skirt and white blouse.

Since Mas is a university instructor, he's the only one in the family who's been buying all the new clothes. When we came here, he had only one suit to his name, and that gave in the seat of the before long, so he bought himself two new suits, two pairs of slacks a hat, raincoat, two pairs of shoes and a few other things. The kids needed civilized clothes too, so after all these items were properly taken care of, it kinda left me out in the cold--as usual.

It was a good thing you sent the box of Easter candy for the kids--otherwise you still wouldn't be hearing from me. I generally don't let a gift go for over a month before writing a thank you letter. Honestly, Yoshiko, it was sweet of you to remember the kids, and I felt so ashamed because I hadn't written you one single letter. It was swell candy and we all enjoyed it.

I don't think I'll be writing you another letter for a long time, so I'm trying to think of all the news--I don't want to forget anything. Oh yes, I lost my boarder--he got fed up with the set-up here and upped and left for New York. Johnny Sonoda isn't here any more either. They didn't want him at the university and were making it tough for him, so along about the beginning of March he got another job with more pay in Denver at a broadcasting station sending short-wave messages to Japan. This propaganda station is run by the British government. He was there for a month, then got fired--so he left for Chicago to study to be a dental technician.

Wes popped in on us the other Sunday with a young girl in tow. He's in partnership with a hakujin in a brokerage house and is making more money than ever before in his life. Clem and Lily are both in Denver now too. Wes started Clem up in a moyashi-producing business and at the time of his visit he said they had rented a place and were all set to grow bean sprouts. That ought to be profitable, because at present there's nobody raising moyashi in this part of the country. More news about the Oyama family. Shizu, Clem's wife, is expecting--in fact the baby should have been born by now, and Joe has left his wife in camp (Jerome) and has gone to Chicago to look for a job. His wife has just been operated on for a rupture, I hear.

Is there much Japanese food available in Chicago? We certainly miss jappy stuff--the first thing we wanted to eat when we got off the train in Denver was osashimi. Saye certainly fed us plenty of it--and did we enjoy it! Here in Boulder there is a hakujin co-op where we can buy oshoyu, rice, omiso, tofufu, aburage and konnyaku. We satisfy our craving for Japanese food with rice and oshoyu and occasionally tofufu. The oshoyu is lousy--made in Colorado and costs \$2.50 a gallon--while they charge 25¢ apiece for tofufu. It would certainly make me happy if we could have osashimi once in a while--but you can't get it unless you go to Denver.

While I was sick in bed, we were surprised with a visit from Fred Agam--remember him?--who had a week's furlough. He is now at the Army Japanese language school at the University of Michigan--in the most advanced class.

Got a card from Chico--she says that Lily is ready to be released from the hospital, and she and Maddie are trying to get back to Manzanar, where Lily can rest up before leaving for Philadelphia with Maddie. I feel terribly guilty, because I haven't written to her yet. In fact, I haven't even written to my mother to tell her that we are in Boulder--so you needn't feel so badly. I finally had to write to a friend in New York, who has sent me no less than ten letters, because she sent Luanne something for her birthday--

and she wrote right back and said that I wrote such wonderful letters that it was worth waiting whole year for, and then it was only a three-page note--so-well, you know what I'm driving at. Besides, I put more time and heart--not to mention work--in one of my letters than you do in ten of yours--so, hereafter I'll write you once for every ten times your write--fair enough?--okay--it's a deal! Moreover, you must not forget that I'm a professional writer, who's always been paid for writing--so you can't expect me to squander my talents so freely for nothing--ahem! I'll give you a helpful hint, though, if you really want me to write more often--I never let a gift go by without writing a thank you letter within a month.

Mas--the lazy louse--got so tired of walking back and forth from the university (he comes home for lunch every day) that he upped and bought himself a bicycle yesterday--thereby breaking me for the month again. We have a nice backyard here, so he planted a victory garden, which keeps him occupied during his spare time and keeps him out of mischief. He's planted spinach, lettuce, turnips, nappa, mustard greens, tomatoes, cucumbers, summer squash, carrots, china peas, corn, string beans, bell peppers and eggplants. He's so excited about his garden that he's just like a kid--goes out to take a look at it the very first thing in every morning and as soon as he comes home. If anything new has come up, I have to drop whatever I'm doing and take a look at it too. I'm thoroughly in favor of the victory garden idea, but damn it--he never wipes his feet when he comes in the house and tracks mud all over the floor, especially right after I've cleaned house. I try to scare him by telling him that the next time he brings mud in, I'll rub his nose in it, but my threats are all to no avail.

Have you been sending any sugar to your mother? I still have my ex-boarder's ration books, so if you haven't been able to send her any sugar, I'll have some left over. If I remember correctly, you had quite a bit of coffee in Manzanar, didn't you, which I presume you left with your folks.

You really should appreciate this letter--this is the fourth night I'm spending on it. I'm even staying away from a box-lunch special social tonight, given by the faculty wives, to finish this thing. Besides, I'm using my bestest typing paper, reserved for royalty and other such trash.

Do you have any news from Manzanar? I wonder what the block 11 blabbermouths are doing--bet they don't know what to do with themselves now that with your departure, they've lost their biggest topic of gossip--and boy howdy! I mean biggest!

Well, it's three o'clock in the morning now, and I'm getting hungry. Besides this letter is getting to be of documentary proportion, so I'll just put finis to the damned thing. I don't write very often, (as if I have to tell you) but when I do, I do so with a vengeance--so, if you don't hear from me, just hold your horses, and I'll send along another masterpiece, if you wait long enough, thanks again

(4)

for everything--and I'll be looking forward to a visit from you this summer.

Love,

/s/ Unchy

P.S. Say hello to Tets, Mariko, Kiyoko and anyone else whom we know. Do you see anything of Joe Blamey? Has Chiye married my cousin yet, and what is she doing? I heard that she was working as a domestic--is it true? Dammit--the very thought of Chiye changing her name to Kurata--my maiden name--makes my blood boil! She was certainly one unpopular bitch in Death Valley--everybody hated her and said so in no uncertain terms.

Well, will quit for sure

/s/ Unchy

(COPY)

1537 Ninth St.,
Boulder, Colorado
April 2, 1943

Hi-ya shweetie-pie--

I wanted to write to you sooner, but seeing as how you know me pretty well, I knew that you wouldn't be expecting to hear from me for six months at least and was afraid that if I wrote any sooner, the shock might be too much for you. However, after a great deal of deliberation on the matter, I finally decided that that carcass of yours is big enough to absorb any shock, no matter how great, so here goes--

First of all, I must thank you for the beautiful sweater you kids knit for Luanne. Judging from its good looks, it was hard to believe that you had had any hand in its creation. I don't know whether or not you could see the finished product, but it was really a beauty. I only wish you could have seen Luanne's face when she opened the package. She had been longing for a red sweater for over a year. Whenever I took her to a store she would want me to buy her a red sweater, but since I knew you kids were knitting her one, I managed to stall her off every time. It sure was swell of you kids to go to all that trouble and work--not to mention expense--and I want you to know that your efforts were thoroughly appreciated.

I certainly was surprised to hear that you were in Illinois. I had received a letter from Chico a couple of days before yours arrived, and in her characteristic unconscious way she failed to mention a word about your departure from Manzanar--so when you wrote, I was flabbergasted. You must have left just about the same time we departed from Death Valley--we left on January 14. Did you leave with your mother's consent, or did you just up and go in your usual, headstrong, independent way? Annyhoo, I'm glad you have a nice job in such pleasant surroundings. The wages aren't bad either. Around Denver and Boulder, domestics are paid only about \$40 or \$50 a month. Besides, you might also lose some weight on your own cooking--oh happy day! The family must be pretty tired of eating mashed potatoes though--even if it is as good as you claim.

I have so much to tell you that I hardly know where to begin. I suppose you have heard from Tets and Kiyoko Masaoka all about our life as refugees in Death Valley. This information is not for the general public, but from one "dog" to another, when we left for Boulder, the WRA gave us (the Yamasakis) an outright grant of \$100.03 (why the three cents I don't know) for traveling expenses and our clothing allowance for the six months from July to December, which amounted to \$72.

We arrived here in high spirits, but we certainly had a big let-down when Mas reported to the university for work. The WRA had assured and reassured him that he had definitely been accepted as

instructor, but when he went there, they had no record of his appointment. We were all set to go to Granada--when Mas took a test, passed it and got the job. He was on probation for a month, but the other day he received formal notice from the president of the university that he is now a full-fledged member of the Naval Language School faculty. Oh, happy hallelujah!

They certainly do a lot of firing around here. Just before we came, I understand they let 12 or 13 of the instructors go. Nobody's job seems to be secure--whether you are a full-fledged member of the faculty or not. Mas hates the set-up here--says it's real Japanese bureaucracy in the nude. There's a committee of five--composed of the instructors who were the first to come here--who do the firing. Mas says it's really disgusting how most of the teachers go around kissing the fannies of the members of this committee just so they can keep their jobs. Most of the instructors are married, but since they don't know how long their jobs will last, they are afraid to send for their families, which are still in camps. They don't fire you only because you fail in your qualifications as a teacher--they dismiss you for the way you dress (it's a wonder that a sloppy guy like Mas is still hanging on), for conduct unbecoming an instructor, etc. Isn't that a helluva set-up? We don't care especially if Mas keeps this job or not--it's not worth kissing anybody's fanny for.

Although conditions at school are so disgusting, the American people here are so nice that it takes a great deal of the bad taste out of your mouth. There is hardly any prejudice here--no residential restrictions or anything. The people know what the Japanese are here for, and they certainly try to make us feel welcome.

The housing situation is pretty bad here, with all the instructors coming in and the married students bringing their wives and kids along, but we got a definite break in this respect. We had to spend only one night at the hotel, then the university offered to let us stay at an empty fraternity house which is being used as a dormitory, until we could find our own place. After a great deal of house-hunting, quite by accident, I finally found a furnished three-room apartment which is only about a ten-minute walk from the campus, five minutes from downtown and one block and a half from grammar school. It's really hard to find a house--especially a furnished one--when you have a couple of kids. Those that are half-way decent refuse to take children, and those that will are such shacks that you wouldn't want to live in them. Our place isn't anything to brag about--but it's comfortable. We have two double beds in the bedroom--Mas sleeps with Luanne and I sleep with the baby. After six years, I guess our honeymoon days are over.

I found out that our eight months at Manzanar weren't completely wasted when Mas got right down to work and made several pieces of furniture. His accomplishments consist of one good-sized book case, one end table and a beautiful knee-hole desk with drawers that actually open and close--and no more benches with oversize pontoons, either--oh happy hallelujah!

The best thing about our house is the rent--it's ridiculously cheap. We pay only \$21, with the owner paying for the electricity, water and hot water. We have to pay only for our cooking gas. Here Mas is earning the highest salary in his life and we're paying the cheapest rent we've ever paid.

The high cost of other things--especially food--however, makes up for the cheap rent. When we were living in Ellay, I used to spend only from \$25 to \$30 a month to feed the family. Of course, the kids are bigger, but now it costs me from \$60 to \$70. I'm glad meat rationing went into effect, because now I don't have to spend a whole afternoon running all over town looking for meat. I live near a Safeway store and do most of my shopping there, but until a couple of days ago, they never had any meat. I had to go to two or three stores, especially on Saturdays and Mondays, before I could find any fresh meat to serve my dear family. It isn't all good though, because even if the stores have plenty of meat now, it doesn't do you any good, because you don't have the necessary points to buy them. Do you have to plan the meals and figure out the points for the week, or does Mrs. Bowes take care of all that and leave you to your mashed potatoes? It's all such a headache figuring out how to feed the family on such a limited number of points that I often wish I were back in camp, so I could just sit on my fanny and wait for the gong to ring.

Speaking of gongs--for a long time after we left camp, every time the baby heard a bell or gong of any kind, she would say, "kan-kan-kan-kan manma" and would want to go and eat. As for Luanne, every time she got through eating--whether it was on the train or at a restaurant--she would stack all her dishes, get up and start to carry them off. It took a lot of reminding on my part before she got over her old camp habit.

On our way from Death Valley to Boulder, we looked up Wes and Saye in Denver and found them living in a lousy, run-down two-room apartment (two by four kitchen and a bedroom--community bathroom in the hall). Housing conditions are so bad in Denver that it took them a month and a half before they found even a dump like that. The night we spent with them was a historic occasion for the Oyamas--it was the last night they spent under the same roof. Saye had finally filed suit for divorce and Wes was to move out the following day. About a month ago, during a one-week vacation at the language school, we went to Denver again to meet Mas' folks, who were being transferred from Topaz to Rohwer. We spent two nights with Saye again--Wes is now living at his sister Molly's, but he came around both nights. Saye is sending Deedee to a WPA nursery school, where they take care of kids until 6 p.m. and has found a good job as private secretary to the boss of a downtown dress shop. She says that there are three other Japanese girls working there--in the office and alteration department. Saye likes her job--says everybody is so nice at the store. On the Saturday that we were there her divorce suit came up in court and she won her decess, which becomes final in six months. She is going to marry George Yamanaka as soon as she is free to do so.

There certainly are a lot of Japanese people working in Denver. I stopped at a hakujin drug store and was surprised when a Japanese girl came to wait on me. There is such a shortage of efficient women workers that many employers are glad to hire capable girls, even if they are Japanese. I hear that in Denver you can't walk into a classy restaurant or hotel without seeing someone you know working there as dishwasher, janitor or busboy. It seems that there are plenty of jobs, if you're not very particular about the type of work. Wages are certainly cheap out in this part of the country though--most women are still getting only about \$16 a week. Saye got two \$10 raises and is now getting about \$100 a month, so I guess she must have started for about \$80--a private secretary at that!

Boulder isn't such a bad place, although it's pretty dead--a typical college town, I suppose. Because of the university, there are no bars or liquor stores in the city--only 3.2 beer is sold here. This atmosphere plus the fact that the language school expects its instructors to conduct themselves as such has had a miraculous effect on Mas. So far, he's stayed out all night only once--playing hana. He's quite the home-loving soul. Right now, he's studying Russian in his spare time.

In spite of the food problem, it certainly is swell to be out in civilization again, isn't it? Isn't it grand to have running water in your own house, not to mention your own private toilet and bath? I'm especially happy because Luanne can have a normal education again. She's a half year behind in school, but that doesn't seem to bother her any.

This is ancient history by now, but I wrote of these incidents to the Sakaguchis and knowing what an overdeveloped "I got gypped" complex you have (and that ain't the only overdeveloped thing you've got, either) I'm repeating these stories for your benefit so you won't feel left out. Luanne is so impressed with everything she learns in the classroom. Along about Lincoln's birthday (I told you it was ancient history) she came home and without any warning whatsoever, said, "Mummy, I don't want to go to school any more." I was alarmed--the first thought that entered my head was that someone had been nasty to her because she is Japanese. When I asked her why, she said, "Well, Abraham Lincoln didn't go to school and he was a great man, so I don't want to go to school either and be a great woman." It's nice for children to read about great men and be inspired by them, but in this case, it was carrying inspiration a bit too far--don't you think?

And here's the other story I must tell you about Luanne. While we were still in Death Valley, she came running home one evening after dark to tell me about the ranger's little girl who had conked her head on the mess hall gong and got a big bump. She told me that she and Marianne Tayama had taken her to her mother, who was visiting at the Caucasian barracks, which was quite a distance from camp. I noticed that Luanne had no sweater on, so I said, "Why, Luanne, did you go all the way up there without a sweater--weren't you cold?" Luanne said, "Naw, I wasn't cold. Don't

forget, mummy, you and I are mountain girls." I said, "What do you mean--we're mountain girls?" Luanne: "We ~~in-San~~ were born in San Bernardino." Mummy: "No, Luanne, I was born in San Bernardino, but you weren't--you were born in Pasadena." Luanne: "Oh." Mummy: "Do you wish you were born in San Bernardino too?" Luanne: "Naw." Mummy: "Why not? Don't you want to grow up to be like mummy?" Luanne: "Oh, yes, mummy, I want to grow up to be just like you--tough and hairy!" I was floored--here I had been so pleased when she said she wanted to grow up to be just like me--and then--what a blow to my ego! I guess it does mothers good to find out just what their offsprings think of them--sometimes.

Luanne finally got over her asthma--thanks to the high altitude here. Boulder is a lovely little town nestled in the hills at the foot of the Rockies. Elevation is over a mile high. The air is dry and very invigorating--an ideal place for asthma and T.B. Luanne hasn't had a single attack since coming here, although she's caught several colds. Before, the slightest cold used to turn into asthma right away. Oh, happy hallelujah!

I've been planning to send your mother something for all the favors she's done us--she mended my old glory blouse (the red and white striped one) so nicely and Chico sent it to me with Luanne's sweater--but I've been so broke since we came here that I haven't got around to it as yet. The four of us eating all our meals out until we got settled, and buying cooking utensils and other odds and ends for the house certainly flattened the family's already flat purse. Then, when I finally got to the point where I had saved fifty bucks, Mas' mother and father came into the picture. They applied for repatriation months ago, and finally received notice that they would be among the next batch of exchange prisoners and were transferred to Arkansas. It seems that they were gathering all those who are going on the next boat from all the relocation centers and putting them together in Rohwer. Well, the transfer took place during Mas' vacation, so we took the kids and went to meet the train in Denver, where it stopped for four hours. By the way, Boulder is only 35 miles from Denver--a one hour and a half trip by bus. We felt that this would probably be the last time we would ever see the folks--if they repatriate, they probably won't be allowed to return, and it's a cinch that they'll never go to Japan. We wanted to get them something for "osembetsu" and I noticed that the old man needed a suit pretty badly, so I took his measurements and promised to buy him a suit. The old lady wanted a comfortable pair of shoes, so I told her I would send her a pair. They had no sooner arrived in Arkansas than my mother-in-law wrote to tell us that she also wants a wristwatch to take to Japan, a new hat and topcoat for the old man and a nice umbrella for my sister-in-law who is in Japan. She also wanted us to have a family picture taken, so she could take it with her and show it to all our relatives. Good God! That was more than a hundred-dollar order. We were forced to draw part of Mas' salary in advance--and I've been in the red ever since. Last week I finally got around to sending a gift to my little newpew (on Mas' side again) who was born last November. Better late than never, I always say.

I certainly miss you kids. Here I have nobody to be big sister to. Can't you just imagine my frustration--the voice of experience, with no one to whom I can pass on the fruits of my experience. I understand that the instructors' wives have a club, where everybody tries to outdress the other and they get together every week to drink tea and play bridge. Most of the wives--in spite of the fact that their husbands may be educated to a certain degree--have been nothin' but a nothin' until now--and now, when they find themselves in the enviable (?) position of a university instructor's wife--it kinda goes to their heads--and do they try hard to make an impression! A couple of them called on me the other afternoon and invited me to join their organization. What both amused and disgusted me was the sales talk they gave me on why I should join their club. Their biggest point of emphasis was this--now that there are so many Japanese in Boulder who are not instructors (they work in the dormitories, cafeteria, and faculty dining room as waitresses, bus boys, cooks' assistants, etc.) I should go to the meetings so that I will know who the instructors' wives are, and consequently will know who I can speak to. Isn't that just like a Japa--starting social castes right away? When I asked them just what their activities consisted of, they said, "Well, when any of our members are sick, we send them flowers, and if anyone is expecting, we give them a strok shower." As if these things were so important and justified their existence as an organization. Suffice it to say that I haven't attended a single meeting, and don't intend to, although I felt that I really should out of plain courtesy after two women had gone to all the trouble of paying me a personall call.

My social life consists of entertaining Mas' more liberal students if and when they show up at the house--and lately they've been showing up too often to suit me. You see, most of the students are married and since they are new in Boulder, they have no friends here. They bring their wives along when they come over, and before I know it, the wives are regular visitors at the house. They have nothing to do, since they don't have children and their husbands are away at school all day--so they all come over to see me. My household schedule is always haywire because of these unexpected visitors. During Mas' vacation, we gave a sukiyaki party, with three couples and another instructor as guests. I hopes that by bringing the students' wives together, they would become acquainted and start visiting each other, instead of calling on me all the time--because, really, I'm always up to my neck in housework and can't afford to waste three or four afternoons a week entertaining bored wives. It didn't work--they all still come to see me. I certainly wish Mrs. Stearns would visit Mrs. Burchard, Mrs. Per-mutter would go to see Mrs. Loveless, and leave Mrs. Yamazaki out of the merry picture.

We have, however, made the acquaintance of a couple that we're really crazy about. I was rather amused when you told me in your letter that Kiyoko Masaoka had called you up when she found out that there was nother Japanese girl in Winnetka. When in camp, the kids swear up and down that if they ever get out of the place, they'll stay as far away as they can from another Japa--and yet when they do leave, they all make a bee-line for Denver, Salt Lake City or Chicago, and start hob-nobbing with their fellow yapon-toi

again. At least we're different that way--we're not thrilled because we come across a fellow Japanese, but we are tickled to death when we find someone who shares our political views. That's why we are so glad to have met this student and his wife--with whom we've become very chummy. I guess we would be just as delighted if they were Japanese, Chinese, Filipinos or Negroes--it certainly does feel good to be able to sit down and really talk! She is a beautiful girl, with a patrician face if I ever saw one, a southerner with a most delightful drawl. She is very fond of both Luanne and the baby and showers them with affection. She is always bringing little presents for them. There are two Japanese families--both young couples--living in the house right behind ours, but as yet, I don't even know their names.

I'm sorry we had to leave you just when I was making an intelligent (ahem) woman out of you. I hope that you will not degenerate into the characteristic nisei type--with thoughts only for clothes, personal appearance and fellows. And don't be too hasty about judging persons from their exterior appearance only.

Do you still go over to see Mariko often? You must come over when you get your vacation and tell me all about her affair with my husband. Saye swears up and down that Mariko had a terrific crush on Mas, even though she'll never admit it. Whenever the conversation turns to Mariko, Mas always says that she talks as though she were real sophisticated and tries to give the impression that she is unconventional and everything, but that at heart she's just an old-fashioned prude--and Wes always backs him on on that statement--so I guess neither one of them got very far with her. Seriously though, I'll be expecting you to visit us this summer--it's really too far to go to see your folks in Manzanar when you get only a week off. We have room for you to sleep--and I'll even give you your choice of sleeping partners--I'll even let you sleep with Mas. Oh, happy day!

I'm especially busy now-a-days because I have a boarder--a bachelor instructor who eats dinner with us every night. He's an old friend, whom we used to know very well back in L.A. Before the canned food rationing went into effect he used to eat out half the time and cook for himself the other half (opening cans) but now that he can't open cans any more he wanted to eat with us. So I took him on.

We bought a camera and took some snaps, so I was going to send you some, but found that Mas had beaten me to them and had sent the best ones to his brothers. I'm going downtown within a few days so I'll take the negatives down and get some more printed, then I'll enclose them and mail this letter, because if I let it go until the next time I write--God only knows when you'll get them. Write soon, and tell me all the news about Chicago.

Love,

/s/ Unchy

May 14, 1942
Owens Valley Reception Center (11-6-3)
Manzanar, California.

*Don't
Doesn't this letter sound just
like her?! Can't you just picture
her, pointing + quacking?!*

Hello Dear-----

How is the model? You have all the luck. I only wish that I had taken the job in Chicago that was offered me, just a few weeks before evacuating here to Manzanar. But it isn't too bad--if only the wind would stop blowing. The dust is really terrific up here, but from reports from other reception centers, M. is about the best. The place is really sha ping up. There are about 26 blocks completed all ready, and almost everyone has a job. Yours truly is working in the hospital as a Nurse's Attendant (fancy name only) It is some job making formulas for over fifty babies everyday, and besides that I have to get up at the ungodly ^{hour} of six thirty in order to get to work at seven. Of course dear, As you well know I never am on time half the time. But it is gay--it is gay!

We are living with two other families. One I am sure you know. Mas and Ruth Yamazaki. It is really funny--Just before I left Saye called me up and Of course I told her we were going to Manzanar, and she said that a friend was going up too and to look her up. I didn't think much about it, and it was just a coincidence that we were on the same car coming up here. I like them both. And the baby is a baby doll. By the way this typewriter skips a space ever so often (Mas's doing) so forgive it.

Everyone is scattered. Miki is in Pomona (just got a letter today, telling me that she had arrived safely. God I miss her!) Toshi and Albert (Mrs. and Mr. as you all ready know or don't you?) and Sa chi (who by the way is engaged to Henry Mittwer as you also know) are up at Tanferan (Misp, per usual) and I hear that Cherry is at Santa Anita. I don't know where Martha is, do you? The Hayashis are up here. Per usual having Open House. It seems that every time I go up there there is a crowd of people listening to records or ~~play~~ playing cards. There are very few people up here that I know. --Henry Mittwer, Joe Blemy, Toshi's cousins (Uri and Fumi), and a few others. It doesn't get terribly lonely up here, but still it would be nice if we could all be together. Perhaps later on we will. Let's hope anyway.

Oh, by the way, did you know that Bob Oyama was killed in an automobile accident about a week ago in Iowa, I believe. It was a shock to me; it will probably ^{be} more of one to you. If it could at all be possible to send a condolence wire to Joe at Santa Anita from Miki and myself--~~I would greatly appreciate~~ (d-- - this typewriter*) I would greatly appreciate it. I wish you would let me know immediately whether you will. I would send one from here, but it is impossible. Thanks, dear----Send me a bill for it, please. The address would probably be: Mr. Joe Oyama (I know, naturally)

Santa Anita Reception Center
Arcadia, California.

^{Haven't} I really got much to say, right now, but write me soon. Soon now, because I've known you to put off letter-writing for weeks. Tell me everything.

There are a dozen mistakes in this epistle, but you know dear that I love you, and amazingly so I miss you. When you write to Alice tell ^{her} hello for me, and you might enclose her address in your letter. Thanks and write soon.

Love
Baby Dumpling

yashi

P. S. How's Kayo (misp probably)?

My address is : Miss Yoshiko Hibino (well, of course)
Owens Valley Reception Center (11-6-3)
Manzanar, California

AIR 
MAIL

May 29, 1942

Friday Afternoon----

Dear Mariko-----

Just got back from lunch, and I'm so sleepy, but I shall write you anyway, since you told miki that I owed you two letters. I think that is right nice of me. Don't you?

A letter from Toshi came along with yours; she says she's very, very happy, and that marriage is wonderful. I'm very happy for her. She and Sachi live right next door to each other. By the way Sachi has a birthday--June 4--if you care to send her a card or something. Henry W. was over this morning to borrow a drill and plane to make Sachi a pair of "geta" for her natal day. He said that that was the only thing he could think of to give her since he was financially embarrassed. I thought that was ^{sweet} of him; he's a good carpenter and craftsman at that. If and when Sachi does come up ~~here~~ to Manzanar she will have the best furnished house in camp; he's made a desk, and is soon beginning a closet. His work is ^u good that I have made him promise to make me a table.

If this letter goes haywire, you can blame it on Aveline, she's such a rascal and adorable too. Mother and Dad both spoil her to death. Why she has the run of our penthouse. Ruth says "Tell Mariko that Mas and I are glad she is getting along fine, and that we were worried about her when she upped and left, but are glad she did it now" If it weren't for Ruth I would go nuts. Everyone I know is elsewhere and it would have "got ten" pretty lonely. I miss Miki like h---, but it isn't as bad as I thought it would be. She's, well there isn't anyone like her. All right, all right I'll stop drooling! I'm just in that mood today.

I have misspelled I'm--I8m--this way for ages. I just can't seem to do it any other way, so excuse it from here on. Please----

Davy, Eric and Mrs Hayashi and the rest of them send their regards. Taka-san, Harry Takahashi, Henry O. all stay in the same barrack. There is always something going on over there. Oh yes you asked for Martha's address---Ave I--Barrack 40---Unit 6--Santa Anita Assembly Center, Arcadia, California. And also Manzanar is now Manzanar Relocation Center.

I8m stuck--let's see-----oh yes----I have a new job. You shall now address me as Miss Hibino for I am now a music teacher. It's a lot of patience---I mean it's a lot of fun, but takes a lot of patience. Luanne is a pupil, and boy does she have a good ear. There are over 60 beginners in camp and there are only two of us who teach them. We haven't anything to work with---no music paper, no books nor black-boards, but ^{it's} it's gay--it's gay! Davy comes in the evenings to practice on the clarinet and do I have a time. He plays so beautifully---ahem-----

I just happened to glance at your letter to Miki and I shall tell you who've I met---Let's see Togo Tanaka and Karl or is it Carl Kondo Chiye Mori and a bunch of others who aren't anything special. Betty
The Slocums are here too---
Kamimura is up here and ~~of~~ course Sho and Chico Sakaguchi are here, and that is about all. I don't go out much--just stay at home and read, write letters and once in a while play cards. The dances aren't much to brag about here, and there aren't many good dancers either, so I hear. Sometimes I get so bored and home sick. What I wouldn't give for a hamburger and ^{at} a coke ~~in~~ a drive in. If it weren't for letters I would go mad. So remember that and write me "personally". Tell me of all your doings, and send a snapshot or two. Did you send Joe Oyama the condolence wire. Let me know if you did, immediately, please. Well I shall sign off for the present, but do write soon. Give Wes and Saye my regards if you should see them, and take care of yourself, and May God bless you. ---Do you love me ??????

*O.S. Just read this one and
ugh!!!*

As ever---

Yoshi

August 17, 1942

Tuesday Morning----

Hello Dear----

Just got your letter enclosed in Miki's letter---God I feel as if the end of the world had come---Miki is off to Wyoming and God only knows when I'll see her next. Perhaps we will be able to leave our respective camps and go out into the world. We're both quite bored with whole thing. Well, it's no use crying about it now---I've done all that week ago.

Your life seems like heaven---Manzanar is quite the boringest place I know---right at present I'm on a vacation-- the eminent Dr. Mitani (our boss) is having some trouble in locating us in a permanent music hall. It seems that the people in camp don't want the " Conservatory of Music" in their block because of the noise, but yet they send their children to take lessons---and where can you get if you don't practice-- I ask you---Anyway it's gay---I enjoy teaching though---it's an experience I've learned an awful lot----and even if I do say so--I have quite a few talented pupils including Luanne; she has such a marvelous ear and her fingers are so nimble. If I stay here long enough I told Unchy (Ruth) that I'd have Aveline too. If you saw her just before evacuation -- you wouldn't know her now---she is much cuter than she was two months ago. Why she even has B.Fs all ready. There is a little boy who comes over everyday to see her. Everyone idolizes her.

Yes, I did hear about Sam being in the hospital---I did see him before he entered--Chico says that he's feeling all right, it's just that he needs all the rest he can get. But first chance I get I will drop in on him. As for Joe B.---he and I aren't on speaking terms--- about three weeks ago the Manzanar Free Press gave a dinner-dance (which turned out to be a flop) and he asked me to go with me--all right--the dinner was to start at 7:30

and he didn't show up--I thought I was stood up for sure, so since Bob Nagata was over and they both live in the same apartment I asked Bob to invite Joe over for a coffee and do-nut party the following Saturday night at "7:30"--Well the invitation was all ready issued when Joe ^{came} by for me at 9:30, but still I thought I'd get even with him--to make the story short--I did.

Haven't done much of anything--I pal around with Chico's sisters. I think you'd like Lily and Mattie---Lily is more like me and Mattie is a brain-storm, and , of course, Chico is as unconscious as ever, but I like her. Let's see who else do I see often--oh yes Myrtle Takaoka--do you know her, she was in New York for quite awhile, and off and on I see Sho, and the Karl Yonedas, James oda, ^{Kondo} Earl is in one is in one of my classes and Henry, I don't see him as often as I used to (but I do see him)--says that Sachi will definitely be able to come up here and join him and if she does she will be my "house guest until the fatal day." Toshi hasn't written either for a long time---her father-in-law says that she and Albert won't be able to come up here but the rest of the family will. It seems that both she and Carol's wife are preganant. I rather feel sorry for her--because it seems that they will be going to Arizona and that is a h---of a place to have a baby in---it's even hotter than ^{seem} Manzanar, and believe me--it's plenty hot here.

I just to jump from one subject to another, but "since I know you love me" it doesn't matter. It's just too darn hot to be consistent.

I was just reading over your epistle--and am I jealous---I'd give anything to be up there with you. I have seriously been considering going out of camp to go to school, but it's rather hard to get accepted by a school---I know that Chico's sis has written to over 20 med schools for addmittance, but she's been refused by everyone of them. Lil has been accepted by Utah, but it ^S seems that Utah is evacuating in the near future. So if I

can't go to school I'll see if I can't get a job outside somewhere.
 Heard from Martha-- the last letter I got from her said that she had been
 quite ill---she hates San Anita so and from her letter I gathered she
 was miserable. I bet she wishes that she had gone back East----
 Met Eddie's (Cherry's) bud up here about a week---seems nice but dull.
 First catty remark I've made in years---well-weeks---Been a good girl

There goes the dinner gong---give my regards to Mark when you
 see him and to Alice too, Really miss you especially after reading your
 letters--they are a God-send. Ruth and Mas say hello and I send my love.
 If you've taken any snap-shots of yourself---wish you'd send me some.
 A favor on my bended knee.

Bye darling----- *Sachi*

P.S. "Darling" because just haven't met anyone extra important. There
 are some nice fellows up here though.

Here are the Adresses---Sachi---L-83--Tulare Assembly Center

Toshi---L-1-1-- " "

Write when you have time--and don't work too hard or play too
 hard---darn you!!!-----

G.N.

(COPY)

1943 JAN 29 AM 12 34

KHA611 8 TOUR-UD OGDEN UTAH 28 1055P

MISS MARIKO KIKUCHI

AM DLY 14 WEST MAPLE CHGO

MEET ME CHICAGO NORTHWESTERN STATION ELEVEN AM

SATURDAY

YASUKO HAYASHI

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.

WESTERN (25)
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DL = Day Letter

NL = Night Letter

LC = Deferred Cable

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KHA611 8 TOUR=UD OGDEN UTAH 28 1055P

MISS MARIKO KIKUCHI=

1943 JAN 29 AM 12 34

NC AM DLY 14 WEST MAPLE CHGO=

MEET ME CHICAGO NORTHWESTERN STATION ELEVEN AM SATURDAY=
YOSHI HIBINO.

Dearborn

2121

Travelers' Aid 2114

meth, Pub, - Sup - 6450
House

From C.K. Diary
Nov. 30, 1943
Diary Notes on CH-9 and CH-24

Yesterday afternoon I went down to interview Mary (CH-24) but she had a big stack of diapers to wash. She also had to wash some of Wyne's shirts. Mary said that she had been putting it off so long that she just had to get them done. She said that she was planning to look for a job next week, but she did not know how Wayne would feel about that. She said that Wayne had a very heavy alimony burden and he owed about \$100 in back payments to his ex-wife. Wayne also supports Mary and the baby. Mary feels that she should go to work and help out. There are so many things that she wants to buy for the baby. She said that she had a lady on relief who was willing to watch her baby for a small fee. Mary doesn't want to get the woman thrown off relief if she gets caught so that she is planning to make arrangements with the landlady to watch the baby. Mary doesn't know what kind of work she will be able to do. She thinks that she may be a waitress on a day shift. Mary said that it was so hard for a nisei to get a "front" job. She said that most of the nisei were stuck in back rooms where they would not meet the public very much. She wanted to get a job as an elevator girl or a cashier but she did not think that nisei girls would be given this sort of work. However, Mary said that she had nothing to lose by being aggressive and she is going to make a try for this kind of work first.

When I first knocked on the door, I was again embarrassed, so help me! Mary evidently was expecting Wayne because she only had on a real thick silk nightgown. She wasn't very concerned and she made coffee and heated some rolls for me before she went in to change into a dress. I tried to keep my eyes on the coffee cup but

once in a while my eyes strayed! After we had coffee, Mary said that she would do her laundry right away and I could come back about 5:30 and have dinner with her, however, I told her that it would be too much trouble for her to feed me and I could pick up something at Mariko's. Mary said that Yoshi was in bed with a cold over there so I decided to go over there and talk to her for a while. Yoshi was in her pajamas too when she opened the door, but they were heavy pajamas! She was so sick that she just didn't have any pride at all. She made me laugh because she looked like a polar bear. She hopped in and out of bed while I was there and she wanted me to talk about attitudes on love. I didn't want to get into any discussion like that so I sort of shifted the talking to Yoshi's problems. It was a sort of hidden interview and I was able to take a lot of notes as Yoshi was in bed and she didn't see me writing.

Yoshi was in a very depressed mood, and feeling sorry for herself. It was her fault that she is sick now. She took time off from her work Friday because she was ill and she went out that evening. ~~Saturday~~ Saturday she was sick. That night she went out again. Sunday she was sicker and on Sunday night she went out again so when I saw her yesterday she was feeling very, very low and depressed. She poured out a lot of her troubles and the following is a verbatim report on what she had to say on various subjects, starting with her attitude toward her sister (CH-24):

"It's such a damned awkward position I am in in regards to my sister. No matter what I do for Mary she expects more. I feel sorry for her because she is forlorn. I know she doesn't like me. She holds on to me because she knows that she can get things out of me. If she had a job, she wouldn't have me around. I wish that

she would hurry up and get married. She is so damn stubborn. It's embarrassing for me sometimes. I feel sorry for her because she is lonesome and she has no real friends so I take her around to my friends. But her baby is a burden to her and she can't go every place.

"When Mary first came out here a couple of months ago, I got along fairly well with her at first. Then we started to argue over things and it got worse and worse. Some of it might have been my fault. It must have been my pride. I wanted her to change and not be so tough as she was. She is different as night and day from me. A lot of things she did annoyed me and it almost made me ill. Somebody told me once that Mary had the temperament of an artist and she couldn't fulfill it so she took it out on other things, but Mary does have a vile, ugly temper which she doesn't show to everybody. When she gets mad, she slaps the baby around when it cries and takes it out on her.

"I finally came to the conclusion that Mary would never change. Little by little I realized that she wanted only money out of me. She is shrewd that way. She pours out a nice story about how much she misses our family life and how much my mother misunderstood her. I can't blame my mother for the way Mary is. All of mother's real love for Mary has disappeared. Mary has resented this and she now says that mother used to strike her but it was Mary's fault when this happened.

"The only reason I helped my sister now is for the sake of the baby. I want the baby to have something that Mary lacks. In many ways Mary is kind and generous. I think she is like a little girl and she gives in to her feelings all the time. She is such a changeable person. It makes me mad when she thinks she is much

more experienced than I am.

"Since ^N~~M~~ay has been in Chicago, I've helped her financially quite a bit. I do this by getting things for the baby. It's no fun helping her because she is never satisfied. I wish that she would hurry up and marry Wayne. If she waits around much longer, Wayne ~~won't~~ want her because Mary shows her most awful sight to him now ~~that~~ they are living together. He ~~might~~ love her but there are a lot of little things that will get his goat. Another thing is that I'm not going over to her apartment any more. It's too much of a comparison for Wayne to see how different Mary and I are. I've had several arguments with my sister while he was around and she showed herself then. Mary had a boy friend in Los Angeles and she did the same thing then and that is why she lost him. The story got around that I got her boy friend away but that's not ~~true~~. I don't want a situation like that to happen again. I am not implying that Wayne is falling for me or that I'm trying to take him away. And I don't put on airs either. But Wayne doesn't know Mary too well yet. I'm just wondering whether she will run out on him when the going gets hard. Mary thinks I believe everything she tells me just because she lived with a couple of men and had a lot of hard knocks. She thinks I'm a babe in the woods. But it is all her fault if she had hard knocks. I can talk to you this way, but Goddamit, I get soft when I go over and see the baby.

"If I didn't help my sister, I know that she would find a way to get along. If I were ever in a real jam, Mary would never come to me. But if she is in a jam, then I go. I don't know why I do it. I wish I knew what made me do it. I think it must be the baby. I'm wondering what the feeling will be if Wayne and Mary get

married and have a baby of their own. I don't know how Mary really feels towards the baby. She'll sacrifice a little for it, but I know she won't give up everything for her. She is too selfish that way.

"Mary says the oddest things at times. She's told Mariko that she doesn't really love me, but it's the help that I give her. She must think I'm an awfully dumb sap. If I just ignored her entirely, she would get even in some way and try to hurt me. When she was staying with Mariko here, she tried to break up our friendship by saying things about me. Right now, Mariko believes more of my side of the story, but Mary tried to break it up by telling lies. I would be the one to lose out because Mary is clever at creating doubts in people's minds about me. I don't want my friends to have any doubts about me. It would put me in the wrong if I went around and contradicted Mary and made an issue of it.

"I'm thinking of going to New York with Miki. She wants to go mostly. If I ever go, it will be for a visit first to see what it is like. If Mary stays in Chicago all the time, I'd rather leave. Mary is so confident that she can go back to Los Angeles with Wayne next spring but I don't know whether she'll be able to.

"I think that if somebody offered her a job in a chorus line in a night club, she would leave Wayne flat and the baby too. She wants to be in the show business. She has always liked the superficial glamor of it. Some day she will regret the real things that she threw away.

"If I went to New York, I would go to school and work in a home part time. I've given up the idea of taking an office job for a while. I feel that music is more important to me. Right now I

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go to the Chicago Music Conservatory two times a week. I have to pay \$4.00 per lesson each week. On top of that, I pay \$32.00 per semester. That's a lot of money and I'm having a rather difficult time in my financial affair. I also pay \$15.00 a week rent for my share of this apartment. The rest of my money just melt away. I go downtown and I spend a lot on little things for myself and on Mary's baby. If Miki decides to stay in Chicago, then I will stay. She wants to get a factory job. Maybe I will get a factory job too. But I don't think so.

"Somehow, all of a sudden, I am at peace with myself. I am not quite as nervous and always looking for something all the time as I was before. I think it is because Miki is here. She doesn't give me anything and we have no real common interest, but ~~I~~ we have more fun with her because I can really be myself. She is my best friend. I think if we broke up, it would hurt me more than her. Miki is a deep person in a way. She never says much and only once in a while can you get a spark out of her. I don't know why she attracts me so much. I think in a way I have changed her. When I first met her, she was just like any other boogie girl. She was born in Los Angeles and she was very quiet. She changed after that and I guess I did too.

"When I first met Miki, I needed her because I couldn't get along with any other nisei. She would just sit and let me blow the steam off. We palled around a lot in Los Angeles. She has a mind of her own, but she seemed to think alike on a lot of things. I know what I am happier now that she is here. Is it abnormal of me to feel that way about her? I don't think that I am a Lesbian or anything queer like that because I don't have any physical feelings

toward her. Maybe I am attracted to Miki because my sister disappointed me so much and I would have wanted Mary to be like Miki. I know that I can depend on Miki. (Maybe Yoshi is attracted to Miki because she would like to be like her. Miki is very thin and she carries a slightly sophisticated air. Yoshi has copied Miki's clothes, etc.)

"Miki's mother doesn't like me at all. She thinks I am not Japanese enough to associate with her daughter. She just does not approve of me. However, Miki has always stood up for me. Our friendship has gone through a lot of tests and it is as strong as ever. Even if Miki got married we'd still be friends but it wouldn't be the same as before because her life would be shared with somebody else then. But, I've never felt jealous of her and she is one person I really want to do something for. I could give her things easily and I would not regret parting with them like I would if I gave it to anybody else. I think I'm lucky to have a friend like her.

"I'm very dissatisfied with my job now. I'm getting so tired of it. The more you live with people, the more you get to know their worst traits. And if these traits are used on you, naturally you dislike it. They begin to use you and exploit you. Mrs. Bazalon, my employer said that she was so fond of Ann, the Negro cook. But Ann's mother dies so that she went back to Alabama for a month. Now Mrs. B. hates Ann because her leaving for a month deprived her of going out to all her parties. It is annoying her no end because I have a cold and have to stay away for a week. I'm going to be mean and stay away even longer. Mrs. B. is mad because she can't have her social life interfered with. Now I can under-

stand why people won't take a few as an individual. Mrs. B. is so tight. She calls up here all the time and wants to know when I can go back. I'm not reporting for work for one more week yet.]

"When I felt there on Friday, I took my music along and Mrs. B. said very sarcastically she hoped I would get a lot of piano practicing done at my apartment. She is so suspicious. Then she got so angry about a week ago just because I gave Ann a better birthday present than she did. It annoyed her because my present cost more and she tried to prevent me from giving it to Ann. I did it for a purpose because I wanted to show Mrs. B. up as a cheapskate. Mrs. B. takes advantage of me all the time and she is so tight in many ways. I'm not that way so I am embarrassed for her.

"Now she wants me to cook so that she doesn't have to hire another temporary person while Ann is away, but I very conveniently got a cold.

"Mrs. B. is very moody. She gets mean and nasty sometimes. I've lost my temper a couple of times and told her off. The other day was one of those times. I came to the apartment here on Thanksgiving after she worked me over time about four hours, and the next day I caught cold. I phoned her up and told her that I would stay away a few days so that her children would not get a cold too. Mrs. B. then said that I should have stayed there and gone to bed early. As if I could have done that with her having her all night party and people coming in and out to look at the baby. She wanted me to isolate myself in Ann's room then she made some comments about my music practice so I told her that if she were not satisfied, I would quit. Then she said that she was disappointed in me. I told her that Thanksgiving was a family day and I didn't consider myself

a part of her family. Then as a finishing touch I left the place and slammed the door when I left there on Friday.

"She called me by phone today and she wanted me to go back tonight for work. I'm not even going to call her back. I don't care if I go back there or not. She will take me back all right because there is a nurse shortage and I'm not a stupid nurse maid. I can do more with the kids than she can.

"When I go back, I either get a raise or quit. I'm going to ask for \$22.00 a week. I'm only getting \$20.00 now. She wanted to give me \$18.00 a week when I started but I would not work for that.

"My only pleasure now is getting away with things and getting even with Mrs. B. She keeps coming to me to tell me about other nurse maids or friends of hers and how efficient they are. She does this to make me jealous. Mrs. B. doesn't expect me to have any outside interest at all but she would like me to dedicate my whole life to her children. After all, it is only a job and I have to have some of my own private interests too. Mrs. B. tells so many lies and Ann has told me a lot about her. I do like the children and I couldn't take it out on them. I just do little things to annoy Mrs. B. deliberately. One night I turned down her bed just as a gesture and she wanted me to do it all the time. I told her that I was not a personal maid and I would only do it when I had time and felt like it. I wasn't impudent or anything like that, but I just wanted to let her know that I stood up for my rights. I will quit there before she becomes antagonized to me.

"Another thing that annoys me is that she promised me 3 hours a day for piano practice and I don't get it very often. On those days I get moody and lock myself in the nursery room so that Mrs. B.

lets me alone.] I'm supposed to get 12:30 to 3:30 off fro piano practice. I don't mind if something special comes up, but I do mind when she goes off to a tea all afternoon. She comes home late and then she has the nerve to tell me that her friend's governess waxes the floor and does this and that.

"On Thanksgiving I was supposed to be through at 2 o'clock but I had to stay there until 5:30. On top of that she pays an extra girl \$6.00 to cook the turkey and I didn't even get any extra thanks for all the work I did on it. This all sounds trivial but when you have to put up with these things day after day, it sort of gets you down.

"I'm not really happy because I don't have enough free time for myself and I can't get my practicing done. Then I worry about Mary's baby a d a lot of other things. That's why these little things get me down. On top of that, I have a miserable cold now so my disposition is not so good. I'm worried about money a great deal too. I can make ends meet each month, but it is a struggle. I would like to get more things for Virginia (Mary's baby) but I can't. I'd like to get her a crib, high chair, toilet seat and a baby buggy. She sleeps in a big double bed between Mary and Wayne and she has no place to eat. Then she has to use the adult toilet. All babies should have these things. Maybe this bothers me a lot because I see how the B's babies are spoiled, and Virginia is so deprived. It's the contrast which makes it all the more noticeable.

"It's so nice to be in love. I wish I were. But it would be another thing to worry about. Right now I have too much on my mind and I can do without love nicely. I'm not frustrated, and love would not solve any problem. I haven't loved a man for almost two years

now. After you have been emotionally involved once though, it does get your goat once in a while. But it is a physical frustration and you get over it by putting your interest in other things. I've got my music education and other things on my mind chiefly right now. I would be most happy if I became an accomplished pianist. I think I would be disappointed with marriage because I would expect too much of it. There is too much uncertainties these days and it's not worth the risk. I would want economic security before marriage. I don't think I will ever get married until I know for certain just where I stand in my music career. I wouldn't have time for music if I got married. But then, I wouldn't want to know for sure that my piano playing was not possible to reach a great height because I would be disillusioned then. What a life; it is just worries.

"All nisei are so worried now. I haven't reach much about the Tule Lake riot but I don't think it will affect us much out here. Of course, the Dies committee is entering into it and that would be rather bad. But it shouldn't affect us too much because it has been stressed that Tule Lake was for the disloyal Japanese. It might make it harder for us to go back to California because Warren is the governor there and he is a pretty powerful man. He may make an issue out of it if he runs for Vice-president. But it really is a California issue alone and it is not nation-wide. I'm only mildly interested in these political things because I don't have time to go into it much right now. The nisei combat team in Italy is doing a good job and that helps our cause. The nisei fellows out here who are going to college are pretty worried about the draft. I know of two nisei who are almost panicky who are trying to get their degrees before the draft comes. I think a lot of the girls are

worried almost as much because they are afraid of men shortage. It doesn't mean much to me because I don't have contacts with a large group of nisei. I think it will be best for all of us after the war if more nisei enlisted. Our loyalty will be proven that much more. But, it's not use talking to nisei about these things because they are not interested, just like me.

"Most of the nisei are more concerned about dances anyway. I haven't been to any all nisei dance in my life anyway. I don't think that these dances will do any harm if the boys don't get too rowdy. You can't say, 'Okay, nisei, disband!', and expect them to do that. It is awfully hard. The nisei are safest among their own group anyway. In fact, assimilation is almost impossible. I know the nisei and they couldn't do it by themselves. I can't say much about nisei dances though. I only know that I personally would feel very uncomfortable at one. I did go to one affair at the YW several months ago. It was for nisei soldiers and I played the piano in the program just before the dance. My friends and I left early because we did not feel at home at that nisei dance. I don't want to talk about it because the outcome is so uncertain for the nisei and it involves too much thinking.

"I just limit myself to my own problems and to my own little circle of friends. That is enough to occupy all of my spare time. When I get into a mood I play the piano. I think I will play now. To hell with my cold."

It was about 5 p.m. then so I made a couple of sandwiches. Mariko came home from work a little later and she said that she was inviting George to dinner. She said that Yoshi really invited him. She wanted me to stay for dinner too but I said I had to go see

Mary. Yoshi nibbled at food here and there all the time I was there. She couldn't be too sick.

I walked down the street with Mariko on my way to Mary's, after eating a couple of sandwiches. Mariko was going shopping for dinner. She wanted to go downtown last night to start her Xmas shopping, but she never got around to it because she had company. Mariko talked to me for a couple of minutes on the corner and she told me a little about Yoshi and Mary. She said that both of them tell whopping lies about each other. She said that when Mary came out here, she told Mariko that she had worked very hard to buy an \$80 watch for Yoshi and Yoshi then lost it right away. Yoshi's story was that Mary never gave her anything and that the watch had been given to her by her father. Mary also told Mariko that Yoshi once stole two suit cases from her. I did not want to be any cause of family friction so I emphasized on both Yoshi and Mary that anything they told me was absolutely confidential and I refused to be drawn into any of their arguments.

Mariko was also a little irritated at Yoshi. She said that Yoshi had written to Miki and her sister in camp and told them to come out to her apartment as her guest. Yoshi didn't tell Miki anything at all about it being mostly Mariko's apartment. This caused a little embarrassment when it came to the paying of bills. Mariko said that she lost money on the deal because she had to pay for the largest share of the food bill. She wished that both Miki and Yoshi would move out. However, she thinks that Yoshi will still stay with her. Miki doesn't like living in that district. She doesn't like the walking up four flights of stairs either and she thinks that the latrine is very unsanitary. Mariko said that Miki

would probably change her mind after she went house hunting on her own for a while