

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

SCHEDULE FOR INDIVIDUAL RESETTLERS

Date of interview Sept. 13, 1943 Interviewer Charles Kikuchi

1. Name Bob Kinoshita (Bob Lee) 2. Sex, (M) F 3. Married stat. M (S) D W O

4. Present address 1108 N. State St. Aug., 1943

5. Later addresses _____ Date _____
 _____ " _____
 _____ " _____

6. Birthplace Los Angeles 7. Birthdate Dec. 19, 1921

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

10. Addresses between Dec. 1, 1941 and evacuation
 (a) 1100 Buchanan St., San Francisco Date Aug., 1941
 (b) El Monte, Calif. " Mar., 1942
 (c) Los Angeles " April, 1942
 (d) _____ " _____
 (e) _____ " _____

11. Assembly Center Santa Anita Date May 9, 1942

12. Relocation Center Heart Mountain Date Sept., 1942

13. Addresses between time of leaving Relocation Center and present
 (a) 1495 Park Ave., Forest Park, Ill. Date Jan., 1943
 (b) 1108 N. State St., Chicago " Feb. 7, 1943
 (c) 5507 W. 64th St., Chicago " Mar., 1943

14. Persons living in household on Dec. 1, 1941. Relationship to Re-settler
 (a) Single _____
 (b) _____
 (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) Tadashi Kinoshita Father
 (b) Etsuko " Mother
 (c) Lloyd " Brother
 (d) Kenny " Brother
 (e) Self _____
 (f) Kay " Sister
 (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)	58	M	M	Japan		8th	Ins. Agt	Christian
(b)	47	F	M	Japan		12th	Hsewife	"
(c)	24	M	S	Seattle	14th		Clerk	"
(d)	23	M	S	Seattle	12th		Nurseryman	"
(e)	21	M	S	Los Angeles	14th		Bartender	"
(f)	17	F	S	Los Angeles	12th(inc.)		Student	"
(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)						
(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)					
(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:

2 rooms in barrack (boys together)

#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)	Single					
(b)						
(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)							

Lived with 2 other fellows on 64th St. for a while

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	
36th St. School, Los Angeles	1926-32	6th	
Grammar schools (name and location)	Dates	Grade completed	
Foshay Junior High, Los Angeles	1932-34	8th	
High schools (name and location)	Dates	Grade completed	
El Monte High, El Monte	1935-39	12th	
Colleges, universities and vocational schools (name and location)	Dates	Grade completed	Degree
U.C.L.A., Los Angeles	1940	12½	
U.C., Berkeley	1940-41	14th	
Attendance at Japanese language school, location	Dates		
Rafu Kokugo Gakuen, Los Angeles	1927-32		
El Monte Japanese School	1934-35		

Went to Japan for 8 months in 1934

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.

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

24. Political activities

Political activities		
Dates	Voted in what elections	For what party
	no	

2. Heart Mt. 9/3/42
3. Santa Anita 5/7/42
4. 2701 E. Lower Azusa Rd., El Monte, Calif.
5. Kinoshita, Tadashi, Japan
Kayashi, Etsuko, Japan
- 5a. U.S. Insurance Agent
7. Grammar school, 36th St., Los Angeles, Calif. 1926 to 1932
Junior high, Foshay, L.A., 1932 to 1935
High school, El Monte, El Monte 1936 to 1939
College, Univ. of Calif., Berkeley, 1940 to 1941
- 7a. ---
8. Japan 6/35 to 12/35
12. 67 135 lbs.
13. No major defect
18. Single
19. Son
20. 12/19/21
23. No
24. Col. 1
25. Speaks Japanese
27. Jazz singer
- 27a. ---
28. 1941 to 1942 Quon, 917 Grant Ave., S.F. Singer Night club
1941 to 1941 Lee, 932 Grant Ave., S.F. Singer " "
29. None
30. Methodist

Robert's brother, Lloyd Hiroya Kinoshita

2. same
3. same
4. same
5. same
- 5a. same
7. Grammar school, 37 St. School, L.A., Calif. 1924 to 1930
Junior high, Foshay, L.A., 1930 to 1933
High school, Manual Arts, L.A., 1933 to 1936
College, L.A. Jr. Col. 1936 to 1938
- 7a. Language Major of Spanish, French, Italian
Major-Philosophy
8. None
12. 66 145 lbs.
13. No major defects
18. Single
19. Son
20. 5/18/19
23. No
24. Col. 2
25. Speaks Japanese, Italian, French, Spanish
27. Shipping clerk
- 27a. Translator

Robert's brother, Lloyd Hiroya Kinoshita, *could*.

28. 1940 to 1941 National Merchandise Co. Shipping clerk; write \$80 mo.
Los Angeles, Calif. invoices, receiving and
sending goods, packing,
checking, classifying goods,
stockroom and warehouse work
Truck driving-2 ton, delivery
boy of vegetables
1938 to 1939 Wholesale Produce
L.A.
29. Able to take dictation (80 w.p.m) typing (6) Opr. add. mach.
Stamp collecting
O.P. Translator
30. Christian

Robert's brother, George Kideya Kinoshita

2. same
3. same
4. same
5. same
5a. same
7. Grammar school, 36th St., L.A., Calif. 9/25 to 6/33
Junior high, Foshay, L.A. 9/33 to 6/35
High school, El Monte, El Monte 9/35 to 6/39
7a. Industrial Art-Major
8. Japan 6/35 to 9/35
12. 68 $\frac{1}{2}$ 145 lbs.
13. No major defects
18. Single
19. Son
20. 5/30/20
23. No
24. H. 4
25. Speaks Japanese
27. Flower raiser
27a. Carpenter
28. 1941 to 1942 Self. Gardener. Raising cactus of all kinds fo
Nursery sell wholesale houses
1939 to 1939 Asby Laundry Press shirts-6 months \$35 mo.
Beverley (machine presser)
29. Carpentry
Farmer
30. Methodist

Robert's sister, Kay Kazuko Kinoshita

2. same
3. same
4. same
5. same
5a. same

Robert's sister, Kay Kazuko Kinoshita

7. Grammar school, Columbia El Monte, Calif. 1932 to 1940
High school, El Monte Union, 9/40 to 5/42
- 7a. Academic Music art 1 yr costume design
Girls League
8. Japan 6/35 to 2/36
12. 62½ 115 lbs.
13. No major defects
18. Single
19. Daughter
20. 11/11/25
23. Yes
24. H. 2
25. Speaks Japanese and Spanish
27. Artistic work
- 27a. Clothes designer
28. Student
29. Type, sketching; music, art fashions
O.P. Costume designing
30. Protestant

Robert's father, Tadashi Kinoshita

2. same
3. same
4. same, also 312 E. 1st St., Los Angeles, Calif.
5. Kinoshita Yasuhei (dec.) Japan
Hara, Kuni (dec.) Japan
- 5a. Abroad farmer
7. Grammar school, Nagaro Ken, Japan, 5/90 to 3/97
High school, Nagano-Ken Japan, 4/97 to 3/02
College, Teachers Training College, Japan, 4/02 to 3/06
- 7a. High school teachers training & certificate
Japan-specialized in Sciences-Particularly
Geology-also geography & history
8. Japan 9/84 to 12/06; 1/17 to 7/17; 3/1920 to 10/1920
12. 66 155 lbs.
13. No major defects
18. Married
19. Head
20. 9/7/84
23. No
24. 16 yrs.
25. Speaks English
27. Salesman (life insurance)
- 27a. Teacher
28. 1920 to 1942 Sun Life Insurance Co. of Canada Life Ins. Agent \$5000-
Los Angeles, Calif. (Hired 4 sub agents)\$6000yr
29. Has taught high school for a short time in Japan.
Mountain climbing-has done this all over the U.S. Nature study
O.P. Business mgr. (commercial or agricultural) Plant life, Geology
30. Methodist

Robert's mother, Etsuko Iwaku Kinoshita

2. same
3. same
4. same
5. Hayashi Shiroku Japan
Unknown Japan
- 5a. Abroad business
7. Grammar school, Nagano, Japan 1901 to 1909
- 7a. Sewing, ~~sch~~ Tokyo Japan
Sewing Teachers Credentials
8. Japan 1895 to 1918; 1935 to 1936
12. 62 132 lbs.
13. No major defects
18. Married
19. Wife
20. 1/8/95
23. No
- 24 8 yrs.
25. No English
27. Unassigned
- 27a. Seamstress
28. 1942 Housewife
29. O.P. Sewing (hand and machine)
30. Christian

Charles Kikuchi
Evacuation & Resettlement Study
University of California
Oct. 13, 1943

CH-13 William Loo (psud.)
(Bill Katayama, psued.)

Bill Katayama also goes by a another name, Bill Loo. He passes as a Chinese or a Korean, whatever suits him as the moment. He has gone under the Korean name since about August, 1941. At the outbreak of the war, Bill, 22, was employed as a bar tender in Chinatown. At present he is employed as a bar tender in the Chez Paree, a night club. The case is characterized by Bill's intense desires and hopes to become a professional singer. He has had this ambition for many years. Another aspect of this case is that Bill is what would be considered a "zoot suiter" altho he would deny that he fits into this category. In fact, he has a contempt for the group. His definition of a "zoot suiter" is a nisei who has long hair and a "zoot suit" plus the fact that he runs around in a gang. Since Bill is more of an individualist, he feels that he cannot fit into this category because of that reason. There is a certain degree of emotional instability shown from his own story altho he appears to be normally adjusted to his present situation.

The writer has had slight acquaintances with Bill Loo since before evacuation. In the past five months various informal contacts has been made. The following case document was obtained after an intensive series of interviews covering a period of 2½ weeks. Excellent rapport was established. The writer suspects that some phases of Bill's story may be exaggerated, especially his sexual accounts, but on the whole he was rather frank and honest in telling his life story.

Bill Katayama (pseudonym) is a 22 year old nisei boy who has been going under the name of Bill Loo in order to pass himself off as a Chinese American. Prior to the war Bill was a resident of El Monte, California although he had left home about August, 1941 to go to San Francisco. He quit school during the semester before the war broke out and he worked at a Japanese laundry as a pressman for \$25 a month plus room and board, a typical nisei wage at that time. Bill had singing ambitions and in November, 1941, he obtained a job as a singing bar-tender in the Chinese Village in San Francisco. He was fired in January, 1942 after the outbreak of the war because his employer found out that he was not a Korean but a Japanese. From January to March, 1942, Bill worked as a singing bar-tender in Club Shanghai in San Francisco and he did this until just before all traveling restrictions were closed to the nisei as he wanted to rejoin his family in El Monte in order to evacuate with them. Throughout his camp career, both in the assembly center and in Heart Mountain Bill did not work.

Bill evacuated to Santa Anita Assembly Center in April, 1942. The family had moved to Los Angeles just before the evacuation so that they could go to camp with friends. In September, 1942, he was moved to Heart Mountain along with a large population of the Santa Anita group. Bill resettled in January, 1943 and he has held several jobs since then. He calls himself a "six-day" Jap" in regard to his occupational mobility but he feels he has been justified in making the moves. Bill has lived at ~~three~~ ^{four} places since coming to Chicago. At the present time he is a bar-tender in the service bar at Chez Paree, one of the larger night clubs in this city. Bill mixes the drinks in a back room so that he is

never seen by any of the patrons. He is also taking private singing lessons in order to further his career. The details of this ambition will be related a little later on.

Bill lives on the third floor of a cheap rooming house and his room is not up to standard. Since he works at night his contacts with other nisei have been slight. In the initial interview he stated that he had been drunk for six nights in a row after work. The reasons for this have not been related yet, although the interviewer expects to get the full story from Bill in the succeeding interviews. (This section is being typed up after the first formal interview so that all of the data have not been collected yet, but it is expected that a full story will be obtained in the following two weeks, and a record of his activities will be kept upon succeeding contacts.)

Bill comes from a family which was fairly well off prior to the war. His father, Tadashi, was a life insurance agent for the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada. He is 58 years old and his religion is nominally Christian although he has not been too active lately. His wife, Etsuko, is 47 years old and she is a very strong Christian. She graduated from a sewing school in Japan and taught for a short time before marriage. Floyd, 24, was born in Seattle and he graduated from a junior college. At the time of evacuation he was a clerk in a Japanese produce shop in Los Angeles. Kenny, the next brother, is a high school graduate who was also born in Seattle and he was working as a nursery production man just before the war. Bill is the third son and he finished his sophomore year at the University of California before quitting school. A sister, Kay, age 17, is a recent high school

graduate, and her future education is still indefinite. The whole family, except Bill and the father, are still in Heart Mountain. Mr. Katayama is working in Montana on a short term leave at the present time, but he expects to go back to Heart Mountain after the season is over. Bill has no present plans of bringing his family out to join him since he has gone his way as an individual.

Bill went to the 37th St. elementary school in Los Angeles from 1926 to 1932. He then attended the James A. Foshay junior high school from 1932 to 1934, finishing the 8th. For the next eight months he was in Japan. Upon his return he entered the El Monte Union High School and graduated in 1939. He entered U.C.L.A. in the spring of 1940 and finished his first year there. In September, 1940, he came to the University of California and attended there until May, 1941, after which he went to work. Bill has attended two Japanese language schools over a period of eight years. In Los Angeles he went to the Rafu Kokugo Gakuen from 1927 to 1932 and then he attended the El Monte Japanese Language School in 1934 and 1935. Bill attended the Methodist Episcopal Japanese Church from 1927 to 1932 but he has not attended church regularly since that time. He has never voted in any election since he is not a registered voter.

Bill appears to be a very Americanized nisei but he has had many personality complexes since the writer has known him. The writer was acquainted with Bill for a short period during 1941 and contacts had been made at various times since April of this year in order to establish rapport for the interviews. Bill would be classified as a typical nisei "zoot suiter". In appearance he looks like a Filipino. He wears a "pachuco" haircut style and he

has several "zoot suits". The most noticeable one is a light blue suit which he purchased a couple of months ago. Bill is very immaculate in his dressing and appearances. He considers himself as rather handsome, however, ~~has~~ has not had too much success in ~~knowing~~ "nice" girls as his acquaintances has been more of the unconventional individual, both male and female.

Bill is about 5 foot 7 in height and weighs around 140 pounds. His complexion is rather pale due to the fact that he ~~nev~~ rarely sees the sun. He has high cheek bones and his complexion is slightly rough. Bill is a rather intelligent fellow and at one time he was a member of the liberal nisei Young Democrats group in Oakland. At the ~~pre~~ present time he is mostly interested in his own career. Bill is very frank in his opinions and he was very willing to give the details of his life. He recognizes the fact that he had certain personality problems previously and he made an attempt to analyze the reasons for it. He does not feel that he has any deep personality problems at the present time, although he may reveal it in an unguarded minute during later interviews. He is quite bold in his approach to people which may be a cover-up for an inferiority complex. ~~Not~~ attempt will be made to analyze Bill at this time since the writer has insufficient data on hand. An attempt to point out some of Bill's major problems may be made ~~at-the~~ after Bill's own story is written up.

Bill is a difficult individual to understand because of his complex personality. There appears to be quite a degree of maladjustment on the one hand and on the other hand he seems to have made personal adjustment. There appears to be two distinct sides

to him. He is serious at times and very much concerned with the general nisei problems. This was most evident during the time he was attending the University of California and an active member of the Young Democrats group. Since then he has ~~a~~ tended to become more and more on the lighter side. His main preoccupation at the present time seems to be in seeking out various girls in order to have sexual intercourse and a large part of the first interview was spent in giving a detailed account of this activity to the writer. He also has some goal of becoming a singer in a night club and a larger part of his salary is going into payments for private lessons. In his room the writer got the impression that Bill's reading level was of two types also. On the one hand he had copies of Pacific Citizen, Time and other current magazines while his reading habits at present also included Love Story magazines, movie magazines, Esquire, Life, Click and Billboard, a magazine devoted to the entertainment world.

A much better picture of Bill can be interpreted from his own story so that the writer will attempt to give the verbatim account as much as possible, and possibly some analysis will follow that. Bill is not more of a complex case than the majority of the resettled nisei although it may appear so from his story. He is faced with similar problems and he ~~ea-n~~ apparently has some insight into these problems and he is aware of the fact that some adjustments have to be made. As an example of the "zoot suiter" type, Bill is probably typical of this group although he is an individual case.

"My old man was born in Nagano Ken, Japan. He came from an average farmer's family. This family was never well off. I don't know much of the details of my parent's life except what I picked up by chance when my father mentioned it in his later life. He never talked much about his life in Japan and I did not bother to ask him. Anyway, my father, as a youth, was very ambitious to go to college or to get a higher education. It happened that his older brother was also ambitious and he wanted to be a doctor. Since my father was the fourth boy in the family he did not get many privileges and he was relegated to tilling the farm while all of the family money was spent in giving his older brother an education to become a doctor. This frustrated my father a great deal and he has always resented it. Anyway, his older brother went off to Tokyo and he became a doctor. Most of the farm money was eaten up for his education. This uncle of mine was a rat because he never repaid his father or my dad for all of the loans that were given to him at a great sacrifice and he did not appreciate the fact that he was given this opportunity.

"Dad only went through the seventh or eighth grade before starting to work on the farm. However, he still retained his ambitions and he studied at night. One of the school teachers thought he had possibilities so that he loaned dad books. Though his own efforts dad eventually became a school teacher in his village. He was living in Iida, a provincial town in his province. After teaching for a year or so, dad decided to strike out on his own. He saw no future in staying in the narrow confines of his Ken. He heard of glorious America as many of the Japanese farmers and their children did. Dad felt that this was the chance for him

so that he scraped some money together and took a Japanese boat for America. He came with the idea of making money and then returning to his native town to set himself up in business or something, after his fortune was made. This part was never realized because he lost the urge to go back to Japan after spending so many years here.

"Dad landed in Seattle about 1906 or 1907. He got various sorts of laboring jobs and he traveled all over the northwest with Japanese gangs who worked on railroads, in the harvest fields, and in lumbering. At that time most of the Japanese were coming into this country through Seattle and there was a large Japanese center there. After a couple of years of working, dad decided that he had saved enough money to buy his own farm. He bought an apple ranch near Hood River in Oregon. This was the first time he had partial economic success and he had great visions for the future as an apple grower, but this was doomed to failure. After he got well started a big forest fire started one day and dad lost everything. It seems that he had some money invested in a nearby lumber company and all of the lumber was burned up. Dad did not feel like becoming a migratory worker again so that he went back to Seattle and he got a job as a houseboy. This was about 1912 and it was through this work that he was able to learn pretty good English. He saved enough money to start a small grocery store in the Japanese community of Seattle. Many of the Japanese immigrants missed the Japanese food when they came over so that dad managed to have a very brisk business. By 1917 he had saved up a considerable sum so that he decided to go back to Japan and get married. He was over 30 years of age then. He went back to Nagano Ken and through

his family contacts and a baishakunin, he managed to marry mother. I don't know the exact ^{date} of his marriage but it must have been around 1917 or 1918 because too much time did not elapse before my older was born in 1919.]

"Mother was born in a little hamlet called Chiyomura, which was also in Nagano Ken. She was the oldest of four children of a country merchant. Her family was fairly well off but when mother was seven her father died. This left her all alone with her mother since all of the other children had died during a plague a year or so before. Her mother managed to keep the small store going but business was not too good. However, a fairly large sum had been saved up so that they were never in need. When my mother was 12 years old her mother died. This left my mother an orphan.

After that, my mother went to live with one of her uncles. There was enough left from the small estate and this money was supposed to be used for her education. But her uncle controlled the estate and he began to take some of the money for his own family. The result of this was that my mother had to work her way through school. After she finished grammar school she stayed out of school for two years, working on uncle's farm. However, she did not like this life as she did not want to be a country girl. Finally, she took what little money that was left from her estate and she went to Iida to enroll in a sewing school. Then she went to Tokyo for two years of schooling in the Senmonbu higher school. Mother graduated from this sewing school with highest honors and she started to teach for two years. Iida is a nice rolling and hilly country. I saw it when I went to Japan. It is about 50 miles from the Nippon Alps and it is really a beautiful country. There are deep

valleys and winding rivers there and the countryside looks so peaceful. But underneath there continues to be much turmoil in the lives of the people who have to make a living out of the small farms. My mother really had to fight for her education and it was her intense drive which finally gave her success. My uncle, as well as most Japanese, objected to a girl getting an education as he felt it was useless to educate a girl since the female's place was to rear children. Mother did not listen to him and she enjoyed her two years of teaching sewing school.

"Then my old man came into the picture and mother married him. She had some doubts about doing this at first. Mother had a terrific inferiority complex because she was an orphan and girls were not considered very desirable anyway. ~~My-uncle~~ Her uncle made her very conscious of this. My mother finally figured that she should get married because she did not want to be a teacher all her life and there were not many offers for marriage given to an orphan girl who did not have a great family status.

"After the marriage my father brought his wife to the United States and she has been a housewife ever since. His business was not so good upon his return as there was a slight depression in the Japanese community after the war. As I said before, Seattle was the center of the Japanese population and when times got hard there was a great surging towards Los Angeles. It was the city of golden opportunity for all of the Japanese. In Seattle many of the Japanese had been in the produce markets along the waterfront and they had gained quite a reputation for it. Many of these produce workers went to Los Angeles and after that this sort of business became a monopoly of the Japanese in Los Angeles for a long time.

"My dad got the fever to go to Los Angeles since so many of his friends were going. He jumped upon the bandwagon and took us all there, just before 1921. I was not born then, I should tell you, because my sister and I were both born in Los Angeles. My father got hooked up with some other Japanese insurance agents and this is how he got his start in this field. In a short time he was considered to be quite successful. He worked for the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada which was a Caucasian company. It had a staff of over 10 Japanese agents in Los Angeles alone. At the time of the present war my father was only two years away from receiving his pension from this company.

"Dad has lived in the Japanese community in America all of the time he has been here. This was chiefly because of his work selling insurance to other Japanese. It paid him to cultivate the community and he joined many Japanese clubs. He was prominent in the Japanese Methodist Episcopal Church. He was also a sponsor of the Japanese Boy Scouts and he belonged to several Japanese business men's associations. He was one of the sponsors of the Japanese YMCA and a leader of the Nagano Kenjin Kai. I think that he was also a member of a Japanese Association of America but he never held any offices in that organization as far as I know.

"I was born in 1921 in Los Angeles in a peculiar district called Boyle Heights which later became the hotbed of rabid would-be Japanese gangsters. It was one of the largest centers of Japanese in Los Angeles and located in a poor section of town, surrounded by Jews and other immigrant races. When I was five years old we moved to the westside of Los Angeles. There was quite a Japanese community there also. We had a six-room house with a front lawn

and a large backyard. As kids my brothers and sister played around all of the houses in the neighborhood. I vividly remember the first day we moved to that house. It was a maroon-colored house with yellow trimmings. < My dad and I had gone on alone first as he wanted to clean it up a little before the rest of the family arrived. He put me in the backyard to play. There were very many big red ant hills in the yard and I began to play with them. All of a sudden a number of the big red ants started to bite me all over the hand. I did not want to live there then as I got so frightened. > At that time I remember my first impression of dad. To me he was an enormous stern person. He was about 5 foot 6 1/2 inches in height but he seemed much taller to me as a child. < He came out into the yard and scolded me for bothering the ants. That was the first I remember of both that house and my father. >

"To me dad usually was an admirable sort of person although I did not get along with him so well in later years. He was strong-willed and very strict with us children. However, he was quite intelligent and he had a sense of fair play, but I was too young to understand him as a child so that I thought he was too dominating and too harsh with us. In the community my father was highly respected by the Japanese and we kids were proud of that. Mr. Tadashi Katayama was the thing and we were his children. This gave us quite a bit of prestige among the ~~year~~ other Japanese families.

"As we grew up, dad got much stricter in his handling of us. He scolded us quite a bit because we were getting too Americanized. He thought we were going wild and he did not want us to disgrace his name. Once my two brothers and I got into some sort of childish prank and dad punished us in a peculiar way. He told us to put

our clothes and get into the car. He said that he was going to take us way out into the country and dump us off. He drove us about three blocks and we were terrified. We began to howl and promised never to get into trouble again. Then my father turned around and brought us home. Another time when I was eight years old, I got very angry at my brother, Kenny, so I did something terrible. I had heard the expression, "F--- you" from some of the kids but I did not know what it meant. I was so angry at my brother and I could not beat him up as he was bigger, so I wrote these words in big letters on a piece of paper and put it on his desk. The next morning it was Sunday and my dad found it. He didn't say a word then. After breakfast he casually said, 'Let's go for a ride and picnic.' He drove the whole family out to Fox Hills, which was a sandy waste near the ocean. We were having a well time flying out ~~to~~ kites and running around most of the day. Late in the afternoon my dad said to me, 'William, let's go have a talk.' I did not suspect a thing. He took me way deep into the hills and sat me down by a clump of trees. Then he began to talk. He said that I had written some very bad words on a cardboard. At first he was kindly to me but then he began to get angry and soon he was shouting that I was a disgrace to his name. I began to cry like anything.

"Dad said, all of a sudden, that he was leaving me in the woods over night for punishment and he forbid me to follow him. I was so terrified and scared that all I could do was cry. I could not even move. The next two hours were a horrible experience to me and I was never so frightened in all my life. After the two hours had gone by my dad came and picked me up. Years later my

mother told me why dad had relented. He had intended to make me actually stay in the woods over night. However, just as he was driving off with the family a man yelled at him and he pointed to a spare tire that had dropped off our family car. Then mother said to him, 'Pappa, this may be a sign from God.' Suppose you left William there in the woods all night and there was not a kindly person to point out things to him like the man pointed out the tire to us. Then William would be lost to us forever. Please let us go pick him up.' My dad thought a minute, then he turned around and picked ~~him~~ me up. He did not say a word to me for the next two days. And I think this was worse punishment than staying in the woods alone all night. My mother was strongly religious and she was always seeing some kind of sign from God. In that instance it worked to my advantage but I don't think that any little boy should ever have to go through an experience like this.

"Dad was and still is ~~en~~ fanatically strict with the family. He is just that way and I don't know why. As the years went by, there was more and more friction within our family circle because dad had such set ways on how to raise his family properly. Mother was much more lenient and understanding of the children and she would plead for us. This caused a great deal of conflict and for many years there was always a terrific family squabble on Saturday nights. We kids wanted to go out but dad would not let us and then the fight would begin. During the time I was in high school the fights between my father and mother got uglier and uglier. Dad was unreasonable as he would not let us go out three evenings a week and we couldn't even go to a show. He said that we learned too many

bad habits running around at night. We were not the only family with this sort of complex as many nisei fought with their parents as they grew up. The old folks just did not understand our way of living. In my case mother was more lenient and she took our part. She was always gentle and kind in her way and she was very thoughtful of the children. To me, you can't beat her as a mother. She has always been my guide. I was the "white haired" boy of the family and her pet. I wasn't scolded as much as the others as mother always said that I was the least trouble. Then also I was the youngest of the boys and ^{my brothers} they had to bear the brunt of the scoldings. I did not cause too much trouble and grief for my parents until I reached my teens and I don't think that I was ever too bad, although I do admit I was unconventional and unorthodox in my conduct as compared to most of the nisei kids my age who were too timid to do the things they wanted in opposition to their old man. I remember myself as a very sensitive child. My brothers always made me cry and even my younger sister would pick on me and make me go running to mother. I just did not fight back. Once I had a fight with my sister over a toy and she hit me in the face. Even then I did not fight back. I think it was because I was afraid of my brothers. They always sided with my sister and in any argument I was never the victor. If I got into a fight with my older brothers, they could physically beat me up. I could not argue as well as they either. Because I was always the loser, in the argument and in fighting, I developed a sarcastic tongue and to myself I was the victor. This was only in my mind although I did learn how to talk myself both in and out of fights later on.

"Ever since I was a kid I was rather sensitive due to the fact that I had not learned how to fight for myself at home. I was scared of fighting. In grammar school there was a Jew boy named Irving who was even more of a sissy than I was. I resented him for that. One day Irving picked on me and we got into a physical fight. He hit me in the face and then again in the stomach. I did not even attempt to fight back. This incident made me feel very inferior and I developed an inferiority complex. Later on in junior high school, there was a nisei boy, Johnny Ota, who was in the same class as I. We were playing basketball one day and I was on the opposing team. It was a rough and tumble game and during the height of it I accidentally tripped him. He picked himself up and he came up to me very belligerently. A fear came into my heart and he kept advancing in spite of my apologies. He started to swing at me but I was too scared to fight him even though I was three inches taller. I backed out on him and ran home immediately. The next day Johnny and a Negro boy were waiting for me at the corner. I did not know what to do when Johnny came up to me as I knew that he wanted to beat me up. So I just turned around and ran to where my big brother was working. My brother came out and dispersed the boys. After that Johnny never bothered me but he called me a yellow belly and that added to my inferiority complex which I did not get over for a long time. I was too scared to fight anyone after that and at home I was bullied more than ever.

"When I was about 12 years old, I got a job during the summer vacation in a Graite and Box factory which was operated by a Japanese. My job was to repair some of the broken boxes. I got the job through my dad who had a "pull". There were many nisei high school

kids working there with me for very cheap wages. One day I got at odds with a fellow named Saito and for the first time in my life, a fellow actually began backing down from me. This encouraged me a lot so I started to hit him. Then one of the older boys went home and he got two pairs of boxing gloves. He put them on us and told us to fight and he would be the referee. We fought it out and for the first time in my life I gave the other guy a thorough beating. From that time on, my sarcastic tongue and my new found guts made me a holy terror in the neighborhood. I deliberately picked fights after that and I managed to win my share. My confidence was built up so that now I think I am normal in that respect. However, I do realize that I am apt to be more belligerent than I should be and this creates an impression some times that I am a tough guy, which is not the truth, of course.

"In my home life we had our share of troubles too. [We had a lot of Japanese stuff around the house but I was never conscious of it. We ate Japanese food most of the time. My dad had some favorite food which came from Nagano Ken and we would have that a lot. Then mother would also grow some Japanese plants and vegetables out in the backyard. I still like Japanese food very well. We used chopsticks most of the time until I got to high school, and then we began to use knives and forks. We were all sent to the Japanese language school but I did not learn very much there. My parents rabidly read Japanese books all the time but they never tried to indoctrinate us with anything.

"We just took it for granted that our parents had sympathy for Japan. It was not a matter of loyalty since they had lived here quite a few years.] My mother has often told us that she never wanted

us to leave the children although she was-~~2~~ would like to visit relatives in Japan once more. She always stressed that to us and she knew that none of the kids would ever think of going to Japan to live. I think that the main thing that keeps her going is the hope that her children will grow up well and be happy. Her ambition is to have some grandchildren.

"I don't like to tell this but my dad has treated mother terribly over the years. I would call my dad an almost mentally ill person. In many respects the workings of his mind seems to be very odd to me. He was so set in his ways. It was his idea that the man is the boss of his house and nobody can question any of his decisions. He wanted to be the absolute ruler. Naturally there was resentment about this. The only thing that stopped my mother from leaving him was that she feared that an unfavorable stigma would be attached to us kids. You know how the Japanese gossip.

"The trouble did not really get intense until my big brother started high school, and after that it became more and more acute. My dad became progressively more cranky, stubborn, hot-headed, and strict with all of us. I could not realize then that he was himself mentally troubled and that he had gone through many personal frustration which made him act this way. My brothers and I resented it very much then and we began to fight against dad's domination more and more. I did not realize that my father mistreated mother physically until I was in high school. One night I heard my mother crying in their room and I knew that my parents had had a quarrel. The next day I found that she had been beaten up by dad. There were bruises all over her arm. Mom said that she only bumped herself on the door in the dark and she would not tell me anything more. However,

I realized that it was my dad who had done it.] My mother finally admitted it and then she confided her secret to me. Well, the reason was that my dad was playing around with another Japanese woman. My mother had kept it to herself as she did not want any scandal to hurt our family name. It is pretty common for Japanese husbands to play around, I think. Anyway, my mother almost had a nervous breakdown but she would never let on to the Japanese community that anything was going on. In 1939 she could not stand it any longer because my father had become pretty forward in his illegal relations with the other woman so that my mother took a trip to Japan "for a rest". She figured that nobody in the community would know the truth then because if the people found out it would be a disgrace. The excuse my mother gave for going to Japan was to visit a "ill uncle".

["I was about 15 years old when my mother first began to confide in me and made me promise never to tell anybody. She did not even tell my older brothers. I was pretty big for my age and I think I was mentally developed more than the average nisei of that age. I was also the "oyakooko" of the family, which means the favorite son who always looks after his parents. Later on, my mother poured out more and more of her troubles to me. I guess I was more precocious and I often tried to patch up the trouble between my parents. It worried me a lot because I am inclined to be sensitive. These events influenced my schooling and I could not get it off my mind so that my studies suffered. As I got older I threatened to ^{beat} ~~be~~ my old man up but my mother said that I could never say such a thing again because I should have respect for my own father in spite of this intolerant way. However, because of my own restrictions, I began to

have more and more run-ins with father. I resented most of all his bad treatment of my mother. One day we were sitting at the dining room table and my parents started to fight. They argued so much that my brothers just got up and left. I continued to eat. Finally I got so angry at my father that I yelled, 'Shut up' to him. My dad then cursed me. I was trembling with rage so I grabbed my plate of food and walked to the front room to eat it there. My father would not let up and he said that he was going to teach me not to be so fresh (namaiki) with him. He advanced on me with clenched fists. I was ready to fight back because I was so angry. I was just getting ready to throw the plate of food right in his face when my father backed down as he saw that I meant business.

"It was these incidents which happened more and more often which made my home life nasty and rather unpleasant to live in. That is why I wanted to be out so much. One day even my oldest brother got angry with dad and he was going to beat him up and the only reason he stopped was because my mother pleaded with him. I never saw him so mad in all my life. It seemed that it was the whole family pitted against the old man. Whether my dad was fully to blame or not, we did not stop to consider. It was always upon him that the bubbling over anger was directed because he was so strict with us and he beat mother. ~~Write-up--~~ Right up until evacuation, we had these troubles in our home although I was not there for the year previous to it. When I went home at the time of evacuation, my brothers, sister, mother and I talked about evacuating without the old man. We were pretty serious about it. However, something happened to our family then because we could not do it. Mother said that we should all stick together in such a troubled time and we saw that she was right.

My dad became a changed man when the war started but I don't know why he changed that way.

~~"I had a sort of mental and moral disintegration after I was 16 years old so that my mother began to have more worries about my activities. I started to play around in my junior year in high school and my grades dropped lower and lower.~~

"Right now my dad is working on the railroads in Montana. My mother, two brothers and sister are still in Heart Mountain. My dad will go back to camp as soon as his work is over. The strain in the family relations ~~were~~ tidied over because of the evacuation. It has brought us all closer together. There is no talk of separation between my parents anymore. The whole thing is that my dad calmed down and the war made him realize that great things were happening so that he had to hang on to his family. To do this he had to give in to us more and not try to be a dictator. It was all of these troubles that made me have a mental and moral disintegration after I was 16 years of age so that my mother began to have more worries ~~beat~~ about my activities. I started to play around in my junior year in high school and my grades dropped lower and lower.

"Perhaps I should tell you a little more about my childhood so that you can understand why I got into my mental conflicts. As a child I was considered very cute and my mother would fix me up in bangs. ~~Natunally~~ all the other fellows teased me for this and I could not beat them up. Another thing was that the Japanese woman of the community spoiled me by petting me on the head and this affected my slightly egotistical manners later. I was a funny sort of a kid because I tended to be an introvert. I did not like to play with the other fellows as I got more enjoyment by roaming

around all by myself or else to read books which is considered rather unnatural for a nisei kid. One time I had a big fight with my brothers and I began to cry like anything. The only way I could get over this feeling of sadness was to take a walk around the block. When I came home with my tear stained face, my mother consoled me. She told me that it was a good practice to take a walk and think before losing my temper. She also said that if I were feeling sad it was good to get out into the nature. I got into this habit of taking long walks by myself in order to meditate. When I was feeling particularly melancholy I would take a real long hike and this would ease my mind. I still have this habit. Just last week I walked out to Grant Park after I got through work about 4 in the morning because my mind was troubled by things in general. Sometimes I think I think too much about things. But it does not hurt to do it once in a while.

"When I was 10 years old, I remember taking one of these walks by myself and it was the first time that I learned about sex. I walked down to the Exposition Park in Los Angeles and I roamed through the museum and around the grounds. As soon as I did this I would forget my problems and then I would get furious so that I walked around and looked at everything and asked a lot of questions. In one corner of the park I saw a Greek statue of a nude woman. I stood there curiously looking at the sex organs and this was the first time that I got sexually excited. I point my finger up and I walked right up to the statue to touch the organs because I did not know why it was different from boys. Some Caucasian fellows came walking by and they began to laugh at me so that I was greatly embarrassed and I beat it fast. After that I did not learn anything

more about sex for a couple of years.

"There were other events which happened during my childhood which later influenced me. Once there was a Japanese summer church which held a big confention at the beach. I think I was only about 8 years old then. My mother was very religious so that she took me there with her. As I was walking around I slipped on something and gashed my ear on a corner of a table. The blood began to spurt out and I began to howl. My mother picked me up and ran for help. I bawled at the top of my voice when my mother quietly said to me, "William, you can cry when it hurts but a real Japanese does not cry out loud." Then I just began to whimper. All of the Japanese women around us got scared then because I did not cry out aloud so that they thought I was seriously injured. ~~A-maid~~ They made a big fuss over me. Later on, when my brothers beat me up after a fight and I would be crying, my mother told me not to cry out aloud because the big man kept things to himself. I don't think I learned this lesson very well because I always cried aloud. I guess it was because I was a sissy.

"Even the little girls in our neighborhood made a fuss over me because I was so cute as a small kid. When I was 9 years old, I knew a Margaret Fukushima. She went to the same church as I did and she would often come over to visit me with her little sister. This was the first time I got interested in the opposite sex. It was not natural because at that age most boys had a disdain for girls. However, I played a lot with Margaret and her sister. Weeven played 'family' and I would be the papa and Margaret would be a mama and we promised ourselves to each other like they did in the movies. My brothers caught me one day and they spread it around among the other

fellows so that I got ribbed a lot about this and they were more convinced than ever that I was a pansy. After I was 11 Margaret and I drifted apart for a year. Then when we were 12 I started going steady with her. We were 'engaged'. I did not know much about sex then. I did not know about the emotions which raised the male genital either but this happened a couple of times when I was playing 'family' with Margaret. There was another nisei girl, Sumi, who went to the same Japanese school as I did and she liked me a lot. I did not like her but there was a mulatto boy who lived near us and he had a crush on Sumi. One day one of my nisei friends, Morita, came up to me and he said that he had heard I had f----- Sumi. I did not know what it meant and I could not understand why all the fellows began to rib me and ask me how it felt. I finally found out from my brothers what it really meant. Then I found out that Gene, the mulatto boy, was the one who had been spreading the rumor. He was jealous of me because he could not get any place with Sumi himself. I was very angry at Gene but when I actually confronted him I backed down on the fight. Later on I found out that Gene was 'making' Sumi's big sister regularly and she had a very bad reputation.

"I continued to go steady with Margaret until I went to Japan. I was only 13 then and after 8 months I came back and I started to go steady with Margaret once more. One day, at a Sunday School picnic, my pal, Tets, and I saw a beautiful new nisei girl who had just moved into our community and started going to our church. We were both smitten with her so that we immediately made a big play for her attention. I dropped Margaret like a hot potato and all her friends called me a heel for doing that. I finally won out over

Tets and Toshi became my new girl friend. We went out on a lot of rides in Tets' dad's car. I was either 13 or 14 then. She was the first girl I really necked seriously with and I tried to feel her up. Six months later she went back to Japan with her parents and she promised to be faithful to me. When she came back she went around with another guy by the name of Tad and he got sore at me for giving him competition. However, Tad and I became friends as I got over Toshi, but her friends began to spread gossip about me.

"My family moved to El Monte in 1935 and I started high school. I was 14 then. All the nisei girls in that town came from farmer families. I met Susie, who was a cute thing, and I began to take her all over. I tried to kiss her all the time and do other things but she would not let me. After two months I was more attracted with Miya, who had just come from Utah with her family. She had a wonderful form but the thing which impressed me most were her beautiful breasts. It was unusual to see a nisei girl like this because most of them are flat chested. I was popular in school so that we got on well together. My high school journalism teacher teased me about Miya and said that she was chasing me. We had terrific necking and petting dates out on the lonely roads. We went steady for quite a while.

"After I was in El Monte I got more and more curious about sex. I heard a lot about it from the other fellows and some of them would have books with dirty drawings in them which got me excited. Some of the white kids at school told me about the sexual experiences they had. There was one Caucasian, Jack, who was only 14 and he was having intercourse with a 16 year old girl about three times a week. He told me about the white junk which shou~~t~~ out and I did not know

what he meant. When I went home that night I dreamed about it and it was the first sexual dream that I had.

"I began to pal around with a nisei delinquent, Shig. We used to sneak out of school to smoke together. He was a farmer's son and he worked hard. After school he would drive the truck to Los Angeles to go to the produce market. I began to go with him and we would talk about sex all the time. Finally we got so desperate that we decided to go see a prostitute. We paid our \$2 and this was the first time I had a sex experience. I did not enjoy it at all because I was so scared and my heart was pounding like a sledge hammer. After we came out I got frightened and I thought that I would get a terrible beating if my dad ever found out. I made Shig promise not to ever tell anybody that we had gone to see a whore, but the damn fool went around bragging about his experience. The next thing I knew Shig's father found out. He dragged Shig over to our house and told my parents. When I got home from school and I was accused of it, I called Shig a ~~De~~ Goddam liar. I swore up and down to my mother that I had not gone. It was the first time in my life that I lied to my mother. I just could not admit it to her. A few days later Shig's father came again and he still insisted that I had gone with his son. Mother dragged me over there to get the whole thing settled once and for all.

"When we got to the farm of Shig's old man, I saw them out in the field. My mother went to talk to his father so I got Shig off alone. I pleaded with him to back down on his story and tell my mother that it was a white boy that he had gone with to the prostitute's. Shig would not do that so that I asked him to make believe that I was so made at the lies that I beat him up. He agreed to do

this and when my mother saw me rolling on the ground with Shig, she was convinced that I was telling the truth. But the next day Shig's *father* phoned again and he said that his son had admitted it was a frame-up. However, my mother said that she believed me and she would not do anything more about it.

"After that I began to get intensely interested in girls. I had a series of crushes on Bobbie, Marian, Mary, Chiyo and others. In between this I began to make more and more excursions to San Bernardino where all the nisei went to see the whores. I went pretty often while I was in high school, especially after I was 16 years old. However, I had another kind of sexual experience about then so that my attentions were turned to this activity. I started to go around with a white girl, *Dot* ~~Rose~~, in my senior year at high school. She was from an Okies' family who moved into the poor section of town. Dot was blonde and very sexy looking. I went to the school on the same bus as she did so that we got *very* friendly. I got into the habit of dropping into her house after school while her parents were out. One day her 12 year old sister was out to a school play so that I was alone with Dot. I went into the room with her and we started to talk about love scenes in the movies. Pretty soon we started to neck. All of a sudden she got warmed up. Dot was a virgin but she seduced me. That was my first affair with girls besides prostitutes. I went to see her about twice a month after that for the next six months and then she moved out of town. I was not the only one getting it free from her after she got sexy.

"Then there was another Caucasian girl, named Bertha. She was the first girl I met who was really over-sexed. One day after school I went to a pasture to smoke with her. There was a river bed

near by and all the fellows would take the girls out there. Bertha was a little uneasy with me because I was a nisei. But I finally made her yield in the riger bed and after that we had some very good times. She did not care who made her ^{so} as she was known as box-car Bertha. One time she took on 18 fellows from the high school team at one time, believe it or not.

"Just before graduation I met Lillian, a nisei girl. This was in 1939. She was an older girl, about 21 year~~d~~ old and I was only 17. But I guess I looked and acted older. Lillian was not terribly good looking but she had a different kind of personality. She was not very popular with the other nisei fellows but I liked her so I began to take her out. It was inevitable that I would have sexual intercourse with her. One night, after we went to Redondo Beach I took her out to a desolate spot and this was my first experience with a nisei girl. Not very many nisei girls will give in but she did. I'll take a nisei girl any day. All in all, I've had relations with four nisei girls and about four Caucasian girls and none of these were prostitutes. I went to the prostitutes a lot before I knew how to 'make regular girls'. There is no kick with a prostitute after having a regular girl because the prostitutes are too commercial and all they are interested in is their two dollars. There's also a greater chance of getting disease from them. The only time I use a prostitute is when I feel frustrated and really need the pressure taken off. Twice since coming to Chicago, I've picked up a couple of young girls walking the streets. Last month, (August) I had two young Caucasian girls, about 18 years old. This month I have not been hitting it so good because I am tied up with my regular girl friend.

"In Santa Anita I had some love affairs too. I am not trying to brag because I want to tell you everything in an impersonal way. And these things happened just as I say. But I hope that you keep your promise and never tell anybody because I don't want to be talking about me any more. Well, when I went to Santa Anita I had an idea of getting all sorts of girls. I thought I would have a very merry time there because there were a number of foot loose and fancy free nisei girls from Los Angeles who were there looking for a good time too. I met quite a few interesting girls. There was one 16 year old nisei girl whose mother was living apart from her husband. One night I got this girl alone in a remote corner of the camp after a dance. She would not give in because she was afraid of what would happen. I was frustrated that night because I knew that many fellows were having relations with girls around the camp that night. I began to look around for a professional prostitute with a gang. There ~~was~~ were many rumors going around that there were pros in camp. But when I went there with a bunch, we did not find anything. All that prostitution at Santa Anita is a myth. It was all private stuff.

"I got to know a couple of girls who were separated from their parents and they were living alone in one of the barracks. June was the nicer looking one so that I began to take her to the dances. Her room-mate had a steady boy friend who worked at night. One evening after a dance I took June home and I loved her up. Every time her room mate was out at night visiting her boy friend, I would rush over to see June and have an affair. That was the only actual girl I had intercourse with in Santa Anita. But some of the fellows in my gang took girls out regularly under the grandstand or else they would take them way up to the top of it.

"In Heart Mountain my score was not so good and it was a different story. The camp there was barren and there were only a few open barracks that fellows could go to with girls. Usually they would take the girls into the wash room. There was one girl there who chased boys a lot but she wanted to get married. One of my gang took her to the empty barracks about four times a week and he promised to marry her but he left camp suddenly without leaving a forwarding address. Other guys in my gang would take the girls up by the high school building. I did not have much luck myself at Heart Mountain. I tried a few times to get young innocent girls but they were too afraid. It was too hard to find a private place and another thing was that we could not get contraceptives very easily and it was too risky without them. So my ~~seere~~ batting average at Heart Mountain was zero although I did get to ^{first} ~~third~~ base a few times.

"That is why I was hard up when I came out to Chicago last January. The first month I was here I did not have a girl. Then I went to work in the factories and I got acquainted with some of the white fellows who invited me to their private parties. At one party they had a barrel of beer and 12 young girls who I swear were not over 20 or under 15. We all got very drunk and gradually we paired off with a girl. I was having a very good time dancing and drinking when Blondie fell into my arms. She was drunker than a bitch and I screwed her right in the back seat of the car which was just outside the house. After I took her back to the room I picked up a 16 year old Slavic girl, called Tiny. Late in the morning I took her out to eat. I was in the back seat of the car with her and Mike was in front with his girl. After we ate we started to take the girls

home, however, we stopped by the side of the road and I had my second sex intercourse that night.

"Tiny lived too far out in the country for me so that I did not see her any more. But I had met Sally at the same party. She lived on the south side near me so that I began to take her to the Aragon and Trianon ballrooms. The first time I felt a little uneasy but nobody paid any attention to us so I took her out more and more. After the dance I would take her home and we would neck. Her parents worked in a defense factory at night. I spent most of my money on her at that time. After I got to know her pretty well, I scored. Then I took her out a couple of times more before Sally lost interest in me. She just thought I was different so that is why I got privileges with her. Sally was a semi-pro and she went out seven nights a week so that she could not fit me into her schedule after that.

"Then Mike , who worked at the same plant as I did, introduced me to Becky, a Polish girl. She would was the first nice girl I met out here and she would only let me neck her a little bit. She would slap me every time I got the itchy hands. I haven't seen her for a month now.

"When I moved up to the near north side I began to meet a few nisei girl. I took one out six nights in a row. I also took out other nisei girls on dates but they were all respectable affairs. Recently I met a '26 dice girl' and and she likes me a lot but she will not come to my room. She is a Caucasian. I haven't seen her for about four days now. I have been in the habit of taking her to the all-night shows after I got through with my night work at the club. I think that she will be made sooner or later.

"Now, I am going around with a nice nisei girl from North

Dakota. The only thing Japanese about her is her face. She was born and reared among the white people and she did not know the nisei before. I don't know exactly how I stand with her yet. I am sort of serious about her but I don't know what will come of it. I am not trying to wolf her or anything like that as I do not have any dishonorable intentions towards her. I am serious about her and when I get that way over a girl, I do not try to 'make' her. The romance is developing fairly well now but I am not thinking seriously of marriage or anything like that. I have told you a lot of my sex life and don't forget, you promised me that you will never tell anybody about it. If you write my case up, you can use the material but change ~~ef~~ all of the names. Now I think I'll tell you something more about the serious side of me. I also have had some experiences in my educational life.

"I began school when I was five years old at the 37th St. School in Los Angeles. I skipped a year while I was going there. When I graduated from grammar school I had the highest rating in my class. It was a fairly large school. Then I went to the junior high school, James A. Foshay school, after I came back from Japan in 1932. I made the junior high school scholarship society $1\frac{1}{2}$ years out of the two years I was there. Then I moved to El Monte and started the high school there in 1935. The first year and a half I made the scholarship society again and I got almost all A's. I took an academic course with no particular line in mind that I wanted to follow. My father had always wanted me to take a business course and go to college with the idea of entering foreign trade in mind. This was so typical of many issei parents who wanted their sons to study for

foreign trade. It was the only thing they could think of as the parents did not know too much about the chances in other fields. I toyed with the idea of being a lawyer but nothing ever came of that. I only knew that I did not care for a business course but I thought that my father would let me have my own way once I got into college.

"I had another interest which was much stronger. When I was 15 years old, I became very interested in dramatics. I took it all through high school as an extra-curricular activity. I took the part of negro servants, houseboys, Italian peddlers, Indian magician and other roles of this sort that I could take. I never got a chance to be a leading man in a play because I had a yellow face. After I got my teeth into dramatics, I decided that this was going to be my career. My ambition was to be the second Sessue Hayakawa of the American movies.] Hayakawa had gained quite a reputation as an actor during the days of the silent pictures.

"I was also interested in other activities of the high school. I went out for the school paper in my sophomore year and I became a cub reporter for the staff. I worked up to be the assistant editor in my high junior year. The last year I was in high school I was appointed as the editor-in-chief of the school paper, The El Monte Lion's Trail.

"I went out for sports too, especially football and track. I was not star material but I did make the team and earned three letters in these two sports. I liked debating a lot and I went out for that. I won several of the intra-school debate contests. One time at an American Legion sponsored contest I had a beautiful speech made up. I thought that I had delivered it perfectly but I did not get the first place. Many of my friends who heard it thought that I should

have been awarded the first prize, but it was not given to me because I was nihonjin. I only got the second place. A lot of the teachers said I was first so that was some consolation. The American Legion post in our town was not very friendly to the Japanese.

"I became conscious of the fact of being a Japanese while I was in high school. Most of the nisei there were sons and daughters of peasant type issei farmers and these kids did not get around very much. The fact that I was active at school made the nisei resent me very much. At the same time I wasn't accepted in the hakujin school society as readily as I thought I should be. One time I went to one of the school dances with a hakujin girl and it created a furore for two reasons. I was the first nisei who had ever gone to a school dance and I was the first one to ever take a hakujin girl out in our town. There was a lot of talk on account of that both among the nisei and the hakujin students. The girl went through a lot of pressure so that I did not feel easy about taking her again.

"The thing that made me feel different was that my friend, the journalism teacher, gently hinted that I should not take a ~~hka-~~ hakujin girl to a school affair. She said it was best not to do that for the school functions since there were many nice Japanese girls I could bring. It made me feel hurt and embarrassed and tremendously bewildered. I could not understand why people disguised the point at all. I never realized that I was something different until then. Up to that time I had been on an equal footing with the white kids and I never was conscious of being a Japanese.

"The second time I was acutely made conscious of the fact that I was nihonjin was when I was appointed as the editor-in-chief of the school paper. The vice-principal of the school, who I thought

was a good man, was against my appointment. He was a member of the American Legion. I went ahead and did the job anyway and my journalism teacher fought for me all the way through. Until my appointment on the paper, not one nisei in our town had ever held a rank in any extra-curricular school activities. I was also appointed the commissioner of publications, the same year and I had charge of the supervision of the school year book and the 'Ink Blots', a student writers' magazine.

"It was in the social functions that I felt the difference mostly. We used to have regular noon dances in the gymnasium and all the fellows and girls went stag. If there was a sharp nisei chick at the dance it was okay for the hakujin boys to dance with her and nothing was said. But if I went and danced with a hakujin girl, then everybody looked at me and talked. After a couple of experiences of this sort I became self conscious and embarrassed in spite of the fact that I knew these Caucasian girls well. I gave up going to the noon dances after that and I only went out with these girls after school or for long walks.

"When I had become more or less of a big shot in the school activities, I got in with the clique of white kids who were the leaders of the school. I was also active among the nisei. There were four distinct types of student in our school and the class line between them were drawn pretty sharp. There was the small intellectual Caucasian group, the bulk of the Caucasian students became into the second class, the Mexican group who kept to themselves, and finally the nisei who also kept to themselves. I made it a point to become friends with all of these groups. I had many Mexican friends in the school.

"I ran around with the school leaders and I also mixed with the average students. I cut classes and went smoking with these guys, and I would make frequent trips to Los Angeles with the rowdier groups. At the same time I had good contacts with the nisei students, in fact, I was president of the Japanese Student Club during my junior year in high school. I did not have much time for the Japanese Student club after I got to be the editor-in-chief as this took quite a lot of time.

"The reason these nisei students were segregated was that they were backward and timid. They did not make a definite effort to get in with the rest of the students. I can only think of about six nisei students who mixed more with the ~~haku~~kujin students in high school. It was partly due to the fact that there was a natural discrimination against the Japanese in that area and the nisei students felt inferior because of this. The same condition existed among the Mexican students. The nisei would not even mix with the Mexicans in spite of the fact that they were swell kids. Only a few of them Mexican kids were active in high school. One of them had done some semi-professional singing and he was popular in the whole school. He looked more Spanish so that a few white girls went out with him. I think that the average white kids in our school thought that they were better than the Mexicans and nisei, who came from the poorer families in that area. Most of the white kids lived in town.

"From my junior year on there was a definite decline in my grades because of my school activities and more because of my mental and moral disintegration. I think that this was largely due to the conflicts in my home sweet home. My grades went way down because I lost all interest in my studies and I was having a lot of time fun

running around. This was not the normal way for a nisei to behave in El Monte. Most of the nisei students studied hard and then they went home to the farm to help their parents so that only a few went wild. But a few were becoming of the 'yogore' type and they turned out to be extreme zoot suiters and rowdies in camp. (Japanese slang nisei slang for a bum). It is also a term of condemnation.)

"For example, there was one nisei boy, Hiroshi, who was my pal from my third year in high school on. He was a star athlete in four sports during the four years he was in school, but he was not very intelligent. He was a good Joe when I knew him though. He had a beautiful physique and he was naturally good in any sport that he took up, so that he was quite popular in the nisei society and they sort of looked up at him. Later on, I went to college and I did not see him much except for my visits back to my home town. Hiroshi continued to run around a lot after high school. He had some sort of menial job, I think, and he was not very ambitious. I went out with him just before evacuation as I liked the social life too and we were still friends. Then he went to the Pomona Assembly Center and I went to Santa Anita so that I did not see him again until I got to Heart Mountain. God, he sure changed in camp. He turned out to be a very extreme 'yogore' and zoot suiter and he went around in a gang just like himself. I did not even class myself with his group. Hiroshi hung around with a lot of young punks who thought they were tough and his gang was always looking around for a fight. The first time I saw him up in Heart Mountain I gave him a friendly hello and the dirty bastard greeted me with a third finger. This was the style of greeting for that gang and I got kind of sore. Later on, I got into trouble with one of these 'yogores' because of a 16 year

old girl. The 'yogore' was a friend of Hiroshi's. One night I went to the dance in a mess hall. It happened that this 'yogore' had dated out this 16 year old nisei girl for that dance. So that I tagged in on him. He was not around after the first dance so that I had two dances with her before I took her back. The 'yogore' was mad as hell but he did not say anything that time. Later on in the evening I tagged in again and when I took her back, he turned around and walked out of the mess hall. I figured that there would be trouble when I saw Hiroshi and others of the gang going out with him. About 15 minutes later a whole gang of 'yogores' came back and they wanted me to go outside. I figured that I was going to get a beating so I would not go outside the door to meet the other 'yogores'. I knew that if I stepped out, I would get my ass beaten off. I told the 'yogore', 'Goddamit, I will fight you alone, but I am not a sucker to go out and get beaten up by your gang.' The fellow agreed to fight me himself so I went out with him. Hiroshi came along too and I felt like beating the ass off of both of them. The other fellows kept their distance. It did not end up so bad as the 'yogore' was not a good fighter when alone. They were at their best in a gang and they fought dirty and some of them even carried knives. I was pretty disgusted that Hiroshi was like that because he was supposed to be my friend. None of the other El Monte kids turned out to be such 'yogores' but I think that they all did change some in camp.

"Anyway, I continued on with my high school activities and in 1939 I graduated. There were 60 in my class. Despite the fact that my grades had dropped down in the last two years, my rating was pretty good because of all the A's I had during my first two years. In fact, I was among those with the highest rating in the class. I

should have been the valedictorian or the salutatorian but these two positions were dropped that year. I resented it a lot because I thought it was discrimination. It just happened that nine of the 10 highest in the class were nisei and that is why they dropped these honors. As a consolation I was given the assignment of No. 1 commencement speaker and I also got inscribed on the El Monte Hall of Fame because I had been editor of the paper and active in other school functions.

"In January, 1940, I enrolled at U.C.L.A. By that time I was not too enthusiastic about college, because of my father's insistence upon a business course. I had also become bored of studying because my mental attitude was one of confusion. I wanted more to go to Pasadena junior college or Los Angeles City College because I figured the courses would be easier there and I would have fun. My dad and I talked it over and he persuaded me to go to U.C.L.A. to take the business administration course. My heart was just not in it as I wanted to take dramatics no matter how impractical it was for a future career. The chief reason why I wanted to go to L.A. City College was because I heard that it offered a good dramatics course there, but my father won out in the argument and off I trudged to U.C.L.A.

"I lived at the Brentwood Students Cooperative house which was open to all the students but it was located quite a distance from the main campus. My social life was almost stopped because I lived away from home and I did not know many people at first. I had to go more and more into nisei activities. The nisei put on most of their own affairs so that it was like going to a separate school. I did not like this very much although I did enjoy the social life.

"My room mates at the co-op were a couple of Jewish boys and they were a swell pair of eggs. We used to have a lot of fun by tearing over to the beach or going on drunk parties. Shelly had a lot of girl friends so that we would take them to movies. Occasionally at night we would go on necking dates around the campus but I didn't get to share too much of that. On week-ends I would go home to El Monte, which was about 30 miles away, in order to visit the folks and to see the girls.

"Academically I ~~get~~ did lousy because I just did not have any interest in my classes. I got to know Kenny Murata and he took me to the nisei salon meetings which were considered high brow stuff. They would discuss all sorts of things from cultural music and ballet to political ideas and the nisei problem. It was in this period that I became interested more in politics, art and other cultural things. I had been more or less superficial up to then but I did make an attempt to elevate myself by starting to read good literature. Kenny was a good influence on me intellectually. I started to go to the nisei Young Democrats meetings in Los Angeles where all of the 'radical' nisei met. I was always the youngest person there as I was only 19 and the rest were all over 21. Most of them were out of college already. I was just curious about these things as I am curious by nature. Then I really wanted to learn also because I had some vague idea that I should get something out of college. I would say that this phase of my U.C.L.A. life was the only constructive thing I did. At the end of the semester, I was almost flunked out. I thought I could make a go of it and please my folks if I changed schools and got off to a fresh start. My parents were pretty set upon my graduating from college as I would be the first in the family

to do that. My older brothers did not go on for various reasons and I was the last hope. My dad did not have a college education himself and his frustrations turned out on me. That is why he was so set in his way about my education. However, I could not achieve his desires because I did not get to take the courses I wanted and therefore I did not appreciate his sending me to school.

"Another reason why I disliked U.C.L.A. was because it was more of a country club school, and I could not live right on the campus. This did not give me the college atmosphere. I heard that there were about 500 nisei at the University of California in Berkeley and that most of them lived on or near the campus so that there was a definite social life there which I felt I wanted. I also felt that I could study better in that atmosphere so I made an application to the Berkeley Japanese Students House to come in as a member and live there. Much to my later regret I was accepted. I arrived in Berkeley one May afternoon with two suit cases in hand. I walked up to the Japanese Students Club house and knocked. A square looking Jap came up so I introduced myself as a new member. I asked for the manager, Harry Takahashi, but he was not in. I did not know what to do so I thought that I would make friendly advances. I expected to be shown around the house by the nisei who opened the door but he just left me flat. He did not even introduce me to anybody in the room so that I had to do it myself. I tried to be as friendly as possible but it had the damnest repercussions the next day.

"The president of the Japanese Students Club took me aside on the second day I was there and he told me something which singed my hide. He said that the boys of the clubhouse wanted to take me down a peg because I was too fresh as all hell and I came walking in with

my hat cocked and smoking a cigar. This was all hooey and I felt that those damn Japs were narrow minded because they resented me for acting like a natural American. I got off to a bad start of a stormy stay at the University of California. From then on, it seems that it was Bill Katayama against the House. They had all sorts of rules and I was always breaking them, and then they would give me the paddle and other initiations. They did not like me and I did not like them so that we were always at blows. I was supposed to act like a humble nisei student and they were surprised when I turned out to be different. On the other hand, I expected a more normal bunch of American students in the House and they acted too much like Japs. They had a tradition in the House that freshmen nisei were not to ~~surprise~~ smoke tailored made cigarettes and I was always breaking that rule. I broke a lot of rules just for the hell of it and I got into a lot of arguments because of personality differences. It was a very hectic and stormy stay there and the Japanese Student Club fellows said I was not cooperative enough. It all started just because I had made a friendly approach at first and it rubbed them the wrong way. The fellows disliked me because I had some special abilities of which they were jealous. I could sing and jitter-bug and I was able to meet people easily and this was a strong contrast to most of the club members who acted like 'nisei'. The fellows spread all sorts of exaggerated stories about me. I was always being called on the carpet by the club officers. They would make me sing at the dinner table for punishment. This was when I first found out that I had a voice.

"I had other worries at the same time because my folks were not getting along then and I would think about it in class. Then I

was taking the wrong courses as my father still insisted upon my following a foreign trade major. I wanted to take dramatics although I knew it was impractical. I did not want to take business so that I could not find any interest in my classes. I think now that if I had gone out for dramatics as I wanted to, I would have gotten good grades and had a happier college career.

"I never did get along with the J.S.C. boys and I did not get along so well with the girls on the campus either. I felt I should have gotten along much better so that when I was given the cold shoulder, it got me down. Up to that time, I had always been popular with the girls and never had any difficulty in making their friendships. The Cal nisei girls were different though. They thought that I was too fresh and cocky but I thought I was being natural. I used to jitter-bug a lot and I enjoyed it. But they thought that I was only showing off. Everything I did seemed to be wrong. The Cal nisei were also conservative and I didn't fit into their group.

"Then I also was in the habit of doing what the other nisei considered as ~~excentric~~ things although I did not consider it that way. I used to go take a long walk into the Berkeley Hills after my studies or when my mood was not so good. It was beautiful way up in the hills and I liked to walk up and look over the whole San Francisco Bay-ar Bay area with the twinkling lights shining in the distance. This ^{scene} ~~seemes~~ always stimulated me and soothed my worried mind. It gave me courage to face another day. I would go up there and just sit for a hour or so and look at the city lights. But when the other nisei found out about this they thought I was a queer. The just could not imagine that anybody could be stimulated by the scene and enjoyed the beauty of the sight. The nisei are funny that way. They

never do anything that is unorthodox. They just don't have any imagination at all. If a person is different they think that something is wrong with him. They don't realize that maybe they are the ones that are queer. All the nisei did was study except for some of the groups around the J.S.C. who like the social life. But they thought they were pretty hot stuff and being collegiate, so that they sort of stuck their noses up at other nisei. If you know one nisei student, you know them all. They all are cut from the same pattern and I don't think that they enjoyed the college life at all.

"Another thing was that I worked out jitter-bug routines at the clubhouse in my spare time. I loved to dance and it is in my blood. The other fellows thought that it was queer when I would pick another boy to practice my routines with. They would make all sorts of nasty comments behind my back and spread the rumor around to the nisei girls so that they girls were a little afraid of me sometimes. Another thing also was that I would get up at one o'clock in the morning when something was on my mind and I would go downstairs to play records in the club parlor. The J.S.C. boys were convinced that I was a queer because I did this. Maybe I was disorganized in college because of all my problems but I don't think that I was as much disorganized as the average nisei student. At least, I acted in a normal Americanized manner and the J.S.C. boys certainly were not that way. The nisei stuck to themselves too much. I liked their company too but I thought they could get to know some of the other students.

"At the University of California I did my share of mixing with the hakujin students. I went to the Y.C.L. meeting and I attended various meeting sponsored by the campus 'Y's'. My interest in

dramatics continued and this helped me to mix a lot. The hakuji girls also intrigued me so I tried to get acquainted with them after my classes. In most of my courses I was the only Nihonjin in spite of the fact that there were 500 nisei on the campus. I made a few friends but it never went beyond the classroom because there seem to be some sort of inhibition which kept us apart.

"There was one other nisei girl Lily Sato who was also interested in dramatics. We tried to get into the University of California Dramatics club but they would not even take us in as a temporary member. They gave us the run around because we were Nihonjin. There has been many at time that I wished I were a white person and I am not ashamed to admit that. It is a handicap many times to have a Jap face. Most nisei won't admit it but I know that they often felt that way themselves. Now I look at it more philosophically as feel that all of this racial discrimination is not too bad when I know that there are many other racial groups in the same fix like the Negroes, Jews, Chinese and Filipinos.

"Getting into the college dramatics players group was my main ambition while at U.C. but I never achieved it. There was one prominent Caucasian student in the dramatics club and he took an interest in Lily Sato and me. He could not get us a membership but as a consolation he told us that we could put on a play, the play called 'The Geisha's Wedding'. This play was written by a Caucasian woman about feudal Japan. It was a typical story of a geisha's love for a poor young poet and it was told in English. Lily and I had a terrible time rounding up enough nisei who would be willing to take part. We finally got seven all together in the cast. We put the play on in the Cal auditorium and we got a lot of publicity

in the Daily Californian. I had a very meaty part so that I got rave notices. The nisei in the cast were the more liberal ones so that they took a chance and broke the nisei ~~prece~~ tradition of confining their activities to themselves. That play was the most fun I had at the university but it only ^hwetted my appetite for more dramatics. We could not get into the college dramatics club even after that so that we put on a number of small plays for nisei groups during the time we were organized.

"I also continued with my Young Democrats activities. The club was located in Oakland and most of the members were older, out of school nisei, some of whom were labeled as Communists by the nisei. A lot of the discussion that went on was over my head but I did get a lot of good out of it. I pretended to know what it was all about because I did not want people to think that I was dumb. In a way it was an acting part for me, although I did try to get some good out of it.

"But the things I enjoyed most were the dances and the nisei social life that I could get into. I went to the school dances which had 'name' bands to supply the music in the Cal gym. There were about four dances a week on the campus open to me but I went chiefly to the nisei affairs. I also went on a drunk party once with a Caucasian student I met. None of the other nisei students ever touched liquor. When I came home to the clubhouse in a drunken condition the club members were horrified and they were considering expelling me but that blew over. I also had sexual interests so that I went over to San Francisco to see the prostitutes once in a while. It was harder to pick up girls on the streets because I was a 'boochie' (means Japanese).

"ROTC was one of the required courses for the first two years. I liked it but it was hard for a nisei to work up a rating. There was a definite racial discrimination. I wanted to be at least a sergeant, however, I found out that other interested nisei in it were not allowed to take the upper division ROTC because then they would have to be given a commission. One of my nisei room mates wanted to have an ROTC career but when he applied for the third year his application for a second lieutenant's rating were not accepted. He tried to get a commission during the last two years he was in college was bht this was denied. Things like that burned me up very much but I did not know what could be done about it.

"Needless to say, at the end of my one year at the University of California I was $10\frac{1}{2}$ grade points behind. I don't think that it was because I was dumb. It was because I did not have any interest in classes. I went home for the summer of 1941 and I had many talks with my folks. They still wanted me to go on to college in spite of my opposition. We argued about it all summer and finally I reluctantly gave in.

"In August, 1941, I packed my two bags to go back to college. But on the train to Berkeley I suddenly changed my mind and decided not to enroll. I decided that I would go to San Francisco and try to get a job there in Chinatown as a singer. I felt that this would not be too hard to do and I was very optimistic when I got to San Francisco. I did not want to let my parents know I had quit school because they would be deeply hurt so that I had one of my nisei friends on the campus send them my letters from 'Berkeley' for a while. I did not let my parents know for a couple of months and after that my father could not do anything about it so that they

became reconciled to it.

"After I was convinced that I could sing well enough to make my living after all the experience I had at the University of California nisei socials. In my estimation, I thought that I was good enough to get a job in Chinatown easily. I figured that some of the good Chinese male singers were disappearing because of the draft and the Chinese night clubs did not have enough replacements. I started to think about it previously but I did not decide to take definite action until I got on the train at Los Angeles and by the time we were in Fresno I had made my decision. For the first few weeks I lived on the money that I was supposed to use for my college expenses. After I started to look around for a singing job, I found that things were not so easy. I loafed around Japanese town in San Francisco for a whole month and every night I would go to Chinatown to look for a job. Finally my money ran out and I became a little desperate. I saw an Ad in the Japanese paper for a job at the Mercury Laundry so that I applied for the job and got it. The reason I did not have much luck in Chinatown was that I did not have the right connections. The Chinese night club managers kept telling me to come back and my money ran out so that I had to temporarily change my plans. It was at this time that I changed my name to Bill Loo. I figured that I would have a better chance to get into a Chinese night club if I passed as a Korean. I picked that name because I knew a girl in junior high school, Josephine Loo, and I had admired her very much. Josephine and I would vie for the highest honors in all of the classes we took together. Later on I ran into Josephine Loo in San Francisco and she was entirely different. She turned out to be a goddam chippy by then and this was disappointing. However,

I figured that Bill Loo was a good Korean name and it would get me by. I don't think I looked too much like a Japanese anyway.

"In the meantime I stated my work as a pressman at the Japanese Mercury laundry. I ~~s-lv~~ slaved eight hours a day over a hot press, making neat laundry bundles for a lousy \$25 a month plus room and board. It was actually the first time in my life that I had a steady job. This exploitation was an experience which really made me grow up because it was hard work with low wages and absolutely no future to it. I determined more than ever to follow a singing career. The laundry work was so boring that I felt miserable. The only thing that gave me hope was that I would soon get a singing job. When my moods were at the lowest ebb I would take long hikes down to the waterfront or out to Golden Gate Park.

"The \$25 a month was hard earned but I threw this meagre amount away on slot machines and gambling games in Japanese town. I suppose I did this in the hopes that I would win some more money but I never did. I could not even go out on dates with this lousy sum and I was always broke. I just existed at that time. There were about 10 nisei working in the laundry and the highest pay was only \$50 a month. They were the laundry truck drivers. The rest of the workers were kibeï and issei and some of them got even cheaper wages than I did. We were fed sloppy food in the upstairs boarding house which was also operated by the laundry owner. They must have made one hell of a profit by making us slave while they got all the profits. Some of those goddam sons of theirs thought they were big shots in the Japanese community and they went in ~~the~~ for the JACL and things like that to improve the nisei conditions while in their business life they kicked them in the ass and kept them on a slave level. No wonder

the JACL was such a crummy outfit and the majority of the nisei had no confidence in it. All the officials were interested in was to line their own pockets and keep their fat bellies full. They did not give a damn about the other nisei or else they would not have exploited them so much.

"There was another astounding thing about the laundry work which I could not believe. Some of those kibeⁿi actually saved money. I don't see how those goddam fools could starve themselves to send money to Japan or to pile up a bank account, penny by penny. Jesus Christ, that was something. About October, 1941, I got a raise up to \$35 a month because I was a nisei. The kibeⁿi were too timid to ask for a raise because they were afraid they would get fired and then it would be hard for them to get another job. The group working in the laundry was not very well educated, although many of the kibeⁿi were high school graduates in Japan. They were frustrated and they had no hopes. In the back of their minds, they were not contented and they wanted to get to better goals but the chances for them were slim. When they could save up enough money, they started a business of their own and they turned around and exploited other Japs. The nisei in the laundry were almost all high school graduates and the future was even more hopeless for them. Their only salvation was the draft and most of them were taken. Hell, they got a much better wage by going into the Army.

"My mental state at this time was utter frustration but I still thought I was doing right and I was glad to be out of school to be on my own. I resolved never to become dependent upon my father again. In a way, the laundry job was good for me because it made me realize how tough and hopeless life could be sometimes and it made

me more determined than ever to get out of it to better things.

"Several times a week I continued to go down to Chinatown after work in order to find a singing job. I would often be so tired after the laundry job that I would flop into bed and set my alarm for 11 o'clock at night. When the alarm went off I would get up and go down to Chinatown to the night clubs to look for a job. I would have a few drinks if I had any money and after two hours I would come home. I would flop into bed then and get a few hours of sleep before starting another grind at the laundry.

"Finally, one day in November, 1941, a manager of the Chinese Village gave me an audition as a singing bar tender. I passed it successfully so that he gave me the job. It paid \$25 a week which seemed like a fortune to me. The owner, Ban Lee, was cross eyed but he was a very kindly person. He was married to an Arabian woman. He took me into his classy apartment on Mason St. in order to help me out until I got set. I would ride to and from work in his classy car. My hours were from 8 in the evening until 3 at night. After work I would drift around for an hour before going back to the apartment and then sleep until about 3 in the afternoon. Usually I would head for Chinatown then. It was a quaint place and I never got tired of wandering around those narrow streets. Once in a while I would go to Japanese town to the Nisei Grill in order to see my friends.

"I liked the job very much because it gave me a chance to sing, and I also made anywhere from \$2 to \$10 a night in tips. So that my salary was very respectable, much more than I had anticipated on getting. In late November, 1941, I decided to move out from Ban Lee's place because I had gotten acquainted with two Hawaiian Korean

girls who worked in the Li Po night club. These girls had hung around the more sophisticated nisei of San Francisco and they had had affairs with some of them. One of the girls knew that I was hunting for an apartment so that she told me to come up and live with her sister and another girl. It was a four-room apartment. I lugged my suit cases over there and settled down. ~~Mo~~me Nora was a big sister and she treated me wonderfully. We had good times up in that apartment and we were like one big happy family. After the war two other Hawaiian Chinese boys came to live with us. Then we would often have visitors staying over night because a lot of the Hawaiian Chinese boys came up to visit the girls. We all slept together but they only necked like hell then. The girls just would not give in to the fellows in such a public place. The girls had had many affairs ~~privately~~ and nobody thought anything of that. It was my first experience with a fast Bohemian night club crowd and I enjoyed it immensely. The girls were always worrying a lot for me. They thought I was an orphan Korean because that was the story I had given to them, so they felt responsible for me. I guess under their tough exterior they had a heart of gold and they always worried about me. I had definitely broken away from the Japanese community by then.

"My brother had always urged me to go all out in hakujin society as he said that I was wasting my time with the nisei and they would only resent me. But I have never gone all out because inspite of the fact that I feel more Americanized than the average nisei, but I also feel that I am a nisei at the same time too. The nisei problems are mine. ~~and they-intereste-~~ The nisei social life interested me although I could not get in with them so well

after I came north. I would rather have a nisei wife than a Caucasian wife. I feel more at ease among the nisei although I don't feel inferior to the Caucasians. That is why I always hung around the nisei, but I had to break with them because of economic reasons alone.

["Just before the war broke out, it was my plan to become an astounding success as the No. 1 Chinese night club singer in the United States and I also had dramatic aspirations. I figured that if I could get success in singing, it would be a good stepping stone into stardom in the movies.] That is really an impossible dream as I think that there may be a chance eventually. I was more convinced of that before the war, though. I had no steady girl friend at that time and I did not have any plans for marriage. However, even then as well as now, I did have the ambition that the combination of my success would be a happy marriage. I am idealistic about this and my other sex activities did not have anything to do with this thought. I had dreams of a nice little cottage in the suburbs of San Francisco or Hollywood with a couple of kids running around the house. I thought of all this long before the war and right up to it. It's still more or less of an ideal of mine. I have been on an eternal search for my dream princess for years now and I think I have finally found her in the girl from North Dakota.

"I have dropped thoughts about college almost entirely from my mind after I started working in the Chinese Village. I did not have any plans of ever going back although at times I did have some sort of a lingering idea that I would like to graduate from college some day. I thought that the college degree was an important thing but I did not think too seriously of it. I was having a lot of fun

and I liked San Francisco and I wanted to stay there all the time unless I got a break in the movies.

"December 7, 1941, that was the day that changed everything for me. I was working at the Chinese Village that day. It was Sunday and about 3 in the afternoon before I got up. I remember the day clearly because it was a bright sunny day and I was feeling pretty good. After I took a shower I decided to stroll down to the Chinese Village although I was not due to report for work until later in the evening. When I walked in the old Chinese janitor there Gee Bok said to me, 'War with Japan'. I did not pay any attention and I said that this was right. And I started to kid him a little bit. He repeated, 'War with Japan', several times but it did not mean anything to me. I went out into the street and walked along Grant Ave. in Chinatown. All of a sudden the thought struck me that Gee Bok meant something else and that he was not talking about China's war with Japan. Then I felt a eerie feeling in the atmosphere. I ran down to Jackson and Grant Ave. and then I saw the glaring headlines, 'Japs Bomb Pearl Harbor'. I almost fell over. I bought copies of all the papers and then went into a Chinese restaurant to read them.

"I was stunned with the news and I had a sudden feeling that my own safety was endangered. Here I was right in the middle of a hostile Chinatown and I did not think it was healthy for any Japanese to be there that day. The whole district was agog and there was an air of celebration among the Chinese as they were glad and believed that the United States was finally in the war. They thought this would help China. I was bewildered and there was a funny ringing noise in my ears. I felt as if the bottom had suddenly dropped out

of everything. As I looked out of the window, I noticed for the first time a small group of Chinese standing around and gabbing over the news.

"After I read every word about the war in the newspapers, I decided to go to Japanese town. I don't know why I wanted to go there, of all places. I think that it was because I was afraid and I wanted to get some reassurance of being among friends. There were not many people I could talk to in Chinatown in a similar position as I. I thought about my job then and I wondered if I would be able to keep it. I felt that the Chinese would get ~~an~~ antagonistic if they found out I was a boochie. And I felt distant from them. I went out to Grant Ave. again and I met some of my Korean friends. They told me that the Japanese town was barricaded and nobody could go in or out. It was an eerie feeling for me then as I pictured mobs storming the Japanese town. I decided that it would not be so healthy for me to go down there so I went back to my apartment which I shared with the three Korean girls. These girls still did not know that I was Nihonjin. I think that the Chinatown role of passing as a Korean was the biggest acting job I ever did. I did not know whether to tell them the truth or not. I think that I was afraid that they would turn against me if I exposed myself. After a lot of mental deliberation, I decided not to tell the girls that I was Japanese. When I got back the girls were there and the talk was more casual although they were surprised and excited about the news of the war.

"I went to work that night as usual and all of the patrons who came in talked ^{of} nothing except the war. It was scary for me as I felt uneasy and in a strained group. I had no real nisei friend to

turn to and I wondered what was happening to the other Japanese especially my family. I did not know if the people coming into the Chinese Village would find out if I was a Nihonjin. I had visions that a mob of Chinese would suddenly come in and get me, because my imagination was working over time. I spilled more drinks that night over the bar than I ever did in all the rest of my career as a bartender. The Chinese were jubilant about the war but they kept it fairly subdued. The next day I told the Korean girls that I had Japanese blood in me and they almost fell over. But they were Hawaiian Koreans so that they took a very tolerant view and they were quite sympathetic towards me. I just told them that I was half Japanese and half Korean and that I was an orphan. The girls told me that it would be better to keep it under my hat because the Chinese would not understand. The next night I told them the whole truth, that I was all Japanese but they were still friendly.

"It was on December 8th also that I was exposed at my work. Some of the other Chinese night club owners suspected that I was a Japanese when I went around to them for work before the war, and they passed the talk around. I continued my work, however, and my boss did not say anything. Gradually things went back to a more normal level and I was not so scared any more. I had a lot of fun then and I got drunk during the blackouts. It was a sort of a release for me. I would sit with the Caucasian customers during the long blackouts at the bar and curse all of the Japs along with them. The women (Caucasian) were more friendly to me because they thought I was a Chinese. If they knew had known I was a boochie they would probably had spat at me.

"After New Years, on January 5th, I was fired from my job because

the Chinese wanted to get all the Japs out of Chinatown. My boss told me that the holiday season was over and since business was slack, he would not need me anymore. Later I found out that he told one of the Korean girls I was staying with, that the real reason he fired me was because I was a boochie. He did not care himself but the other respectable Chinese put the pressure on him. After that the Korean girls treated me better than ever. I respect them very much in spite of the fact that other people thought they were cheap and they had ~~re~~ bad reputations. One of the Korean girls who stayed with us had been raped at the age of 15. She was married at 16 and had a kid at 17 and was divorced when she was 18. She was 19 then and engaged to another fellow. I don't know what happened to her brat.

"After I was fired I loafed for three weeks. I got my courage up and I started to go around to the other Chinese night clubs for a job. At that time the uproar against the Japanese had not started yet. Finally I got a job lined up at the Chinese Palace. Just as I was going to go to work the club went bankrupt. Then I had to start looking for work some more. Finally one of the Korean girls got me an audition at Club Shanghai. The boss said he could not use a singer just then but he could take me as a bar tender. I was running out of money so that I took this job immediately. This boss never knew I was a boochie because I passed as Sally Loo's younger brother, a Korean.

"In the meantime I did my share of worrying about the family. My folks knew I was in Chinatown and they wired me right away, after the war broke out. I wired them right back and told them not to worry and to take care of themselves. They said that my father

could not go to work but everything else was quiet.

"After the first excitement got over, I got back into the natural swing of things as much as I could. I continued to worry a lot about what would happen if the Chinese found out about me. Late at night when I would be going home alone, I would avoid any cluster of Chinese fellows because I did not know if they were going to lay for me or not. However, in time this fear passed over and I walked around as boldly as ever. I was practicing singing then and I figured that I could still get into the singing racket because more Chinese singers than ever were going into the Army. I had heard that the Army was not taking nisei any more. The truth was that I did not realize at that time that so many Chinese night club owners knew I was a boochie. If I had known that then I would have felt pretty insecure about my job. However, I don't know if that would have made much difference because it is always business first wherever you go. During the Christmas holidays my boss could not fire me very easily as I was earning my money as a bar tender. I met another nisei girl who was passing as a Korean too. Kim Low was her name and she was a star dancer in the Lion's Den. I saw a lot of her after the war but nothing came of it. We were not romantically interested in each other but we felt that we had something in common because we were both nisei. Quite a few of the Chinese entertainers in Chinatown were nisei. The Chinese night clubs were really hit hard when evacuation came because they lost all of their star performers. Some of the nisei down there never did register but they stayed behind in San Francisco after evacuation but later most of them beated it out. I had not thought of evacuation during the early part of 1942 but as I glanced at the paper I noticed that the talk was getting

stronger and stronger. I decided that I would try to dodge it but when the curfew came I changed my mind. I thought that I had better register and leave since too many of the Chinese in Chinatown knew that I was a Japanese. Two days before curfew I quit my job after a squabble with one of the Chinese bar tender so I decided to go home and join my family. I figured I would have gotten fired any way. Just before that I had planned to go to New York with another nisei entertainer in Chinatown. But I did not have enough -n finances. The other fellow then decided to go to Texas but he would not take me with him. After the curfew went into effect I broke it by taking a train to go down to Los Angeles to joinmy family. While I was on the train I had some wild idea of going to Reno as I felt I could get a job there, however, I thought it over and since I did not have enough money to even get to Reno, I decided I had better go home.

"After I got home for a few days, I found that my family affairs were not so good and there was still conflict between my parents. As the evacuation issue became decided most of our time in the family was spent in talking over what our family plan should be. At first we tried to decide on splitting up to different camps and we talked about who should go with my old man and who should go with my mother. The more we talked about it, the more confused it became and we could not arrive at any definite decision. The feeling was not so good for our morale and nerves and several times some of us lost out tempers. When I could not stand it any longer, I would go out with a gang to look for a good time. Finally when the showdown came, we had one last big confab and we finally decided to all go to camp together because none of us knew what was going to happen at the evacuation and my mother could not bear the thought of bringing any disgrace to the family.

"When the Army started to evacuate the Los Angeles group, our family suddenly decided that we wanted to go with them so we moved into Los Angeles from El Monte. The reason for this was that we didn't want to go where there would be a great concentration of 'yogores'. We also wanted to get away from any possible egossip. My brothers and I figured that the majority of the 'yogores' would go with the downtown people to another camp so that there would be very few of them in our camp, wherever we would be sent. Actually every camp got its share of 'yogores' and the first serious sign of gangsterism came out in the camps due to the conditions. My mother wanted to move into Los Angeles so that she could be with the Union Church group. She felt that this group were better Japanese however quite a few 'yogores' lived in the Union Church district so

that we ended up in Santa Anita where there were plenty of them.

"One of the things that I noticed when I went home was that dad felt bad because he had to stop his life long work. I think that this bothered him even more than the prospects of a family separation at first. He knew that the rest of us wanted to go separately and he took it as a great blow but he felt that he could not do anything about it so that he began to offer suggestions in order to make it easier for us. At first he was quite bitter about the fact that his family would leave him and he threatened to go off to his friends in Oxnard and be evacuated with them so that he could get away from his family and the Japanese of our town. However, as evacuation drew nearer and nearer we saw that he was not so anxious to leave us and I felt sorry for him. He was just bewildered and he felt lost. By the time the showdown came he did not want to separate. All of us were in a state of confusion so we decided that maybe we should all go to camp together.

"The whole thing was hardest on my mother because she was torn between two desires. On the one hand she wanted to separate from dad as she felt that she could not longer go on along the old way indefinitely. But on the other hand she was reluctant to make the break because she did not want the stigma of being separated from her husband after 20 years of marriage and to have her children bear the disgrace of this. These two desires clashed very strongly within her and none of us could decide the best course for her. We felt that it was up to mother to make the final decision as to what we should do. She deliberated upon ^{it} a lot but she would not say one way or the other because she was so mixed up. Evacuation hit us like a thunderbolt and we decided that we had better stick together because it was a great crisis and there was unity strength in unity and my

brothers and I felt that dad had really changed. We packed up all of our things together very quickly after that so that we could leave at a moment's notice.

"My dad did not have very much to do in settling his business. After the war hit us, the Japanese people got very hysterical and many of them dropped their insurance. Dad spent a lot of time urging them to carry on with the premiums because times were more uncertain than ever and they should have something to fall back upon. However, many of the Japanese lost everything during the rush of evacuation and quite a few of them had money frozen. A great many of them had no money because their accounts and stocks had been in Japanese banks and this was all lost. For this reason they could not even make payments on premiums since they had to use what money they had in order to eat. Dad did not get any more new insurance business after the war started so that things were mighty slow for him in the few months before evacuation. There were only a few Japanese who continued to make payments on their insurance and in camp very few are paying the premiums due to lack of income. Dad still gets a small check from the Sun Life Assurance Company from old commissions but this will not last much longer. The Japanese community lost all interest in insurance because their whole lives were disrupted and they were not certain of anything. Many of the old policy holders decided that the only thing they could do was to repatriate.

"My brothers and I did most of the packing at home while my mother scurried around and listened to all of the rumors. We packed all of our books, furniture, clothes and other belongings and decided that we would store the heavy stuff with Mr. Oishi who lived near us. He had a corrugated iron barn and about five or six

families stored their junk there. We still have much of our stuff there as far as I know. Some of my good clothes are in that barn and I certainly would like to get them now along with some old phonograph records of my voice. None of the stuff is insured. A nearby Caucasian neighbor is watching the barn. We did not have any trouble about our house since it was only rented and when evacuation came the lease was given up.

"We did not store our best furniture away. Since the future was so uncertain we decided to sell as much of it as we could so that we advertised in the El Monte paper. We a laid out all of the salable stuff in our house for the public to come and look at. The American neighbors bought the pictures, good chairs, kitchen utensils, davenport, refrigerator and other things. It was almost like a country store for a while. The people would come and rummage through the things. They were very sympathetic but I knew that they were also looking for a good bargain and trying to get our goods as cheap as possible. Under these circumstances we got a pretty fair price for our belongings compared to what some of the other Japanese had to sell their stuff for. For example, we sold a \$250 piano for \$80 and we took other losses like this. The things we did not sell we stored away in the barn. We did not depend upon any of the government agencies to help us wind up all of our affairs. Dad took most of his money out of the bank in cash and he bought a money belt and took it all to camp with him because he did not know when he was ever going to get back.

"In spite of all this packing and family conferences I still had plenty of time on my hand. About the only thing I could do was to go to the afternoon matinees. My brothers and I also drove

around a lot to see our friends or to play card games and baseball. Once we got a permit to go to Los Angeles for business for my father. My brothers and I just went there to make the last "rounds". Outside of that there was nothing to do. We talked a lot about what it was going to be like in camp and I think that I was rather impatient to get going because the indefiniteness of the whole thing was getting me down. I did not take to drinking after I got home as I only went out on a big drunk with my brother when I first came home from San Francisco. We wanted to go out and get stinko just once more. After that I was too busy doing other things to get drunk. Besides, there was a curfew on at night and we could not break it too often.

"My family's decision to go with the Los Angeles group was rather sudden. We packed all of our final odds and ends one night and moved to Los Angeles the following day. This was only one day before the evacuation. We went to Los Angeles without a permit but nobody bothered us. We heard that we could only take 100 pounds per person to camp and we didn't know what to do at first. Finally we took a chance so we packed everything we brought which would be useful to us and took it along. This included camp chairs, buckets and other household items. Because of this we had to load the car up and make two trips into Los Angeles with our things. We went to the Olympic Hotel to stay for the night and we just left most of our stuff in the lobby since we had to move again the next morning. The car belonged to dad. It was a 1940 Buick. After he drove it to camp with most of the family, he decided to sell it. He didn't get very much for it but it was the only thing he could do and the money was well used afterwards so there are no complaints there.

"We were evacuated the morning of May 9, 1942. That morning

we arose very early in order to get our last things together and be ready for the great trip. Evacuation, to me, was just as exciting as it was painful. One moment I felt gay and excited and the next moment my mood was low. On the whole, I tried to keep an atmosphere of expectancy since there was nothing I could do to stop the wholesale movement. To many of the Japanese evacuation wasn't even painful. The people milled around the church which was our starting point and from some of the comments I heard it sounded like they were just going on a big trip or a picnic. I suppose that many of the old folks felt lost but I did not pay any particular attention to them.

"I had heard many stories about the fun of being in camp so naturally I was impatient to go as I liked the girls and dances and the nisei as a whole. I thought that here was my big chance to really go to town in a nisei society. I thought it would be a very interesting interlude and a great adventure. I did not have enough perspective to see beyond the pleasure point so I just did not think about it. I was separated from the rest of my family since they went by the family car. I got into the busses along with the rest of the people. The caravan of busses was really an impressive sight. It was adventuresome and even blood-tingling. I felt that in a few minutes I would be plunged into the unknown and I wanted to get started. We roared down the highway with the motorcycle cops leading the way for us. We went from the downtown Los Angeles right through the city to Santa Anita, about 50 miles an hour. We rushed up to the gates at the racetracks and before we could take a deep breath we were in a concentration camp. The bus ride only took about 20 minutes. There were hundreds of people standing around the gates and looking at the newcomers.

"We could not get out of the busses right away and it was a

matter of hours before we became actual members of Camp Santa Anita. We had to wait the longest time because the registration was slow and we had to get tags and have a physical examination. Finally I was let loose so I immediately began to rush around and look up old friends right away. When my family came I joined them and we dashed over to our assigned quarters in District VII barracks I, unit I which was our home for the next four months. We had two apartments so my brothers and I stayed in one of them. The first thing we did was to clean up the barracks and start to fix it up. It was a rather dismal sight at first, so barren and empty. Gradually we fixed the furniture up and we used the apple boxes for shelves in an attempt to make the place as homelike as possible. We built a pantry in one corner of the room since my parents had brought a lot of canned food and other Japanese foods along with us after hearing many rumors about the lack of food in the camps.

"After we got fixed up a little bit I began to wander all around the camp to see what it looked like and to look up old friends. The first night there I had a sudden mood of loneliness or something so I wandered all around the camp. I couldn't walk as far as I wanted to because there was a fence around the dump. But it was a pretty long hike anyway. The mood didn't last very long and the next day and for a few weeks after that I was gay and happy. It was an exciting thing for me and naturally I was on the prowl for pretty girls. Life for all of us was without perspective and the main issue with most of the nisei was to have fun and to meet the opposite sex.

"At first I was having too much fun going to the socials which started right away and enjoying my loafing around so that I did not care to look for a job. Later on, after the camp band was organized,

I began to sing with it. I did a lot of volunteer work for the recreation department and it took up my time. Then the camouflage net project started and I was drafted into it. Christ sakes, they certainly did one hell of a job in trying to put over the net project. The attitude of the administration and the nisei heads was not good psychology. They threatened that if we did not take the camouflage job we would be black listed and never be able to get anything else. The nisei bosses would come right up to me and tell me to hurry up and sign up or I would be black balled forever. This was quite a thing to say because at that time we all thought we would be in camp for the duration. I told those bastards that I was trying to get into the recreation department which suited me more. They would not listen to me and they kept threatening me which burned me up very much. The part that really gripped me was the even if I did not want the camouflage job, I had to sign a paper which said, 'I hereby apply for a camouflage net position and I am a loyal citizen of the United States.' I was sore because they tried to force me into the work and then they made it appear as if it were voluntary. They thought that by waving the flag around a little bit we would all rush out there. But no decent American can get excited about working his head off for a lousy \$8 a month. They kept coming after me and after five days of it I was talked into signing up. I went to work exactly one day and I was so disgusted that I never went back again.

"Later on I was definitely offered a job in the recreation department as the vocalist for the orchestra by some of the nisei fellows. I had put my application in almost a month before. I went to see the Caucasian head of the employment office and we had a quarrel. He said that he would not give me a placement in the

recreation department. He said that I could only have a menial job on the payroll like emptying the garbage can as punishment for quitting the camouflage and not letting them know about it. He said that if I did well at emptying garbage can I could become vocalist for the orchestra later and be placed on the payroll. I told him to shove the garbage emptying job up his behind and I did not work officially on the payroll the rest of the time I was at Santa Anita. I admit I was wrong for quitting the camouflage net without notice but I just could not get any enthusiasm for doing the work for \$8 a month. The administration tried to shove all nisei in there and that is why they did not ~~pea~~ put their heart into it. Another thing about the work in camp was that various nisei cliques played politics there and they got all the good jobs for their friends. Those who came early got the best jobs and they were given the responsibility for signing up the other nisei for the rest of the jobs in camp. Naturally they ~~sign~~ saved the best jobs for their friends and the laymen grumbled a lot about the petty politics because they were shoved into the camouflage net or else they could not do anything else.

"I was more interested in singing because I felt that this was my career. I began to sing unofficially with the orchestra and I sang at all of the programs. I also appeared at the various talent contests and vaudeville programs. Occasionally I would sing a several club meetings and other private parties. I got quite a bit of experience singing while I was at Santa Anita.

"I've already told you about my girl activities previously but I did not spend all of my time chasing the girls since I also hung around in a gang of about 10 fellows. We would hang around the canteen most of the time and wolf or generally mess around. This

was the most popular recreation for all of the nisei. During the day there wasn't much else to do. In the evenings if I had any spare time I would play poker with the gang for small stakes. At nights we would also go visit the girls and dance in their apartments or play the records. If it got too noisy and the neighbors complained, we would go to the grandstand to jitterbug. All of the nisei were cracy about jitterbugging so that I taught quite a few of them some of the routines I worked up in my spare time.

"I also had a few friends among the intellectual group and when I felt in the mood I would go see Joe Oyama or Setsuko Matsunaga and we would talk about deeper things like philosophy or classical reading and music. Then I got interested in the dramatics club and I spent a lot of time trying to help organize it. The club did not meet with too much success because the majority of the nisei did not like to participate in dramatics. Finally we just broke up due to the lack of interest.

"There were at least 20 gangs in camp and the majority of the rowdy 'yogores' were from 15 to 25. The average 'yogore' was 20 or 21. They would always go around in gangs of six to eight every place and they did not have a very good reputation. You could spot them a mile away because they had long hair and extreme draped zoot suit pants. They had various clubs like the Exclusive Twenty, Blackshirts and Herculites. Theoretically all of them were boys' clubs but they just joined together from gangs which had gone around previously in Los Angeles.

"When a dance was put on in the camp the rowdy 'yogores' would make themselves very obnoxious. They would go in a gang without dates and carrouse about in the middle of the floor making loud remarks and insulting the dancers. Sometimes they came to the dance

drunk. They would deliberately start fights and they were belligerent as all hell. If they did not like a guy's looks, they would just gang up on him. They tried to chase some of these fellows away from the girls as they wanted to scare away all competition. They could not get a girl by themselves in a fair way so that they had to use the gang. The reason they ganged up was because they had an inferior complex so that they tried to act big. There are a lot of these rowdy 'yogores' in town now and all they think about is raising hell. I had a fight with a 'yogore' once in Santa Anita and I took a four-inch knife away from him which I am keeping as a souvenir.

"Most of the 'yogores' came from the average families of every type. Many of them have nice sisters and brothers who are not at all like them. The 'yogores' started to run around in a bad environment especially in the Boyle Heights section. They had a lack of confidence in themselves so that they turned to bunches and got into gang fights. This gave them some kind of satisfaction and I suppose it made them feel strong and brave. There were quite a few gangs in Los Angeles before evacuation and the older they got, the tougher they were the ~~and~~/more trouble they got into. At first it started out as young boys, neighborhood gangs and they went around for fun together. After a while they got a change of heart and it wasn't long before they were getting vicious. They began to steal and to drink and to have no regard for anybody. Their parents did not know what they were doing out in the streets so that there was little control over them.

"Most of the 'yogores' did not have much ambition since they were not too intelligent. Maybe I should say they were just average ~~and~~ therefore frustrated in any attempts to find a decent job in the Japanese community before the war broke out. They either could not

go to college or else they had no desire to and the jobs they did were not paying very much so naturally they occupied themselves by getting drunk or trying to make the girls. Quite a few of the fellows were working in the Los Angeles produce markets and they got in the habit of lifting cash from the register because they were not paid very much and it cost money to buy liquor and date out girls. It was among these zoot suiter 'yogores' that the jitterbug type of dancing became popular first.

"The 'yogores' did not really have too much fun in camp so that they left in large numbers as soon as they were permitted to. Many of them just left because their friends went. Usually they went out to the same place in twos or threes. And later got together with the others. That is how they are coming out here and they all try to live together. Most of them only got the laboring types of jobs and there is not future to it so they cut up yet and are not serious about anything. The only difference from before is that they have more money to spend but fewer girls to take out. Maybe they don't have the brains, I don't know. What will happen to them after the war if they lose their jobs? A few of these 'yogores' volunteered into the Army. I think that maybe all of them should go in as it will do them a lot of good.

"In camp the 'yogores' always tried to dominate the social life and they did do it to quite an extent at the dances. They would not let the other nisei fellows at the dances enjoy themselves because of all the threats they made. Everybody was scared of them and only a few other the jitterbug girls want out with them regularly because they were pretty good dancers. The average nisei boy did not try to rub the 'yogore's' fur the wrong way because if they did stand up against them, the gang would come after him and there

would be trouble.

"There was also a fairly large group of Hawaiian 'yogores' in camp. They are a rugged bunch and the trouble with them was that they were too hot headed. They are not so educated as most of the nisei so that they were uncouth in their manners but I don't think they went around looking for a fight as much as the L.A. 'yogores'. The Hawaiian 'yogores' have never been accepted by the nisei society and these fellows really wanted to make friends, especially among the girls but if there is an opportunity for a fight, the Hawaiian 'yogores' pop off very quickly. On the whole I don't think that they were as much trouble makers as the L.A. 'yogores'. Maybe they gambled and drank more but they kept it to themselves and did not try to spoil the fun of the other fellows.

"After the riot we had, the Army split a lot of the 'yogores' up and sent them to different camps. Many of these were the Hawaiian 'yogores' because they were the ones who led the fights in the riot. Dick Miyagawa was one of them but he was innocent. It just happened that he was standing around the mess hall during a fight and he got blamed for it and shipped out. Quite a few of the Hawaiian 'yogores' involved in the gambling games were split up and sent to other camps also. I heard rumors that some of these Hawaiian 'yogores' were shipped out because they ran a prostitution house but I don't know if that is true or not.

"The 'yogore' really are not as tough as they try to make other people believe. They are only brave when they are in a gang. But often they will back down if you get them alone. Many of them just can't take it altho they certainly can dish it out. There was one Los Angeles 'yogore' shipped out and he was a big tough guy but he bawled like a baby when they took him out. He had a mean disposition

and he had beaten many guys up in his time. But when he had to take something by himself, he turned out to be a coward. He was married to a 17 year old girl because he had given her a baby and after that he blamed her and beat her up all the time.

"I didn't have any time for church activities since I did not go for it very much although both of my parents were Christian. ~~Every-ehil~~ As a child I went to church regularly and I read the Bible very faithfully. When I was 14 I began to wonder about religion and I got skeptical about the orthodox creeds. Gradually I became disinterested in church and by the time I was in high school, I dropped it. I developed a personal theory about religion. I became an agnostic and I doubted the existence of a God, but if I were ever shown there were a God, then I should be very happy to accept that fact and go back to the fold. After that I never went to church again. I have only been to church twice in the past three years and that only for social purposes. That is why I did not know a thing about religious activities in the camps altho a number of the nisei went for it.

"In my family affairs my parents became more reconciled. But there would still be occasional arguments but they could not be too heated on account of the thin walls and the danger of having other people overhearing and then gossiping about it. There was still a little talk about relocating separately but as the time went on my mother got more and more undecided. Things just took its natural course and we went to Heart Mountain together. There was still some trouble at Heart Mountain but things dragged on because of the uncertainties. Dad calmed down because he had no financial worries in camp and all of us were grown up so that many of the causes for the past arguments became a thing of the past.

"In camp my dad had less worries than at any other time in his life and his frustrations gradually died down. The evacuation turned out well as far as my parents' relationships are concerned because it made them realize that great things were going on and that they had to stick together as a family unit in order to face the future together. After I left Heart Mountain, my dad wanted to go out and see the outside as he was very interested in nature study. He liked the great wide outdoors so that he took a short term leave to go work on the railroads in Wyoming. During the time he was gone, it helped ~~te-thin~~ him to think things over and he also wanted to make a little money. The last letter I got from home indicated to me that all the troubles was about over now and there is no more talk of a separation.

"Going back to my life at Santa Anita there were other thing which affected me there. I did not have much time for serious thoughts but these ideas were not entirely out of my mind, altho I thought I was having a very good time there, in my social life. Actually when I think back on it, I did not have such a good time. After the initial novelty wore off it was the same thing day after day and the camp life became monotonous to me. I met a lot of interesting people but it was really a dead end street. I was traveling and there was no future for me there. I became impatient with the place as there was no girl I was interested enough in to think of marrying her. I flitted from one girl to another but I never got satisfied altho I did have some sexual experiences. I had fun all right, and my days and nights were full, but there was something missing. Life is too short to be cooped up in a concentration camp indefinitely. I was itching to get on to a relocation center and then go from there to New York to land a singing job if I could.

That was my ambition while I was in Santa Anita but it looked pretty hopeless at times.

"There was quite a few things which bothered me at Santa Anita and made adjustments more difficult. I had several fights with the 'yogores' and yet the other nisei in camp thought I was a 'yogore' too just because I liked to have fun and a good social life. Another thing was that I didn't get the job I wanted so I was restless. I had no future there and the continuing family tension did not make my stay very satisfying. I've heard many nisei say since coming out that they liked it best in Santa Anita. But that was only because they thought in terms of the funs they had only. I think that they had other worries bothering them too but they have tried to forget about these more bitter experiences. Actually I did not like the concentrated life at all. But I am glad that I went through it because from having these experiences, I know what the rest of the nisei went through. We went through a whole series of fears, hopes and frustration. Now, I know that I don't ever want to go through that again. One experience like that in my life is plenty.

"I hated the WCCA administration in the camp because of the snotty attitudes they took when they tried to force us to work. They thought that we should be very timid and submissive and bow down to them. The bastards have a patronizing attitude and all they were formerly was WPA bums. Their position of ^{hardly} hurting the Japs together and making them mind all of the restrictions went to their heads. To most of the WCCA bosses, the job was only for the money and they did not give a damn about what happened to the people. Some of them were full of prejudice altho they were a few of the lesser heads who were quite sympathetic to the people but they did not make the policies.

"I resented the Army also. When I saw those soldiers ~~tra~~ strutting back and forth, I was griped as hell. I lived under one of the watch towers and there was a hillbilly soldier stationed there at night and the goddam fool blasted away with hillbilly tunes all night long and kept us all awake. We would yell at him and even went to the administration about it but nothing was done. Some of those soldiers yelled at us at night or flashed a light in our faces when we went to the latrine. They were always suspicious that we were trying to escape or else out to do some damage to the government property. When I came home late at nights, I would walk in the shadows of the barracks in order to ^{search-}avoid those flashlights.

"There were a lot of restrictions that I could not see any sense in having. We were cooped up in the place and that was plenty. We could not even go near the fence. Signs were posted up saying to keep 13 feet away from the fence. Sometimes I would just go up to the fence for the hell of it and to make the soldier yell at us. I don't think they cared very much but they were under orders from the higher ups. As the months went by everybody got grumbly and there was a great deal of dissatisfaction over the living conditions, the food, restrictions and other things. We were all supposed to be home at midnight. Then they put on a 9 p.m. curfew and also one at 6 a.m. in the morning and between these hours nobody could be out. This was really aggravating to the nisei.

"The food at Santa Anita was terrible. Sometimes I would go into the mess hall real hungry and find some cheap smelly sausage and carrots for our bill of fare. I would nibble at it and then walk over to the canteen in order to fill up on something else. I don't think we ~~ever~~ had enough food there or if ~~the~~ it were in large quantity it was no good. The food at Heart Mountain was

better though and much more healthful. It seems that most of the trouble in camp was over the food situation.

"The people smoldered under all of the restrictions and poor living conditions and finally a riot broke out. The thing that precipitated it was when the local police searched each barrack for contraband. The cops were dumb bastards and they thought that all the people in camp had hidden weapons and were plotting a break or something like that. These cops took a lot of unnecessary stuff away and they were very discourteous to the people during the search. From my apartment they took the hot plate, pocket knives, scissors, a pair of my dice and they even wanted to take the G.I. broom and bucket. I wasn't home when they searched my place and that griped me a lot because even in camp I felt that we had certain rights. They also took all of the canned food away from my mother's apartment. Actually none of the things they took from our apartment could be considered contraband. The search for contraband started in the 7th district and my apartment was the first place they visited. The cops went around in pairs and as they went through the rooms the people were getting madder and madder. All of a sudden there was a cry that a cop stole somebody's money. I don't know if it was true that the money had actually been taken or not by these cops but the rumor spread like wild fire and the curious people began to gather from the other districts. They milled around and they became quite angry as the search progressed. All of a sudden some issei slugged a cop who went down on his knees. I got to the scene just then and I saw the cop get up and walk away very fast. The mob followed him and they began to pull and push him. Some of the mob started to pick stones and one guy threw a box at the cop. The cop managed to push his way through to the sixth district where there was a truck

with a nisei driver in it. The cop ordered him to drive him to the administration building but instead the nisei took the key out of the car and passed it to other fellows in the crowd. The cop then began pushing through the crowd again until he got to the district 6 mess hall, then he started to run. This was a mistake because some of the 'yogores' ran in after him and they picked up the plates and began to throw them at the man. One plate hit him on the head and gashed it but the cop was so scared that he kept running.

"In the meantime the administration heard about the riot and they came dashing down in a car. However, when they saw the angry crowd they turned around and went back. All of a sudden on the other side of the 7th district another crowd gathered. I ran down there and I found that the mob had invaded the Korean spy's room. It was a much tougher and uglier mob than the first one. However, the Korean had flown the coop just in time but the mob saw him walking very fast towards a truck near the edge of the district. Before they could catch him the truck sped away and the crowd began to yell that his nisei girl friend had helped him to escape and she was driving the truck to the administration building. In the meantime the mob found three more cops in the 7th district and they began to throw rocks at these officers. I was standing near the front of the crowd and one rock hit me right in the back of the head and took some hair off but I was pressed in so tightly that I could not fall altho I saw stars for a minute. The cops were green with fear. They didn't know how to get out of it so one of them drew his pistol and said that if the crowd did not fall back he would shoot. I heard a nisei yell from the front, 'You do that and you will be three dead men.' The other two cops then told their companion to put his gun away and he did

it fast.

"Just then the civilian chief of police for the camp drove right into the mob in order to rescue the three cops. The chief got out of the car and he began to give a speech telling the crowd to take it easy. I was listening to him when suddenly I saw a big black arm flash out and it socked the chief right behind the ear. The chief was groggy but he did not go completely down. He straightened up and without saying anything more he herded the cops into the car and he drove right through the ^{crowd} ~~crowd~~ which opened up like the Red Sea opened up for Moses. The frustrated crowd then threw rocks and shoved in all the fenders which dented it all up. It was still an angry crowd and they were in an emotional mood which was overflowing so that they began to follow the chief of police car right up to the main gate. It happened that the M.P.'s could not rush in because of some red tape but they were all lined up outside of the gates with their bayonets fixed and they had very grim expressions on their faces. The crowd began to storm the gates and they actually tore it down but nobody took the first step to go outside the gate as the soldiers were standing there with their guns. The crowd began to bate the soldiers and dared them to shoot. They yelled that the ~~Ame-~~ nisei were Americans too and why should we be locked up like this. Other kibeï and issei yelled 'banzai' and 'tear down the American flag'. But most of the crowd was resentful from an American standpoint and they were sore at the way they were being pushed around.

"Just then another crowd began to gather at the council' room so I rushed over there. The Korean spy was there and he was laying on the floor in a pool of blood. I heard later that he had run for protection to the administration and Wilkinson, head of the council

group made a speech and said that the Korean was not a spy so he refused to protect him. The crowd then began to throw rocks and break the windows so that Wilkinson ran out to his car and sped away, leaving the Korean behind. The Korean was a terrified cornered rat and he really got a beating. The mob left him as dead. One guy threw a table on the Korean's body after they got threw beating him up and tearing the place up. The room was a complete wreck.

"Theoretically the Korean was guilty and he was a Korean. I believe that he was put in camp to spy. I used to see him at my mess hall and I used to resent him for that fact. I had picked up a few Korean words in Chinatown and I used to yell them at him but the Korean never batted an ~~eye~~. He went under the name of Yamaguchi and he consistently maintained that he was Japanese. There was one interesting sidelight to this beating. When the search first started there-was Korean's nisei girl friend got wind of it and since she had three bottles of liquor she decided to make use of it. She got together with her friends and they downed the whole three bottles so that it would not be lost. She was tight as hell by early afternoon. She got into a truck with another nisei fellow and when the riot broke out they drove down to look at it. When the Korean was being chased from District 7 it was on this truck that he made his escape. The nisei girl went in with the Korean to seek protection from Wilkinson at the council room. When the crowd got there and broke in, somebody yelled, 'let's get the girl because she is the Korean's girl friend' but her friends denied this and they rushed her out. They said that she was a nisei and for the people. The girl was saved by the skin of her teeth from a serious beating.

"When I got to the scene it was all over and the ambulance came up and took the Korean to the hospital. When the mob heard this,

they gathered at the hospital to finish the job. They could not break in because the hospital was all locked up.

"In the meantime all the Caucasian camp police gathered at the police room and another mob started to throw rocks at the window and push at the barricaded doors. While this was going on, the M.P.'s finally got their orders to enter the camp so in they rushed with loaded rifles and bayonets fixed. They went around in groups of 15 or 20 to break up the various mobs. They spread out to the council room, police station, grandstands, district 7 and other areas of the camp. Some of the soldiers were actually trembling because they were so afraid. One of the soldiers dropped his bayonet and he was shaking so much that he could not put it back on and this made the crowd jeer at him.

"The riot gradually subsided and by dinner time the people went off to eat except the more belligerent ones who wanted to tear things apart. As the evening drew near there was some talk of getting two of the reactionary nisei, Kay Sugahara, and Kiyoshi Okura. The mob thought that these two were opportunists and they said that they were working for the 'ketos' and the people resented that. Kiyoshi Okura was the nisei head of the employment office and he helped the administration to force the nisei into the camouflage project. He always did what the administration told him to do and he did not care about the nisei. He tried to scare them into the work and then he would pass on some of the threats like the administration did. When I tried to get out the net project he was the one that told me that I would be black listed.

"That night, about 8, a bunch of the mobsters went to beat Kiyoshi up in the stable areas where he lived. Kiyoshi got wind of it and he got out of his apartment before the crowd arrived. Six

jeeps full of soldiers came driving up to protect him and some soldiers were left there for the rest of the night.

"The crowd was frustrated so they went after Kay Sugahara next. They were after Kay because of his outspoken pro-American attitudes. By this time the soldiers were all around the camp so that the mob gradually dwindled and dispersed. The jeeps, drove all around the camp that night and there were soldiers with mounted sub-machine guns in them to make sure that no further outbreaks occurred. The martial law went on for a few days and finally the soldiers left after the people cooled down.

"After that the camp policy got a little better so that there was no more trouble on the surface during the rest of our stay there. A lot of the fault was due to the fact that the WPA administration there did not understand the problems and they were too suspicious of the people. Many of the confiscated items were later returned to the people.

"Camp life settled down almost immediately to a monotonous routine again and about August rumors began to go around about relocation. Santa Anita was separated according to the family numbers so that we landed up at Heart Mountain. The San Diego bunch were the first one to leave and a small group went to Poston. We were in the second bunch to leave for Heart Mountain.

"The day the trains pulled out, it was the second high point of my stay there. The first high point was when I was thrown into the camp via Greyhound busses. Since we were the first large contingent to leave Santa Anita, the whole camp came out to say farewell. We were all jammed into a great big train and it was ^{an} exciting scene. Some of my friends said good-bye forever as they were going to Arkansas and they did not think they would get out for the dura-

tion.

"For the next three days and nights we went through the toughest trip imaginable. We went by way of Texas and Colorado. When we got to Colorado there was a washout on the bridge so that we had to go back down to Texas and then go up to Wyoming by another route. Many times we ran out of water on the train. The cars were all crowded and it was very uncomfortable. The little kids had a terrible time and the food was inadequate. It made me resentful to see all of those American citizens being herded like animals without water all one night. We couldn't wash our teeth and the toilets became jammed. On top of that some of the young kids had diarrhea.

"The first night on the train I slept on the floor on top of a newspaper. There wasn't much we could do so that some of the fellows and I decided to go play bridge in the empty dining car. We asked the lieutenant M.P. for permission and he said to ask the chief steward. We asked the steward and he said that it was all right. We just got started on a game when a couple of other M.P.'s on relief came in and they got snotty and told us to get the hell out of the place. We told them we got permission from the steward. The MP's went to talk to the steward and he backed down so that we had to go. I was so burnt up that I mumbled that I didn't want to stay in the same room with rats any way. The soldiers started after us so we beat it fast. The third day we got into Wyoming and as we looked out of the train windows we saw nice green little valleys. I began to hope that Heart Mountain would be like that. Suddenly the green ended and the bleak desert scenery started. Heart Mountain was right in the middle of it. It was the most desolated place I had ever seen. We registered and then went by truck to the camp. God, what a place. In a very short time I was straining at the

leash and I wanted to get out.

"I didn't do any work at Heart Mountain either. I went on with my gang activities for about two weeks and finally I decided to sign up for sugar beet work. I thought I would make money but in the 2½ months I was gone I didn't do so well. The sugar beet company representative came around to recruit the evacuee laborers and they passed a lot of propaganda around. It was painted very brightly and they told us about the pleasant surroundings and healthful climate we would enjoy. Everybody was sort of broke so we thought it would be a good chance to make money and also have a little free life. They told us that we would not have any restrictions on us if we went to sugar beet fields. I was dying to set my foot down in any kind of town so I decided to go. It was the only way to get out of camp then.

"My brothers and I teamed up with two other nisei and we were in the first group to go out. We signed a contract which looked very good on paper. We were taken out to live in a tiny country shack and we had to cook all our own meals. All we did was work and our back ached like hell. I wasn't used to doing such hard work. At nights I was so tired that I didn't have time to do anything else. The beets we were working were terrible. We grossed about \$200 each in the 2½ months but quite of- a bit of it went for food. By the time we got back to camp we were experienced but practically broke.

"We did manage to make several trips to Billings, Montana on Saturday nights but it was quite a distance away. Usually we went to the small town of Worden in order to see a movie and drink a soda. It was the first time I had ever done work like that and in a way it was interesting because we had not lived a free life for such a long

time. It gave me such a feeling of freedom just to sit in the corner drug store and order what I want without having a lot of rules to follow or to wait in a long line. The people in town were rather friendly. It only had 200 population. When we used to walk out on the street they would come by and say hello. It was a most satisfying feeling to know that the outside actually existed and that we were still accepted as human beings and not as barbarous Japs. Later on I did find out that some of the nisei who went out did not have such a fortunate experience and they were discriminated against when they went to a town.

"When the season was over I was in pretty good physical shape. Before I went back to camp I shopped around and bought some things for my family and some clothes for myself. When I arrived in Heart Mountain once more I only had \$30 left. Some of the fellows came back with better than \$200 each but my gang did not have such good working conditions. In spite of the fact that we all worked pretty hard it was only once in a while that we fooled around. I was back in Heart Mountain in the middle of November and my thoughts was of getting into civilization again because I knew that I could not stand the camp restrictions any more. There was absolutely no novelty left in it for me any more.

"It was while I was out in the sugar beet fields that I started to read the want-ads of the Chicago Tribune. I saw the long list of jobs which was advertised and I got intrigued about going out to Chicago for resettlement. I felt that I could at least get something to do out there. I did not have enough cash to go to New York and at that time the WRA was not giving any money for transportation since very few nisei had applied for indefinite leaves at that time.

The majority going out were students.

"One night while I was laying in our shack disgusted with the sugar beet work, I had a sudden brain storm. I thought to myself 'why not put an ad in the Chicago Tribune for a job.' Immediately I wrote to the Chicago Tribune Want ad section saying that I was available for any type of work, even domestic work. I signed it 'Bill Lee' so that they would not know I was Japanese. I got four answers back and they were all for houseboy jobs. I figured that this would be the way to get out of the center permanently. This was in my mind when I got back to camp in November, and I immediately applied for an indefinite leave. It was a month and a half later that I finally got my release to come out.

"I think I was probably more serious in Heart Mountain than at Santa Anita. After I got back to camp I began to make more observations of the people and after I did that I was positive that I could not stay in such a place indefinitely. I did not dislike the people in camp, it was the environmental conditions which irritated me.

"To me all of the Japanese are a definite part of my life in spite of the way some of them snobbed me. I feel that I can do a lot for them if the right breaks come. I've had chances to associate with Caucasians alone, but I still feel ill at ease among them. In my moments of hurt, I feel that the Japanese are small and narrow-minded but I don't condemn them very long. In my good moods I have a very high opinion of them. Right now I am in the ~~flows~~ ^{flows} of love and I feel kindly disposed toward everybody. Seriously though I think that I do the same thing as most nisei do. I've heard many nisei who can tear down the other nisei who try to make a break or who goes up the ladder of success. But that is true of any group

only we as nisei are more conscious of it. I am funny because sometimes I stick up for the nisei if they are being talked about by other people and at other times I condemn them. I think, on the whole, there is too much misunderstanding about the nisei so that their better points should be stressed. If they are better accepted, then I will be also accepted. I know that they have faults and I speak more against them when I am in the group. But outside of the group, I try to stick up for them. I don't like to hear the nisei being referred to as Japs or to be torn down in any other way because that is a definite prejudice. And if everybody believes that none of the nisei, including me, will ever have a chance to do anything.

"I do admit that the nisei have many faults. The average nisei in camp was not as intellectual as I would have liked them to be. Their perspective is definitely limited and I include myself in that group. The nisei on the whole have not been around enough or read enough or even had enough life experiences to make them mature in their judgments. They seem to be all made of the same pattern. The camp life definitely made them feel more insecure than ever before causing them to have a severe inferiority complex when they came out here. The signs of gangsterism which appeared in camp is definitely a defense mechanism on the part of the 'yogores' and it is a cover-up for this inferiority complex. I see the former rowdy 'yogores' who were so cocky in camp come out here and they are bewildered because that cocky stuff does not work in a wider American society. It only works in a nisei camp society. I talked to some of these rowdy 'yogores' from camp and the thing that impresses me is that they are lost and lonely. They do not have any self assurance at all.

"However, there were all types of nisei in camp but I did not get to know all of them. There were those who were idealistically

strong believers in democracy and they had an intense faith in the United States which nothing could break down. They figured that they could go back to California and carry on like they did before the war. They were unsw^{strong}ered in this ~~long~~ opinion. This was a leader group but they were not very many of them unfortunately.

"There were a larger number who were skeptic and they did not know what to think. These nisei were timid about going away from camp because of the fear of discrimination on the outside. They did not know whether they would get beaten up or if they could ever get a job. They hoped for the best but they were not sure of themselves. There were another group of nisei who had been on the fence before the war and they turned towards the old country because they felt bitter and resentful. They thought that they were unwanted in this country because of the way they had been treated during evacuation. Yet, they had not lost confidence completely in spite of the fact that they were so resentful. I think they really wanted to be Americans and be accepted but they were not sure that this could ever happen again.

"There was a small group of nisei who turned to Japan definitely after they got to camp. Much of this probably was due to the parents' attitudes. This group sympathized with Japan because they did not think that the white man would ever give them a break. They thought that they had a future in Japan and that is why they hope that Japan would trounce the United States. In a way they felt that this would be revenge for the way they were being treated. But, of course, this was rather emotional thinking. There was one nisei in my block at Santa Anita who sincerely believed in Japan's whole prosperity code. He went to a college in Japan for two years but he wasn't a kibeⁱ. He had just come back before the war and he had swallowed

all of the propaganda hook, line and sinker. He believes that Japan would lead the way for Asia into wealth and power, and He did not think that the white nations would ever give the oriental a fair chance.

"This was more of the thinking of the kibeï who definitely were for Japan. ~~They were~~ This was natural because they had had better experiences in Japan and they did get their whole education there during the time that they could be strongly influenced. The kibeï have more of an affection for Japan because they did not get all of the discrimination there which they had to face in this country. Even an educated kibeï did not have much of a chance in the Japanese community before the war and all the nisei looked down on them. But not all of the kibeï were this way, as I knew some good ones. There was one kibeï that I knew in San Francisco and he had gone through college in Japan. However, he spoke perfect English. When he came back to California from Japan he could not get a decent job so that he began to run around and he became a card shark and a gambler in the Japanese community. He has a certain amount of affection for Japan but in spite of his difficulties in finding work, politically he believes that the United States is the West for him. This is one of the few kibeï I knew who was for the United States but I think that there are many others altho I don't doubt that the majority of them are for Japan. In spite of that some of the kibeï are pretty good fellows.

"I've worked with kibeï at the Mercury Laundry in San Francisco and I have also gone to school with some of them. I feel sorry for them because they are so different from the nisei. I tried to accept them as a person but so many of them have snotty attitudes and they think they are superior to the nisei. They have a language handicap

in spite of all this, one of my best friends in San Francisco was a kibeï so that I can't exactly say that I dislike them as a group since there are individuals who are okay. It is prejudice to condemn them all at one time just because they are kibeï. It is true that they are more incline to be for Japan or for the issei point of view but that doesn't make them dogs. They can't help the way they think. As long as they abide by the laws of this country I don't think they should be persecuted. Not all of the fault is theirs because they haven't had as much chance as the nisei.

"With the issei, it is a different question. Fundamentally most of the issei are Japanese, and their sympathies will always be with the old country. They couldn't naturalize here and they have always been under pressure during the time they were in California. You know how they were discriminated against and how they couldn't own land or property even if they were honest people. They took quite a beating and you have to hand it to them for coming through in a fairly good manner. But, the thing is, that they have lived here so long that they are actually partially American. They never talk too much about politics until the war came along. It is okay if you think of the old country and it is an ally. But, it is treacherous to think that way if you are at war with that country. That is why the issei were put on such a spot. They don't question the loyalty of the Chinese for China or the English for England, in fact, that is rather praised and people contribute money to these countries. The issei really don't want a militaristic government. They are just sympathetic towards Japan. They are now torn between the place where their kids grew up and where they made a living as compared to their lingering memories of Japan. They could heartily support the U.S. if we were at war with any other country except

Japan.

"Sometimes I feel the same way because I have seen my cousins in the old country and I sincerely wish that Japan had not gone to war with us. But that is water under the bridge and now I am all out for the United States because I have citizenship and certain rights here which the issei are denied. I think that if the issei were given the chance they would feel the same way that I do. Most of the issei were not educated so much and naturally they were taken in by the Japanese propaganda instead of condemning them for that more efforts should be made to teach them democracy and apply it to them. Then they will know that this country is much better for them.

"I've been more interested in living as a human being and I've never stopped to label all of the Japanese as disloyal. My contacts with the issei have not been too great. I have been irritated with all the Japanese in this country at times, but I think that they are under a terrific pressure so now I sympathize more with them altho I do not agree with their pro-Japan attitude if they have any. This doesn't affect my Americanism in the least. The reason I got out of camp was because it was not a fit place for any human being and I knew that I would go to pieces if I had to stay there for a long period of time. I wanted to save myself so that I could be a decent American citizen and not have to leave camp after years of confinement with my morale all shot to hell and with no faith in anything. That is why I got so impatient about getting out of camp in order to get started on my own career. All I want to be is a fair happy person with a certain degree of success which I think I will get one of these days.

"My job offer actually came in December, 1942. It was in answer to my newspaper Ad. There were really four answers all together and I took the best offer. It was a houseboy job for Dr. Eastman who lived in Lake Forrest, which is about 12 miles from the Loop and in the very classy residential district. The job paid \$50 a month plus room and board. I did not get out of the camp until January, 1943, because it took quite a while for my leave clearance to come through. I was the first nisei, I think, to leave Heart Mountain on an indefinite leave. I had to pay my transportation out here because the WRA was not giving any money at that time. It was good thing that I had a little money left from my work in the sugar beets. I left camp on January 4, 1943 and I reached Chicago on the 7th at 10 o'clock in the morning.

"When I pulled into the station there was nobody waiting for me. I felt kind of lost and strange because I ~~didn't~~ did not know a soul. I phoned the number that Dr. Eastman had given me in his letter and I discovered that it was the hospital he worked in. They told me that Dr. Eastman was out of town on a week's rest to recuperate from the shock of his wife's sudden death. However, they told me to come out to the hospital anyway and they would take care of me. I left my bags at the station and took a ride on the "L" out to the westside hospital. After I got there I learned the full details of Dr. Eastman's wife's death. It was actually a suicide. They told me that the doctor's wife had hanged herself in the basement. She did not leave any note and it was quite a mystery. The coroner's verdict said that it was temporary insanity. Since Dr. Eastman was away, I did not know what to do and for about a week I

did not know if I had a job or not.

"They let me stay at the hospital and I was given a room there until Dr. Eastman returned. For the next week I tore around the town. I looked up friends of friends and by the end of the week I had blown all of my money. It was rather exciting to go out on a spree in a city like Chicago and be free. The doctor finally came back and when I talked to him he reassured me that I had a job with him. So that I moved out to his residence at 1452 North Park Ave. in Lake Forest. The house was huge and it had four bedrooms upstairs for the doctor and his 18 year old daughter and one of the daughter's girl friends. The doctor's son was a lieutenant in the Army and he was away. There were two other guest rooms upstairs. The house was abundantly furnished and there was a big, cozy living room and a classy dining room on the lower floor. The kitchen was quite modern and the rumpus room was exceptional. It had juke box machines, pin ball machine, radio, victrola, pool table and a small bar in it. That is where I spent most of my spare time while I was there. I had a little room down in the basement and the doctor gave me a radio to keep me company. There wasn't too much for me to do. The regular housekeeper did most of the cooking. I just made breakfast for the family and I did odd jobs like washing windows. It was snowing when I got here so that one of my jobs was to clear the snow from the driveway. After I finished these chores I did not have anything to do but sleep or listen to the radio or to read some books in the doctor's library. In the evening I helped serve the dinner. God, I got to eat the same things that they did. They ate all kinds of fancy dishes but they only ate like birds. All the time I was hungry so I had to fry an egg or open a can for myself. I got used to eating quite a bit in camp, in quantity and not

quality, and it took me quite a while to get used to the smaller amount of food. There was a lot of canned food under lock and key in the basement pantry so that I could not get at it. The doctor had all sorts of fancy imported foods and cases of liquor down there including champagne and all varieties of wine. He also had quite a few cases of cigarettes down there. It was a miniature grocery store.

"I had to wash the dishes at night and I would finish around 8 or 9 o'clock, then I would go downstairs and read the papers or else play pool by myself. I would go to bed around 12 o'clock. [I was a helluva houseboy I had never done it before, and I did not know how to act inferior like most houseboys are supposed to be.

< I did not have an alarm clock so that sometimes the doctor actually would come down and wake me up gently. Then I would dash upstairs and make the breakfast. Sometimes he already had most of it made. I really didn't do much work out there and after a week of it I got very unhappy.

"It was a boring job and I saw nobody except the doctor and his daughter. Occasionally I played pool with his daughter's boy friend. Once in a while they had parties and I would mix drinks for them at the bar. I was the head bar tender at Eastman Manor. > The doctor treated me swell but the job was so boring so I asked him to release me. There wasn't any show close by even so that I had to stay home most of the time. It took too long to go commute to see anybody and I wanted more of the city life. I felt confined in that job and it just did not suit me because I did not have a houseboy temperament. The doctor understood my position and he said that he would not object if I went to look for another job. I was there only $3\frac{1}{2}$ weeks.]

"I had no other job lined up, not even the prospect of one, and I did not know how hard it would be to get jobs. At that time there were very few nisei out here and I did not know if employers would be willing to hire me in jobs other than domestic work. On top of that I only had about \$25 in cash when I left Dr. Eastman's house. I moved into town anyway. When I had accepted the job in camp, I only meant to stay with it for a short time and duck out as soon as it was feasible. I was willing to do anything to get out of camp and I thought that a houseboy job would be the easiest way. I had no intentions of ever doing it permanently. I suppose it was a sort of dirty trick on Dr. Eastman but he actually didn't lose out anything and he had my services for $3\frac{1}{2}$ weeks at least.

"I moved out to this present address, 1108 N. State St. because a nisei girl had told me about it. It happened that Angelo had lived in this room while he was out here waiting for a nisei girl to come out of camp to marry him. After this did not materialize Angelo went back to San Francisco. He was an Italian American so I told the landlady that I was his friend. I told her I was Chinese so that she welcomed me in okay. I used the name Bill Loo. Later on, tho, I told her my real name and she did not mind. I suppose that she has sentimental attachments for Italy too and Italy was one of the Axis partners. I started looking for a job ~~wir~~ right away and I was not worried very much then. There was beautiful snow all over the city which gave it a clean white blanket and I delighted in wandering around the streets. Everything seemed clean and fresh to me and I felt rather adventuresome like a young man making his first start in the world. I heard from Miyako who had been doing Oriental modeling, that there was a scarcity of male

models and she told me of some of the art studios to go see. I started making the rounds of these art schools and after a week I got a call from the F.F. Myers art school to be a male model. I worked there a week at 75 cents an hour. I modeled in the nude that time but it did not bother me at all.

"My original intention had been to continue my search for a singing career and I still had this idea so that in the meantime I looked around for a singing job. An agent I had talked to finally got me a week-end engagement singing. It was an emcee job at a little Chinese club called the Limehouse and it was located way up on the northside. I appeared in eight shows during the two nights and I got \$20 for the job. Then I got another call from the art studio after a week and this time I posed as a Hawaiian beach boy with a ukelele in my hand and a sarong around my waist. That was all the work I did during the month of February and the first part of March. [These spasmodic jobs were too infrequent so that my finances got low and I began to have a tough time. I had to borrow money <from Miyako> and I was pretty worried about ever getting a decent job. I had no idea that there was such a thing as the WRA or Friends office so that I did not get any assistance from them. I had to do it all by myself and I still wanted to get a singing job so that my opportunities were more limited.]

"Otherwise during this period I felt good because it was a free life. I caroused occasionally and spent my money on night clubs so that I was broke much sooner than I should have been. I still expected to get a definite offer as a singer from the agent. But nothing materialized. In the middle of March I began to look intensively for any kind of a job as I was getting desperate. I saw

an Ad in the paper that the Hoe Sai Gai wanted a worker so I went down there. It is the biggest Chinese restaurant in Chicago and located right in the Loop. When they offered \$150 a month plus meals I thought it was a swell job so I took it, but I found out right away that I had to work seven days a week and 10 hours a day. On Saturdays I had to work 12 hours, making it a 72 work week. My job was to be a combination bar tender and waiter.

"I worked there exactly four days as the idea of the long hours and the night work stomped me. I decided to quit as I figured that actually the wages in comparison to the hours of work was very poor and I did not want to be exploited. I figured that I could do better than that. There was another angle to the job also. I had told them that I was a Korean but they suspected I was Nihonjin. Altho I didn't feel scared of bodily harm, it made me feel ill at ease because once in a while the other Chinese waiters would pass hostile glances towards me. [The thing that brought everything to a head was the fact that there was an elderly Korean man working in the restaurant also. One night he came up to the bar and he started to jabber away in Korean. I thought he was Chinese so that I said that I didn't understand Chinese and I was a Korean. The man kept talking and finally it dawned upon me that he was a Korean. I was on the spot but I told him that I didn't understand Korean either because I had been brought up as an orphan with a Caucasian family. It was a ticklish situation so I decided that I had better get out before they began to think that I was some kind of spy.] I calmed the Korean man off by telling him that I would bring the Korean button the next night to prove that I was a Korean but I had quit the job before nightfall. I could have stayed there because the boss was

hard up for workers and he didn't want me to quit. But I told him that I could not stand the seven day grind and he would not give me a better offer, so I called it quits.

"All this time I was working to get my friend, Yuke Kaneda (real name) out from Heart Mountain. I had a job offer for him as a dish washer at Dr. Eastman's hospital but Yuke never showed up at that job after he got his release. Yuke took a job room with me and we started to go out together on job hunts. However, I had gone to the U.S.E.S. after quitting the Chinese restaurant before Yuke came and they had sent me out on a couple of jobs. But I didn't get an offer. I looked at the Want-Ads every day also. One day there was an Ad for a shipping room clerk so I went over there. The interviewer asked me if I was Nihonjin and I said I was Chinese. He was satisfied with this so that he gave me an application blank which I filled out. ^(the boss) [He told me I could report for work the next day, and I was feeling on the upgrade just then when all of a sudden another man came out of the office and he told me to fill out a routine insurance bond blank. I was on the spot again because I could not forge names on an insurance bond blank so I took the blank home with me and told the man I would bring it on Monday with me. When the day came for showing up at the job, I phoned them up and told the company that I did not want the job as I was no longer available.]

They still do not know why I did not show up.

["I answered about 10 other Ads from the newspapers and none of these jobs materialized. Some places told me that the jobs were already filled when they saw that I was an oriental. Other places told me quite frankly that they could not use me because the position called for a Caucasian and a Japanese in that job would cause the other workers to be very resentful. In one place I asked the

man if he would let me talk to the workers as I felt that they would not object after I had convinced them that I was no disloyal Jap,⁷ but they would not let me do this.]

"This was the time when I began to worry quite a bit as I did not have a steady job for quite a while and I was broke. I felt that perhaps the employers out here were not willing to give a nisei a chance to go to work. I was very discouraged then also. This was the time when Yuke Kaneda came out of camp to join me. We went out job hunting together after that and it was the same old story.

"Finally I heard about the American Friends Service Committee late in March so that we went there. We had given our names to various employment agencies in town and we were willing to pay for a job. But I was low in cash so that I figured that it was no use to pay for a job just then, if the Friends could get me a job for nothing. When I went to the office, the interviewer there told us to go to Al Howe's free employment agency on the southside.

"We went down there right away and we got a offer for a job immediately. It was at the Bussy Pen Products Company. It used to make chicken wire fences before the war but it was now devoting its full time to making ammunition boxes for the Navy and tool chests for the Army. We were given a job so that Yuke and I began to look for a place to live. Through one of the workers in that factory we found a private home to board in. It was located near the factory which was way out on the southwest side of town. We were the first nisei at that plant but nobody ever made any nasty cracks at us and we were accepted just like any of the other workers.

"We lived with a private family who ran a boarding house for five young fellows who worked in the factories around there. Yuke and I were the only nisei living there.

["In the factory we started at 60 cents an hour but we managed to work ourselves up to 75 cents an hour by April. I think that was because there were not any other boochies around the neighborhood to give us competition. The work consisted of handling electric welding machines on an assembly line. We drilled holes as the boxes came by and it was monotonous work. There was nothing creative about it altho it was bearable as a job. However, my mind would wander as I could not concentrate entirely on doing this tedious work. There was some compensation in the fact that the other workers were rather friendly. We were accepted by the younger fellows and we got to be good friends with some of them.

< "On several occasions we were invited to some of their parties which were usually wild affairs. (Previously recorded in the section on his social activities.) Yuke did not go to these parties as he seemed to be a little backward about mixing in. However, I went to all of them and I had a very good time. Once the company put on a picnic about 35 miles from Chicago in one of the large forest reserves. It provided plenty of food to eat and all the beer we could drink. We danced and played all kinds of games and also did a lot of necking. Everyone was in a friendly spirit. The girls from the factory all accepted me but not the point where I could get intimate. >

"I made about \$30 a week after counting in the overtime but I was paying \$10 a week for room and board at the boarding house so that I did not have much left after taking this out.] In fact, I had very little money left to squander. I had to pay back some of the loans which I had made when I was having tough sliding just before getting a job. Yuke and I worked at that company for three months,

until May. Then the company gave about one-third of the workers the walking papers and Yuke and I were included. The reason for this was that the government contract was up and the company could not get a renewal so I was out of a job again. I was feeling very blue because I had planned to buy a suit since I was making a pretty good salary. I decided to buy it anyway so the next day I went down to the Negro section and had a special suit made for \$45 (it was a light blue zoot suit).

"I went back to Al Howe's free employment agency, the day after that. I don't think I regretted losing my job so much but I did miss the regular income. It was my first taste of a factory job and it did not go very well with me. It was so damn dull there that I almost went nuts. We did the same thing day after day and if we had kept that work up we would have become very dull Japs. At nights we didn't have much to do either since I did not know very many people. We would go to the neighborhood show or else to the corner drug store to drink sodas after we got bored with that we would go stand on the corner and look at the legs of the pretty girls going by.

"After one week of loafing, both Yuke and I got a job at the Midwest Containers Company, Inc. from the free employment agency. This company was also making ammunition boxes for the Army only they were made of wood. [We got 75 cents an hour and we were stuck on the automatic screwing job. All we did was to put the screws in as the boxes came by. It was even duller than the last job. On top of that, the friendly atmosphere was missing. The foreman and the supervisors were sons of bitches and sour puss bastards. It griped me when he yelled at me for no reason at all. They yelled at everyone

and they had no tact. They tried to drive us like pigs. Yuke and I got so disgusted that we finally asked for a work release. We bore this job for two months and it was the end of June when we quit.] We were still living at the same boarding house on the southwest side at that time. We decided to split up because we had different interests to follow up. Yuke went on a week's spree to look for a drafting job in a defense plant which he always wanted anyway as he had learned drafting at school. He found a job but after a week he was dropped because he could not get an Army clearance. I don't know what he is doing now because I have not talked to him for quite a while.

"In the meantime I was looking for a job myself and [I went to the free employment agency again. This time they sent me out to the Whitacker's manufacturing company. I worked one week as a laborer and I got 60 cents an hour. Again the work was so dull that I could not stand the damn thing. Jesus, this was the worst of any of the factory jobs I did. All I did was wield a hammer all day long and pound in rivets into the prongs for the farm cultivators which we were making. I could not stand the work so I upped and quit after a week. I guess I am one of those six-day Japs but I could not help it because the work just did not suit me and I did not feel obligated to stick in it] when I had other plans for a career. I wanted to go to New York then since this had been my ambition ever since the war started. I felt that I could get a singing job there much easier but I did not have the money to make the trip so I decided to go down to see Al Howe again for another job. I still want to go to New York as I think that the possibilities of getting a singing job in a night club is much greater there

but that will have to wait for a while yet.

"Al Howe was swell to me every time I came back to his employment agency, and he did not condemn me for quitting the job. I did not dare to go to the WRA because I had heard that they gave you hell for quitting jobs and I did not think they could help me much anyway. Al Howe was a sympathetic man and he has helped many nisei. He runs the employment office there for everybody regardless of race or creed. He has in his Ads 'run by serviceman', but actually it is run by servicemen's wives and mothers. The various factories in the neighborhood sponsor the office because they want the workers who are very scarce these days. That is why they don't charge 10% or 20% and even 50% just for a jobreferral.

"Al Howe is really an insurance broker but he devotes quite a bit of his free time to the employment agency. He is very much interested in the nisei and he tries to give them special care when they come around looking for a job. He has located a lot of nisei guys and girls in the factories around there. When he started out he had to go out himself and sell the nisei to the factory heads so that they would give them a chance. He is still doing this work and I think that he is doing a damn good job of it and not getting any thanks for it. Not very many nisei know about him so that I think that you should advertize it more instead of sending the nisei to the WRA office. It was because of Al Howe that so many nisei are now working out on the southside. He has placed a lot of girls in factory and also jobs too and he never turns a nisei down or condemn them.

"It is my opinion that if the WRA would cooperate more with him, it could relocate many more nisei. The WRA will not have anything to do with Al Howe and they refuse to send any nisei there because

they are jealous. The American Friends Service office sends nisei down there though. Al Howe calls the WRA a bunch of politicians looking after their jobs. I bet he could place way more nisei than the WRA and that is why it does not want to have anything to do with Al Howe. They would lose their soft jobs if they did. The WRA could speed up relocation about 100% right now if they would only cooperate. But then, maybe the WRA has too many job offers themselves that they can't fill but I don't know. I don't think that the WRA offers very good jobs and they try to force the nisei to accept anything they offer. If the nisei quit then the WRA will not help them anymore. I don't think that this is such a good practice because what if a nisei gets stuck in a restaurant job like the Hoe Sai Gow ~~the~~ job that I had. This would be lowering the American standards for working and the WRA never investigates any of the jobs, I heard. It is quite a big problem because after the war the nisei will be stuck out here. There are plenty of job offers right now altho many of them are dull and uninteresting.

"Anyway, the bosses at Whitacker did not like the idea of my quitting after one week and they refused to give me a job clearance. Workers were frozen to their jobs about then and for 30 days I could not take an essential defense job of any kind. I did not mind tho because I had had my fill of factory jobs and I wanted something else.

"Therefore, I started to look around for a non-essential job. I figured that I could capitalize on my bar tender experience. I heard that bar tenders were rather scarce and I saw quite a few Ads in the paper for them. [I went to about 20 bars in town but I was turned down flat, at every one. You know why. I wanted a front bar job where I could ~~serve~~ the public directly but this was im-

possible because I was an oriental and they don't want any of this breed of human beings, especially Nihonjin, serving drinks, to the white people. I wanted to try anyway because I thought that there must be some places where they would give me a chance.]

"Finally I went to the Beachcombers Club because I had seen Chinese bar tenders there and I figured that maybe there would be an opening for me. The boss there was okay and he told me that he did not have anything just then but he said that the Chez Paree wanted a bar tender. I felt excited about that because the Chez Paree is one of the largest night clubs in town. I went over there and talked to Mike Fritzel, the owner and he signed me up after I talked with him a while and told him that I had had experiences in San Francisco. This was on July 15, 1943. I have been there just three months now and it is the longest time that I have held one job since coming out here. I expect to be doing it for a while yet and I don't think that I will change around any more because I am making a pretty good salary. The only trouble is that I can't work in the front bar but I have to stay in the service room bar where I don't face the public. The job started out at \$42.50 a week plus meals and it went up rapidly to \$45, then \$48, then \$52 and now \$57.50 a week plus meals. It's not a bad job at that, from the monetary point of view.

"The bar in the service room is very small. For the amount of business the Chez Paree does, it should have a bar three times as big with three times as many bar tenders it has now. It is a high-toned night club and the work is hard because of the large amount of business it does. We have three bar tenders and one bar boy now and I figure we put out at least \$3000 worth of drinks

every night. Since the work is so hard and since the Caucasian bar tenders can make more in a front bar where they can pocket some side money, we have had a number of different bar tenders since I began there. They don't last very long and there has been nine new bar tenders in the place in the three months. The bar tenders like to do a front bar job because they get to talk to the public and make extra tips. We don't handle any of the money for drinks because it is put on the table bill.

"The other workers get paid miserable wages compared to us. Any job in that place should pay \$65 to \$75 a week but I would say that the average for the worker is only about \$35. The reason for this is that most of the profits goes into the high cost for the floor show. Gertrude Niesen is the star of the show right now and she draws about \$2000 a week. The rest of the entertainers get a fairly large salary. But the kitchen help only get about \$35 or \$40 a week. The glass washer gets only \$20 a week and some of the vegetable girls get only \$18 plus meals. The boss should realize that he has to pay for his help and if he doesn't pay them more they are all going to quit and you can't blame them.

"I get along well with the other workers in the club. I think I get along better because I make an effort to be friendly. But you don't have much leisure time to talk since we are so busy. Behind the bar, no bar tender gets along with the waiters and we all get hot under the collar when business is rushed. I cuss the hell out of one the waiters last night because he got his orders all mixed up. It's a lot of fun to argue with the waiters and I feel equal to any of them when I yell at them and they yell at me. I have a pretty sharp tongue so that I don't think that they can get

the best of me. They never call me any racial names tho because that has nothing to do with our 'friendly' arguments.

"My hours of work starts from 7:30 or 8 in the evening to about 4 or 5 in the morning. I got promoted to the job of head bar tender of the service bar with my last raise in salary so that I have to go there earlier now to look over the situation and plan the evening's work. I have a helluva time with the two jerks who work with me now because they don't know much about bar tending. It is a rugged life and I have lost 10 pounds in the past month or so. There are certain limitations to the job because I don't get to see my friends so often or go to see shows except on my one day off, which fortunately is Sunday. I usually go see the girl friend that day.

["All bar tenders working in a union house have to be a member of the Bar Tenders Union. I had to join too but the AFL bar tenders union would only give me a temporary working permit and not membership. Nevertheless, I have to pay the full dues of \$3.50 a month, which is a gift to the Union as I have no voting privileges in any of the Union election, I don't have a guarantee of a job, and I have no accident or death benefits coverage. Furthermore, my membership can be cancelled after any 30 day working period so that I don't know where I stand from month to month. All of this because of the fact that I am of a minority race and I have a yellow face. No Chinese, Filipino or Japanese can get membership in that Union. I signed up as a Chinese under my name, Bill Loo, but it did not do any good when I told them that China was an ally fighting for democracy.

"I can't kick about it because then the Union will find out that I am Nihonjin and then I would be out entirely.] I think that

the whole thing is one big gip. I think the Democracy, ha! Especially now in a time of war when we are all supposed to be fighting for equality! But then, I suppose discrimination is inevitable and I try to look at it philosophically but I still can't swallow it. Still, I believe that I have an obligation to pay to Democracy as a price for living in the United States; but then, there should be some remuneration on their part towards me so that I will have equality of job and other thing with them. That is only fair. Otherwise, we are not fighting for Democracy. What the hell, I buy war stamps and I pay taxes just like the next guy. Democracy may be superficial to a lot of people because they take it for granted. But, I have seen both sides so that it is not just a word to me and I want it to really exist.

"I don't know exactly how long I will hold my present job altho I have no plan of quitting, however, it is not too desirable altho I am making more money now than I ever dreamed of. Compare that to the \$50 houseboy job I held when I first came out here. However, I think I earn my money because I work pretty hard and mentally and physically I am getting worn down. It is not my chosen line for my lifework but I'd like to stay with this job until I can save up some money and until I can go out on my own and start singing.

"I drink much more than I have done before and it is getting to be a habit for me to take four or five snorts every night. Before, if I got stinko once a month, that was something. Now, drinks are easy to get so I drink it. It gives me a certain uplift when I am tired at work and I feel better after taking a shot or two. To me, drinks are not an escape from realities, but it does give me a certain physical uplift. Then when I take my dates to a nightclub, it

a matter of necessity to order a few drinks. You can't go into a night club and order lemonade. I like the effects of drink too. I know that this life is not good for me physically. However, it doesn't have anything to do with my moral life. I don't think that it makes me bad or degenerate, and there is no direct influence because of my job as a bartender. I have been a breaker of the moral codes when I help uprighteous jobs. So that I don't think that this job is tearing me down at all. It serves a very useful purpose for me. Not only do I get a good salary, but I also am free to take singing lessons during the day.

["I want to sing for my living more than ever. It will bring me much more money if I do that, at least \$200 a week. Male vocalists are at a premium now because of the war and there is a scarcity of talent. I am materialistic enough to want to have as much money as I can make. Then also I want to have the fame, power, success, lure and glamour which a good singer can have. Another reason is that I like singing in itself and I might as well get paid for it. It wouldn't actually be working then. That is the essence of success--getting paid for something you like to do. Another thing is that you can have girls following you all around and that sounds intriguing. I suppose that may be childish but aren't all singers and actors that way?

"With practice and training, I think I can get some place in the singing racket. I think that I have the personality and the quality of voice to be a night club singer right now. I need the practice all the time and that is why I am paying for lessons. I started taking singing lessons about five months ago but I did not seriously get down to it until my singing teacher took an active

interest in me ~~three~~ months ago. I go for singing lessons three times a week, onehour a crack and I pay \$25 a month for these lessons. I also take occasional piano lessons and I have to buy sheet music for myself.

"The reason why I want a break is because my primary ambition is ~~yet~~ to become an actor eventually. If I-became a fairly well known singer, then I figure that the jump into acting would be that much easier. After the war I want to go back to Hollywood to see if I can't get into the movies. That is not an idle dream either. Because I am confident in myself to think that I can do it. Maybe I am ~~crazy~~. Most nisei would say that I am, but I don't care. I wouldn't be content with extra roles either. I figure that I may be able to pave the way for lead roles for other oriental actors. I am even thinking that stardom is not an impossibility, altho it looks like an impossible grind right now. You can never tell in the show business because sometimes success hits you overnight.] My singing teacher now feels that I have great possibilities as a crooner and a singer and this has bolstered my confidence quite a bit to know that somebody else believes in me. That's been the trouble all my life. My parents never agreed with my aims. This time I am going all the way in spite of what happens. The sooner I get into singing, the better I will like it.

"Financially I am doing pretty good right now, better than I ever did in my life, but it is not still success to me altho I like the things that money can buy. I make about \$258 a month in my job right now plus meals. But I eat two meals out besides the two meals I eat at the club. I don't save much so that in that respect I don't do well financially. In fact, I am not saving anything

because I am inclined to be a spendthrift anyways. It is natural for a person to live up to his income. Actually my cost of living is pretty high and I don't think that I squander too much. On the average here is about how my monthly salary goes approximately. I have been buying clothes right along and I spend about \$50 a month for clothes, that is on the average. My piano lessons and music cost me \$10 a month and my singing lessons cost me \$25 a month. I can't afford a better room now because I don't have the extra money and that is why I'm staying in a \$15 a month room right now. I moved back into this room after I came down to work at the club. It costs me roughly \$30 a month to eat odd meals outside. The other meals I get free at the club. I spend about \$30 a month for laundry and carfare. Look at all the laundry and cleaning bills I have here. (The writer took a sample stack out of the pile and for one week he spent about \$9 for laundry and cleaning bills.) Then I have to pay \$3.50 a month for my temporary working permit from the Bar Tenders' Union. A big slice of about \$30 a month or more is taken out for income taxes. Then I spend about \$20 a month buying presents for my family because there are a lot of things they can't get in camp. The rest of the money goes for dates and incidentals. I spend anywhere from \$3 to \$15 a date and it costs quite a bit to go to a night club. Once I got a pass to go to the Chez Paree so that I took my girl friend there and the drinks, food and entertainment for the evening was on the house. After I get through spending all this I don't have any money left to save for a bank account. I bought about \$10 worth of war stamps this month but I had to cash in half of it already because I was short.

"I have all the clothes I need now so I should cut out the \$50 ~~ele for~~ clothing after this. Right now I have two suits being made

and a heavy winter overcoat coming up. The suits are special made and one of them cost \$50 and the other cost \$45. These are fairly conservative suits. I have bought one other suit and a topcoat since coming here plus a lot of shirts, ties, sox, couple of pairs of pants, underwear and other things that I need. I can't buy as many shoes as I want to have because shoes are rationed. Then I about \$30 to Yuki when he was down on his luck and I haven't seen him for about two months so that money will be used for clothes if I ever collect it.

"Here's the way I feel about the war. I wish that it was over right now. It will mean that my own personal ambitions will be nearer realization then. As a topical subject, the war is interesting because it is the biggest world event that has ever touched my personal life. It is really not a war for democracy altho it is not safe to say that out in public so don't repeat me. I think that it is like all the other wars, it is a war between imperialistic powers. It's just a bigger affair, that's all. Actually, the people fight the war and the industrialists and the politicians gain by it privately. Do you think that the people of India and China will have democracy after the war? Now, don't get me wrong, because I believe in a an allied victory. I would hate to think of the Axis powers taking over everything. I'll never have a chance to do anything singing then.

"To tell the truth, I've always been a sort of a pacifist. That is, I am a person who hates war as it seems to be so futile and there should be more intelligent ways of settling the arguments between the profit-mad industrialists and politicians of the various countries. As a matter of fact, I may be wrong because I am not very

much up on politics. I can talk about war and politics and bluff my way through but I don't really seem to be able to express myself in a discussion the way I really feel and think because I don't have the background for it. I'd rather talk about love any day because it is more interesting and I know a little more about it. I guess that is a sign of my intellectual immaturity and it is also a sign of not having enough of a broad prospective about the world and life. It may come with the maturity of years, but I don't now. I know that I am not well read enough but I don't have the time to do it now, or the interest.

"After the war, I don't know what will happen. That is the big question. But there is not sense making myself miserable thinking about the worst that could happen. I think that it will be very tough, especially for the nisei. Most of the nisei have come out here to a large city and they are young. The great majority of them are unmarried and they like to have fun just like I do. They are working in factories and small jobs and they have to have some kind of release from the drabness of their jobs. They hate to think about the future because they are as uncertain of it as I am, altho I do feel that I have a definite goal in my singing ambitions. The nisei will probably be thrown out of their jobs after the war and then what will they do? There is certainly no future working in a factory.

"I think that most of the nisei are having a harder time right now than the other people. And jobs will be even more scarcer for them after the war. It is too bad because most of the nisei don't have a definite skill or talent to fall back on. Quite a few of them are going to work for the first time in their lives. Most of

the Hakujuin bosses and places are reluctant to take on the nisei workers anyway. Maybe it is a little better now than when I was running around looking ~~a~~ for a job earlier this year. I just hate to think about what is going to happen after the war and I don't suppose I give it serious attention too often, since there are other things which crowd it out of my mind, more pleasant things I mean.

"There is no Japanese community here for the nisei to fall back on like there was in California and the only hope is that some tovernment agency like the WRA will ~~have~~ help them out. Most of the nisei I know don't ~~save~~ a cent or else they save very little. Actually I don't see how they can save anything because the living costs are ~~preetty~~ high. I can see it so plainly now that many of the nisei will practically starve if they lose their jobs after the war and they will be too proud to beg. It is a black future but it is a possibility. If the nisei go back to California they will find that their old friends and former businesses will be gone except for a few of the more fortunate ones who have ~~bee~~ entrusted their businesses to capable hakujuin. It will be tough for me too if my singing plans don't come out.

"And what will happen to our parents and younger brothers and sisters who are left in camp? I wouldn't be one bit surprised if they ~~were~~ kept on a reservation. The old folks don't have a thing to go out to so they might as well stay in camp with their friends. I think there will be a reservation of Japanese Indians after the war. In my opinion I sometimes think that this may be a good thing because it will be an avenue of escape for many nisei to go back to in case things get too tough on the outside. Quite a few of the nisei will go back with their folks to Japan. There they will be

Japanese to other Japanese and they may even make out okay. They will be American in most things, but they may get jobs there because China and Japan will have to have a reconstruction after the war too. Maybe they will even be welcomed because they will have the advantage of an American education.

"As for myself, I prefer to stay in the good old U.S. forever. I would like to visit Japan again but I want to live here and to bring my kids up as Americans. I expect to have kids you know. My future and hope lies in the fact that the good old American sportsmanship will win out and I will have a chance to show my stuff.

"I haven't thought much about the possibilities of the draft. There is a chance that the nisei may be drafted soon. But I don't let it worry me at all. I will go if I am called as there is no other choice. I have something to work for right now and if I have to take time out to fight for the U.S., I would do it willingly as I can't do anything else. If I go, I will work hard at it and I will work for a lieutenant's or even a captain's rating if I can. In the meantime, it doesn't worry me one damn bit. There is too much to live for right now to worry about what might happen in the future.

"I've thought of my family's future too. I'm the youngest boy in the family but I feel responsible for them just as much as my other brothers. I've thought of going on my own permanently and I may do that. But now I find that there is a certain desirability of having the family with me. I'd like to get my sister out of camp so that she can go to college. My brother is planning to come out here soon and we will have to work on it a little at a time. I'll probably room with him. If it is possible, then I will get my sister

out next. Later I will try to get my mother out. She will be completely dependent on us. My other brother will come out eventually and the three of us boys should be able to make a go of it. All of this is pretty indefinite except for the fact that one brother is going to come out.

"I won't have much to say about dad's future plans. It will depend upon how he feels. I think my mother and father are reconciled now and he is probably fitted into the family pattern again. My father was a misfit for a long time but the evacuation has fixed this all up according to the latest letters from home. So, my father may come out with the rest of the family when and if they come. I don't know what actual plans the family has for after the war as I have been away from them a lot. They haven't said anything about after the war and I suppose they are playing it as it goes along like most of the Japanese are doing.

"I admit I have been lonesome out here at times, very lonesome when I am in my deep moods. Living alone and working nights makes it that way. Hakujin friends are good to have and we should have as many of them as possible. But to most nisei, they could not stomach a pure Caucasian society for any length of time because their common interest are in a different class. The background of the Japanese plus camp life makes a lot of difference. We have old nisei friends that we want to see and to renew our former contacts. I would like to have a nisei society like all of the nisei do but you can't say that now because it is supposed to be wrong. I don't see anything wrong with it and I think that it is natural. I am in almost a pure Caucasian society right now and it has gotten me to thinking that the nisei society is not as bad as all that after all,

especially if you had had a little taste of it. I wouldn't like a pure nisei society to exist though, since you have to make other contacts.

"You can have a lot of fun with the Caucasians but there is something different and you feel it even tho I don't think I am saying this with a sense of inferiority, I think I am looking at the whole problem realistically when I say that the nisei need other nisei in order to make normal adjustments. There are all kinds of nisei and many of them are 'yogores' and rats, but any society has these different kinds of people in it. You don't have to know the undesirable nisei because there are plenty of interesting ones who are just as Americanized as any white person. It makes me laugh in a way and it seems tragic when I hear nisei tearing down other nisei. When they say that all nisei are narrow-minded, I think they are wrong. I don't think they actually have the knowledge of other societies to compare the nisei society with. Right now it is the fad to tear down the nisei society but I think sooner or later they are all going to get together again.

"This fact has always existed. The members of any given society always tear down the other members of his race and he talks of them with contempt but when the actual showdown comes, they would stick up for their own group. I have torn down nisei society too and I think that I am critically analyzing them and I don't dislike them all as a group. In Chicago, the indications show that there will not be a centralized Jap town here but the nisei will have certain social connections and occasionally get together. But it won't be as closely knit as before. And I don't regret that. The chances for the nisei group to geth together has been limited out here because they are pretty well scattered out over the city and it takes

too long to see all your friends. We have to pick out the best ones and stick to them. In that way, I don't think that there will ever be a complete Japanese town here. But, if they start hang-outs like a Japanese hamburger stand or a pool hall, that will be the embryo of the new Japanese community in Chicago. I would not like to see that developed altho I think it is okay for the nisei to get together occasionally for social functions because they want to meet girls and fellows. Later on I suppose there will be small nisei centers springing up in town and they will be condemning the other group and I bet that they will hate each other more than the Caucasians will. dislike them for getting together and being conspicuous. There is also the chance that things are so indefinite out here that a permanent nisei society, even small groups, will not develop. I don't think that it is a very important issue anyway. We have proved our loyalty to this country so that we should be accepted like anybody else. And it doesn't matter if we have other nisei friends.

"My love life is progresing slowly in the right direction now. I became interested in Eileen (real name) because she is so Americanized. She is going to be a piano teacher and she goes to the Central 'Y' college to take some education courses before she can get her degree next summer. She goes out on lots of other dates, some with Caucasians, which irks me no end. Three nights a week are taken care of by her night classes and I have one night a week permanently reserved for me. I've always liked tiny girls and I think that I was attracted to Eileen because she has looks, brains and some fire in her temperament along with a little sweetness at the same time. That is a hard combination to find in any nisei girl. She is not typically nisei because she was raised in Minor^t,

North Dakota which had only a couple of boochie families. But She looks like a Japanese, but in action she is just like a Hakujin girl. She does not have the reserve personality like so many of the nisei. Eileen wants to get into show business as some kind of a musician. She maintains that she is definitely a career girl but I think that she is normally woman enough to want marriage, kids and a home. I think that she is the type of girl who will throw away her career for a home and kids and that is what I want. I can't think of marriage right now for quite a while yet, but if I had something definite to offer and if I knew she loved me, I would propose marriage immediately. I am young yet, but that is not the barrier which holds me back. My career is not even started yet and I feel that I may have to go through a lot of hard knocks and I would not want to make a wife go through that. I would get married right away tho if I was economically set. I feel very strongly in marriage and I don't think that the nisei should postpone it if the couple have faith in each other and think they can make a go of it.

"I am ef more of the romantic nature, I suppose, and I think that they could have some kind of a future if they work together after marriage. They would get at least that much out of life. It seems to me that fundamentally marriage is one of the most important things in life. For girls it is even more important than a career. In these days of insecurity, the nisei especially are afraid of marriage, but I think they have the wrong attitude. Maybe it will give them more initiative than they have now if they had a wife to fight for. That's the way I see it anyway.

"I hope that I can get started with my singing career in six months. My teacher tells me that all I need is one good break to

get started. It is something that I can look forward to and I will not be bitterly disappointed if I don't get success in six months. That is the brighter side of the picture. Sometimes I figure it may take as long as six years. The uncertainty of it makes it interesting and life would not be worth living if we knew everything that was going to happen to us. But I hope that I will not have to wait too long because I am getting impatient and I may lose some of my confidence if I drag it out too long. Well, I have to go help my girl friend move now but I will keep you informed of my secret life if you don't tell anybody about it."

The writer's opinions and unscientific observations

There appears to be certain inner motivations which Bill has not revealed and the writer suspects that he would not reveal some of his inner feelings anyway, regardless of the degree of rapport established. Bill gives the impression of being a very normal person. He seems to make friends rather easily. The writer went to dinner with him after the last interview and Bill was greeted very cordially by various people in the block as we passed down the street, for example, the dry cleaner, the grocery store owner and the waitresses in the restaurant. In a nisei group Bill creates another impression. Most nisei who have known him in the past think that Bill is a conceited fool and slightly feminine in his actions. He has been labeled "queer" by quite a few of the nisei who have known him in the past, but the writer does not believe that he is any more abnormal or neurotic than the general run of the nisei. Bill is a rather sensitive individual and he has had frequent emotional upheavals.

He has had a difficult time in finding adequate adjustment in Chicago due to find- obtaining a job with which he finds some degree of satisfaction. The factory jobs which he held have been most irritating to him because he finds that they are dull and monotonous. Bill has had seven jobs in all during the period of he has been in this city. His employment problems have not started with the evacuation. He has had a difficult time ever since he quit college due chiefly to his intense desire to become a professional singer. There appears to be some degree of fantasy in his singing but he has identified his life goals so closely to these dreams that it

a real thing to him and he can discuss it very rationally. He definitely does have some talent and his life goals are not an utter impossibility altho his ultimate goal of achieving stardom in the movies seem to be rather on the level of a dream world. Bill has been very consistent in his life goals and he has quite a bit of confidence in his ability, altho he is overcome with doubts during periods of depression. There is some trace of bitterness in his attitudes due to some frustration in finding a place for himself. At times he feels that the odds are all directed against him but he will fight on in spite of everything. Bill is rather intelligent and there is a constant attempt on his part to keep himself in the realm of reality. He has some perspective into the future problems of the nisei but he would rather divorce himself from thinking about it because it is an unpleasant thought for him to dwell upon. He is mostly concerned with his personal dreams for a career and he is actively working towards this. He probably does feel insecure at times and this is brought out by some of the inconsistencies in his statements. He feels more secure within a nisei society while at the same time he wants to be accepted as a part of Caucasian society. His family background, no doubt, has contributed a great deal to some of his personality disorganization. He feels that the war and evacuation has contributed to his career since many opportunities formerly closed to the nisei have now been opened up. For example, he states, "I feel that I can get a night club job as a singer because the Army has taken quite a few of them and they are at a premium." To date he has not achieved this hope except for a limited two-night engagement in a local Chinese night club. Bill feels that he should go to New York to launch his singing career because he

can fall back upon the Chinese night clubs there in the event that everything else fails. He is rather optimistic about the future possibilities and he is fairly satisfied working as a bar tender at the Chez Paree because it gives him some contact with theatrical life.

"It is difficult to understand his extreme motivation for sexual activities altho the writer suspects that it is a compensation for any feelings of inadequacies which he may have. To him this activity is proof to himself that he is manly and not a sissy as he was often labeled in his childhood. There is ^{also} always the possibility that this sexual activity is a secondary matter to him and that he reverts to it whenever any period of continued frustrations in achieving his life goals confront him. Throughout the interview Bill did not attempt to dramatize himself in any way and he told his story simply and honestly. The writer did not attempt to verify any of the facts which he told but accepted them at face value in spite of the probability that some aspects may be exaggerated. It would be interesting to follow other cases to determine whether economic and other frustrations are the factors which contribute towards a "zoot suit" personality. Knowing the facts of Bill's life history, contributed greatly to an understanding of his present personality, which the writer did not find as offensive as he had ^{been led} to believe.

Jimmy Yamada's impressions after reading the case: My impressions of Bill Loo after reading the writer's account is primarily that Bill is motivated by sense of inferiority which he tries to cover by an exterior of toughness in a "zoot suit". One phase of his attempts of compensation is in regards to a sexual activities.

A great deal of his wooing seems to be predicated on a desire to prove his virility. That he is concerned about this is indicated in his mental torment when others accuse him of being queer or a pansy.

Bill strikes me as being above average and extremely sensitive. From his story it's hard for me to find a motivation for some of his actions. Although ~~he~~ his frank -- sometimes possibly from a sense of bravado -- I have a feeling that he is hesitant in revealing certain phases of his life which affect him most. Not knowing the person it would be hard to determine whether my suspicions have any foundation.

His viewpoints are not always consistent. For example, his attitude toward the nisei varies, in accordance with the degrees of response he finds among them at a given moment. He hungers to be accepted and when he isn't he rationalizes his position by attributing his lack of success to shortcomings among the nisei.

Worden, Montana

Oct. 17, 1942

Dear S:

Your card was indeed a surprise, and a pleasant one, I assure you. You lucky people! -- I sure envy you! -- Scot free! (and footloose, too, huh?) It really must be super to feel that at last your mind, your body, your time is your own, all your own. Again, may I say--you lucky, lucky gal!

I'm free, too, but only after a fashion. I am now working on an industry essential, very much so, to national defense -- the manufacture of sugar. It sounds good, but oh my God, what a helluva job! What this work requires is a strong back and a very weak mind. I'm doing swell! Now all I need is a strong back. What am I talk about? Sugar beet topping, of course.

I've been out in Worden, Montana now for a month. Worden is a hick town, population 251, 25 miles away from Billings, the second largest city in this state. This is really a quiet and peaceful part of the country. The weather is very agreeable most of the time. In the morns, it's quite chilly, but the afternoons are just like those warm "typical" Southern California days. The leaves on the trees are now running the gamut of colors -- red, yellow, gold -- It's really a sight to behold.

Heart Mountain, to me, like Santa Anita to you I suppose, seems very far away, in time, in mileage, and in thought too. Heart Mountain, when I was there, was cold, barren and undeveloped. There were ten thousand persons there, but one would hardly know it. The area, I guess, is about 3 or 4 or 5 times as large as Santa Anita. Gad, it's immense! While I had my little "vacation" there, one riot had already occurred, oh joy! The little fracas was regarding a little matter of poor food. From what my brother writes me, the meals are getting worse by the day. I hate to think about the food situation this winter. There are no recreational no educational facilities as yet. However they have set aside 2 large blocks in the center of camp for the school buildings. Right now, or I should say a month ago, there was nothing to Ht. Mt. except a whole hillside of black barracks, and accompanying mess halls and latrines. The method of block planning, however, is much better than Anita -- There are two mess halls and latrines, includ tub baths for women, in each block. There are thirty blocks in all. There is about 10 acres to the east of camp, which is to be the athletic grounds -- but it's only sandy waste with cactus and sage-brush, now. The whole project covers about 450 acres. Imagine -- 450 acres! Most of the bare land will be utilized in growing table crops and commercial agricultural products. Plans are being blue-printed to lay a canal to irrigate the farms from Shoshone dam approximately 16 miles away. The nisei destined to actually dig that waterway will go thru seven hells! (This is inside dope from some in the know.)

The land is too sandy, gummy in places, and the weather too hot. (The canal will be dug during the summer, is plan)

The only entertainment is dancing, held in a puny mess once a week. There is absolutely nothing else which is public sponsored. There is plenty to do -- if one has enough interest and initiative to pursue his particular interests. This, of course, applies anywhere.

I've left out plenty of angles but so much for Ht. Mt. and Montana, at least in this letter. You must let me know about your happy state of Missouri (affairs).

You wrote in your card that you enjoyed a malt and a hamburger. I, too, did that. No don't be silly! Not in L.A. In Montana. Every time we go into town, we sets ourselves down in a drug store (the only one in town, incidentally) and guzzles a big, thick choc malt. Oh, boy, now to go down the list of food we so relishly reminisced about 'way back in S.A.

One thing in your card struck me ironically. That was the item about the train ride--with service men. I've had 3 train rides (not including the one from S.A. to Ht. Mt.), since the war, and all have been near-tragic for me in relations with soldiers. On one trip, one drunken soldier came up to me demanding to know what nationality I was. Naturally I told him "American." Ignoring this, he belligerently said, "Jap or Chinese?" Just like that. If I had said I came from Japanese ancestry, I surely would have been beaten up right there. This was right after Pearl Harbor, on the train from L.A. to Frisco. I've had a couple of other nasty experiences--some pretty close, too. But you, fortunately are a woman, and a pretty one at that. No, you won't ever have an experience like that.

Is Helen going to school now? Now your Dad and Mom have been relocated already, haven't they? Say hello to them from me, willya? If you have time between exams, studies, parties, dances and such, please write will you?

Yours,

/s/ Bob Kinoshita

The writer has had fairly frequent contacts with Bill Katayama during the past four months when the last formal interview was undertaken. Notes on some of Bill's activities will be found in C.K. Diary interspersed among the other field notes. Bill left today for New York City primarily because of his ambition to achieve a dramatic and singing career. He had intended to go to New York originally but he delayed his departure from Chicago because of the fact that he had a "great romance" under way with Ellen. Ellen is a nisei girl who is attending a music college in this city. She is around 21 years of age and she is expected to graduate this June. Ellen had never been among nisei in her life due to the fact that her family lived in North Dakota. She finds a nisei society quite novel and she has been accepted into one of the social groups which is emerging. Bill and Ellen had been going around rather steadily since last September. The affair has cooled off somewhat so that Bill was able to make his decision to depart.

The writer went down to help Bill pack this morning and also to interview him. During the six hours before the train left, Bill made many comments about his aims and ambitions. He was rather excited and also frightened at the prospects of making this sudden break once more. The writer was the only one to see him off on the train and Bill revealed at moments that he was buoying up his self-confidence and not so self-confident as he tried to put on. This was a rather natural reaction.

Bill left Chicago with only \$60 as he has not saved any more than that in spite of the fact that he had been making a fairly good salary. He claimed that there were no opportunities for him

here and therefore he had become extremely restless. Bill has held half a dozen jobs during the year that he has been in Chicago. He has never been satisfied with any of these positions since he did not feel that they contributed any advancement in his career. He felt that the only place for him was in New York.

During the conversation he also expressed his attitude and fears in regard to the draft, marriage, occupational choice, philosophy of life, women trouble, the nisei orchestra, and other things. The following is a verbatim account of his experiences since the last interview on October 13, 1943:

"A lot of things have happened since I last talked to you for any length of time. I didn't suspect at that time that I would be leaving for New York so soon as this was only my general goal. I have changed some of the details of my plans but on the whole, I still am trying to keep my general ambition in mind and everything I do is only a small step towards that goal. I don't think that I will get my real start until I get into New York tomorrow. Naturally I feel very excited about going there as it will mean that I am going to make a complete start all over again. I only know one nisei fellow there and I will probably send him a telegram when we go down to the station this afternoon. I'll more or less have to make my contacts among the hakujin since there aren't many nisei there that will be able to help me in my career. I've been so damn restless with all the jobs I've had here.

"I quit my job in the service bar at the Chez Paree night club around the end of October. There were a helluva lot of reasons why I quit even though I was making a good salary. For one thing my romance was getting hot at that time and I figured that I

could work at it full time if I had my nights free. Ellen wanted me to quit also because she didn't get to see me too often when I had to work at the bar. Another reason was that the job was getting disgustingly boring and exasperating. This bothered me more than the fact that I was compensated financially very well.

"On top of that, certain frictions broke out among the help and I took a beating. It was all the underhand stuff and I could not do much to prevent it. [I became the headwaiter at the service bar and naturally the waiters and other help made it tough for me because they didn't want to take orders from such a young person as me. I guess the fact that I was oriental also made a difference in their attitude. However, the main reason was that I worked for the house when I became head bartender and naturally the waiters wanted to cheat and get their cut and I had to watch them. When I was just a bar tender I didn't care but I had to live up to my responsibility when I got promoted to the head bartender job.

"Everything was going smoothly until the other workers found out that I was a Nihonjin. They all thought I was Chinese until some of the nisei I didn't even know gave me away. < They just heard that another nisei worked at the Chez Paree and so they tried to act important and call me up. You know that reflected glory stuff which all the nisei go for. Anyway some of them called the club and asked for me by my Japanese name and not my Chinese name. One of the other waiters answered the phone and when he didn't recognize the Japanese name some nisei said I was the one in the service bar. This screwed the whole thing up and after several phone calls like this and personal appearance of nisei the office force found out and the talk started to spread. > This made a difference in the

attitude of the kitchen help towards me. None of the workers ever said anything directly but their attitudes toward me changed in other ways. At first I thought it was because they resented the fact that I was the head bartender only, but soon I discovered that my being a nisei made the resentment much greater. There was a mulatto girl who worked in the kitchen force and she was my only friend there. She told me what some of the other workers were saying and this didn't make me feel so good. I felt that I was unwanted more and more.

"On top of all that, I was unhappy about my career and I didn't think I was getting any place. My job had absolutely no future in it and it was like all of my other jobs. I finally decided that I had sufficient reasons to quit so around the end of October I gave my notice. I had no other plans figured out for myself at all. I'm always impractical about these things. I didn't even worry about what I would do next. I figured that there were plenty of jobs around that I could take. However, I was determined that I would be a little more choosy the next time. I was pretty well run down from all my worries, work and drinking, so I decided to take it easy for a while. I had a little money saved up at that time.

"I loafed all of November and most of my activity was in my social life. I went out on quite a few dates and I also went around and visited some of my friends. I had not been able to do this before very much because I did not have the time. I also looked around half-heartedly for some other type of job, however, I didn't have my full energies on it and I admit that I loafed most of the time. I didn't get bored at all as I slept late in

mornings. Almost every night I was out visiting my friends, going to the movies, having dates and going to poker sessions or bull sessions. I couldn't keep up this pace as my money began to run out. That made me stop and think so in between my social activities, I would half-heartedly look or think about looking for a job.

"I couldn't find any~~thin~~ prospects for what I wanted except for one singing contract that I had. This only lasted for a couple of evenings and it was on the westside. As my money got lower, I thought I had better definitely get another job. I didn't want to go into a factory because I knew it would get monotonous quick. The only thing I could do was to look for another bartending job. That's what I did for a period of a week or so. I went down to the Union but they wouldn't help me out at all. They said that orientals could not get a front bar job at all and that is what I wanted. Even the jobs in service bars were scarce. The Union won't allow any nisei to work in a service bar in the Loop. In fact, the Union will not allow the nisei to get into their Union even as a non-voting member. It was a little discouraging and I had to go to work soon.

"I gave up looking for a front bar job after that and for a while I looked for a factory job. I was not too interested in that and I was getting pretty disgusted with life in Chicago. I would have gone on to New York then if it weren't for my great romance. I had time to think and I knew I wasn't in a good frame of mind. I was definitely getting the 'relocation blues' again. I had an itch to move on.

"Early in December I started to look real hard for a job as a salesman in a department store. This was something out of the or-

dinary and most nisei wouldn't even dare to dream of trying for a job like this. I wanted to get something like this as I knew that I wasn't fitted to do a factory job. I tried real hard on trying to land a job like this. I went all over and contacted every big department store in the Loop.

"I had an idea that with the present manpower shortage, I could make a break into this line. The want-ads were full of advertisements for salesmen during the Xmas holidays. They asked for extra salesmen by the hundreds. I didn't see why I couldn't get in as a sales clerk if there was such a shortage since nisei were making breaks into other types of work which they never could before. [In my rounds of personnel departments, I passed as a Chinese in all the application forms that I filled out. I even got as far as a personal interview. I gave it everything I had and I tried my best to get accepted as an individual. In a couple of places I even told the personnel director that I was a nisei. But I was doomed to disappointment in all of these interviews. They wouldn't take me because I was an oriental. Even Chinese fellows were not hired in these stores. Some of the directors were fairly frank with me and they told me that they had nothing against me personally but they said that some of the customers would think I was a Jap and there would be trouble and business would consequently suffer. I didn't think this was fair but there was nothing I could do about it. They tried to let me down easy in some places byt saying they had enough workers, but it was all a helluva letdown because I knew it was my face. I didn't feel sorry for myself; I think that it griped me more than anything.] I wasn't sensitive about it or else I wouldn't have gone down there in the first place. I went to

Marshall Fields department store and I got an interview there also. I thought there would be a good chance in that store because Marshall Fields III was publisher of the Chicago Sun which was supposed to be liberal and a champion against a fight against racial tolerance. The interviewer at Marshall Fields avoided the issue by telling me I didn't have the training and they couldn't give it to me in time for the Xmas rush. I almost had this interviewer that I should be given a chance, but when he phoned a higher-up, it was all off.

"Naturally, all of these rebuffs took a lot of fight out of me but I kept bouncing back for more. After I had made the complete round, I decided that there were no opening for me in these stores and that I would have to think of another sort of job to look for.

"I was determined that I wouldn't take any old job that came along. I thought that a private employment agency would help me out. I didn't want to go near the WRA or any of the places where nisei went because jobs offered to them were mostly unskilled and scab jobs. I went to three private employment agencies and put in my application. I figured it would be worth the fee if I could land a decent job. I put in an application as a compositor and printer. This was a sudden thought. I had no actual experience at all except for the tiny bit of experience I had while I was the editor of my high school newspaper. I figured that these employment agencies could land me something and there was no use for me running around so hard. I loafed around for the next two weeks as Xmas was approaching. The employment agencies began to get calls so that they sent me out to a few places. I was refused in most of

them because I was fairly honest in telling them that I lacked experience. I got pretty desperate so I decided to use my imagination a little more ~~or less~~ else I would never get a job in a printing company.

"The private employment agency finally sent me out to the Wessel Printing Co. on the southside. [I really swung the bull when I talked to the interviewer. I told them I had experience on printing machines I never heard before. I told them I knew everything about printing. The interviewer was impressed so he hired me.] This was one week before Xmas. I went to work after a prolonged vacation of around two months.

"I didn't know how I would make out in the job since I didn't know anything about the work but I went in acting perfectly confident. The foreman knew that I was not capable of handling the job after my first day in the press room and I knew that he knew this. I just didn't have enough practical experience to do the work. I wasn't fired though because the thing that saved my neck was that the company was cleaning the composition room and given everything a general overhauling. The foreman took a liking to me and he did not fire me. During the time I was there I actually held a glorified office boy's job. I didn't do any printing work at all altho I did pick up a few pointers.

"The job itself was good but I was being paid for something I wasn't capable of handling. I had to do all sorts of stuff for them. I even did janitorial work. It was a good thing that my foreman was a good Joe and he was sympathetic to me. He was glad that I was putting something over on the big boss so he let me stay on. It wasn't really hard work at all. I used to go to the men's

room with the foreman a lot and ~~should~~ ^{short} the breeze.

["There were about 500 employees in that printing plant and it had three shifts in all. The company printed V-Mail letter forms, catalogs, stationaries and advertising forms. The work was fairly interesting to me because it was diversified and I was learning all the time about printing work. I didn't get bored like I did on some of my other jobs.] The only thing that irritated me were the big bosses. There were too many of them around and there were also a couple of FBI men around that I disliked. There was one goddam bastard that hung around all the time checking up on us. God, he was so damn suspicious. I wouldn't have minded him so much but he was a repulsive guy and he just stood around and chewed tobacco. He was a round, fat ass. He always sneaked around and stooped to see what I was doing. I bet he thought I was some kind of a spy or something. I tried to ignore him entirely.

"Once this particular fellow was phoning in a narrow passage way and I came along with a hand truck. I knew perfectly well that there wasn't enough space for me to go through but something compelled me to keep moving and I gave him a hellava whack with the hand truck. It almost knocked him down. I began to apologize profusely while he was cussing me up and down. Later I went to the men's room and laughed like hell because I had gotten even with him. It relieved me a lot to get revenge with that bastard.

"There was another effeminate guy with a fat belly who waddled around here and there. Henever said anything to me but I thought he was a bastard too. He was one of the big shots of the company and he wanted to impress everyone. One other supervisor there got under my skin. This guy was a short fat bastard with a pot belly

that stuck out like an eight months pregnant woman. He had a big booming voice and he was always cussing everybody out. I had several run-ins with him and he kept asking for trouble. One day I just told him off. It happened that I was pushing a hand truck full of heavy boxes down the aisle. The passage way was narrow and I was yelling to other workers to watch out. They all got out of the way except the damn plant supervisor. He was talking to a girl and he wanted to impress her that he was an independent bastard. I warned him to watch out but he wouldn't step aside. I just kept going and I banged his belly one with the hand truck and it pinched him in. He got scared so he pushed the boxes over the side. I had to run and catch these boxes so they wouldn't land on any of the machinery. Then the supervisor began to yell at me and say that it was my fault. I got sore and said that his damn fat belly was the fault and the other workers laughed like hell when I said this. The plant supervisor knew damn well that he was in the wrong so he couldn't fire me.

"Sometimes I wonder if I do the nisei cause any good for speaking my ~~peace~~ ^{piece} like that. That guy will probably hate all nisei the rest of his life. I only let a few of the people in the plant with a distaste for me. I think I left the plant with a different opinion, most of it fairly favorable. I got along swell with my foreman and he even told me to write him a letter after I got to New York. A couple of the other bosses liked me too and they never bothered me. I got along well with most of the workers, especially the girls. They knew I sang a lot and they all wished me luck when I left. One or two of them even asked me for my picture. It was these girls that led to my downfall and that's why I'm a little

worried about what happened with the Spanish girl.

"I was the only nisei in the plant. There were quite a few Mexican and Spanish people there and I got to know a lot of them fairly well. The rest of the employees were Polaks and other Americans. I think I got along with my foreman the best since I saw him all the time. I also made good friends with two Mexican friends there. I went to quite a few Mexican section with them. I was also invited to some of the Mexican-Spanish dances. I went stag and jitter-bugged with the Spanish girls. This was really fun. Usually there were more women than men at these dances and I got along easily. The Mexican dances were entirely different from nisei dances. They were more natural and not as stilted as the nisei. They went to a dance to have a good time and it was not a sour-puss affair like the nisei dances. The nisei are not spontaneous like that and they like to be different. On the other hand the Mexicans let themselves go and they are all crazy about jitter-bugging. Some of them were pretty tough too. At one or two Mexican dances I went to, fights broke out among rowdy gangs and I was surprised when I found out that most of these fellows carried 22 pistol in their vests and a long knife in their leg. I wouldn't dream of ever mixing it up with these guys. It was a good thing there was a surplus of girls around so I never had any trouble. A lot of these people thought I was Mexican anyways.

"I took some of the Spanish girls at my printing plant out on dates. I even went to visit their homes. I don't think that most of them knew that I was a Nihonjin. They thought I was a Filipino, half Mexican or Chinese. When I told them I was a nisei they were surprised. It didn't make any difference in our friendships at all.

"Anyway, I did have an affair with one of the Spanish girls. I had met Helen among the first ones when I first went to the printing plant. She was a Spanish girl and rather quiet. Nothing happened for a long time and we just went out on occasional movie date. Once I did take her to a Mexican dance. I usually didn't take any nisei along with me because I knew they wouldn't like this type of dancing. By this time my great romance was cooling off quite a bit. I had always been honorable towards Ellen and I didn't fool around during the time I was going around with her, I mean in sexual acts. You know how it is with a fellow. As my romance cooled off I began to have ideas about these Spanish girls. One night, last week, Helen, the Spanish girl, asked me to take her to the show. I told her I was tired and I wanted to get a lot of rest because it was my last week at work since I was leaving for New York.

"Helen then suggested that she would come up to my room. I was very surprised at this and immediately I began to anticipate. I got her up to my room but she wouldn't give in. I worked on her until 11 o'clock. Finally I got disgusted as hell and said that I had to get some rest so I could go to work next day. Helen just sat on the bed reading a movie magazine so I undressed and jumped into bed. Suddenly she jumped up and threw all of her clothes off, turned out the lights and got in with me. I didn't get to work at all last Tuesday. In fact, I had intercourse with her 12 times during the next 3 days. Wednesday she was still in my room. I was getting a little worried because she seemed a little serious. I told her she had to go home because I had to see some of my friends. Then she asked me if I could see her Thursday. I told her I was

busy but I agreed to go visit her on Friday evening.

"I did go over to her house on Friday and I was surprised when her room mate told me that some bastard had raped her when she was pregnant and she had to go to the hospital where she had a miscarriage. Her room mate said Helen was in a pretty bad fix. I got scared as hell and I didn't know that she was pregnant at all because she didn't say anything to me. I thought maybe she was going to die and that really worried me. I tried to figure it all out and I finally came to the conclusion that she was trying to hook me because the child would have been illegitimate anyway. I didn't know her that long so I couldn't have been guilty. I was plenty worried Friday night.

"On Saturday, the day before yesterday, I went over to see her room mate again and she told me that Helen was okay. It certainly was a relief to me, but I was afraid that maybe there would be something about rape charges and I certainly didn't want to get into trouble like that. It wasn't like that at all. That's why I was so worried when I saw you Saturday night. I didn't know what to do then. I was almost going to leave town that day. I waited until today because I really hadn't done anything wrong. It sure was one helluva experience and I certainly am going to be careful after this.

"I've been telling you a lot of my recent activity and maybe I'd better tell you of some of my other interests and activities during the past four months. Early in November the nisei orchestra idea was launched. I was interested in it because I wanted to be the vocalist. Ken Morioka was financing this orchestra out of his own pocket. He arranged for the rental of the hall and purchased

music. I took over the job of recruiting the band members since I had known some of them by reputation from California. These fellows lived all over the city and I had a hard time getting them all together. There were also some band members recruited from the Pacific northwest. We finally managed to get a skeleton crew together and the orchestra was started. From the beginning it was just one trouble after another and almost a hopeless situation. There was quite a bit of conflict about policy.

"Ken Morioka wanted the orchestra on a strictly business basis. He did not figure on the feelings of the fellows at all. A lot of the fellows wanted to play because they thought it would be good to play for nisei groups. They were doing it more for the fun or perhaps the prestige. Another thing was that Ken did not realize the typical lack of cooperation among the nisei. Most of the time was spent in discussing all of these different policies. There were two changes in leaders of the orchestra during the time I was connected with it. Some of the fellows dropped out because of the constant bickerings.

"A lot of this argument was over where we would play and what type of music we should play. Then there were arguments about who should be the leader and how we should rehearse and whether we should hold nisei dances or not. We didn't get any place because of all these arguments. There were two distinct factions, the yogore bunch vs. nicey-nicey boys. They just couldn't get along. On top of that most of the general plans for the orchestra were made by Ken. He wanted to get the orchestra good enough for professional world and get them accepted as a nisei orchestra. He wanted to show that the nisei could play just as good as any Ameri-

can. It started as a nobel idea as Ken believed that it would help the nisei cause if the orchestra gained recognition. In opposition to his point of view there was a faction in the orchestra which wanted to play only for the nisei public. The policy is still not formed.

"During the Xmas season the band was temporarily disbanded because of lack of time. Some of the band members wanted to go back to camp for a vacation also. At this time, the Turner Social Hall up on the northside was refused to the orchestra because the manager didn't want so many nisei around. That is the only angle, I can't figure it out. The manager just said that they couldn't rent to us anymore. Yesterday (Jan. 30) the band finally got together again. They intend to practice once a week but I don't know what's going to happen to it. I dropped out back in December because I had a fight with Ken. He thought that I wasn't working hard enough at it so I gradually drifted away from the whole thing. I became disinterested because of all the arguments and pettiness and this turned to disgust so I washed my hands of the orchestra. There just wasn't anything accomplished after three months except that they got together. The orchestra is far from a professional level. I don't think that they will be able to be good enough to play professionally for another year. The nisei musicians individually are not good enough and therefore you can't expect much from a group of them. They are too young and inexperienced. I don't think they'd be good enough to compete with the lousy Caucasian orchestra which have played at nisei dances thus far. The fellows need a lot of practice. Ken is still the business manager and Harold Noguchi is the leader now. He is from Torrance, Cali-

fornia.

"Ken has been taking a financial loss on the band so far since there has been no returns. He has been shelling out of his pocket and he is getting pretty disgusted. He would like for someone else to take it over. I heard yesterday that he is changing his job also. He is going to try to get some local Nihonjin bigshot to back the orchestra ~~tha~~ on the basis that it will help the nisei resettlement. There are several prospects on this since most of the local Nihonjin want to gain prestige among all nisei who are coming in. From the latest reports, the orchestra might split up into two factions. The yogore boys want to branch out on their own. In that case there may be two competing orchestras around here. The yogore boys want to play just for nisei dances only. Ken wanted the idea that he wants to spread out and leave nisei dances alone since he said that they would never get any place by doing that. I didn't care one way or the other since I wanted to be the vocalist and I wasn't interested in all of these arguments.

"During most of this time my great romance went on. However, it has cooled off a lot lately. It's hard to explain that feeling. Maybe we only fell for each other because of the loneliness of the nisei for each other. I don't know what it was. The fact remains that it did cool off. We both have our faults and that may have something to do with it. The way it is now, we are still uncertain. We have left it at this cool stage and we have not broken it up abruptly. It is all in the air now. That definite period of courtship and love has ended. I think that Ellen is uncertain about how she feels toward me. It may be because she thinks more of her career. She is getting out of the music college in June.

Another thing is that I had nothing definite to offer her as I am not established that. All that is yet to come. I don't think that it would be wise for most nisei to get married when they are not settled in their vocation because that would be a source of irritation and probably lead to big fights later on. It is a sort of a conditional break between Ellen and I. I went out with her quite a bit and maybe she is tired of me. We did have a few temperamental differences. I think that after we started to cool off, it definitely affected my decision to go on to New York.

"I didn't have any money saved after Xmas but I managed to save \$80 in this past month. I didn't have to pinch too much either. I was just less extravagant that's all. I pay \$20 for my railroad ticket and my last check is for \$60. That is all the money I have to my name. I never did have a bank account out here. I figure that I can find something in New York so there is no use in trying to accumulate a fortune before I go. I always wanted to go to New York and I certainly would have gone earlier if I didn't have Ellen. Since our romance has come to an end, I thought I might as well go now. On top of that I was never satisfied with any of the jobs I have held in Chicago. There did not seem to be any future in my field of interest in singing and dramatics. I had been corresponding with anisei friend of mine in Heart Mountain and he went to New York. He has been urging me to come all the time. In his letters he told me that New York was much better than Chicago. He knew I had ambitions to go there and he told me to go there before we were drafted. All the while he kept telling me to come and I definitely made up my mind after New Years and I planned accordingly. I haven't a thing lined up in New York. I want to go

there and find out for myself.

"I don't know what my future in New York is going to be like but I'm going to go there and try all the angles of getting into singing, stage, radio and vaudeville. I even thought of trying to get into a summer stock company there. My singing teacher there has some connections in New York and he gave me a reference to a couple of his friends. I plan to register with all the casting bureaus with the theatres as soon as I get there. I will probably ~~will~~ be limited to houseboy or Jap villain roles but I don't care. I've even thought of the movies as the not too remote possibility. Paramount Studio has a large lot on Long Island and all of the major studios borrow it to shoot films. I think that there might be a chance for me there altho it will probably be acting Jap soldiers. I don't mind doing that but I wouldn't act a nisei part showing that he is disloyal.

"I don't suppose any of these hopes will come true right away. However, I do have some other general plans. I will try to be an art school male model for a while as there is good money in it now due to the scarcity of male models. I think I should be able to get a chance for ~~this~~. Another angle I have thought about is trying to get into the big Chinese night club there. It employs all Caucasian talent right now, but I am sure that they would be interested in a Chinese singer. I have no direct connections but there are some ex-San Francisco Chinatown nisei dancers there and I will probably look them up to see what the ~~channes~~ are for this field.

"When I get on that train at 2 o'clock today, I am going to be strictly a Chinese fellow from Chicago. I'll say that I am an

orphan and I can't speak Chinese. I can pass for Chinese easily enough. I have it all worked out and I only hope that some dumb nisei doesn't give me away in case I land a job.

"Like all nisei, the draft is one thing that worries me. I suppose I have just a good chance to be drafted as the next nisei. I admit frankly that I don't want to be drafted. I would like to duck out of it by being a 4-F. I think I can accomplish that by having a perforated ear drum. I can make my ear drums run at will by putting in some warm water. I'm thinking of trying this little trick the night before the physical exam if I am called for the draft. If my ear do run, I may have a chance at being deferred.

"But a nisei soldier friend told me the other day that there wasn't going to be a class of 4-Fs anymore. They will be put everybody in the war now. The cripples will be the only exception. The Army will make use of everyone in some way. If that comes, there will be no choice about it. I'll just have to wait for it to happen though and I won't get sick thinking about it.

"I want to be a civvie as long as I can. I have a career to work for. I think that most of the other nisei feel the same way, if they're really honest about their opinion. A lot of them feel even stronger than that. I've heard some of my friends say, "What the hell should I fight for when I've been kicked around?" They are still bitter and resentful. For me, it is no political issue at all. I am not just the type for an Army life and I don't believe in all the high causes that they preach about. I doubt if it will make any difference at all whether I go into the Army or not.

"My family resettlement plans are all changed now. I wanted

to bring my sister out here last fall but she is in Denver now going to a business school. My mother is visiting Granada at the present time. My brothers are out on season work and they will be going back to Heart Mountain pretty soon. My big brother wanted to resettle permanently especially since the draft has been announced. He has been saving most of the money made in seasonal work for this aim. I told my family that I am going on to New York so that they will not be counting on me at all.

"I have an idea that things may get even harder for all the nisei as the war goes on. There will be more attention directed toward Japan and naturally react back on the nisei. When I read about the atrocity stories the other day, my thought was, 'Here comes some more of that damn bull which is thrown out to stir up the public.' I think politics has a lot to do with the release of that story. It was exaggerated quite a bit. If 50,000 American soldiers were killed two years ago, the Army would never have been able to keep it a secret that long. What the hell do they think we are? We're not that dumb. Maybe it was the newspaper's fault for blowing the story up. Nevertheless, I think there is going to be a growing repercussion on the nisei from that one story. The public will feel that much more bitter against all Japs and they cannot reconcile themselves completely to the fact that nisei are Americans. It gets me disgusted a lot and sometimes I feel a little fearful. I try to look at it philosophically. I think I am trying to do something about it in my own small way through my contacts with the hakujin. I always stress the fact that I am an American too and I think I have succeeded in converting a few people. Some of these people may be Mexicans, Spanish or other

groups which are usually looked down upon but they are Americans too and there are a helluva lot of them.

"As I leave for New York, I feel excited as all hell. I want to succeed but as the hours get shorter and shorter, I am getting sad and lonely. I have to leave my friends behind after getting to know them during the past year. I forget the more disgusting things about the nisei and my experiences. I sort of look back on it nostalgically already. I feel strangely for or against certain nisei at the time but now I don't think about the bad parts of my experience. I can't think about it too much now because I have too many worries about packing. Everything that I have in my three grips and one duffle bag. I've accumulated much more clothes out here than I was aware of. In a way I do wish that some more of my friends could see me off but I guess they're all working. It's good to have somebody to talk to and to see me off even though it is one person. I think it helps me to think out loud about what I'm going to do and it builds up my confidence about going at a time like this.

"I don't think that I am aiming too high. The way I look at things, maybe the nisei are too spoiled. We aim for high goals, but most of us are scared and we don't have the guts to go out after what we want. The issei, on the other hand, had a hell of a struggle. They had to take what was handed out to them. The nisei, because of his education, training and personal interest, strive for higher things than their parents because there still is an element of choice. But the main trouble is that most of us feel that we are on a spot and we don't want to come out of our shell. It feels much warmer hiding in the black corners of that shell and

it is comforting to realize that all of the nisei are on the same boat. I feel that the best time to strike out is when things are hot. It's no use sitting back in our own little holes and crying about it. Hell, we'll never get any place like that. I know that I may end up in bitter disillusionment but there is some satisfaction in knowing that I gave it all I had. I think I will be happier doing it that way. If I stayed in a hole like most of the nisei, I would stagnate and rot so damned fast. I would get neurotic and get batty. That's not way to live at all. The nisei have a helluva an outlook for the future but I'm anisei ain't I? Maybe I'm saying all this now to give myself a pep talk. It isn't easy to pull up all stakes so suddenly. There is a conflicting urge to stay back and rot with the rest of the nisei in a sense of false security however, I can't fool myself. I just have to get that urge for a singing and dramatic career out of my system and the only place where I may have a chance is New York.]

"If the draft does take all of the nisei now though, I bet there will be a lot of sad nisei women around town. There are quite a few younger nisei out here and they have no families at all out here to guide them along. I think that some of them will get desperate. It's a helluva thing and I don't like to see nisei go wrong like that even though I may do it myself.

"I've learned a lot about people in Chicago as I have made quite a few contacts. I've also learned about myself. I've gone through plenty of emotions and I suppose that one never stops growing. Each time you seemed to have solved one problem another one comes up. That's why I'm going to concentrated myself upon my immediate problems right now. Well, I guess that this will be

last time I'll see you for a long time. Maybe, we'll meet at Camp Shelby or maybe you'll come out to New York too."

After packing his things, we rushed down to eat lunch. Bill seemed to know the waitress fairly well and she was sad because he was leaving. We managed to get a taxi and rush down to the station. There was quite a delay there because a troop of soldiers with combat helmets filled all the train. After checking his luggage we discussed a few general things. Bill had some confidential material which he revealed to me during the course of the morning.^x

^xThis will be written up later if necessary. It is very confidential and the writer will only write it up if necessary for interpretation of the case document.

1. Movement & changes of residence as a sign of restlessness.
2. Seeking to conceal that one is of Japanese ancestry.
3. Do the resettlement workers get into stable or unstable forms of employment (i.e. later as bar tender where the run of experience is not likely to be stable. Kind of association set by the job.)
4. Signs of disorganization - getting drunk, etc.
5. Attention of the resettled persons with reference to bringing out his or her family.
6. Has the experience made the individual view his future primarily in terms of his own career - a kind of detachment from identification with the Japanese as such and their problems. Disidentification as the outcome of the experience.
7. Indications of a divided self; of an inconsistent and variable self; of trying to forget about one's self and one's problems.
8. Evidence of a shutting off of reality, of trying to escape.
9. Family relations (such as discord) prior to evacuation. Subsequent effect of this.