

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

SCHEDULE FOR INDIVIDUAL RESETTLERS

Date of interview Oct. 11, 1943 Interviewer Charles Kikuchi

1. Name Taigo Miyahara 2. Sex, (M) F 3. Married stat. (M) S D W O

4. Present address 4332 Drexel Blvd. Aug., 1943

5. Later addresses _____ Date _____

_____ " _____

6. Birthplace Hawaii 7. Birthdate Feb. 29, 1908

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

10. Addresses between Dec.1, 1941 and evacuation

(a) Boyle Heights, Los Angeles Date _____

(b) _____ " _____

(c) _____ " _____

(d) _____ " _____

(e) _____ " _____

11. Assembly Center Santa Anita Date May 7, 1942

_____ " _____

12. Relocation Center Jerome Date Sept., 1942

_____ " _____

13. Addresses between time of leaving Relocation Center and present

(a) 707 N. Dearborn Date July, 1943

(b) _____ " _____

(c) _____ " _____

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

(a) Mrs. Yoshihara of Compton settler mother-in-law

(b) May Yoshihara sister-in-law

(c) Johnny Yoshihara brother-in-law

(d) Ruth Yoshihara sister-in-law

(e) Self _____

(f) Frances Miyahara wife

(g) Jackie daughter

(h) _____

(i) _____

(j) _____

(k) _____

(l) _____

(m) _____

15. Persons living in household on evac. day Relationship to Re-

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

(a) e, f, g _____

(b) _____

(c) _____

(d) _____

(e) _____

(f) _____

(g) _____

(h) _____

(i) _____

(j) _____

(k) _____

(l) _____

(m) _____

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15. continued	Age	Sex	M.S.	Birthplace	Grade compl. Amer. school	Educ. in Japan	Occupation Dec. 1, 1941	Relig. Affil.
(a)								
(b)								
(c)								
(d)								
(e)	35	M	M	Hawaii	H.S. Barber	college	Barber	Christian
(f)	26	F	M	Calif.	H.S.		Hsewife	"
(g)	3	F	S	Califl	---			
(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)	Dr. Ed Miya	brother	Hawaii	48	M	M
(b)	Mrs. G. Ikeda	sister	"	30	F	
(c)	10 brothers and sisters					
(d)	Roku	brother	Arizona	33	M	M
(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).

#14

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

#14

SCHEDULE FOR INDIVIDUAL RESETTLERS, page 3.

18. continued -
 Just before departure to Assembly Center or Free Zone _____

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)					
(b)					
(c)					
(d)	Mrs. Yoshihara	mother-in-law			
(e)	her 2 daughters				
(f)					

20. continued -

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

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

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

SCHEDULE FOR INDIVIDUAL RESETTLERS, page 4.

21. continued -

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

21. continued -

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

22. Educational history of resettler

Elementary schools (name and location)	Dates	Grade completed
Grammar schools (name and location)	Dates	Grade completed
High schools (name and location)	Dates	Grade completed
Colleges, universities and vocational schools (name and location)	Dates	Grade completed Degree
Attendance at Japanese language school, location	Dates	

Nisei born in
Hawaii.

Barber. Strong
nostalgia and
overidealiza-
tion of race
relations and
social equal-
ity there.

2. Rohwer 10/10/42
3. Santa Anita 5/7/42
4. 4440 East 5 St., Los Angeles, Calif.
5. Miyahara, Taichiro (dec.) Japan
Jatsuno, Tsuyama (dec.) Japan
- 5a. U.S. Storekeeper
7. Grammar school, Royal, Honolulu 2/16 to 6/23
High school, McKinley, Honolulu 9/23 to 2/28
Business school, Beauty College 6 mos.
Lawyre
- 7a. Master barber
8. None
12. 66 160 lbs.
13. No major defects
18. Married
19. Head
20. 2/28/08
23. No
24. High 5
25. Speaks Japanese
27. Barber
- 27a. Musician
28. 6/42 to 8/42 Santa Anita, Census taker \$12 mo.
1936 to 1942 Anjin Takushi Master barber \$30 wk.
L.A. Calif.
1933 to 1935 J.T. Miyahara Mgr. \$35 wk.
Fruit stand, L.A.
1931 to 1933 Grata Nissen Cook--chauffeur, butler \$100 mo.
Private home
Beverley Hills
29. Music (Hawaiian ukelele)
Carpentry; flower designer
O.P. Flower designer
30. Christian

Jack's wife, Hirono Frances Miyahara

2. Same
3. Same
4. Same
5. Yoshihara, Sashichi (dec.) Japan
Inouye, Rei Japan
- 5a. U.S. Market Abroad Teacher
7. Grammar school, Holly Ave. Camp, Calif. 2/23 to 6/29; Jr. Hi. 9/29/ 2/33
High school, Camp Jr. College 2/33 to 6/35
- 7a. Art (H.S.)
8. None
12. 62 130 lbs.
13. ~~He~~ Rheumatic heart
18. Married
19. Wife
20. 3/9/17
23. No
24. High 3
25. No Japanese
27. Housewife

Jack's wife, Hirono Frances Miyahara, continued

28. Housewife
1935 to 1937 Yoshihara Retail Mkt. Cashier \$15 wk.
Compton, Calif.
29. Drawing (portrait) Books
30. Christian

Jack's daughter, Hirono Jacqueline Miyahara

2. same.
3. same.
4. same.
5. Miyahara, Taigoro Jack Honolulu
Yoshihara, Hirono Frances U.S.
- 5a. U.S. Barber
7. None
- 7a. None
8. None
12. 34 30 lbs.
13. No major defects
18. ---
19. Daughter
20. 4/24/40
23. ---
24. ---
25. ---
27. ---
28. ---
29. ---
30. Christian

Has material on whether N15 ex-
posed to be dispersed im-
mediately.

Terada is at present working as a barber on 63rd St. and due to his long working hours it is extremely difficult to conduct interviews with him. In this case the writer will only record the conversations as they are held without attempting to organize the data until a later time. Terada works six days a week until about 7:30 in the evening. By the time he is finished eating it is about 8:30. He retires around 11 o'clock. On top of that Terada has various nisei come into his home in order to give them hair cuts since he supplements his wage in this way. A further difficulty in obtaining privacy for the interview is that he has his wife, mother-in-law and sister-in-law living with him. He also has various Hawaiian nisei friends staying over for short periods. The writer obtained the following information while getting a hair cut from Terada and it was largely through free association altho he knew that I desired a formal interview with him. A few notes were taken while Terada was cutting the writer's hair, however, the greater part of this interview is written from notes hastily jotted down after leaving his house.

Oct. 11, 1943

James Terada Mithara was born in Hawaii on Feb. 29, 1908. He is now 35 years old. At the present time he is employed as a barber in a Caucasian barber shop. His address is 4332 Drexel Blvd. where he has been living since the early part of August, 1943. Terada arrived in Chicago from Jerome, WRA center in July, 1943. He resided at 707 N. Dearborn for the first month of his stay in Chicago. Terada claims that this former residence was not fit for a rat.

Charles Kikuchi
Evacuation and Resettlement Study
University of California
Oct. 11, 1943

James Terada Mihara (psued.)
CH-14

James Terada Mihara is a Hawaiian born nisei, 35 years old. He has been employed as a barber in his own business for a number of years prior to evacuation. At the present time he still feels unsettled since he has experienced considerable difficulty in making his economic adjustments during the 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ months he has been in this city. His attitudes have been affected by these difficulties and this case is interesting from that viewpoint. There is no question that he is a 'loyal' American altho he appears to be very much race conscious. James feels that discrimination is the most important factor in his inability to find a more settled status.

Several contacts have previously been made with James but the following data has been obtained through one interview consisting of about 2 hours in period. The interview was largely free association and there are many gaps still to be filled in when another interview is held if possible. The writer has written up the present data due to the uncertainty of obtaining another interview as Terada's business and social life prevents the writer from obtaining privacy for a further interview. It is possible that more data will be secured when the writer is in need of another several weeks hence.

Togo also has some data on this case which the writer will attempt to secure at a later date.

Terada has been a resident of Los Angeles for a number of years. He stated that he had first come to the mainland when he was 14 years old. For many years his barber shop was located on Boyle Heights, right in the middle of a large Japanese community. He was evacuated to Santa Anita Assembly Center with his family on May 7, 1942. From there he went to Jerome WRA center in September, 1942. His mother-in-law, Mrs. Yasukochi, and sister-in-law, Rose, joined Terada's family from Gila relocation center after he had settled in his present apartment. Rose contributes to the upkeep of the present apartment. She was formerly a secretary but now she is working in some sort of factory about an hour and a half ride by street car from the apartment. She intends to quit her job soon in order to find employment near her residence since this will be more convenient for her.

The mother-in-law is a dependent of Terada since she is rather elderly. It appeared to the writer that she was rather misplaced in this apartment. The young people all spoke in English and she looked rather forlorn, during the time the writer was in the apartment Mrs. Yasukochi sat off in the corner by herself in a large easy chair with her legs crossed, Japanese style. She did not say one word during the evening altho she devoted some attention to Terada's three year old daughter. Mrs. Yasukochi retired very early and nobody missed her. She has a rather interesting family. There are about 10 children in all. Prior to the war they lived in Compton where the father operated a vegetable stand. The father is deceased now. All of the children are girls except one or two boys. Johnny, the older boy is a volunteer at Camp Shelby. He is an average nisei, altho not very intelligent. This boy used to run around with one of the rowdy crowds at Gila, which made themselves

very obnoxious and conspicuous at the various social affairs. He appeared to be rather Americanized. It is believed that another brother is also a volunteer into the Army altho this has not been confirmed.

The oldest daughter, Tane, is married to a Caucasian doctor. This couple has achieved some notoriety due to the fact that they sailed from China to San Francisco in an old Chinese junk with the help of two white Russian sailors. After exhibiting the boat to the public for a 25 cent admission, the couple sailed down the coast of California through the Panama Canal on up to New York. They had considerable difficulty in regards to the two white Russian sailors who did not have passports to this country, but they managed to get around this in some way. It is rumored that the couple sailed to Australia where they were caught at the outbreak of the war. Recently the writer heard a rumor that the couple sailed back to San Francisco where the FBI picked them up. The FBI was more suspicious of the Caucasian husband as a possible Japanese spy suspect than of his nisei wife.

Little is known of the other sisters except that they were members of a nisei girl's club, the Nipponettes in Long Beach where they were fairly active. Mrs. Miyata was married to Terada four years ago. She had some local notoriety in the nisei circles as an attendant in one of the Queen contest held several years ago. It is not known whether any of her sisters except Rose is in Chicago with the family, or whether they are married or not. The whole family do not have the typical appearance of Japanese. They are fair in complexion and look like Eurasians but as far as the writer knows they are pure Japanese.

In the initial interview, Terada did not tell much about his own family due to the limitation of time. He comes from a large family also as he has 10 brothers and sisters. Terada was the fifth boy of the family. All of his brothers and sisters are in Hawaii at the present time except a younger brother, Roku. According to Louise, this younger brother was involved in the hospital strike at Heart Mountain last June, 1943. He was employed in the hospital commissary and he was one of the leaders to instigate the hospital strike due to the conflict with the head Caucasian nurse who they believed had a superior attitude toward the evacuees. Roku and his group were attempting to oust her from her position. The administration at Heart Mountain made an investigation and placed the blame upon Roku and the head cook of the hospital, Mits Aiso, also a nisei. These two were removed to the Leuppe detention center for incorrigibles. The head doctor, Dr. Wilfred Hanaoka, was sent to Manzanar because of his part in the strike. The strike consisted chiefly of the refusal to work. Terada spent considerable time in attempting to get his brother's release whom he believes is innocent and a victim of circumstances. At the present time Roku is still in Leuppe and Terada has an antagonistic attitude toward the WRA as he feels this government agency is unduly persecuting his brother for standing up for his American rights. It is expected that Louise will make a fuller report on this hospital strike at Heart Mountain at a later time, and Terada may also give fuller details in subsequent interviews.

The only other members of his family which Terada mentioned was his older brother, Dr. Edward Miya, age 48, who is a rather successful physician in Honolulu. A younger sister, Mrs. George Ikeda, 30, is independently wealthy due to a favorable marriage.

Terada mentioned these two "because they are the most successful ones in my family". My sister offered to send me money to help me out, but I have some pride left and I can't take any money from a woman".

Terada evacuated to Santa Anita with his wife and daughter and Mrs. Yasukochi and her two daughters and son. His wife is 26 years old and she was born in Gardena, California. She is a graduate of high school and has been a housewife since her marriage. Terada graduated from high school and barber college and he has been in this profession for a number of years. The daughter, Josephine, was born in Los Angeles three years ago. The family is nominally Christian.

Terada has been employed as a barber for about 15 years and most of his former acquaintances were Japanese. Most of his social contacts were obtained through his barber shop connections and with former Hawaiian friends. Terada apparently was the leader of the Hawaiian group, both in Santa Anita and Jerome. He still plays this role among the Hawaiian nisei group in Chicago and he fights their battles for them, especially if it is directed against the WRA which he dislikes intensely. From 1931 to 1933 Terada was employed as a butler-valet for Greta Niesen, a Norwegian film actress. He received \$100 a month for this work but he quit in order to go back into barbering. He stated that he took the job because of the depression. Terada apparently was fairly successful as a barber and he managed to save a considerable sum. He owned a car prior to evacuation and had a fairly large bank account. During his younger days he was known as a "play boy" and he spent money freely but he settled down after his present marriage. Terada was married previously but he did not volunteer any information on this marriage

and the writer did not press the point.

It is expected that Togo will be able to furnish more data on this individual since he was known to Togo prior to evacuation and also during Terada's job hunting activities in Chicago. During the interview Terada mentioned Togo. He said that he did not know Togo before evacuation but it was his opinion that Togo was a rat and he had often heard his Hawaiian friends say that they would like to beat him up. However, at the present time Terada has a very high opinion of Togo. He stated that he had misjudged Togo and that he did not know what a swell person he was until he got acquainted with him. The motivation for this feeling, of course, is that Togo has been understanding and helpful towards Terada in his job hunting activities. Terada has also the highest of praise for the American Friends Service office, "because they listen to a guy when he is down and they don't try to bawl you out for not doing everything they want you to do like the WRA".

An indication of Terada's attitude is the statement he made when questioned about his political activities. He said, "I've never voted in my life. I am disgusted with politics because the Japanese don't get a square deal and we just have to sit back and get kicked around. You know how it is, a Japanese is a Japanese, and they won't give you much of a chance. I just realized that so I don't worry myself about it because I know that my vote would be a farce anyway." This attitude is no indication of his loyalty because later on he emphatically stated his position for this country. This will be recorded in the following pages.

Terada lives in a fairly comfortable apartment which is spacious when viewed in relationship to the usual resettler's residence in Chicago. There are two small bedrooms, a private bathroom and a

extremely large living room which is fairly well furnished. His wife has done a lot of redecorating around the house and put up clean curtains and recovered some of the old furniture. The room is also used as a dining room since there is a large round table in the center of the apartment. The kitchen is tiny. It consists merely of a walled-in stove and cupboard space. Actually this small kitchen is part of the front room. It apparently is a pull-man kitchen. There is a considerable amount of oriental foodstuffs on the shelves which is enjoyed by ~~the~~ the mother-in-law primarily, altho Terada and his family also like Japanese food a great deal. Terada mentioned that they eat Japanese food very frequently. The writer entered the room while they were still eating dinner and noticed that the mother-in-law was the only one using chopsticks. The whole family waits until about 8 o'clock for Terada to come home before they have dinner.

Terada is about 5 ft. 5 in., rather stout in his bodily appearance. He has a full round face and he appears to be rather youthful. His left eye has a peculiar skin fold on the lid so that it appears he is squinting at you. He weighs about 160 pounds. Terada speaks very easily, probably because of his barber shop experiences but he rambles around on various subjects and it was extremely difficult to control the interview which was of a free association nature. Terada speaks with a definite Hawaiian accent and he frequently injects Japanese words in his conversation. It is a natural thing for him and he assumes that everyone understands him. At one point in the interview he stated that he had been so used to doing this that he has to catch himself while working so that he will not use a Japanese word with the Caucasian

customers. Up to the time of evacuation most of his customers were of Japanese extraction, probably it was exclusively Japanese since it is unlikely that many Caucasians would go into the center of the Japanese community of Los Angeles for a haircut. Terada has a very friendly personality. He appears to be a hale fellow well met, and he likes to interest himself in the problems of other nisei, particularly of his Hawaiian group. He attempts to create an impression that he is completely adjusted and that he has no troubles of his own. However, occasional statements which he made indicated that his vocational adjustment is still indefinite and that he has considerable financial worries in order to support his dependents. He mentioned that he never discussed his financial status with his wife because he did not wish to worry her. More of this later.

His three year old daughter is extremely American and she speaks very good English for such a young child. She is rather quick to observe things and she asks many questions. Terada mentioned that she was too soft hearted and several times during the interview and the haircut he yelled at his daughter to shut up and then he would excuse himself to the writer by saying, "My daughter has too tender feelings and I want to make her more hard boiled. She takes after her mother, I guess. You can't be too soft once you grow up because people will step on you then." However, he showed quite a bit of devotion to his tiny daughter during the rest of the evening and he is very concerned about her future. Terada does not believe in education for nisei girls. "I think that nisei girls should not go beyond high school because they get too smart then and hey- they don't want to marry. I think girls should get married as soon as possible because if they don't, they get the female urges and then they go to pieces. A girl just has to have

a man. But, of course, I want my daughter to have a college education. She is different. My daughter is quite intelligent I think. In camp she learned how to hula from one of the Hawaiian nisei girls and we took her all around to the neighboring towns to perform her act before hakujin clubs.

Terada's wife does not have the open personality of her husband. She is quite slender and she appears to be a little taller than her husband. She has rather fine facial features but she does not talk very much. In spite of Terada's claims that his apartment always displayed the open "Hawaiian hospitality" towards visitors, his wife and her sister displayed bad social manners when the writer appeared. They went on with their conversation in the corner and made no effort to be friendly. This is typical of the majority of the nisei who lack experience in social etiquette. Perhaps this is because his wife and sister are California nisei and not Hawaiian nisei. They have had a small town rural ~~in~~ environment and they are rather inhibited in their social contacts with strangers. They all went to bed while Terada was still giving the writer a haircut and the writer felt it was rather bad manners to walk in and out of the room in their pajamas. This must be the influence of the camps where there was little privacy but it is not very good taste for an urban community.

During the interview Terada apparently was disturbed about his present status and he pored forth his troubles in getting a barber shop of his own. Instead of recognizing the various factors involved, Terada put the chief blame upon the WRA. The writer will quote the course of his conversation as nearly verbatim as possible without injecting any analysis until a later time when more information is available. It may be mentioned here that the interview

lasted about two hours of which half of the time was spent sitting on a small stool while Terada clipped the writer's hair. Terada had another appointment at 9:30 but his nisei customer did not show up so that the writer was able to talk to him for an additional hour before Terada retired for the evening. Occasionally during the conversation the writer asked questions but the greater part of the following conversation was given without any special pumping.

"You know, we have 28 nisei in this building. They were allowed to come in here because of the kindness of the owners. They don't cause any trouble and they pay their rent promptly and they never make a lot of noise so that the landlord likes them. The landlord is a Jew. That's why he's taken pity on the nisei. This is not like many Jews who cheated the clothes off of our backs in California just before evacuation. Some of the Jews are all right, especially those out here. They are not such money grabbers like the California ones."

(Due to the lack of ^{knowledge of} the Japanese language on the part of the writer, it was impossible to inject the manner Japanese words and phrases which Terada used in his conversation.)

"Since evacuation I've had a pretty tough time and things are not like they were before the war. I never thought that I would be here in Chicago. I was pretty well fixed in Nihon-machi before the war and I did not have so many worries then. [When I went to Santa Anita I almost felt like crying. There was horse manure all over the place. The rooms just smelled of it and I had a feeling of anger come all over me when I thought of how the ketos were pushing us around. We were put in a dirty empty room and it was such a miserable feeling that we just sat on a trunk and cried. But I

realized that we had to live there for a while and I wanted my child to be in a sanitary place so that she would not catch a lot of disease. I bought some lysol right away and we cleaned the whole place out. The apartment was damp and so we caught a cold right away. Man, we were sick for a long time. There was a strong wind coming right into our apartment and this gave us a cold. It was such a terrible place, I even hate to think about it now. The food was terrible. Don't let them ever kid you that it was different. I've read statements in the newspapers that we were pampered and that we had steaks and bathtubs. That's a big joke. The mess halls that we ate in actually fed 5000 people at a time and many an hour I had to stand in line with my child just like a relief bum so that I could get something to fill my stomach. It wasn't worth it most of the time because all we got was slop, just plain dirty old slop. And I'll tell you about the bathtubs we had. We had showers but we had to walk through dust and mud to get to them and most of the time there was no hot water. They did not even give us soap and for a long time it was very hard for us to even buy it. That's very hard on a Japanese because we are a clean people and we like to take real hot baths and be clean. But we could not do that when they threw ~~us~~ right in the middle of horse manure.]

"I worked as a census taker in Santa Anita because they wanted us to cut hair for \$12 a month. Imagine that, I make about \$10 a week on the side right now by cutting hair in the evenings and in Santa Anita I would have had to work a whole month to make that. I won't tell you what I made before the war exactly because you know how the barbers are. We all fix up the books so that we don't have to pay so much income taxes. I made about \$150 a month for the

Internal Revenue man but actually I made about \$50 a month and over which I did not tell them about. That was a pretty good living for a Japanese. That's why I like to be my own boss because you can make a decent living at least. I did not enjoy my work as a census taker in Santa Anita. In order to keep myself occupied, I was the original one to make wooden slippers. I got all of the Hawaiian boys together and I made ~~them~~ go it too in order to keep them out of mischief. I made several hundred of those wooden slippers and I wore them for 15 months because I wanted to save my leather shoes. Man, that was a mistake because my feet increased one size and now all of my shoes are tight for me. I can't get other ones because of the shoe rationing so I will just have to wait until either my foot shrinks or my shoes stretches out.

"Every time I think of shoes my feet hurt. I've walked around for days and days on that hard cement pavement since coming to Chicago and looking for a job. Don't ever let them tell you that it's easy to get a job out here. I write back to camp and tell my friends to stay there because they are better off. I tell them not to come out until the government gives them more money as it takes a long time to get a job. I am a master barber but just because I am a Japanese I have had a very hard time. They make it almost impossible for you to get a job. I had all kinds of trouble getting my barber license. I was all set to buy my own barbershop early this month (September). I made a deal with the Filipino down on 519 Dearborn St. He did not want to sell to me right away because he was afraid that his Filipino customers would not like a Japanese. I talked him into it so I started to work for him. He still would not sell to me. After the first week the other Filipinos did not like me. They were the issei Filipinos. I got along good with most

of the Filipino customers. I know how to cut their hair just right. It takes a Japanese barber to cut a Filipino's and Japanese hair. Never go to a Caucasian barber because they'll chop you all up.

"After I worked in that barber shop for a week, there was a big argument and I got scared for the Filipino boss because I thought maybe the other Filipinos would hurt him. They were calling him a Jap lover and they did not like him to hire a Japanese. The Filipino boss apologized to me but that did not do any good. I told him that I would quit. I did not get mad as I tried to put myself into his shoes. I knew he was in a tough spot so I tried to be peaceful. I could have stayed if I insisted but that would have made trouble. We are the underdogs now and we have to take a beating. I was very disappointed because I thought that the Filipino would sell me his shop pretty soon. I was just beginning to build up a good business. I had passed around over 700 cards telling the Japanese to come down for a haircut and a few were coming. Now, they don't know where I am and they are all going down there, I think. I am trying to get them to get to come to my apartment for a haircut. I give the Japanese special care when I give them a haircut and it is worth the 75 cents to them.

"Times are hard for us all and we have to expect a lot of discriminations. When I got out here, I had a tough time finding a house. I would walk around and when I saw a vacancy sign I would go in and ask for it. The landlord would look at me funny and say that it was just rented five minutes ago. I would go outside but when I came back the next day the sign was still up. In other places they would tell me that they did not want Japanese and other orientals in the building. They think that we are going to lower

the rent. I reported some of these cases to the WRA but they can't do anything about it. They said that it was none of their business. They know that it is hard for us and they don't want to get involved if they can help it. The damn lady down there told me all about the other nisei who got apartments and she actually tried to tell me that there was no housing discrimination. I just told her to come out with me once and see for herself but she said that she was too busy. That disgusted me. Finally I lied about my nationality. I told them that I was a Hawaiian. I finally got this place from the Jewish landlord and he don't care if we are Chinamen as long as we behave ourselves and pay the rent on time. In the barber shop I am working now, I also let people think I am Chinese if they ask. Most of them don't pay any attention as they just go to the youngest man in the shop for a haircut. They are only interested in getting their hair cut good. Once in a while one of the customers may ask me if I am Chinese. I don't say nothing but I just sort of nod my head and wink my eye a little bit so they think I am saying yes. It is no use telling them I am Japanese and then spending a half hour explaining all about it.

"The WRA did not do a thing for me. They just want to push you into any kind of job and they don't care what kind of training you've had before. When I first decided to come out, I applied as a domestic worker. The WRA lady told me to leave my child behind but I did not want to do that. Then the Chicago WRA office sent me an invitation to take a domestic job. When I got out here, I decided that I would rather be a barber again because I thought there would be a good chance. Mr. Shirrell got very made when I turned down the domestic job and he said that I had deceived his

offer. He tried to force me to take it by saying that it was the only job open to me. The other interviewers were the same way. Just because I had two years domestic work experience, they wanted me to take that job. I had 15 years experience as a master barber but they tried to discourage me on that. They were just mad because they thought they were left holding the sack on a domestic job. I decided to look around by myself.

"The first thing I did was to get a barber's license. I thought that this would be easy but actually it was 36 days before they gave me my license. I could not get a barber job until I had this license but I walked all around trying to make my contacts. I even went into a lot of private employment offices. One day I went down to the USES. The man down there was nice but he could not offer me a decent job. He said that the Nihonjin were being taken advantage of and he was ashamed to send them out for some of the lower wages which were offered. They only got \$40 to \$60 a month for some jobs. There were other jobs offered but it was all hard labor. I have not done any hard labor for 15 years so I did not take any of these jobs, altho some of the wages were pretty good. I still wanted to open my own barber shop for the Japanese. I went down and took the barber's examination and every day I would go back to find out if I had passed or not. I expected any minute for them to say that I had passed. But this did not happen for 36 days.

"I read in the paper one day that a Filipino wanted to sell his barber so I made my contact with him. He would not sell to me because the others got mad. So I worked for him one week. After that I looked around some more out around 63rd St. I went to interview the Caucasian man who advertised for a barber and he gave me a job recently. I've only been working them a couple of weeks now. My

present boss is a cheapskate. He hired me because he thinks that he can get a better deal. I only get 60% of the business I do over \$41. The usual scale is 70% but I could not argue with him on that because my family has to eat. The union scale is usually \$28 a week guaranteed. Then if you do over \$41 of business you get 70%. My deal is the \$28 guarantee with a 60% cut over the \$41 of business a week. However, I think that it may work out okay. All of my customers are hakujin so far. I haven't passed out cards to Japanese yet because I don't know how long I'll be there. I want to be more settled first before I make my own business. The first week I made only \$22 of business for my boss but I got my \$28 guarantee. That was better than my week at the Filipino where I made only \$16 of business for the boss. This is a good start for a barber as you have to build up a business first and you can't expect to do it for at least a month. The present place is in a pretty good location but the three barbers in this shop are too many. I got a contract to go talk to a man at the International House from Dr. Tashiro and I am hoping that I can get in there pretty soon because it has a better atmosphere. The man there who runs the barber shop is a good Joe and he says that he will give me a job as soon as everything opens. I like him because he don't look down on you as an inferior person. In the meantime I have to eat and it costs a lot of money to support my wife and baby. Babies are very expensive because they need all kinds of things and I have to see that she gets all the advantages. For a while I thought of doing manual labor after I left the Filipino barber shop I was going to get a defense job but this other deal with the hakujin came up. I don't know when I'll ever get back on my feet again since evacuation all of my money has been going out and nothing has been coming in.

"In camp alone I spent over \$1400 of my own money. Most of it was for odds and ends that we needed. I had to eat so that we bought a lot of canned foods. We also to get special foods for my baby because she can't stand the food that the WRA dished out. Somebody was making a big graft on the food in camp and it wasn't the Japanese. Some of those hakujins in camp were dirty and they even cheated me. We would ask them to go into town to buy something and when they brought it back they would overcharge me. Once I had one of the teachers go out to buy a three-pound chicken for me and I had to pay her \$4 for it. I think that she made \$2 by doing this. I don't see how anybody could take advantage of the Japanese like this because we were already hard up. In Arkansas the food was even more terrible I swear that we had no meat for three months. They gave us that dry salty old fish which made my stomach turn every time. I put it in my mouth. I was fooled tho when I thought things would be easy out here. All the time I've worried about getting a job. I did not know it was so hard to become a barber out here. They took such a long time in giving me my license because my face was yellow and I did not pass the test of being a white man. Don't ever believe that there is no discrimination out here. In camp I heard that the Chicago area was a home for democracy but it is not. Look at the way the Negroes live.

"Just because I am a Japanese the people expect me to work for a cheaper wage, and I can't do that. I applied at the YMCA barber shop during the time I was looking for a job and I found out that it was a dirty deal. A Jew guy runs the "Y" barber shop and it is a private concession. Why don't the "Y" run its own barber shop? The dirty Jew thought that he was giving me a bargain when he offered 50% of a 60 cents hair cut. [Hewanted me to scab for him

just because it was at the YMCA. He said that there were a lot of Japanese there and I would make plenty of money but I turned him down cold. It was terrific for him to expect 50% just for the use of a chair.

"But there are quite a few whites here who are nice especially they think that I am a Filipino. The Filipinos are welcomed here. In Chicago there are quite a few different nationalities and people try to let you alone as much as possible if you mind your own business and make an honest living. I like it better in California than here. Most of the people don't care what you are but the bosses seem to be more scared than the public. That is why they are not so willing to hire a Japanese. They think that they may be called a disloyal American if they do. Most of the white bosses have never heard of the evacuation and if you tell them you are Japanese they think you have escaped from the concentration camp. They can't understand why the WRA is letting Japanese into Chicago. They don't think of you as Americans.

"When I first started to work at the present place I was a little nervous. I thought that if the Filipinos protested so much the whites would even protest more because they are more prejudiced. However, I have not had any trouble so far and a lot of customers sit at my chair because they see that I am a younger man and I give better haircuts. If I do stay there I think that I will be able to make a living. If business gets good I think that I should be able to make \$35 or \$40 a week. But I would like to go work in the "I" House because I will like it better there. I think that I can even make more money also. The soldiers get haircuts for 60 cents but I don't mind that because I can get speed by cutting them fast.

"I don't expect to stay in Chicago the rest of my life. Next

year, if things turn out a little better, I may go to New York to look around. After the war I expect to go back to Honolulu where the people are more friendly. I will take my mother-in-law and the rest of my family there. I don't want to ever go back to California. The people out there are cheap and there are too many Jews running things. I know when I am not wanted. If I go back to Hawaii I can live comfortably there, and you are ~~also~~ accepted as a man. Most of the barbers in Honolulu are Nihonjin. A lot of the barber shops are run by nisei girls but a good man can get a lot of trade. Right now I saw in the Honolulu Star Bulletin job offers for barbers in the Want-Ads offering \$75 a week. If I could get to Hawaii I'd go tomorrow. A friend of mine applied to go back to Hawaii a while ago and he will let me know if the Army will let him go back home. Right now I don't think that it is possible because the Army will only permit essential workers to go there. I don't think they want any more Japanese going back to the islands for the duration. But after the war I will go and nobody can stop me. Of course, I will have to save some money to make that trip and at the rate I'm going right now, I may not be able to save much money. But I expect things to pick up and I should be able to save a little.

"The main reason I want to go back to Hawaii is because I want to raise my baby in a place where they have no racial feelings. That is Hawaii. It is the only place in this country that you can find such tolerance among all of the people. I am a little scared of my future here. Things may get tough for all of the Japanese if the war gets bad. Right now the nisei are being treated good because there is a shortage of workers but you can't tell what will happen when the American soldiers get killed off in large numbers.

"When I was younger I had great ambitions. Now my dreams of being a big man in a big city are all gone. I just want to be a small man in a small town and I don't think about myself so much any more. My hopes are to make my wife and baby comfortable. I have a good wife and a wonderful baby and they are something that I can work for. I'll go broke in this town if I have to keep spending my money like I have been doing. What little I have is going fast. I had intended to save that money for future security but it is impossible to do that now. And I am always dipping in this fund. Now, there is not very much left. My rich sister in Hawaii offered me help but I told her that there were five million people in Chicago making a living so that I should be able to do the same. I feel like retracting that now. My sister has a lot of money and she would not miss a little to help me out and I could certainly use it but I just cannot bring myself to accepting any money. I am the head of the family and I have my pride to keep up. My wife could not look up to me so much if I failed to be the sole breadwinner and started to take money from relatives. If I were alone I would not worry so much as I could go down to my last dime then and I could always make out but now I have a baby and she needs cod liver oil and all sorts of things like that and I can't deny it to her, because we have to bring up a healthy child.

"When I sold out my business in Los Angeles I got a pretty fair deal on some of my things. I sold my car for \$475 spot cash. When I had the advertisement in my barbershop window some Jews came around and offered me \$275 and that made me mad as Hell. I did not have to sell at this low price because a young college boy came around and he offered \$450. He was just getting married and he wanted to go on a honeymoon. I said to him, 'Listen here, would

you take advantage of me for a lousy \$25? Here I am, losing my business, my home and everything and you want to take advantage and get a deal for \$25 less. Do you think that's fair? I am selling the car for about half what it is really worth already."

"The Hakujin fellow agreed with me and he gave me the \$475 right there without another word and after I signed the paper over to him he wished me luck in the evacuation.

"But the Jews don't have a heart like that and they try to squeeze blood from a beet. The barbershop didn't belong to me entirely since I had a partner and we were trying to sell it for \$1500. Then a Jew firm comes along and offers us \$50, imagine that. I could have hit the man. It's just like knocking cripple down and taking his canes away from him. The Jews did not care what became of us and they were only looking around for good deals because they knew they could make money on the Japanese. The Jews did a great wrong to the Japanese in California, especially in Los Angeles. If they act like that all the time, it is no wonder that even the whites hate them and treat them with discrimination. We finally got rid of our barber shop for \$200. We sold it to a Jewish restaurant man because we could not get any other offers and the time was getting short. He thought we were coming right back after the government had cleared us but we never did.

"I lost out on my furniture also. In January, 1942 I had moved to Boyle Heights as I wanted to make my home there permanently. I had been living in another section of town. I was so confident that the Japanese would not be bothered even with a war going on that I went out and put \$980 cash down for new furniture. I did not even think of the possibility of a general evacuation. Well, I used that new furniture exactly one month and 10 days and then I

sold it for \$400. It makes me feel bad to lose \$580 just like that. I was very surprised when it was announced that the nisei would have to be evacuated too. I thought that the issei would be evacuated but I never dreamed that it would touch us. I got scared and excited about my furniture and I figured that I would have to sell fast and \$400 was better than nothing at all. It was a good thing that I did get this money because I've had to spend so much since coming out of camp.

"I pay \$13.50 a week for rent for my apartment or \$60 a month for my apartment now. I'm used to living in the American style and I can't afford ~~to~~ lower my standard of living. I tried to save at least \$5 a month for health savings but I haven't been able to do it yet. I'm just not saving anything at all. My living expenses are at least \$30 a week. My sister-in-law helps out with the rent, but I have a mother-in-law to support also so the cost goes up. Then there are quite a few other things that I have to buy. We spend most of our leisure time at home but every Tuesday is movie night for the family.

"I don't have much time for pleasure here because of my work. I get up at 7:30 in the morning and by 9 o'clock I am at work. I get off about 7:30 in the evening and it is 8:30 before I get home to eat. I can't stay up to late because I have to get up early so this does not give me much free time. On Sunday I sleep until 10 or 11 because I work late on Saturday evenings. We don't go to any special church but I would like to go gradually. I used to go as a kid but now I am too busy for it. Later on I would like to start going because it is a good influence on my kid. I used to read quite a bit, especially in camp but I don't do much reading now except for newspapers and magazines.

"We have quite a few people dropping in to visit us. Sometimes they come pretty late in the evenings. I believe in having a lot of friends because that is the best part of living. Everyone should have a lot of friends. The nisei need them more than ever now because they are all alone in a big city. The whites are not too friendly altho there are a few who are interested but I don't care for their attitude. They think that we are inferior babies or something. I do appreciate the help they are giving but I like nisei friends better. The WRA is making a big mistake by trying to keep all Japanese apart. It isn't natural and those people down in that office- don't know anything about Japanese anyway. They should know more about the Japanese before they start going anything like that. Already they have a nisei all scared of them so that the nisei are almost afraid to go visit their friends. The WRA should mind its own business. We are grown up and it is our right to make any friend we want. Why should I give up all my former friends just because the WRA doesn't like it? Most of the nisei out here are young and they are afraid to do what they want.

"The nisei out here are in a shell, and now they are afraid to make friends. When you get to meet them, they are nice, they are gradually breaking down and making friends among the nisei. I think that they should have Caucasian friends too. But the Caucasians are not too receptive to the nisei. They don't understand the nisei very well. The nisei feel more natural among other nisei and I don't see anything wrong in that. I have a lot of visitors at my home. Quite a few of them are the Hawaiian boys. Every one thinks that they are a bad lot but this is not true. These fellows want to make friends and once you get to know them they will stick by you all the time. They have had quite a tough time out here

and there has been a lot of rumor passed around that they are a lazy, and rough lot.

"It is not because they are lazy. Mr. Shirrell thinks that they are a lot of bums. But he doesn't know anything at all about the Hawaiian boys. The Hawaiian boys are more loyal Americans than he is. The only trouble out here is that they are off of their element. Most of them had been used to working on the seas and they feel confined by some of the cheap jobs which are offered them by the WRA. Mr. Shirrell thinks that all the Hawaiian boys are good for his hard manual labor at cheap wages. There were about 70 or 80 Hawaiians in Chicago as far as I know, but the number has decreased since quite a few of the boys went to the Atlantic Coast in order to get into the merchant marine after that stabbing we had out here. They got on a boat but the last I heard the FBI is taking some of the Hawaiian boys off of the ships because they can't get the passports. One fellow I know made \$1000 in three months but he can't get on a boat again. He went to Sicily with one of the convoys. I also heard that there was some trouble because one of the boys was keeping a diary and the FBI got suspicious of it. The fellow threw the diary out of the ship and now the FBI is suspicious of all the Hawaiian boys. If Mr. Shirrell thinks that these Hawaiian boys are no good, then why don't he try to do what they are doing? It takes a lot of guts to go out on the high seas nowadays.

"Some of these Hawaiian friends of mine have come back into Chicago. One of them is working in a defense factory right now. In fact, I had been encouraging all of them to go to work to prove to Mr. Shirrell that they are not all loafers. The spirit of the Hawaiian nisei is really American. I think that most of the nisei

are Americans too. I'll fight for this country any day but I won't volunteer because I have family responsibilities. I know that I couldn't live in Japan. Some of the nisei don't realize this but if they went there they would have to eat rocks. Over here they have a chance to work at least. This country is the only place for us. I don't think that they will take us for the draft tho. I've heard a lot about the draft coming up but I don't think it will. That is why I don't worry too much about it. If they are going to draft us, they should tell us and not keep us so uncertain about it. I don't think that it will be wise to draft the nisei now anyhow. The boys are all burned out. I know a couple of my friends who had been given a raw deal and they can't always be taking this. Bronco, one of the fellow who was involved in the stabbing, volunteered for the Army. He thought that he would be called very shortly so that he gave all of his clothes away. When he went to report for the Army, they refused him for some reason but they told him that he would be called soon. Bronco does not like that and he is all burned up now. He wanted to go into the Army for over a year and they won't take him. Instead of being recognized as a good American, the WRA calls him a bum just because he was involved in the Filipino stabbing fight here. I know all about that fight because the boys have told me and it wasn't their fault at all.

"One night, up on Clark St., an ignorant Filipino with a USA Navy uniform on felt big and he called Bronco a Jap. He said that all Japs went around sabotaging. Bronco said to him, 'Please don't say that, I am an American and I don't want to argue with you because you have an American uniform on.' In order to avoid trouble Bronco went into the toilet. The Filipino still felt brave and he

followed Bronco in there and called him a yellow belly sonofa bitch, Bronco is an ex-professional boxer and he did not like that. He told the Filipino to look out or he would get mad. The Filipino still got funny so Bronco just let him have one and he kayoed him. The other nisei with him got scared and they revived the Filipino right away. They thought it would be pretty dangerous to be meddling around with a uniform so they began to apologize for Bronco. The Filipino got a good look at them so that he could recognize the boys again. At that time he admitted that he was mistaken and he even shook hands with them.

"The next day Bronco and three of his friends were walking down Clark St. They did not know whether to go home or to have a game of cards. They were talking on the street corner when suddenly about 10 Filipinos in Navy uniforms descended on them with knives and clubs. They didn't have a chance to do anything. Bronco saw a blade coming for his stomach and as the Filipino jabbed it in, he pulled away. It was a good thing because otherwise the Filipino would have ripped his stomach right open. Then some dirty Filipino hit him on the back of the head and they began to jump on him. The Filipino with the knife was going to slash some more when a hakujin woman jumped in and rescued Bronco. The police came then and they took him to the hospital. The other Hawaiian boys had made their escape because they had to run for their lives. Then the WRA bawled the Hawaiian boys out for getting into trouble. They said that the boys were going around into saloons and bothering the Filipinos' girl friends that that was not true. You can't blame them for going in to get a drink once in a while. Mr. Shirrell finally found out that the Hawaiian boys were innocent. While I was working in the barber shop on Dearborn St., I heard some rumors

that the Filipinos were still mad and they were talking about getting some other Japs who hung around Clark St. The Filipinos are just brave now because they wear a uniform. Man to man, they would be afraid to face the Hawaiian boys as these fellows know how to take care of themselves in a rough and tumble fight. The Navy didn't do a damn thing to the Filipino who stabbed Bronco. It makes me mad when I see those Filipinos in uniform getting so brave. Most of them are not like that though. The trouble with the Filipinos is that they are savage and you don't know when they are going to stab you. But they are your friends tho. They treat you good.

"Bronco was in the County Hospital for a couple of weeks. I don't know who paid for the hospital bills. I know Bronco didn't because he ~~Idid~~ didn't have money. The other three nisei who were with him were picked up by the police and thrown into the jail. Can you imagine that? One of the old time Japanese issei residents here had to go bail them out. But the boys found out that it wasn't because he had a kind heart for them, he wanted to hire these boys in his restaurant at \$2 a day. The boys did not want to stay in jail so they took up the offer and they worked their bail out for the Japanese man. The Filipino man is still in his uniform and he is the one who should be in jail. I admit that the US uniforms should be backed up but not that much. The uniform is supposed to represent fair play and not foul play.

"The Hawaiian nisei boys are quick tempered but they don't go around looking for fights. I am trying to cool them off. I get them up here in my apartment sometimes and I talk to them. I tell them that they ought to get married and settle down. I am not a baishakunin or anything like that but I did manage to get one couple

together. One wedding was performed right here in this room, and Mas Wakai was the minister. I gave him the job because he could use the \$5. I don't think that they should get married to anybody but they should like each other. It is hard now for the boys to meet the girls so I try to fix some of them up by arranging them to come together in my apartment. I believe that a couple is stronger than a single person because they get more independent and they have something to work for. That is why I try to bring quite a few of the nisei together. For example, last Sunday night we had 20 people in our apartment. The nisei are all lonesome and they don't have very many places to get together. There is the Hawaiian hospitality in me so that I encourage people to come over to my place. It cheers all of us up to get together because we know that we all have the same problems. We feel more secure that way. I think that getting together like this prevents a lot of the nisei from getting too lonesome and giving up. I can't feed all of these people when they come over but we try to give them refreshments as much as we can. Sometimes they bring ration points or food with them. Most of the Hawaiian boys in town are single and they are all working now. There are at least 30 that I know of. Over 50 of them went to New York and most of these were seamen.

"The Hawaiian boys are looking for friends but the California nisei will not meet them half way. I encourage the California nisei girls to meet them over here to find out what they are really like. The Hawaiian boys are always on their best behavior when they come to my place.

"I think that the nisei should be allowed to start a big club for themselves but I heard that all of the hakujins were opposed to this. They think that nisei should sit at home and twiddle

their thumbs without having any social life at all. It is because they have nothing to do that they get into trouble. I realize that a lot of the young nisei kids want to fight at the dances and that is not good. This is not the Hawaiian boys at all, because they haven't gone to any dances here and even if they had been, they would not go because they feel unwanted. The Hawaiian boys don't want to fight but when they do they fight dirty. That is the way we fight in the islands. But I think that if they could have a nisei social club where the people are all friendly, the Hawaiian boys could be invited and they would act as the policemen to see that the zoot suiters did not get into trouble. Give the Hawaiian boys a chance and they will come through. I don't believe that wild dance should be put on. The dances should all be decent affairs and everyone should wear clean shirts and ties. No zoot suits should be allowed, then there would be no fights at all. When a fellow is in his best suit of clothes he doesn't feel like messing around. If they had a dance they would pay up to ~~two~~ \$1.50 to get in. They could use the profits from these dances to help other nisei out or for some war effort cause. The important thing is that I would like to see people enjoy themselves. I've seen so many of them lonesome and that makes me feel bad. There was one boy, Joe Sasahara, who lived near me. I found out that he was so lonesome that he got sick. All he did was eat pork chops at the corner restaurant every day and then go back to his lonely room. He didn't know anybody so that he had a nervous breakdown. The doctor told him to take a long rest so that he went back to camp. I got a letter from him and he says that he is very happy now and is not going to resettle for a long time because it's too lonesome out here. This could have been prevented if the WRA let the nisei have social clubs.

"I never thought much about the dispersion that they talk about. It is too deep for me. All I know is that I think it is bad to have a Japanese town now but it is okay for them to have social clubs and to get together with their friends. Chicago is a big city and the hakujins are not going to get mad if 20 or 30 nisei get together for a good time. It won't even be noticed. It is ^{not} necessary because the public here are broad-minded and they care if the nisei get together. They might object more if these nisei tried to get into hakujin circles. The nisei are not looking for trouble and any meeting held would be strictly for pleasure and there would be nothing political about it. Gradually they can invite Caucasians to come to their meetings and after a while everybody will know each other. But the WRA says that it can't be done this way. Mr. Shirrell says 'stay in your room and go to work and see nobody'.

"I am rather angry at some of the dumb advice the WRA gives. You know those Hawaiian print shirts that we wear. Well, the public here admire these Aloha shirts but Miss Mercer at the WRA says to hide the shirt away because it orientalizes you. I told her that it was a Hawaiian shirt and then she gets mad at me for that. I told them that all I wanted was a job and that I had a master's barber license. I told them that I did not think they should give me advice on what clothes I should wear because I was old enough to know myself. Then they got mad and they told me to look for a job myself because I would not listen to them. After that they would not even let me go see Mr. Shirrell. When I sent out my 700 cards to tell the nisei I was a barber on Dearborn street, the WRA said that I could not leave 100 of the cards on the table at their office because that would be advertising at government expense.

The American Friends passed them out for me and they did not eeme-complain. I feel that the American Friends could run the WRA 100% better because they are more polite to you and they don't always try to chase you out after one minute of interviewing.

"One day I was down at the WRA and Miss Mercer talked to me with a cigarette hanging out of the corner of her mouth. And the first thing she said to me was, (Well, back again?' I did not like this very much so I got into an argument with her. After that I went to every other employment office in Chicago but they only offered me hard labor. I did not take any of these jobs because I wanted to stay in barbering.

"The WRA wants 10,000 Nihonjin settled out here. They give them all kinds of promises just to get them out of camp. Once they are in Chicago the WRA don't care any more. They don't even try to protect the nihonjins so that they will get the same wages as any American. I will tell me friends to stay in camp because life is too hard out here right now. I spent over \$680 in the two months and three weeks I have been in this city. I had to draw this money out of the bank so that I would be able to live.

"After being in camp for over a year, we did not know how to shop for food any more. At first my wife went to the small Jew joints where they charged 10 cents more for everything. Everybody tried to cheat you out here if you are not smarter than they are. We liked Japanese food a lot so that when a girl by the name of Fujimoto sent us cards saying that she could get foods for us, we began to buy from her. But then, we found out that we could buy it a lot cheaper in Chinatown by ourselves. The Fujimoto girl goes to Chinatown and buys the stuff and then sells it for a big profit. I don't mind her making a living but I don't think that she should

make such a big profit. There is another nisei boy who is going to buy food wholesale and he will sell to us at a fair price. We can get shoyu and a lot of other Japanese foods from him. The Fujimoto girl tries to force me to buy from her just because I am a Japanese. But my wife found a good place out on Cermak road in Chinatown and we can get tofu and a lot of things there at a reasonable price. I like to eat rice and Japanese food about three times a week.

"Another thing I don't like about the WRA is that they call us six-day Japs just because we change jobs once in a while. I think it is the American way to try and advance yourself step by step. I told them that we were free persons and I would do it myself. Of course, I would take 70 cents an hours rather than 60 cents if I can't get it. The WRA don't tell us the things to help us how. We have to do the dirty work and tell the WRA about it. The Japanese girls in their office do all the dirty work while Mr. Shirrell and the others sit around and smoke cigarette and try to act important.

"All of my contacts in my social life are now with all types of nisei. Once a week we got to a show. For 30 cents admission we get to enjoy a double feature. It is much better than the cement floor that we had to sit on in camp. I don't like Chicago but I am getting used to it. I have to do it since I may be here for quite a while. My sister-in-law works in a paper making factory. But she is a book-keeper from before. She is going to quit soon and try for a \$135 a month job. There are many of these jobs around if you hit it right. The employers will take nisei girls before they take a nisei fellow. They are not so scared of the girls so that the women have an advantage over us. A lot of the nisei are misplaced

in their present jobs, and it does not offer much of a future for them. Most of them are single people and I think that they would be more stable if they got married. Both the husband and wife could work and there would not be more expenses for them. They could get this much happiness out of life anyway. Eventually the field will be open so that the nisei can get better jobs. There is still much chance for them in this country.

"I believe in this a lot. That is why I am hanging on to my American citizenship. [In spite of what happens I just can't hate this country but I do hate the circumstances. Even at the worst, I feel that it is better for me than to ever think of going to Japan to live where I would be a misfit. In this country you have at least a fighting chance to go to work. I love this country but I don't want to be pushed around. I don't want to be pushed out of this country either. That is the way all of my family feels. I would say that 99% of all the nisei would rather stay here. The kibeï would also like to stay here too ~~if~~ if they had a decent chance. Because of the circumstances you can't trust most of them now. They are yellow rats because they ran away from Japan to escape conscription there and they yell about the draft here. They did a lot of talking in camp and screwed us all up. The government should have locked them all up in the beginning and then we would not have made so much trouble in camp. The people outside did not have ^{to} been so suspicious of us, but would have seen that we are all loyal Americans. There are a lot of good kibeï but those who spent over 10 years back there are lousy.]

"Right now I feel that I will stay in Chicago at least until next summer and then if there are any better opportunities elsewhere I will hop around. Eventually the nisei will get a better

break. [I feel just as mad as the Americans when I heard some of the Japanese in camp yelling 'banzai' on the day Japan took Bataan. The United States is lucky that the nisei are so well-behaved. We ate beans for a week and we took it. The white people would have rioted in two days. Many things have shaken the branches of my faith in the United States but it has not hurt the roots.] By the time my girl grows up I think that things will be much better for her. I feel discouraged right now because I have had a tough time getting started. I don't tell my wife any of them because it would only worry her. But sometimes it makes me feel better to get it off my chest. One of these days I will tell you how I feel about things when I have more time. I don't know when I can talk to you again because I have nisei coming over for haircuts almost every night and I don't get much free time.

(S. L.)
Add to CH-15^A

From: Miyamoto Journal
December 3, 1943

Work at Home

My hair had become so long that it was beginning to look a little like one of those pachuco cuts. I debated in my mind whether to go to the barber I've always patronized, or try to find James Matsumoto (CH-15) which he said was near the Maryland Theatre. I didn't want to waste time looking for his place today, but I finally decided in James' favor trusting to luck that his shop would be easy to find. I haven't been completely satisfied with the haircuts I've been getting at Bill's Barber Shop, and I felt sure that James would give me the kind of haircut that I'd want. Generally speaking, Japanese barbers have it all over the Caucasian ones I've found here. One Italian fellow I tried on University took about 10 minutes to finish his job, hardly used the scissors to smooth off the rough spots, and then charged 75¢ for the job. That griped me, Japanese barbers always take great care in smoothing off the ridges, and very frequently theirs is a work of art.

The shop where he works was directly across the street from the Maryland Theatre, and as I stopped to look and see if James were around, I could see one of the two Caucasian barbers working in there indicating me to Jack as if to say, 'this is your customer.' Apparently, any nisei who comes in is Jack's customer.

I greeted Jack with a "How's everything?", and he began to tell me rather freely about his work and his desire of getting something else, the latter under his breath so the boss of the place wouldn't hear. "Oh, the work's all right, but I gotta work from morning until nine in the evening. The hours are too long. That's the trouble with this kind of work. You know, I'd like to have a job teaching in the Japanese language department. They work

only three hours a day, don't they? Boyz, that's soft. I wonder if Wakai got a job in the department? He told me about it, and that's when I went to apply. Halpern told me he might be able to use me, and he said he'd let me know. He took my name and address and said he'd let me know, but I haven't heard from him. I don't know whether that guy was just stringing me along. Do you suppose there really is a job for me, or was he just trying to get rid of me?"

"I should have studied my Japanese. I started the Japanese language school in Honolulu and went through the second grade, but just about that time there was a lot of agitation against teaching Japanese in Hawaii. The politicians said that if we were going to be American citizens, there wasn't any need for Japanese language schools, so they agitated quite a bit in the newspapers about that. My mother said that since we were going to grow up in the United States, and there was all this criticism of the language school, it wasn't necessary for me to go. That's why I never learned to read or write the language, although I know how to speak it because of my barber business in Los Angeles and because it was the language we used in the house. I had a shop right down on First Street so I had to use Japanese. I know how to speak good Japanese as well as the ordinary kind; you have to know it because I had all kinds of customers. I've got some pretty good angles on how to teach those fellows. It's easy if you know how to explain it to them. Then, you could teach them a few cuss words now and then, you know; that's what they like.

"My relative, a fellow named Kubota, is going to teach here. He's the husband of my wife's sister (cousin?), and they're going to come and stay in the same apartment with us. He's a Kibei and

he knows his Japanese all right, but I don't think he'll be so good because he doesn't speak English well. He talks it all right, but he has trouble expressing himself, like a lot of Kibei. You got to be able to explain things. I got some pretty good angles on how to teach the language. You got to explain what things mean, and then now and then if it's a

"I had a chance to learn Japanese before evacuation. One of my friends said he'd teach me; he said that if I worked with him for a year, he'd really teach me. I should have taken him up on it, but dammit, I didn't. Hell, if I'd learned Japanese from him, I could cash in on it plenty good right now.

"I've never been interested in studying although I had plenty of chances for it. All of my sisters are well educated, and I'm the only one in the family who isn't. One of my sisters got her Ph.D. just this year, and my other sister is married to a rich guy but she's always worked with the YWCA and that sort of thing. I don't know what my sister got her Ph.D. in, but she got it from the University of Hawaii. They're both in Honolulu. The trouble with me is that I always wanted to fool around too much. I came to the continent in 1929, and I was planning on going to the university. I started to attend UCLA, but god, those xix blondes got me. I used to have a lot of girl friends on the campus, nice blondes you know, and I was raising hell all the time. I'd go to class and never know what the lecturer was talking about. I was more interested in fooling around, and my family got disgusted with me and wouldn't send me any more money, so I quit going to college. I should have stuck to my college work. I used to be a hell raiser. I guess I had too much fun. Go out drinking, you know, and I got into some pretty good fights too. You know Henry Yamaoka? Yah,

his brother is Otto. I don't know Otto so well, but Henry and I got into a fight. He's a big guy, and I was quite a bit smaller than he, but I used to keep up on my amateur boxing pretty well then, so he and I got into a terrific battle. Well, after that we became good friends, and we used to play poker together and I saw him quite a bit. Henry died in Granada not so long ago. He had a bum heart, he always used to say my ticker's bad, but one day in camp he just keeled over and was gone. I don't think it was because of his drinking. He was my ~~M~~ best friend after that fight.

Gee, the relocation center was hell. By god, I'm glad to be out of there. We went to Santa Anita, and they stuck us in the stables when we got there. Seabiscuit's stable was only two doors away from us. We had Count -----'s stable. Jeez, the place was dirty and stinky. There was manure all over the floor. Imagine, ~~ixwas~~ manure! When I saw that place, I wanted to have a manly cry. God, I was down in the dumps. But my wife really felt bad and she was so discouraged that she was crying, so I kept up my spirits in order to try to pepe her up. I didn't feel so good actually, but I thought I had to pull my wife's spirits up, and she felt better after a while. Boy, I'm telling you, Santa Anita was hell. The hakujin don't understand about those things, but if they'd gone through the same thing they would have felt the same way.

The hakujin out here are all right, though. They're pretty friendly, and I get along all right. Of course, some of them have the wrong idea about the centers from reading the papers. But you tell them about the life in the centers, and they understand what you went through.

Did you ever hear of Dr. Peterson who came across the Pacific with his Japanese wife on a Chinese junk? His wife is my wife's

sister. She came to this country when she was about three years old and she's very American, but she's not a citizen so she got into trouble when they last got into San Francisco. She's being held up there, and Dr. Peterson is sore about the whole business. He can't ~~enjoy~~ understand why they don't let her go. He's about 40 years old, but he's bald-headed. An awfully interesting guy. They've had the worst luck. The first time, they went to Shanghai when the Japanese attacked that place, so when they got to San Francisco, the government officials thought they might be spies or something. Then, they got back right after Pearl Harbor from Hawaii, and they were under suspicion again. The last time, they went to New Guinea just when the Japanese attacked that island, so they were thought to be spies.

"When this war's over I'm going back to Hawaii. Over there they don't treat you like they do here. There's no discrimination. Heck, over there it doesn't make any difference what race you are, but if you have the ability they give you the position. I know a fellow who took engineering, and he got a position in an office through the civil service. There were a lot of guys including Caucasians working in that office, but when the head of the office died, they gave a competitive examination to determine who was to be the head. This guy came out with the highest grade, and he got the job. There wasn't any question about it, they just gave him the job when he passed with the highest exam. I know Honolulu, and I can get along over there."

When James finished cutting my hair, he said as I left, "Well, come around to my place some time. I'm living over on Drexel."

Add to CH-15
From: Miyamoto Journal
December 11, 1948

Shig went to James' (CH-15) place for a haircut this afternoon and James went on in his easy conversational manner to tell Shig all about himself. As Shig sat down in the chair, James said, "I'll bet you're one of those teaching at the University language school. Oh, I could tell; there's something intellectual about you. You know what, I applied too, but Helpern told me there weren't any more openings. I hear you have to work pretty long hours there. I was figuring that if it were only two or three hours teaching, I could take care of that job and do some barbering on the side."

James then asked Shig if he were married and when Shig said that he wasn't, James said, "Well, you out to get married. Two can live as cheaply as one, in fact, cheaper. My wife and I can get along on \$25 a week, and we've got a baby too. My apartment costs me \$13 a week, but I like to have a decent apartment, ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ where my wife's happy. It's worth it to get a good apartment. You want to get the right kind of wife though. I know because I've lived with three of them. I've been married twice, but I also lived with a hakujin girl. I ought to know. My first wife wasn't any good. She crabbd too much for one thing. But the big trouble was that she controlled the money. I'm telling you, you control the money in the family if you don't want any trouble. But don't be like the Issei either; don't be stingy about letting your wife have money when she wants it. If my wife wants a fur coat, I give her the money so she can buy it. If she wants anything, I give her the money. But I control the money. If the wife works, you get what she earns from her, but give her whatever she wants. If you treat the wife right, and she's happy, it's all right. The wife I've got now is all right. She's always happy, and she doesn't crab about everything. She knows how to enjoy herself. Get a girl

who know how to be happy and you'll be all right.

"I've had two weddings at my apartment already. Mas Wakai officiated at one of them; and it worked out good too because he got his cut out of it. At one of the affairs, I had to act as a kind of go-between because the parents of the girl objected to the marriage. So Yours Truly went to see the old lady. I didn't start talking about the marriage right away, but I talked about other things to get her in a good mood. When the old lady start laughing, I knew that I could break the subject to her, so I told her what I thought. I kind of laid it on to scare her. I said, 'What if these kids decided to elope or run off somewhere, it'd be a terrible scandal.' I guess that scared her out so she consented and the kids got married. Yeah, marriage is all right. You want to get a good wife for yourself and you'll be a lot better off. If you live as a bachelor, you don't get anywhere because you spend a lot of money eating out and taking girls out all the time. The bachelors never think of the future, and they can't get settled."

CH-14 *Add*
Miyamoto Notes
March 13, 1944

James T. Matsumoto

I went over to Jim's place today for a haircut. Last week when Shig went to the barber shop to get a haircut from Jim, Jim called him outside after he was through and invited him to a coke. Jim told Shig that he had moved to a new place on East 61st Place near Drexel Ave. and he told him to come around there for his haircut instead of going to the barbershop. Jim says he gets only 40 cents for each haircut and he prefers to have the boys come around to his house to get their haircut. Since Shig got the address and phone number, I decided to go over to Jim's place this evening instead of going to the barber shop.

Jim was living down around 45th and Drexel before. But he had a lot of trouble with the landlady and so he decided to move out. He must have been hunting for a new place for over two months and I recall that he was pretty much discouraged for a while because he couldn't find anything. About two weeks ago he found this new apartment and moved in.

East 61st Place is just a little alley way that cuts in half way down the block and there are a row of two story flats all along this place. The street was dark and I had a little trouble finding his new apartment but it turned out to be one of the two-story flats. Jim's place was upstairs but I also noticed a Japanese name for the people downstairs. When I rang the bell, he came downstairs to open the door for me without either a shirt or shoes on. He seemed glad enough to take me that evening and invited me upstairs. Jim's little daughter, who must be only about 4 years old, came prancing out in a long house dress and greeted me. She is a cute little friendly child, and is ^{as} much

extroverted as her father. His wife was sitting at a dining room table and it was plain that she and Jim had been making celluloid rings out of toothbrush handles. She greeted me but said very little after that. Jim's mother-in-law was sitting in the next room so he introduced me and when I started to speak in Japanese she cut in saying merely "Hello", so I caught myself. I don't think she knows very much English but probably has become accustomed to greeting nisei in this way. It always confuses me when an issei starts to speak in English, especially when they look like real issei.

The new apartment is quite large. There are six rooms including three bedrooms, a living room, a dining room and a kitchen. There is probably a bathroom attached also. One of the bedrooms is for the mother, another for Jim's sister-in-law, and the third one for themselves. They pay \$60 a month for these six rooms and also for light and gas which brings it up to \$70 or \$75. The furnishings are not new but they are comfortable and adequate. Jim is evidently very much pleased with this new set-up. He considers it an improvement over his former situation. We went into the kitchen and after he set up the equipment, started cutting my hair. At the same time he kept up a steady stream of conversation. Jim said:

"Did you hear that I quit my job at the barber shop today? I just walked out on the old man. I'm going to work for the publishing house that puts out Esquire, Life and all those magazines. (Donnelley Press) My friends work down there and they've been telling me that it's a good place to work. They said I could get a job any time so last Saturday I went down to see the

boss about it. It's a big place with about 1500 workers and they've got quite a few nisei working there already. I talked to the manager and he showed me all around the place. He was a helluva nice guy and he told me that he likes the nisei workers fine. He said he's never had any trouble with them and that he's willing to take on more when they come looking for a job. The boys down there have been making \$50 to \$60 a ~~week~~ week. I figure that's better than what I was getting down at the barber shop. I'll be working at 79 cents an hour. I saw about this job last Saturday but I didn't register until today. I didn't tell Mike, the boss at the barber shop, until today because I didn't want to quit unless I was sure of getting the other position. You know, sometimes things can change over the week-end and I didn't want to be left without a job. You gotta play safe. Today I went to register and they got me all signed up so I'm going to start work at this printing company right away.

"I worked all morning at the shop and had two customers. Then I went down to register at this other company and came back to pick up my equipment around 4 o'clock in the afternoon. I decided that I was just going to quit on the old man. I didn't want to fight with him but I wasn't going to work any more for him. Mike wasn't there when I came back so I just started to gather all my things together. The other barber, Dad, was there and he said he wanted to quit too because Mike was such a damn stingy guy. But Dad is 75 years old and has a wife and grandchild to support and it's not so easy for him to find another job. But Dad told me that one of these days he's gonna quit on Mike and he's going to just walk out. He says he's not gonna tell Mike anything; he's

haircut from Mike for a long time. His name is Mr. Schirer. Every time Mr. Schirer comes in, Mike pulls that stuff on him. He says, 'That damn Jew makes plenty of dough and he gets it by cheating out other people, so he doesn't deserve a new towel.' Boy, if Mr. Schirer ever found out he'd leave Mike flat. God, I never saw a man so tight and dirty. It's not that he doesn't like Jews because I think he's a Jew himself, but all he knows is to look after himself. You know that beauty shop in the back, Mike owns that place too. While I was there five girls quit. All because Mike was so stingy and wouldn't pay them enough. I was only getting 40 cents for every haircut.

"When we get busy in there Mike wants me to do a quick job on all the customers. He told me that when a bunch of sailors come in, he just wants me to run through their hair and not take too much time on them. Of course, he'd make more money if we worked then. But when I do a job, I want to do it good. I told Mike, 'Look here, you've got a son in the Army, how would you feel if the barber treated your son that way? The way I look at it, these boys are fighting for the people back home and they deserve the best.' But Mike only says, 'That's different.' You just cut them as fast as you can.' I don't see it that way. When those sailors come in, I'm not going to treat them any different from anybody else. In fact, I like to give them a better haircut than I do for the other people. I never pay any attention to Mike when he tells me things like that. That guy's selfish as hell. All he thinks about is himself and doesn't give a damn about anybody else.

"While I was cleaning out my stuff and packing them up to bring them home, Mike walked in. He was surprised to see what I

just going to pick up his stuff and let Mike go to hell.

"You know what that goddam Mike told me? A lot of the Japanese boys have been coming to the shop recently. Mike told me the other day that there were too many coming in in bunches and he said to tell the boys to come in one at a time. Whatta hell, Mike was pleased as anything when I first started to draw you fellows. He didn't have any kind of business before and he was glad to get the Japanese boys when they first started to come in. But now he tells me that his other customers object to seeing so many orientals around the shop and that he is losing customers that way. I told him that I wasn't going to tell you fellows anything and that he was lucky to have you guys coming around there. He knew ittoo. I said if he didn't want your trade I'd quit but I wouldn't tell you guys anything like that. That was a week ago but I didn't quit just then. Jesus, that made me mad.

"The trouble with that guy, he's too damn stingy. He's dirty too. You know, he won't even pay for the toilet paper and I have to bring my own. He's also supposed to provide new towels for each customer. Every customer expects a fresh towel to wrap around his neck and that's the way I like to do things. But you know what that Mike does? When the customers' not looking, he pulls out an old towel and wraps it around the guy's neck. And sometimes he blows his nose on a towel and then when the customers' not looking, he kind of rinses it out and he puts it back on the fellow's neck. God, I can't stand to do a thing like that. If the customers ever found out how dirty Mike is, he wouldn't have a damn person coming to his place. There's a Jewish fellow who comes around, a pretty big business man who's been getting his

was doing. He couldn't figure out for a minute what it was all about. I didn't want to have a fight with him or anything so I just told him quietly, 'Mike, I'm leaving you today.' He kind of sputtered around and said, 'You can't do that to me Jim.' I told him I got a new job that was going to pay me \$50 or \$60 a week. I told him that I wasn't making enough here to make a go of it. He said that I might not realize it, but I was making \$50 or \$60 right there and doing an easier job than I'd ever have in a factory. Whatta hell, I might have been cutting \$60 worth of hair but he was getting a big percentage out of it. He tried to tell me that he'd treated me right from the beginning but I didn't pay any attention to him. He just kept saying, 'You can't do this to me, Jim.' Mr. Schirer came in to get a haircut just then so I asked him if he didn't think that a fellow should try to get a better job if he could. He agreed with me and said that a fellow had to try to advance whenever he got a chance. I don't think Mike liked that. That morning I worked half a day. According to the Union regulation, when you work half a day, you're supposed to get \$3.75 regardless of how many haircuts you do. You're supposed to get that even if you don't get a single customer. I ~~gave~~ gave two haircuts and I had \$1.75 coming to me. Dad had told me earlier to be sure and get my \$3.75. He says, 'You know the Union regulation.' I didn't give a damn about the \$3.75 but I wanted to get what was coming to me. Dad kept nudging me to remind me to get the morning's pay. When I was about to leave, I turned to Mike and said quietly, 'I had two customers this morning and I got \$1.75 coming to me.' Mike wasn't doing a darn thing but he said he was too busy just then and for me to come around

later and he'd give me the money. I told him, 'I don't want to fight with you, Mike, and I know that if I come back again to ask for the money you're not going to give it to me and we're going to have a fight about it.' Mike was getting sore as anything and I knew that he didn't want to pay up so I told him that I didn't want the \$1.75 anyway. But I wanted to give the money to Dad because I knew he was having a hard time so I kept insisting. Mike shelled out and I gave it to Dad.

"I could have cussed out Mike and told him off, but I just kept my temper although he was getting me mad because I was thinking of the rest of the Japanese. That Mike can tell the biggest lies and exaggerates stories when he wants to. I knew that if I cussed him out he would tell all his customers about what rats the Japs were and I didn't want that to happen. I knew it would just make it harder for the rest of the nisei. I know what's going to happen when the nisei boys come around to get haircuts from me. He'll just tell them that I'm sick or something and that I'll be back again soon. That's his technique of trying to hang on to customers because he knows darn well that they won't come back to get haircuts from him. One fellow came in just as I was cleaning up and he said, 'Where have you been Jim? I was looking around all morning for you.' I told him that I was quitting and I explained that I couldn't give him a haircut because I had already quit my job. Mike saying to me on the side, 'come on Jim, give him one haircut.' But I wasn't going to do any more hair cuts when I didn't work there any longer so I refused. Mike was sore about that but he didn't want to lose the customer so he finally said, 'Well, I'll give you the haircut.' The other fellow

just looked at him and said, 'Oh no, no hair cuts from you, mister,' and just walked out.

"Before I came there that shop had very little business. Boy, it looks busy all right about the time you guys come around because that's the busy hour. But sometimes in the morning we hardly would have any customers at all. Maybe I do about a couple of dollars worth of haircuts, Dad would do 50 cents worth, and Mike wouldn't have a single customer. Those guys are lousy barbers and the people know it. Dad's a good guy and I like him, but he's pretty old you know and he can't do a neat job. It's a funny thing, but some of the old customers started to come to my chair when I began work at that shop. I took quite a few customers away from both Dad and Mike. I met a lot of hakujin who work around there and they got so they wanted to take me out to the bars or to lunch. I talk easy to them you know and they like me. I don't know what they would have thought if they knew I were Japanese. But I never told them. They'd ask me if I were a Filipino and I'd say, 'What do you think?' When they ask me whether I were Chinese or Japanese or Hawaiian, I tell them the same thing. Lots of those guys never found out what I was. There was this one bar tender who got to like me pretty well and he said, 'I figured out what you are, Jim because of the way you talk. You're Hawaiian.' I never tell them different. But those guys were all right and they got so that they came back to me when they wanted a haircut. Dad will get back some of his customers now that I've left because the people like him better than they do Mike.

"The hakujin barbers here in Chicago aren't much good. I'll tell you the reason why. I found out that it's because the Chicago people don't kick about the kind of haircuts they get. They'll take anything. That's why the barbers get away with murder. You know how they cut, with a lot of ridges and marks all over your head. Dad, for example, is a good guy and I'd like to tell the nisei boys to go to him when I'm busy, but he's old and slow and I know that he's a terrible barber. So I can't send my friends to him. I don't like to hog all the business and I like to give a guy like Dad a break. But when you know that he's no good as a barber, you can't send your friends to him. Yah, the head guy at International House is a good barber. I've watched him work and he does a good job. Have you seen that fellow at Reynold's Club? I've watched him work and he's a good man too. I tried to get a job at both places. When I went to ask this boss at the Reynold's Club, he said he wanted a man who was fast and good. That's my meat so I told him I could go to work for him and he tried me out. He was pleased with the way I cut hair and said he'd let me know in a couple of days. This fellow liked me very well and I was in. But the Army turned me down and so I couldn't get the job. That happened at International House too. I sure would have liked to work at either of those places.

"I'd like to start a shop of my own but with the draft and all I don't want to start anything just now. I'd have to have \$1000 to buy the equipment I need and fix up a shop, but I haven't got that much money. There are two or three people that I know who would finance me. There is one issei guy who told me to start a restaurant, a suki-yaki house somewhere here on 63rd

Street. They've got one on the North Side so this would be a good place to start one. Every time this fellow sees me, he tells me, 'Jim, yare, yare, boku ga kane wo dasu kara'. (Go ahead Jim, I'll put up the money.) I used to do a little cooking once so he figures that I could handle it. I wouldn't mind doing it except for the draft. But right now I can't tell when I might get drafted and I don't want anybody to put money on me and then find that I have to walk out on him. The fellow might lose a couple of thousand dollars in the investment. You have to figure on the customer angle too. Any suki-yaki house has to depend on nisei customers. But if all the nisei fellows get drafted, we'd lose half of our customers. I'd go in with him tomorrow if I thought that I wouldn't be in the draft. But I don't want to use up somebody else's money on a losing proposition. This other fellow says go ahead but I don't see it that way.

"I'm going to work the night shift at this new job down at the printing company. I go on duty at 5 o'clock and work until morning. That means I can cut hair until about 2 o'clock in the afternoon and I'll also have Saturdays and Sundays free. That's what I like about this night shift. It'll leave me Saturdays and Sundays free to cut hair and a lot of the boys drop in over the week-end. It's a good thing you didn't come around Sunday because I was busy all day. The boys down on Drexel Ave. just found out where my new place was and they all kind of piled in yesterday.

"This apartment is all right, isn't it? Of course, the janitor gets lazy now and then and we don't get hot water late at night. But the place is all right. You know how I got this

place? There's a real estate agency [around the corner called Seltz and Southman. They helped me out. There's a guy there in the front whom I talked to and right away he said he'd find a place for me. He says to me, 'I don't want to hurt your feelings but I'll tell you frankly that there are some places for which we're the agents that I can't get an apartment for you. Either the management or the people living in the building would object to having Japanese living there. It wouldn't be very pleasant for you either. But personally I like the Japanese. I go to the First Baptist Church and I've met some very fine Japanese Americans there. I've found too that they make very good tenants. They keep their places up and they pay their rent right on time. I'll find you a place and I'll find you a good one.' Well, he got me this place. That fellow's a Christian and by golly, he's square. Of course, you know how the Nihonjin are, they're good tenants. That's why he likes to have us whenever he can. He said that if he could have his own way he'd have Japanese in all the best apartments that he could get.

"This place we're in now was occupied by an Armenian family. The old lady lived with her sons before they went into the Army. But now that they've gone into the Army she decided to rent the place out. The first week we were here, this old lady kept coming upstairs to see what we were doing to her apartment and her furniture. She'd come up half a dozen times a day and it got so that she was a real bother. I went over to this agent and told him about it and he said just lock the door on her and don't mind her. He said we were paying the rent and they were looking after the apartment and she had no business coming around. We haven't had

any trouble at all though. It's not like at that other apartment where we had so much trouble with the Italian landlady. Jesus, we were paying \$16.50 a week for that apartment and didn't have half as good a place as we now have. After we moved out five or six of the other nisei families moved out too. They couldn't stand the place any more than we could. I heard that the OPA got after the landlady and the owner after we left. That Italian landlady was as sore as hell from what I hear. She wanted to know who told the OPA all about it. Well, I was the one who went down and crabbed to the OPA about the landlady jacking up the rent on us. They didn't do anything about it for a couple of months and that's why we moved out. I guess they finally got around to see about it. They're really putting the pressure on her now. I hear that she refuses to go down although the OPA has ordered her to appear at their office. She's gonna get into trouble yet. The funny part of it is, that we threatened to go down see the OPA the time she raised the rent on us, she told us, 'The OPA and the boss are [just like this.]' (giving the sign of crossed fingers) Just like a gangster, huh? Boy, the laughs on her now. We didn't get the benefit of my kicking about it but she and the owner will find out that they can't fool around with their tenants.

"We were having trouble getting heat and hot water in the evening so I went over to the agent to see about it. The fireman who takes care of our furnace also takes care of several buildings along this block. I guess he tries to get out early in the evening and he doesn't take care of the fire late at night. I brought a cake and some other thing to this agent when I went to see him. And boy, was he pleased. That's the thing about Americans, you

can bribe them to do anything. He said for me not to worry about anything and I guess he told the janitor because for a couple of days we have plenty of hot water in the evenings. He's gone back to the old habits again but we're not kicking because we don't want to make any trouble. It's all right as it is.

"You know, a Nihonjin won't take a bribe the way the Americans do, but Jesus, you can get away with murder among hakujin. Look at all these politicians around this city. Graft is all there is. You know, when I was in high school, I couldn't graduate because I couldn't pass one English course. I took that same course three times and had the same old woman for a teacher every time. She wasn't going to pass me the third time either. But you know what I did? I passed her \$25 and she came right through. I was getting A's and B's in all the other courses and the principal couldn't understand why I couldn't get through on this course. I can't understand it either. But every goddam time when the end of the quarter came, she'd flunk me. There was a Chinese kid that I knew who knew this woman teacher pretty well. I was telling him about my trouble and he says to me, 'Jim, I'll tell you how to get through if you won't tell anybody else.' I wanted to finish that course because it was standing in my way of graduating so I promised him not to say anything if he told me how to get through. He said the thing for me to do was to put \$25 in an envelope and one day after class, after all the other student had left, I should pass beside the teacher's desk and lay the envelope on her desk. Then he told me to say, 'A present for you, Miss X,' and just walk out. I thought he was kidding me and I said that I could get into a lot of trouble pulling a trick like that. But

this Chinese fellow, Harry Lee, was serious about it. He said that the reason he knew the trick would work because that was how he got through it himself. I couldn't believe it for a while but he was so serious that I finally decided that he was telling the truth. I didn't have any money so I told my big brother about it and asked for \$25. He wouldn't believe it either and he said that I would get into a lot of trouble trying to pull a bribe like that. So I told him that if he didn't believe me I'd bring Harry over to talk to him and I got Harry to talk to my brother in order to convince him. My brother decided that Harry was telling the truth so he was glad to shell out \$25 since he figured that I'd been in school long enough. Boy, the day I brought that envelope my hands were shaking because I was so scared but I did exactly as Harry told me to do. I just laid that envelope on her desk and said, 'A present for you, teacher,' and ran out. You know what happened? They used to exempt the best students in the class from the final examination and when ~~the~~ she read off the names of those exempted, mine was one of them. I could hardly believe it. The principal was surprised too when he'd heard about it and he asked me about it. I just told him that I guess I just caught on finally.

"You may not believe me, but that's how I finally got through high school. I think that teacher was a sex maniac. After Harry bribed her, she got pretty friendly with him and invited him over to her place. Pretty soon he was laying her although she was an obaasan and we all knew about it. I wasn't the only one she pulled that bribe trick on. There were several other kids who had the same trouble passing her course and she'd always give

hints that if they would come around to her house after the classes for special tutoring at certain rates she would see that they would get through. That's the kind of woman she was. If you know how to bribe these hakujin, you can get along anywhere.

"I don't know if the Army will take me because I'm about 20 pounds overweight and plenty soft. Still, when I had my physical examination at the time I got my barber's license, they told me that I was good enough for any man's army. If I got into the Army, I'd like to go up to Savage. That Shelby life would be too rough for me. The way I am, I couldn't take it any more. I don't know about becoming one of the Japanese interpreters, but they've got all kinds of jobs up there. One of the fellows was telling me that they need a lot of typists at Savage. I was trying out my typing the other day but I'm not much good at it. Hell, a guy like you could get in there easy.

"Those Hawaiian boys down at Shelby are plenty tough. I know because I grew up in Hawaii and some of those boys visit me when they come to Chicago. The ones that are down there now aren't from Honolulu. They're from the smaller islands on the outside. That's why they're pretty crude and tough bunch. You take the Honolulu Japanese and they're not as tough as the boys who are there now. The 100th battalion has a lot of Honolulu boys in it. They're pretty tough too and they got into some fights when they were in Wisconsin. But they're not as ignorant and not as hard to handle as the Hawaiian boys from these other places.

"Some of the boys were telling me the big fight that they had down there. These boys went to a dance where a lot of hakujin girls were and one small guy saw a pretty hakujin girl that he

decided he wanted to dance with. Those guys aren't afraid of anything and they'll go up to any girl to ask for a dance. This small fellow went up to a hakujin fellow who was dancing with the girl and tagged him out. I guess the hakujin fellow didn't like it so he tagged back but this small fellow went right back and tagged him out again. The Hawaiian was a small fellow and I guess he was not very attractive so I don't think this hakujin girl wanted to dance with him very much. The second time he was tagged, the hakujin soldier told the Hawaiian, 'The girl doesn't want to dance with you.' Right away this Hawaiian let go with a sock the hakujin soldier and knocked him down. A bunch of the other soldiers tried to step in to stop the little fellow but when the Hawaiians saw that they ganged up on the hakujin. There were about 75 guys on each side fighting on the dance floor and the girls were screaming all over the place. I guess they had a helluva fight. Of course the hakujin was wrong that time. But the next day the Hawaiian boys were told to go to the dance floor and mop up the blood of the white boys which smeared the whole place. That same day notices appeared all around the camp saying that the hakujin soldiers were to leave the 442nd boys strictly alone. They're tough bastards, I'm telling you and they won't take anything from anybody. After that the Hawaiians haven't been invited to any of these dances. The officers have a hard time handling the boys because they're willing to fight at the drop of a hat and sometimes the officers can't make them obey orders.

"Did you see the new desk I made while I was in camp? I just had it stained and varnished. I'll tell you how I happened to make this desk. There were a bunch of the Hawaiian boys down in

~~Robert~~ Jerome who were getting into a lot of trouble. They'd get into fights all over the camp and the administration was ready to throw them into the can. You know, those boys are all right if you know how to handle them. As long as you treat them right and let them do what they want they won't bother anyone else. I figured that something had to be done about it so I called those boys together and told them that I would buy about \$50 worth of tools. I said that instead of their going around raising hell in the camp I was going to put them to work making furniture. So I bought a lot of tools with my own money and I told the boys to go out and get lumber and I didn't care where they got it as long as they didn't get caught. By God, those fellows brought in more lumber than anybody else ever had. And we had lumber all over the place. They brought it in by the truck-loads. I got them started making getas and those guys would sit around all day in front of my house making those things. That's where I got the lumber to make this desk. It's the first carpenter's job I ever did, not bad, eh? (It was a very neat little desk for one that was made by an amateur carpenter. In fact, it looked like it would go very nicely with the rest of the furniture in the living room. Jim was quite proud of it.) Those boys never got into any more trouble. Pretty soon they were making so much furniture that it cost too much to get the nails and screws and whatnots. I put up a can and told those fellows to put in a nickel every time so that we could buy more material for making furniture. It wasn't any time before we had \$250. I was surprised. Some of those fellows are out here now. Take Bronco for example, he's a riot if you know him. But if you get him mad he's likely to kill somebody. You know that

fellow Tarzan, who was up at Tule Lake. He was sent up there after he got into trouble down at Santa Anita. You know what that guy did? Down at Santa Anita he took a liking to a certain nisei girl. She didn't know anything about it but he just decided that he liked her. One time one of the mainland boys took her to a dance. The next day Tarzan caught this fellow somewhere in the can and pounded the hell out of him. Tarzan's a great big guy and strang as a horse. And this other fellow as about half his size. Tarzan just kept knocking this guy down and when we came around he was jumping on his stomach. We'd heard that there was a riot or something and we thought it was a gang fight. But it was Tarzan beating the hell out of this guy. If we hadn't turned up Tarzan would have killed that boy. We grabbed him and said, 'Whatta hell are you doing? You're gonna kill that kid.' Tarzan just looked surprised and says, 'Huh, what did I do?' He's as dumb as that. But a lot of those Hawaiian boys are like that. You treat them right and they'll share anything with you. But if you get them mad they just as soon kill somebody."

CH-14
Miyamoto Notes
March 31, 1944

James T. Matsumoto

I went to Jim's place again to get a haircut. It was about eleven in the morning when I called him by phone to see if he were in, and apparently got him out of bed. He was glad enough to give me a haircut, and said he was thinking of getting up anyway at the time I called. The rest of the family must have been still lounging in bed when I arrived, for I could hear voices in the bedroom, but they didn't appear. I started the conversation with Jim by asking him about his new work at the Lakeside Press.

"It's all right. Last week I made about \$38.00 working down at the plant (@ 70¢ an hour for 6 days, eight hours a day) and I made about \$7.50 on the side cutting hair. Sure, I'm doing a lot better than I was down at Michael's place. Right now they're paying me 84¢ an hour working eight hours a day for six days in the week. The other day I made \$4.00 working overtime, and I get a little overtime every now and then so it's all right. This week I've already had quite a few haircuts in, and I ought to make about \$10 by the end of the week. I work from four in the afternoon until twelve at night, with half an hour off for lunch. It's around one o'clock in the morning by the time I get back, and by the time I fool around a bit it's two or three in the morning. Those are the precious minutes, before you go to bed. But the work isn't bad."

"I have to do all kinds of jobs. One of the men down there was telling me there are 140 different jobs in the plant, and they keep moving you around quite a bit. Some of the work is pretty heavy and hard, like the job I've got now. I'm tying

magazines together in bundles as they come out of the machine. You take about 250 of those magazines and they weigh alot. I have to tie them together, and pile them up, but that's a pretty tough job. The first day I did the work, my fingers got so stiff that the next morning I couldn't even open them. I thought it might affect my barbering, but I find that it doesn't bother me when I barber. I could have got out of that job, but I didn't catch on to my foreman when he was signalling to me. I was working in the mailing department routing advertisement mail into different bags. The girls put the ads into envelopes, address them, and then I'd take the bunch and rout them into different bags. It was a really soft job, and I thought it was swell. I did that for several days, when one day a floorman (foremen are called floormen there) from another department came along and took a look at me. He says to me, "You look like a pretty healthy fellow. I need you in my department, so come along." My own floorman was signalling to me all the time, but I didn't catch on to what he meant. I thought he was telling me to go with this guy, so I went along with him. That's how I got into this bundling job, and, man, is it hard work. You have to keep up with the machine and keep pulling on those ropes all day and that's hard work. I went back to my floorman and I asked him, "Why didn't you tell me that work was so hard. I wouldn't have gone if you'd told me." He says to me, "That's what I was signalling to you about." He wanted to tell me to bungle up my new job so that the floorman would think I was no good and send me back where I came from. The ~~kyruving~~ job routing mail was just down my alley, you know, because all you've got

to go is know where the mail is supposed to go, and then work fast getting them into the right bags. But that sort of thing is easy for me. That's why my floorman was trying to tell me to get kicked out of the other job, but I didn't catch on."

"The job I've got to do now, I have to tie these bundles with all kinds of knots. They showed me how, and I caught on right away. I tried to keep up with the machine, and I found out there was nothing to it, but when you keep at it all day, you break your back. But now my floorman thinks he's got a good man so he won't let me go. Damn, I was a sucker not to take it easy."

"They got lots of workers down there. Most of the fellows are getting paid 84¢ to 90¢ an hour, and with six days a week, that adds up to pretty good money. But you know what they pay the girls? They get only 54¢ an hour, and those girls work just as hard as I do. That's all they get. I don't see very many nisei girls down there; I've only seen about one or two doing typing work. But most of the nisei girls won't take jobs at that pay. They know they can get better pay, and they demand more. You know what I found out. Most of the girls working in the plant where I am haven't had more than grammar school education. Man, I was surprised. They way I found out was that one of the girls says to me, "Say, you speak pretty good English." No. She says "youse" instead of "you". That's the way she speaks. ^{Their} ~~They're~~ English is terrible. Anyway, she didn't think we knew that much English, and she was surprised, so she asked me whether I'd gone to school in this country. I told her I'd finished high school, and went a couple of month

to college but quit because I found it too hard. I told her because that was true. Boy, she was surprised because she told me she only went through the seventh grade in grammar school. Now all the girls down there think I'm a highly educated man, because this girl went around telling everybody I went to college. By now, I guess they figure I must have graduated college--you know how those things are. Anyway, they think I'm a hell of an educated guy. That's a laugh. But you know how the kisei are; most of them have gone through high school anyway, and a lot of them have finished college. They're not as uneducated as most of the workers down at the plant where I am, and the girls can hold down a lot better jobs than most of the Caucasian girls.

"I get along with those girls. They're nice kids, although they haven't had much education. Some of them are nice looking too. I kid around with them, and I get along with them swell. The girls wanted to learn how to say "I love you" in Japanese so I told them, "Watakushi wa anata wo ai-shite imasu." so they go around saying "Watakushi, anata..." One of those peppy young Polish girls asked me how to say it, and when I told her, she said she was going around to all the Japanese boys and tell them that. She says to me that she's going to marry a Japanese because she likes them. This girl is nice looking too. There are a lot of Polish girls down there--I didn't realize there were so many Poles in this city--and most of them are very nice looking. They're very friendly too. I didn't realize that. Oh, there are a lot of Negroes working down there, too. They're kind of slow, and they're

always looking for ways of getting out of work."

"Most of the Negroes are put at jobs where it doesn't require too much skill or thought. It's not that the jobs require much of either, but the Negroes often can't do them. Like the job in the mail routing department, the Negroes aren't put on that job because they get all mixed up and don't get the letters in the right bags. There's nothing to it, but they just can't seem to do it right. Or the job I'm doing now. None of the Negroes will do it, because they know it's a tough job, and some of them can't tie fast enough to keep up with the machine."

"Quite a few nisei fellows are working at the plant now. Most of them came in since I started there. A lot of them came in since I started. They're doing work in all kinds of departments all over the place, and they're getting 84¢ an hour with overtime just like I am. It's a pretty good place to work at."

"You know, education counts a lot. I didn't realize it when I was going through school. I never really liked school too much, and I thought most of it was a lot of wasted time. But when I compare myself with some of these people in Chicago who haven't had a chance to go to high school, boy, am I glad I went through high school. You realize what a difference it makes. My kid brother--he's here in Chicago working in some plant--didn't finish high school. He went to Los Angeles and started a real estate brokerage, and cleared about \$5,000 when the war broke out. He hired about ten people, and he was working making out all those forms that the alien property owners had to make out. Some of those guys were charging \$5 and up

which was dirty, but my brother charged from \$2 and up, depending on the kind of service that was needed, and he made plenty. Anyway, this kid brother of mine found out after he got into business that it made a difference that he didn't go through high school. He used to tell me, "Gee, ~~twice~~, I wish I'd finished high school," so he decided to take correspondence courses, and that's how he finished up. He's a smart fellow."

"Right now, if I can save up some money, that's the important thing. If I can save a little so that my wife and kid can get along, I won't worry so much even if they take me into the army. They're taking nisei into all kinds of services, you know, medical, map drawing, and so on. I want to find out if they can use me as a barber if I get into the army. They ought to be able to use a fast barber. That's what I thought I'd do when I tried to get the job at Reynold's, because they cut a lot of soldiers over there, and since they charge only 60¢ to service men, they don't take as much time with them. They want a fast man, and that's down my alley. Only, the major or somebody whose the head of school put his foot down and I couldn't get the job."

"For me, what I want is a home in a small town, a nice little place, with a job. I don't care for the big city anymore. Chicago is too big and dirty and crowded. Man, you go up on 63rd St. about the time everybody quits work, and you get shoved into the gutter the streets are so crowded. I don't care for that. I wouldn't even care to go back to Los Angeles. I want a small town to live in, That's the way I figure."

Miyamoto Notes
April 17, 1944

CH-14 James T. Mihara
(pseud.)

The following addition to the Mihara document was received while I was getting a haircut from him this morning.

"Have you heard anything more about your draft status? This uncertainty gets me. I just as soon go in now and get it over with. You know, they're taking all kinds of people. One 30 year old fellow I know got his pre-induction physical and then the Army gave him his uniform but told him to go back to his job and be ready to report at any time. Isn't that a helluva thing? That fellow got so disgusted, he went back to camp. His name is Sakamoto or something like that. Another 23 year old kid who comes to get a haircut from me had his physical already and expects to be called at any time. I hear they're taking the older fellows right along. I'm 1-A now and I suppose I'll get inducted too. I had my physical and was passed all right. I don't know what it's all about.

"I'll tell you, this war is going to last a long time. Japan isn't going to be defeated easily and the German war isn't going to be any easy one either. This uncertain sure gets me. It's a funny thing, but I can't take it any more. Before evacuation I was a self-confident man, but now I'm afraid to do anything. I used to be cocky and I wouldn't take anything from anybody. But now, I'm scared to say anything to anybody. You the evacuation gave a lot of nisei inferiority complex. I'm not sure of myself the way I used to be. And I'm afraid to speak up and take chances.

"The trouble is, the Japanese have taken a helluva beating. We're a down trodden people. I lost a lot of money when evacua-

tion came. My barber business was just getting started and it was going good. Me and an issei partner opened up a shop in Los Angeles and between us, we put up \$1500 to get the shop started. I was making \$50 a week before evacuation and if we hadn't been kicked out of Los Angeles, I'd be making piles of money right now. Man, it took seven years to build up that trade. You know, that's the way the barber business is. It takes a long time to build up your trade. And I was just getting to the point where I could cash in on my customers. After the war broke out, our business was better than ever. I used to have a lot of workers from defense factories coming into my shop. On pay day they used to crowd our shop something terrific. Of course, after the war broke out a lot of those hakujin fellows quit coming to my place. But some of them didn't seem to mind it at all. They said it wasn't my fault that the war started and they didn't have any antagonism toward me at all. Of course, they said that they had to be careful because some of the other workers objected to their patronizing a Japanese shop. But I was having a good business then.

"When evacuation came, we had to sell the place. A jew named Freeman offered us \$50 for the place. Can you imagine that? We paid \$1500 to start the shop and this guy offers us \$50. Boy, that made me mad. I tell you, a lot of Japanese got hooked by those Jews. I almost kicked that guy out of our shop. I finally sold the place for \$200 to a Scotchman. That's the trouble when you're selling a business like that. You can't get anything back for what you put into it.

"Just after the war broke out I bought \$900 worth of furniture to fix up our house. We had a new refrigerator, nice davenport, new bedroom set. We had everything. I got it cheap from a wholesaler so it was good stuff. Man, we were happy. I was on top of the world. My wife was pleased as anything to have all that new furniture and all our friends used to come over and admire what we had. I'm a sociable guy and I like to invite guests over. And we used to have friends dropping in at our place all the time. When I tried to sell that furniture though, I could only get \$450 for it. Gee, that made me sad. I had to sell my car too. I just got it all fixed up and then I had to sell the thing and I took a big loss on that too. I didn't mind losing money on the deal so much but the trouble was, that I didn't want to sell any of it because we just got it and been so happy in our home.

"What a contrast when we went to Santa Anita. They stuck us in stables and there was horse manure all over the place. It stunk something terrible. My wife was so discouraged when she saw the place that she and another girl sat on their suit cases and cried. Gee, I wanted to cry too, but I figured that someone had to be manly so I told them, 'Hey, there's no use crying, because you got to make the best of it.' We got a lot of lysol, swept out the room clean and scrubbed the walls and floors so that there wouldn't be any germs around. I didn't want to have my little girl playing around there in a contaminated place.

"If I get drafted, my wife is going to stay right herex with my mother-in-law and her sister. It'll work out all right be-

cause she'll get \$80 a month from me and my mother-in-law says not to worry too because she can take care of the expenses. My sister in Honolulu wrote to me and told me not to worry about it because she would take care of my wife. That sister of mine has plenty of money. You've heard of the Pheasanton Hotel in Honolulu haven't you? It's the third biggest hotel in Honolulu. What she gets out of that place is no chicken feed. Right now she is worth half a million dollars. She's busier than ever since the war began because Honolulu is crowded with war workers. She asked me to come back right after the war began and I tried all kinds of ways to get my family back there but it was no go. You just can't get a pass to Hawaii from the Army. This sister is 52 years old. I don't know why, but she's always liked me best of all the kids. It's funny because I've been the black sheep of the family.

"At the time of evacuation, she was very much worried about us and sent me a check for \$350. She said to keep it and not to worry about paying it back because we'd need all of it in the evacuation. At Christmas time she sent me, my wife and little girl \$50 apiece as a gift. And then when I came out to Chicago she sent me another \$300 because she said I'd need it. She's never seen my wife except for a picture of her but she really likes her. It's a funny thing because she doesn't get along so well with the wives of my other brothers.

"When I went to camp, I had \$600 of my own money plus the \$350 that my sister sent me. I spent it all while I was in camp. Of course, now I wish I'd saved it. But when we were evacuated, I was so disgusted that I didn't give a damn about anything any

more. We kept buying things all the time from Sears Roebuck. My wife and I would go through the catalog and pick out everything we wanted and send for it. Our neighbors used to say that we spent a lot of money, but after evacuation nothing seemed to matter anymore. We had to enjoy ourselves somehow and I wanted to get everything that money could buy. For instance, we spent money getting tools to make furniture like I told you before.

"I've made lots of money in my time and now I wish I'd saved it all. The trouble was, I had a bad habit of gambling and I shot the whole works. I started cutting hair when I was 12 years old. I'm a natural barber. You'll notice that a natural barber is a lot better than these guys who learned to cut hair in barber colleges. There's something different about the technique of the man who's learned it himself. My mother used to cut hair for all of us kids but she got too busy bringing up 10 kids. One day my kid brother got bold enough to let me cut his hair. So I took out the clippers and scissors and went at it. That evening when my brothers came back, they said, 'Hey, Jim cuts hair all right.' After that, I cut hair for all the boys in the family. My old lady said, 'Terada ga yatte kureru nara sore wa ii.' She thought it was a good idea, because she was too busy anyway. Pretty soon the neighbor kids began coming around for haircuts from me and I cut their hair for 5 cents or 10 cents. I used to make pocket money that way.

"One day an issei barber who used to live near our place, found out about my hair cutting and he told me to come after school and make some pocket money at his place. I got only 15% commission in those days, but I got my start and pretty soon I

was making as much as \$15 a week. Man, I was flushed. You know how kids are at that age when they've got money in their pockets. I used to feel like a big shot. My mother was happy too. Of course, you know that barbers are considered a low class people among Japanese, but my mother told me, 'This is America and if it's something you can do well, it doesn't matter even if you make it your business.' My mother is more advanced than a lot of these issei women.

"After graduating high school, I decided that I'd open my own barbershop. I came over to the mainland and learned beauty culture too. When my mother died, she left each of us 10 kids \$2000 apiece. We never had too much money and I don't know how she did it but she scraped it together somehow. My big brother was pretty well off by then and he gave me some money too to help open the shop. I put up \$3500 and got a lot of nice new equipment. Boy, it was a neat little shop. We hired 3 girls to help in the beauty shop and I was making \$300 a month. I was only 21 then.

"Then I started gambling. There was a tailor shop next door to my place and a lot of issei and other guys used to get together and gamble all day. I started dropping in there now and then to play some hana and other card games. Pretty soon they got to calling me whenever there was a game going on. They'd come over and say, 'Hey, there's a good game, come on over.' I'd go over every time and spend my hours gambling. I used to play small for a while, but when I got to winning I became bolder. We used to play High Low with the hana cards. The ante would start out at 25 cents. Maybe I would lose \$5. Then I'd suggest that we

play for \$1.00 and pretty soon it was \$5.00. I was crazy. When I started losing I didn't give a damn about my customers anymore. They'd be waiting at the shop but I'd close up shop on them. Imagine, gambling during all the daylight hours. One day I lost \$750. I'd been losing pretty big that day and finally when I didn't have any more money, I got desperate and put up my shop as security. I decided to play all or nothing and I lost. After that I was completely broke. Imagine that, \$3500 gone just like that! I was a sucker to get drawn into those games. Now that I think of it, those issei guys were crooks. They used to stack the cards on me but I was too young to know the difference.

"Do you remember a ~~faixix~~ prize fighter named Sato? He was an old friend of mine and he turned up just at that time. He'd been touring Japan with another guy and he made plenty of dough on that trip. I ran into him one day and he says to me, 'Hey Jim, what's this I hear about you losing everything in a game?' I told him all about it and then what do you suppose he does? He pulls out a \$500 bill and hands it to me. I said I couldn't take it. I didn't know when I could pay him back. But this Sato said, 'Forget it.' He was flushed anyway and he wanted to help me out. Some friend, huh? I paid off all my debts with that money.

"About that time I got into another game and this was a big one. We were playing craps and I made \$1900 in one night. That time I had 13 passes. Man, I was hot. I've never had luck like that since but I was cleaning up on everybody that night. I paid back Sato with some of that money. I gave him an extra \$200 as interest. Sato said he didn't have to have the money back and

wouldn't take it but I told him about the crap game and of course he didn't mind taking the money back. I had to pay off some other debts too for lotions and a lot of stuff I bought. Besides, I went out and had a good time a couple of nights and before I knew it I had only \$150 left from what I had won at that crap game. Gee, it's amazing how money slips by. My big brother heard about my gambling and he was mad as anything. He told me he never wanted to see me again and told me to get out of town. I was mad. I said I'd go but I couldn't go with only \$150 so I thought I'd work until I had enough to get to the mainland.

"He said he'd give me \$500 to get on my way but I wouldn't touch it. I went to work digging ditches. Imagine that, there I drop from barber business to ~~x2~~ digging ditches. My brother was commissioner of public works in the city so he got the job for me. You could make good money digging ditches those days and pretty soon he promoted me to assistant foreman. But I used to be ashamed working at that job. My friends would come walking by and when they saw me they'd say in a surprised tone, 'Hey Jim, since when did you start working here?'. I used to wear one of those broad brimmed Hawaiian hats so that people wouldn't recognize me, but you know how it is in a small town. Everybody knows everybody else and pretty soon all my friends knew what I was doing. My big sister came by one day and was she mad.

"But I learned my lesson about gambling. No, I didn't quit. But I learned never to play with crooks anymore. I'll tell you why people gamble. I mean in the big money game. The reason for it is greed. You want to make big money quick and when you get into it, you just can't quit. Greed is the real reason why people

gamble.

"Now I play the horses. You never lose much that way. One thing about the horses, the thing is square and they pay up if ~~xxxx~~ you win. Playing cards with other ~~x~~ guys sometimes you collect a lot of I.O.U.'s but never get paid up. All last summer, I used to go to the race tracks now and then and I bring only \$20 or \$30. If I lost, that would be all I could lose. I learned never to bring more than that because if I carried a lot of money, I was tempted to use it on the horses.

"Not long after I arrived here in Chicago, I went to the racetracks.

I had about \$600, all the money I had in the world, right in my pocket when I went there. I didn't intend to use up that money, but before I knew it, I ran a bad streak of luck, and I was \$300 in the hole. Man, I was scared stiff. I could feel cold sweat running, and my face was white as a sheet. If my wife had been with me, I wouldn't have played my money that way. I didn't know what to do, but I decided to play a long shot in the hope of recovering my losses. I took a chance and bet \$50, and luckily I hit it on the nose. By the time I came home, I was thirty dollars ahead. What a relief. I never go to the tracks any more with a lot of money in my pocket."

JACK MIYAMARA

Draft

"Got your 1-A classification yet? You got it...yeah? I got mine too. We'll all be in the army pretty soon. It's a hell of a thing, huh. Lot's of my friends got their 1-A already. Maybe I won't pass the physical; I'm pretty soft now. I don't know what the army wants a broken down old horse like me for. Still, I try to keep myself in condition. You know, I used to be a boxer, pretty good one too, and I keep up on my calisthenics. Every day, I shadow box a little and exercise."

"I want to get my business straightened out so that I can go into the army anytime. If they take me, I'm going to send my wife back to camp. No use her being out here; she can't support herself and the baby. If I'd known the army was going to draft us, hell, I never would have left camp. What's the use of relocating if you get drafted just about the time you settle down. All the other boys I know feel the same way."

"I want a little more time before I get drafted. If I can save up some money before I go into the army, then I won't feel so bad. I'll have something to go on, eh. Right now, I'm not ready to go in."

"Army life is going to be one hell. I talk to boys who come up from Shelby, and even the guys who volunteered, they don't like it. It's a hard life. Boy, I don't know if I can take it; I'm not as young as I used to be. They give you actual combat situations and shoot bullets over your head. One soldier was telling me that practice going through barbed wire fences, and you gotta crawl close to the ground because they got machine guns shooting just two feet off the ground. One guy was crawling through and he raised the barbed wire with his hands like this (Jack demonstrates raising with his hands over his head) and a bullet clipped his finger off just like that. He forgot, see. Another guy forgot and raised his body a little bit, and he got a bullet through his shoulder. Damn near tore the thing off, and he almost died. I don't like that kind of business."

"What you going to do if you get drafted? You going to Shelby or Savage? Maybe Savage would be better for a fellow like you. Those Hawaiian boys down at Shelby are plenty tough. I know because I grew up with them, and I see them when they come out on furlough now. Cuss---man, those guys cuss every other word. And they're always looking for a fight. I don't think you'd get along with that bunch; you're different from their type. Course, you're not fresh, so I guess they wouldn't pick a fight with you. But your type is more the scholar, and you'd do better at Savage maybe."

"I heard a story from one of the boys who came out of Gila. One of the boys who was fighting in the South Pacific was captured by the Japanese army. When he turned up again in Australia,

Jack Miyahara
Feb. 18, 1944

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after they released him, he didn't have no tongue--they cut it out. He was plenty messed up. This boyz is supposed to be back in Gila now, and that's why the story got around. I don't know if it's true; you can't believe everything people talk about in the centers. But I don't think it would be healthy to be captured out in the Pacific. In a way, you can't blame them for feeling mad when they see somebody of their own kind fighting on the other side."

Housing

"I've been looking around for a new apartment, but it's pretty damn hard to find. You go up and down the streets, and then go up to an apartment building where they got a sign out, and they slam the door in your face. Or they tell you the apartments filled, and you know damn well its a lie because the signs still out the next day when you came around. I'm getting so I don't like to ask about apartments. Maybe those atrocity stories had something to do with it."

"I got to get a new place. Our landlady raised the rent on us two dollars a week. I told her she couldn't do that because it's against OPA regulations, and I refused to pay. She says the rent was lower than the OPA ceiling to begin with. So I went down to the OPA to ask them about it, and they said she couldn't do that to us, and promised to send somebody out to check on it. I went down a couple of times, but they haven't sent anybody out yet, so I've given up. This landlady is an Italian, name's Scarla. She's just like a gangster the way she acts. The first time she came up to raise the rent, I refused to pay, and she told us to get out. I wouldn't do either. Then one Sunday when we're at home, she came up with eight big Italians--just like gangsters. I had to pay up. Scarla's a famous gangster's name you know."

"There are twenty-seven Japanese living in our building. This Scarla doesn't own the building; she's just the manager for a Jewish fellow who owns the place. After she raised the rent on us, I noticed that she didn't include the extra two dollars on the receipt so I griped to her about it. She said it wouldn't matter because it was understood anyway. Nowadays, though, I notice she puts down the extra two dollars on the rent. I don't know what happened. (I suggested that this woman might be hi-jacking part of the rent without the knowledge of the owner.) You know what she did? She hasn't been providing the toilet paper, so my wife gets her own. But the other day, this Scarla went around demanding 10¢ from every tenant for toilet paper. She said the rent doesn't include toilet paper. She didn't come around to us because we get our own toilet paper, but my wife heard about it from one of her friends in the apartment. She raised the rent on everybody in the apartment too, and her proposition is that if they won't pay, they can get out. She's a bitch; a real gangster."

Apartment Enterprise

"I got a friend who is thinking of starting an apartment. Yeah, a Japanese guy. He's been looking around for some time now, but he hasn't decided on anything yet. I've been helping him look around, and the other day he saw a place that he thought was pretty good. They told him it would cost \$20,000, and he says, 'That's cheap,' so I figure he's got a lot of money. Any guy that says \$20,000 is cheap must have a lot of jack stowed away. I advised him to look for something on the South Side. The North Side is no good. Besides I don't want to go way out to the North Side; it's too far from my place of work here."

"I'm going to get an apartment from him if he opens up. I told him he ought to spend plenty of money getting good furniture and making things look good. He doesn't want to get anything dumpy, he wants a good place. If he charges forty-five or fifty a month say for three rooms, that'd be plenty good. You know, some of these landlords demand a hell of a price, and they don't give you anything. But this guy could make plenty of dough if he just charged a reasonable amount, and brought in all Japanese. That's what he's planning to do. I'll get the best apartment in the building because I know this guy. I want something on the first floor. It's too much trouble climbing up the stairs. I'll let you know if he opens up. It'd be a damn good set-up."

Nisei Pianist

"Say, have you heard this guy who plays the piano on the radio every afternoon about four o'clock. Yeah, he's a nisei kid. I didn't know about him, but one day I heard the announcer give his name. He's damned good too. You ought to listen to him; the boy's all right. I don't know which station it is, but he's on about every afternoon or so. I listen to him all the time."

Miyamoto Notes
Aug. 16, 1944
CH-14

James T. Mihara
(pseud.)

"Did Charlie tell you whether or not he got the two dollars I sent him? He got it? Good. You know, I completely forgot about it until just the other day. He lent me two dollars when I went down to the tax office, and I found out I had to pay ^{nine} ~~two~~ dollars for my 1932 tax. I was working as a chauffeur and butler then and I didn't include my board and room. They said I had to include that in my tax declaration. I was thinking of paying him right back and then I got my draft notice. I got so excited about that that I clean forgot about the money he lent me. Just the other day I remembered it, and last Sunday I went down to his place with Bronco to repay him. He wasn't in though, and I thought for a moment I'd leave it with an old hakujin woman back of Charlie's place. But Bronco told me you can't trust these hakujin dames; she might just pocket the two dollars and say nothing about it to Charlie. Then I'd be out both ways because I couldn't get back the two dollars and I'd still owe Charlie. That's why I sent it by mail."

"I can't understand the draft board. An old bag like me is no good to the Army any more, but some of these draft boards have no consideration. These California boards are damned dirty, you know. I was talking to Mr. Booth and he told me that ordinarily they wouldn't take a guy my age, especially since I've got a family to support, but he told me that some of those boards in California are just out to get the Japs and that's why I don't get any consideration. That's true though. The Illinois draft boards aren't interested in guys over thirty. I know one hakujin guy who's a little over thirty, has two kids, and he got a draft notice so he went to the induction station when he was called. He

was plenty worried. But when he got down there, they said to him "what are you doing here" and said they didn't want anybody his age, said it must be a mistake, and sent him home. He was plenty glad to get out of it. The California boards ~~are~~ are either out to get every nisei into the army, or they keep them on 4-C, alien status. They talk about democracy in this country, but I can't believe it when I see some of these things. (I remarked that I thought it was too bad because he was of an age that was least useful to the army, and the war in Europe at least was likely to be over soon.)

"You believe that the war's going to be over soon? I don't. I don't think the German's will be beat before six months. I think all this talk about the war ending before then is a lot of wishful thinking on the part of Americans. If the United States didn't say unconditional surrender, the situation would be different. If they said a negotiated peace, the Germans would consider coming to terms--the same thing would be true of Japan too--but they're not going to give in when they talk about unconditional surrender. Because of that kind of talk, the German government can tell its people they're going to be annihilated if they're defeated, and the Germans fight all the harder when their pushed back to their own wall. The unconditional surrender idea is just ammunition for the other guy; they can use it to make their people fight. I tell you, it's going to be a long time before the war's over unless they change their tune about peace terms. (Mihara reads the Tribune which may influence his thinking.)

"Russia is going to be the dangerous country from now on. Funny thing, they won't even let this country have an air station

in Siberia. There's a Russian guy who comes into the barber shop, and he says to me the other day, "Your people and mine, we'll never fight against each other. We've got an agreement, you know." He says it that way to me. I says, "What? What you talking about?" because I don't trust any of these hakujin guys. You can't tell when you might get into trouble shooting your mouth off, and I'm mighty careful these days of what I say. He says to me, "You're Japanese-American aren't you? You're people and mine, we've got a pact not to go to war against each other. We're never going to have any trouble between us. Russia is for Japan." I says, "I don't know anything about that sort of thing. I was born here in America, and I don't know anything about Japan." This Russian guy just says to me, "Well, you'll understand some day." He's sure a funny guy. But you can't tell what these guys coming into the shop are, and so I just kind of let them do all the talking.

"This business of the darft really gets me down. I'm just getting started in this barber shop on the North Side, it's at 1116 N. Clark St., and I'm doing a nice business. All I ask is just six months more, then I'd be ready to go, but this way I have to give up the thing when I was just getting started. I feel we've been kicked around enough, and it's about time they gave us a break. But, hell, the keto want us to give them everything, and they give us nothing in return. If this country treated everybody on an equal basis, I'd say nothing about it. But here they don't draft the white guys over thirty, but they pick up a guy like me. It gets a guy down after a while. You get mad. Still, with all the things that are wrong, this country is still the best place to

live. I wouldn't think of living in Japan, or anywhere else. I intend to stay in this country; maybe go back to Hawaii."

(Note: There is a fundamental ambiguity in Jim's reaction to the United States. At one and the same time, he feels that the country is undemocratic in its treatment of him on the draft question, and yet he feels convinced that this is the best country in the world. I wonder to what extent a newspaper like the Tribune produces a split in the thinking of nisei. To put it another way, I wonder if nisei readers who are sympathetic to the views of the Tribune don't bring out sharply the basic contradiction in the point of view of the Tribune. Jim is perhaps somewhat more pro-isolationist Japan than most nisei, and the Tribune/foreign policy with its attack upon Roosevelt's collective security idea would appeal to Jim's defence of the "Japanese and German underdog" positions. At the same time, the pro-Americanism of the Tribune gives Jim a definite feeling that America is the best country in the world in spite of its ills. This is pure speculation, but the thought seems plausible.)

"The WRA ought to do something about the Near North Side. Too many guys have been getting into trouble up there recently. You heard about the two guys who were put in jail the other day. They were taking out some white girls, and a couple of white sailors came along and says to them, "What the hells the idea of going out with these yellow bellies while we're fighting for this country over there." One of the girls got mad and she pulled out a knife and stabbed one of the sailors. But the story of who did the stabbing didn't come out, and the nisei kids got picked up for it.

They're hanging around the beer taverns around there too much, and getting into trouble with the service men up in that district. One of these days, somebody's really going to get mixed up in some bad situation. The place that's really bad is that Playtime Tavern. Some Japanese guy put up \$5,000 interest and went into partnership there. Ever since, the nisei have been crowding in there and playing around with the hakujin girls who hang around that tavern. I guess the idea was to draw the Japanese trade and that's why this guy bought an interest, but there are plenty of sailors hanging around there too and there's a fight almost every other night because the sailors don't like to see the white girls going around with the nisei. You know, you get drunks and guys who are out for a good time, and there's bound to be some trouble. The nisei kids ought to know better than to hang around too much with the hakujin dames."

"Tarzan got picked up the other night and spent a night in jail. He's been stepping around with the wife of a marine. I've seen her around; she's not a bad looking gal. I guess she's one of these dames who'd sleep with anybody. Anyway, Tarzan and she were up in her room, sleeping without anything on because it was a hot night when the cops came along and picked them up. I guess somebody who knew they were there squealed on them. They got taken to jail, but after a while they let Tarzan off without any fine because he's only nineteen, but the woman had to pay twenty-five bucks because she's around thirty."

"Tarzan's got no sense. You can't trust him either because he goes around stealing things. He hasn't got any more sense than a kid, and ignorant, oh, man, that guys so dumb you'd never believe

it. The draft boards been after him, but when he got his 1-A card and a notice to appear for a physical, he said he didn't understand what it was all about and he tore the thing up and threw it away. They finally caught up with him, and told him the next time he failed to report, he'd be sent to the penitentiary. The police court has a record on him too because of some other trouble he got into, and they told him the next time he was pulled in, they'd send him to the penitentiary. He's just plain ignorant. You have to treat him like a kid. Every once in a while he comes in with lip stick smeared all over him. I guess he goes out with his dame and kisses her so hard that he gets it all over his face. And then he comes around and wants the other guys to admire him. Some guy'll say to him, "Hey, Taraan, you've got lipstick all over your face." He makes believe he didn't know about it, and then he tells all about how he kissed the dame and all that business. He shows off like a kid. One time he tried to tell me that stuff, so I told him, "Cut out that monkey talk. It makes me sick and makes you look silly. I don't want to hear it." That's the way you have to handle him."

"I guess intermarriage is going to solve all this problem of discrimination, but the guys up on the North Side are going around with these cheap women that won't do them any good."

~~"Bronco got in a scrap over at the Playtime the other night. There's a Manchu around. He's a peculiar guy; he's Manchurian but he talks beautiful Japanese. Anyway, this guy was sitting around the bar and he's always bragging about how he fights. He was shooting his mouth off this night about "Orera wa judo no~~
"Bronco got in a scrap over at the Playtime the other night. There's a Manchu around. He's a peculiar guy; he's Manchurian but he talks beautiful Japanese. Anyway, this guy was sitting around the bar and he's always bragging about how he fights. He was shooting his mouth off this night about "Orera wa judo no

sandan dakara America-jin mo kenka suru niwa totemo makenai."
(I'm a third class judo man so I wouldn't possibly be beaten fighting against anyone using the American style of fighting.) He was blowing off like that, and then for some reason he started picking on Bronco. Bronco's kind of small, you know, and he doesn't look like a very tough customer. But Bronco's an awfully quick tempered guy and he won't take an insult from anybody. So when this guy brags to him, Bronco says, "Come on outside." I guess this guy thought this was a cinch, so he says, "Any time", and they went outside. Right away, the Manchurian dove for Bronco and threw him three times with an "osei-nage"(Shoulder throw). I guess Bronco was pretty groggy and he was bruised and cut all over. The fourth time this guy rushed in though, Bronco watched him and then let him have it right on the side of the head. The guy went down, and when he came back, he let him have it again and knocked him down. Bronco was beating the hell out of this guy when they got into a clinch somehow, and then this guy takes a big bite out of Bronco's arm. I guess that really got Bronco mad; and when he gets mad, he's a mean customer. Bronco just let him have it with all he had until somebody said the cops were coming. Bronco's brother-in-law was with him, he's the guy who told me about it, and so he grabbed Bronco and started to pull him away because he didn't want Bronk to mix with the cops. About the time they got half a block away though, Bronco got away and he went back and socked the Manchurian a couple of more times until some white guys who'd been watching it said that was enough and stopped the fight."

"But the issei fight like that though, dirty. Still you can beat a guy using judo any time if you know how to handle your mitts.

I know because I fought with an issei once, and I know the guy regrets to this day that he picked a fight with me. It happened this way. My older brother was the one who got me into this fight. He took a girl out to a dance, I was there too, and we were all dressed up in tuxedo and everything. My brother was getting some punch when Otto Yamaoka came along and hit him on the back so hard that it knocked my brother's face against the punch bowl and he chipped off half a tooth in front. You know Otto, don't you. He used to be a boisterous guy in those days, although he's changed a lot since then; I don't know what was wrong with him. My brother turned around and says, "What's the idea?" and Otto says, "Can't you take a joke?" But my brother was sore because Otto had knocked part of his tooth off, and so Otto wanted to fight about it. Otto used to go around claiming that he was a judo ni-dan (second grade) and he was in top condition because he weighed around 150 pounds then and was still playing football. My brother weighted only about 122 pounds, he's a small fellow, so he called me over and said, "You've got to fight him, Jim, because he's too big for me." I weighed only 130 then, but I was doing quite a bit of amateur boxing then--used to fight as a featherweight--so I was in good condition. I says to my brother, "Is it a cause worth fighting for?" because I wasn't going to fight unless there was a good reasons for it. He told me about it, so I went up to Otto and told him, "Come on, if you want to fight, put up your dukes." Otto knew I was a boxer, so he says, "You stay out of this. This is between me and your brother." I said, "If you're going to fight my brother, you got to fight me." But Otto wouldn't fight. In-

stead of waiting for him to start anything, I gave him one because I always figure it's better to get the jump on the other fellow than to wait until he starts anything. Otto went down, but he came back crouching judo style. He tripped me by pinning my legs--you know how the judo guys do it--and then he jumped on me. Those issei guys fight dirty, they won't let you get up. He kicked me, and then jumped on me and then put the kubi-shime (choke hold) on me. He was trying to knock me out and, man, I felt weak, but I knew a little about judo too so I slapped him under the arm and elbow, like this, and when he let go, I gave it to him. He came back diving football style, and this time I let him have it. I led with my left and then when he put up his guard, I gave him my right. You know, most guys are suckers for a left jab. You give it to them with the left, like this, and when they put up their guard, you cross them with a right hook, It never fails. Otto went down, but he kept coming back. Jeez, I knocked him down half a dozen times, but, boy, he was a tough fellow. I finally got him, but it took plenty to do it."

"His younger brother, Henry, was tougher than Otto. He weighed a hundred-sixty, and he was even more rugged than Otto. He wanted to fight me because I'd picked on his brother. I didn't want to fight, but since I couldn't get out of it, we went at it. I socked him once over the eye with everything I had, and he didn't do any more than bat his eye. I don't know how many times I hit him, but he wouldn't go down. Christ, that guy just kept coming in and I couldn't lay him out. I got scared when I saw that, so I ran out of the garage where we were fighting and called for my

pals but they weren't anywhere around. Henry was pretty big, but he was fast too, and I was having one helluva time trying to get away from him. I ran toward the pool hall where my friends hung out and kept calling to them. Just when I thought I was going to get beaten to a pulp, my pals came along. I'm ashamed to say that we finally had to gang up on him. I've never run into anybody as tough as Henry. He just wouldn't go down. One thing about Henry, though, he fought clean. When he knocked me down, he wouldn't jump on me and kick me around like the issei do, but he just stood up there and keeps telling me, "Get up and fight like a man." That only scared me more because he wouldn't scare. After that, though, he and I became the best of friends, especially because our brothers didn't appreciate what we did for them."

As I was leaving, Jim again mentioned the money he'd borrowed from Charlie. I guess he really had a bad conscience about it for when my brother-in-law, Shig, went there two days ago, Jim told him all about it apparently with the idea that Shig would tell me so that I would tell Charlie. Paying debts is apparently a matter of honor with Jim.

HEARING OF JACK ROKU MIYAHARA

Robertson: This is a hearing in the case of Jack Roku Miyahara. Mr. Miyahara this hearing has been delayed at your personal request. Is that right?

Miyahara: Yes, but the offer for a hearing was made just two weeks ago.

Robertson: You are advised that anything you say in this hearing may be used against you in the future and that you have the right to be represented by counsel. If you desire counsel this hearing will be continued until such time as counsel is available.

Miyahara: To whatever I am about to say, I hope that you will not think of me as being hostile. I have been here for nearly four months and if I should ask for legal counsel at this time, it would only cause an indefinite delay, therefore, under the circumstances I am forced to waive the right to be represented by counsel.

Robertson: (Oath) Your name is Jack Roku Miyahara?

Miyahara: Yes.

Robertson: The docket which was forwarded to Leupp from the Heart Mountain Relocation Center contains a statement of three charges. We will take these charges in order and discuss them separately. No. 1. Jack Roku Miyahara, former chief of the warehouse at the Heart Mountain Hospital is specifically charged with the following offenses against law and order at the Heart Mountain Relocation Center: Promoting and conducting a party dance held in the hospital mess hall and attended by hospital employees in direct contravention of order of the project director. No. 2. The organization and perpetuating of what he chose to call his "own gang" for the purpose of administering beatings to other evacuees with whom he might be in disagreement. No. 3. Inciting hospital employees to absent themselves from duty for a period of several days on and after June 24, 1943 to the detriment of effective project administration and endangering the lives of hospital patients.

Robertson: (Read excerpts of statements) You have heard the charges and excerpts. Let me read the first charge. (Charge No. 1 read.) Do you wish to plead guilty or not guilty.

Miyahara: Not guilty.

Robertson: Do you wish to make a statement at this time?

Miyahara: I object to the evidence on the ground that I have not been given an opportunity to cross question the party or parties making the accusation. I request that charge No. 1 be dismissed against me.

Robertson: Do you wish to make a statement in defense of yourself?

Miyahara: Yes. As to the matter of the party dance, I thought it was all settled. The social was held during the early part of this year-- around April or May. As far as we hospital employees were concerned, in order to conduct a social, a permit was required. Besides this permit (which we received from Mr. Kurtz, Head of the Recreation Department), it was necessary to secure the Fire Department's permission, the mess hall chef's okay and consent of the Printing Department to make up the bids. All these matters were attended to and permission and consent received in writing. The day after the social, I was called into Dr. Irwin's office at which time I thought I had explained everything quite satisfactorily because after

presenting him with the facts and my offer to resign he said, "I know you wouldn't do anything over my head. Don't talk of quitting. Everything's alright."

Robertson: You were responsible for promoting this party, Jack?

Miyahara: No one in particular promoted it. It was spontaneous in origin. One day after lunch, everybody stopped by the entrance to the hospital mess hall to discuss a social. No committees were organized. The girls offered to make the refreshments, the head of the laundry department offered to attend to the permit from the recreation department, the business managers of the hospital volunteered to see the Fire Chief, and a boy from the warehouse promised to make the arrangements for bids.

Robertson: What part did you play, Jack?

Since there wasn't any convenient place to report upon the progress of the social, I consented to let the workers meet in the warehouse to discuss the various matters. For this reason Dr. Irwin accuses me of promoting the social. Incidentally, after my talk with Dr. Irwin in regard to the social, I showed the permit (which was endorsed by Mr. Kurtz, recreation head, the fire chief and the mess hall chef) to Mr. High, the hospital maintenance superintendent when he dropped by the warehouse. Mr. High commented that he didn't see why Dr. Irwin made such a big fuss when everything was conducted according to existing rules.

Robertson: Did you participate?

Miyahara: Yes, as a guest. I had a good time. If I am guilty, there are some 300 odd employees who are just as guilty.

Robertson: What did you do with the permit?

Miyahara: I kept it and on the night of the social, placed it on the refreshment table so that when the police or fire department made their routine checks it would be in full view for their inspection.

Robertson: Do you know where the permit is now?

Miyahara: It's impossible to say.

Robertson: Did you have files?

Miyahara: Yes, but the permit was not filed away. I wrote to my wife about it and a search was conducted, but it was not found. Any employee who was working at the hospital at the time cannot deny seeing the permit. It was prominently displayed on the refreshment table on the night of the social.

Robertson: Didn't you think it necessary to receive Dr. Irwin's permission to conduct the social?

Miyahara: We were given to understand that socials at the hospital were to be conducted in the same manner as all other socials in the camp. I, as well as the rest of the workers, understood that the hospital mess hall was a part of the center mess division and not a part of the hospital, hence we did not bother Dr. Irwin about it.

Robertson: Is there anything further you can think of to add on that particular charge?

Miyahara: In a proper court of law, I would be either represented by counsel or be given the chance to cross question the witness or witnesses testifying, but here in Leupp I am rather helpless to prove my innocence.

Robertson: Do you have anything to say regarding the insinuation that you had an organized gang?

Miyahara: I object to that on the ground that I have not been given the opportunity of cross questioning the party or parties making the insinuation.

Robertson: There is no evidence and you are not charged with it.

Miyahara: According to the statement you have read to me, Dr. Irwin is the person who has made the insinuation against me. Dr. Irwin is a liar as well as a hypocrite. He knew that I was an adviser of the Hawaiian Club, an organization made up of niseis born in the Hawaiian Islands. The members of the club were very active in community activities, especially sports. Dr. Irwin once insinuated to me that the Hawaiians were a reckless bunch to which I replied that although I had been a resident of the Heart Mountain Center since its opening, I did not hear of a single gang fight or trouble caused by members of the Hawaiian Club. To Dr. Irwin's query of whether I would use "my boys" (as he terms it) to fulfill my personal ends, I very angrily told him that I fought my own battles and that I wasn't afraid of anybody as long as I was in the right. Dr. Irwin, true to form, has completely twisted this conversation to make it appear as though I were a gangster.

Robertson: You didn't make the boys under you at the warehouse work?

Miyahara: That's true enough. I never forced them to do anything against their will. People in the camp just can't be expected to work as much as those on the outside--not when there's such a tremendous difference in the matter of wages. It must be remembered that we weren't in the centers of our own free will. Dr. Irwin told me on several occasions that I worked too hard and added that I should make the boys under me work harder. I answered that when there was a lot of work to be done, the fellows were all very cooperative but otherwise the general feeling among them (which is the same all over the camp) is--why should they break their backs for \$16.00 a month? Naturally as manager, I went ahead and did whatever was necessary to fulfill each day's requirements. Dr. Irwin is an awful hypocrite. Several times when he came into the warehouse, he saw the boys sitting around or reading magazines. He would just put on his best smile and slap everybody on the shoulder with a "How are you boys?" Then later he would take me into hand for letting the boys take it too easy. I was getting mighty disgusted so I offered to resign several times. He refused to consider my resignation and expressed his appreciation of the work I had done during the early stages of the camp opening. I used to work up to very late hours (without extra pay) to install a system in the warehouse. None of the other boys cared to stay till late because the morgue was located right in the warehouse and the thought of dead bodies nearby was too much for them.

Robertson: If there is nothing more, we will go on with the second charge. (Charge No. 2 read.) Guilty or not guilty.

Miyahara: Not guilty.

Robertson: I believe, Jack, that you have already answered that charge.

Miyahara: Yes, I have.

Robertson: (Charge No. 3 read.) Before you answer that charge, Jack, I want you to know that there is testimony from workers in the hospital who state that you were responsible for the hospital strike. How do you wish to plead?

Miyahara: Not guilty. Whatever evidence there is against me, I request that it be stricken off the records and the charge dropped on the grounds that the names of the "informers" are being withheld from me, also the fact that I have not been given the chance to cross question these "informers." I also challenge the character and truthfulness of the evidence.

Robertson: Mr. Miyahara, the dockets, or docket in this case reveals statements by hospital employees that there is no doubt that Jack Roku Miyahara and Mitsugi Aiso instigated the walk out of the hospital employees.

Miyahara: According to the testimony of the four informers that you have read to me, none of them actually brought forth any concrete proof or fact that I was the instigator of the strike--they admit by their own testimony that they are assuming that I was the instigator. What if I were fighting for my life? Would a judge or jury convict me on such testimony? Out of the three hundred and fifty odd employees who were all questioned individually at the time of the walk out, only four have evidently been coerced into testifying against me.

Robertson: Let me ask you a few questions. You have denied taking part in the strike, have you not?

Miyahara: Yes. I had been recently discharged from the surgery ward after a double hernia operation (a major operation). Before being sent home, I was instructed to remain in bed for at least another two weeks.

Robertson: How long prior to the time the workers walked out did you receive this operation?

Miyahara: I was operated upon during the latter part of May or the early part of June, 1943.

Robertson: How long were you in the hospital?

Miyahara: Close to a month. The results turned out rather poorly; not through the carelessness of the doctor or the people who handled me, but through circumstances. The incisions became infected so I was discharged on the condition that I remain in bed and have my wife (who resigned as nurses aide) to look after me at home.

Robertson: How long before the strike occurred did you hear about it?

Miyahara: Close to a week before. It wasn't a secret. Practically everyone knew about it. If Dr. Irwin really was a sincere person, he could have avoided the trouble by calling a mass meeting, but he hasn't enough nerve to face a crowd. Many times while I was a patient in the ward, boys and girls would come in to tell me about the contemplated strike. My wife who was working in the ward was very much annoyed and told these people not to get me involved as I had resigned from my position long before this and that we, mywife, son and I, were planning to relocate as soon as I recovered from my operation.

Robertson: Have you applied for leave clearance?

Miyahara: Yes.

Robertson: Had it been granted?

Miyahara: No, but I received the Eastern Defense Clearances.

Robertson: Did you talk to many people about the strike?

Miyahara: Yes, but I did not seek them out. They called on me at my home and asked me for my opinion. My wife was disgusted at the hospital employees who were constantly coming to my home to discuss the strike. She asked them to remember that I was a sick man. To this, they all replied that they only wanted my opinion.

Robertson: Did you ever attend any group meeting regarding this strike?

Miyahara: Yes. One day after the dressing on my incisions was changed at the hospital I went down to the warehouse to wait for an ambulance to take me home. A woman, Beulah Goto, accompanied by Henry Nishizu (both employees of the hospital) persuaded me to attend a meeting which they claimed was being held under the knowledge and consent of the administration. I refused to go. About fifteen minutes later they returned and kept on nagging me to come. I finally went on the condition that I wouldn't be called upon to speak. There were forty or fifty people there. The group apparently had permission to conduct this meeting as it was held at a block recreation building. At this time, an employee, Mrs. Kay Kushino stood up and denounced Dr. Irwin and Miss Van Kirk, chief nurse. Mrs. Kushino had personal reasons for her antagonism. She had been reprimanded on several occasions by Miss Van Kirk because she (Mrs. Kushino) was not at her post of duty. She mentioned a lot of things which the Clinic Department (of which she was a member) had against Dr. Irwin and Miss Van Kirk. She was more or less the self-appointed chairman of the meeting. She kept on calling individuals from the crowd to air their grievances. In the meantime this woman, Beulah Goto, who without a doubt is an informer, made out a list of all those present and disappeared. A fellow by the name of James Nakano (laboratory worker) stood up and did a lot of talking. He waved a termination slip in his hand and ended by saying, "I've been fired, so what?" When I was asked to say something (although I was promised that it wouldn't happen), I told the crowd that it was my opinion that Dr. Irwin's refusal to heed the reasonable and constructive requests made by the employees for the betterment of the hospital was the root of all the trouble. I ended by saying, "as far as I can see, you people want Dr. Irwin out of the hospital." Many of my friends in the Heart Mountain Center have verified the fact that Miss Goto acted as stool pigeon for the administration. I realize now why she insisted on my presence at the meeting.

Robertson: Who else talked at this meeting?

Miyahara: Henry Nishizu. He very strongly denounced both Dr. Irwin and Miss Van Kirk. According to Nishizu he had been in several arguments with the two and on each occasion "told them off."

Robertson: Who else was at the meeting?

Miyahara: John Nakano. (Not to be confused with James Nakano). This John Nakano once said in front of a group that he was fed up

with the high handed manner in which Dr. Irwin and Miss Van Kirk tried to run the hospital and that everyone should do something about it. I heard this myself. A few days after the meeting, Mrs. Kushino came to my home (unasked) with several hospital girls. She wanted me to persuade the girls to stay away from work, but my wife answered for me. She was really burned up by then so she told Mrs. Kushino not to bother me as I was still sick and to have the girls decide for themselves. Mrs. Kushino left right away with the girls.

Robertson: Have you formed an opinion as to whom was responsible for the strike?

Miyahara: At the time the director of the center put me through a very unfair questioning. The director, the project attorney, chief of internal security police and a stenographer put me through a barrage of questions in the most antagonistic way. I asked for counsel and was told to just answer the questions if I knew what was good for me. The director kept on annoying me so much that I finally said in disgust, "Sure I know the leaders of the strike, but I won't tell you." That was said in a moment of excitement, but the truth is that it just a guess on my part.

Robertson: You made a statement to me once before, Jack, that you had an idea there were three responsible for the strike.

Miyahara: My opinion was reached because of their actions and their speech before the strike. One person in particular was expecting to be terminated from work. This woman was naturally very antagonistic and bitter towards Dr. Irwin and Miss Van Kirk. I understand that this very person testified against me in exchange for immunity from the administration's wrath.

Robertson: Have you ever had anyone say to you that they had the opinion that these three people were responsible for the strike?

Miyahara: Yes. It was common knowledge that these three were hypocrites. They were always talking about fighting for their rights but in front of the Caucasian staff members, their attitude would be altogether different. When they talked to administration officials, they were very cooperative, and when they talked with the evacuees, they were agitators.

Robertson: Do you care to name these people?

Miyahara: No. Mr. Robertson, you have associated with the Japanese people in the past. I'm sure you understand why I refuse to divulge their names. Any Japanese who names another Japanese in any trouble, whether he is justified in doing so, is ostracized by the community. Any right minded Japanese would agree with me on that.

Robertson: ^{You} Would rather serve a sentence than reveal the names of the people whom you suspect?

Miyahara: Yes. I have already served nearly four months and intend to stick to my decision.

Robertson: Do you have anything else you'd like to say before I close this hearing?

Miyahara: Yes. Before a decision is reached in regard to this hearing, will I be given the privilege of posting bail?

Robertson: I would say no.

Miyahara: May I offer into evidence these statements, affidavits, and documents in behalf of my defense?

Robertson: What do they represent?

Miyahara: Affidavits of hospital workers and friends, also documents pertaining to myself.

Robertson: This will be received as defendant's exhibit No. 1.

Miyahara: I would like to include a statement prepared by myself.

Robertson: This will be received as defendant's exhibit No. 2. Anything else you would like to add before we close?

Miyahara: Nothing now.

Robertson: I now call this hearing closed.