

CH 21

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

SCHEDULE FOR INDIVIDUAL RESETTLERS

Date of interview Nov. 8, 1943 Interviewer Charles Kikuchi

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

4. Present address 65 W. Maple (Maple Manor)

5. Later addresses \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ " \_\_\_\_\_

6. Birthplace Seattle, Wash. 7. Birthdate Nov. 7, 1916

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

10. Addresses between Dec. 1, 1941 and evacuation

(a) Seattle Date all life

(b) \_\_\_\_\_ " \_\_\_\_\_

(c) \_\_\_\_\_ " \_\_\_\_\_

(d) \_\_\_\_\_ " \_\_\_\_\_

(e) \_\_\_\_\_ " \_\_\_\_\_

11. Assembly Center Puyallup Date April 30, 1942

12. Relocation Center Minidoka Date Sept., 1942

13. Addresses between time of leaving Relocation Center and present

(a) Y.M.C.A. Chicago Date May, 1943

(b) 65 W. Maple " end of May

(c) \_\_\_\_\_ " \_\_\_\_\_

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

(a) Daiji settler Father

(b) Itsue mother

(c) Daisho brother

(d) Daiki self

(e) Fumi sister

(f) Miyo sister

(g) Daisuke brother

(h) \_\_\_\_\_

(i) \_\_\_\_\_

(j) \_\_\_\_\_

(k) \_\_\_\_\_

(l) \_\_\_\_\_

(m) \_\_\_\_\_

15. Persons living in household on evac. day  
(If same as 14, enter symbol, e.g. 14(a).) Relationship to Re-

(a) \_\_\_\_\_ settler

(b) \_\_\_\_\_

(c) \_\_\_\_\_

(d) \_\_\_\_\_

(e) \_\_\_\_\_

(f) Miyo went to Chicago before Evacuation

(g) and later to New York

(h) \_\_\_\_\_

(i) \_\_\_\_\_

(j) \_\_\_\_\_

(k) \_\_\_\_\_

(l) \_\_\_\_\_

(m) \_\_\_\_\_

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15. continued	-			Grade compl.	Educ.in	Occupation	Relig.
Age	Sex	M.S.	Birthplace	Amer.school	Japan	Dec. 1, 1941	Affil.
(a) 63	M	M	Japan		8th	Rest. Op.	Cong.
(b) 55	F	M	Japan		8th	Rest.	"
(c) 28	M	S	Seattle	15th U.W.		Union	none
(d) 27	M	S	"	12th		Waiter	none
(e) 24	F	S	"	12th		Waitress	Cong.
(f) 23	F	M	"	12th		"	"
(g) 21	M	S	"	12th		Rest.	None
(h)							
(i)							
(j)							
(k)							
(l)							
(m)							

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

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

16, continued -

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

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

#15

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

#15



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18. continued -

Just before departure to Assembly Center or Free Zone \_\_\_\_\_

#15

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

Upon arrival: \_\_\_\_\_

#15

Daisuke went in advance. Lived separately

Just before leaving Project: \_\_\_\_\_

Fumi, Daisho, Daiki, Daisuke left in order

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) Lived with 3 or 4 other nisei					
(b)					
(c)					
(d)					
(e)					
(f)					

20. continued -

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

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

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



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	
Bailey Gatzers and Pacific (Seattle)		1922-30	8th	
Grammar schools (name and location)		Dates	Grade completed	
High schools (name and location)		Dates	Grade completed	
Broadway High, Seattle		1930-35	12th	
Colleges, universities and vocational schools (name and location)		Dates	Grade completed	Degree
U. of Washington, Seattle		1940-41	14th	
Attendance at Japanese language school, location				
Kokugo Gakko, Seattle		Dates		
1000 students; run by Japanese community with donations		1922-30		



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

9/42 - 10/42  
Report  
ministry

Dates	Attended what church	Where attended	What Sunday sch.
	Congregational Church	most of life in	Seattle when
	he did go to church		

Dates	Voted in what elections	For what party
1938	State	Democratic
1940	Presidential	"
1942	didn't vote	



2. Minidoka, 9/3/42
3. Puyallup 4/28/42
4. 1721 Bush Place, Seattle, Wash.
5. Daiji Miyagawa, Japan  
Itsue Miyamoto, Japan
- 5a. U.S. cook Abroad farmer
7. Grammar school, Pacific, Seattle, Wash. 1922 to 1930  
High school, Broadway, Seattle, 1930 to 1935  
College U. of Wash., Seattle, 1940 to 1942
- 7a. College newspaper
8. None
12. 64 118 lbs.
13. No major defects
18. Single
19. Brother
20. 11/7/16
23. Yes
24. Coll. 2
25. Speaks Japanese
27. Journalism
- 27a.---
28. 1937 to 1941 Restaurant, 107 Wash. St., Cook's aid-waiter \$65 mo.  
Seattle, Washington  
1935 to 1935 Western Growers Assoc. Trucking \$25 mo.  
Produce House, Seattle
29. Reporting and other newspaper writing, phonograph record collecting  
O.P. Journalist
30. Congregational

Daiki's father, Daiji Miyagawa

2. Minidoka 9/4/42
3. same
4. same
5. Miyagawa, Shichisaku (dec.) Japan  
Miyagawa, Ura. (dec.) Japan
- 5a. Abroad farmer
7. Grammar school, Tozaki Shogakko, Japan 1887 to 1892  
High school, Kangaku Juku, Japan 1892 to 1894
- 7a. Specialization Chinese classic at Kangaku Jushin
8. Japan 1881-1902
12. 60 $\frac{1}{2}$  105 lbs.
13. No major defect
18. Married
19. Father
20. 1/10/1881
23. No
24. Japan Gram 5 Kangaku 2
25. Speaks English
27. Rest. Mgr.
- 27a.---
28. 1925 to 1942 Self, son (3/42-4/42) Proprietor, cook and mgr.  
Restaurant, Seattle  
1923-1925 Bartell Drug Dish washing-lunch counter \$20  
Rhodes 10 cent Store (Lunch counter-washing glasses)  
(part time)  
1909-1923 Self Gen. Merchandise Proprietor & Salesman Unknown  
Seattle



Daiki's father, Daiji Miyagawa, continued

- 29. None
- 30. Congregational

Daiki's mother, Itsue Miyagawa

- 2. same
- 3. same
- 4. same
- 5. Miyamoto, Buso (dec.) Japan  
Okawa, Sao - (dec.) Japan
- 5a. Abroad farmer
- 7. Grammar school, Waifu Shogakko, Japan, 1895 to 1903
- 7a.---
- 8. Japan 1889-1914
- 12. 60 115 lbs.
- 13. No major defects
- 18. Married
- 19. Mother
- 20. 12/20/1889
- 23. No
- 24. Japan Gram.8
- 25. No English
- 27. Cook
- 27a.---
- 28. 1942 to 1942 Miyagawa, Daisho son      Cook      \$40 mo.  
                                 Restaurant, Seattle
- 1914-1942      Housewife
- 29.---
- 30. Congregational Church

Daiki's brother, Daisho Dyke Miyagawa

- 2. Minidoka 8/10/42
- 3. Puyallup 4/28/42
- 4. same
- 5. Daiji Miyagawa      Japan  
    Itsue Miyamoto      Japan
- 5a. U.S. cook      Abroad farmer
- 7. Grammar school, Pacific School, 1921 to 1929  
    High school, Broadway high, 1929 to 1933  
    College, Univ. of Washington, 1936 to 1941
- 7a. Majored in English
- 8. None
- 12. 64 120 lbs.
- 13. Osteomyelitis in left leg; left leg crippled
- 18. Single
- 19. Head
- 20. 7/21/15
- 23. No
- 24. Coll. 3
- 25. Speaks Japanese
- 27. Union official
- 27a. Writer



Daiki's brother, Daisho Dyke Miyagawa, continued

- |  |                                     |           |
|--|-------------------------------------|-----------|
| 28. 1937 to 1942 Cannery workers and<br>farm laborers. | Executive Board and<br>press agent. | \$25 wk.  |
| 1941 to 1942 H. Hirabayashi<br>Orpheum Hotel, Seattle  | Hotel clerk                         | \$90 mo.  |
| 1939 to 1941 Nakat Packing Corp.<br>Seattle, Wn.       | Timekeeper                          | \$300 mo. |
29. Writing; labor organizing  
30. Congregational

Daiki's sister, Fumi Miyagawa

2. Minidoka, 9/3/42  
3. Puyallup, 4/8/42  
4. same  
5. Miyagawa, Daiji Japan  
Miyamoto, Itsue Japan  
5a. U.S. restaurant  
7. Grammar school, Washington, Seattle 1924 to 1933  
High school, Broadway Hi., Seattle 1933 to 1937  
7a. Major: Art and Latin  
8. None  
12. 60 $\frac{1}{2}$  100 lbs.  
13. No major defects  
18. Single  
19. Sister  
20. 11/19/18  
23. No  
24. High 4  
25. Speaks Japanese  
27. ---  
27a. Typing  
28. None  
29. Type 50 w.p.m.; art and needlework  
O.P. Indefinite  
30. Congregational

Daiki's brother, Daisuke Miyagawa

2. Minidoka 9/2/42  
3. same  
4. same  
5. Daiji Miyagawa Japan  
Itsuye Miyamoto Japan  
5a. same  
7. Grammar school, Washington, Seattle, 1928 to 1935  
High school, Garfield, Seattle 1935 to 1939  
Business school, Wilson's Seattle, 1939 to 1940  
7a. ---  
8. None  
12. 64 $\frac{1}{2}$  133 lbs.  
13. No major defects  
18. Single  
19. Son



Daiki's brother, Daisuke Miyagawa, continued

20. 8/4/21

23. No

24. H.S. 4

25. Speaks Japanese

27. Waiter

27a. ---

28. 1939 to 1942 Father's restaurant, Seattle Waiter nom.

29. O.P. Retail clerk

30. Congregational



University of California  
Evacuation and Resettlement Study  
Chicago, Illinois  
Charles Kikuchi  
Nov. 17, 1943

Hiromasa Minami (pseud.)  
CH-21

Hiromasa Minami is a single nisei male whose usual occupation before the war was a restaurant worker altho he was also attending the University of Washington. Hiromasa is a rather intelligent and sensitive individual and quite aware of the problems facing him for which he has no answer. His greatest problem at the present time is finding some occupation which will enable to achieve some sort of economic security for the future. He is living with four other younger nisei who are more like the usual nisei that is escaping the problems facing them by plunging into other superficial activities. Hiromasa is getting caught in this routine.

The interviews covered a period of two weeks and they were intensive in nature. Hiromasa was very cooperative throughout. In concluding the final interview, Hiromasa stated, "It makes me think about my future to talk to you about my past life and my present problems, but I don't know if it will do any good because I only procrastinate about it in spite of the fact that I know what I should do." Hiromasa's story is a good description of the forces in the former Japanese community which frustrated many nisei of his type. Hiromasa tends to be a little cynical and he is not sure that he is on the road to economic security yet. As in most cases, there is that air which indicates a feeling of insecurity that is common among all of the nisei who have been interviewed to date.



Hiromasa Minami, 27, was born on Nov. 7, 1916 in Seattle, Washington. He lived there all of his life until the time of evacuation. Hiromasa was evacuated to the Puyallup Assembly Center on April 30, 1942 and relocated to Minidoka in Idaho in September, 1942. Hiromasa resettled to Chicago in May, 1943. He stayed at the YMCA until the end of the month and then he moved to his present address at 65 West Maple. It is a hotel, Maple Manor, and there are many former evacuees living in that house. It is located on the near northside and there is concentration of resettlers in that vicinity. It is a transient area, but it is located two or three blocks above the "skidrow" area. There are three Japanese restaurants in the immediate neighborhood.

Hiromasa has two sisters and two brothers. One sister, Ayako, voluntarily evacuated to Chicago before the general orders forbidding this were imposed. She has since gone on to New York. The family members are as follows:

Hiroyuki\* Minami, father  
 Hisae Minami, mother  
 Hirokazu, brother  
 Hiromasa, interviewee  
 Fusako Minami, sister  
 Ayako Minami, sister  
 Hirotaka, brother

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\* This family has a tradition in regards to the family name and all of the male members of the family have the same prefix in the beginning of the first name. The other branches of this family has also carried out this tradition and it indicates great pride in the family name as well as the place of origin. In the American society there is a custom of shortening names so that the boys of this family have had the same shortened part of the first name applied to them and the only distinction was in adding "big" or "little" in front of the name according to the age of the boys. For example, the real names of the male members of this family are as follows:

Daiji, the father, means great oath; Daisho means great in the name of Emperor Taisho; Daiki, the interviewee, means great tree; and Daisuke means great descendant. The names of the boys have been shortened to Big and Little Dyke in order to distinguish between them. When they are not together in the same city, they are just known as just Dyke among their nisei friends.

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The father is 63 years old and he only attended the elementary school in Japan. He was a restaurant operator and worker just prior to the war. His usual religious affiliation is Congregational Christian but he has given that up during the past 15 years because of his political sentiment. Mrs. Minami is 55 and she only attended the elementary school in Japan also. She was helping out in her husband's restaurant before the war. Originally she was a Buddhist, but she was converted to the Congregational church and has been a devout Christian since then. Hirokazu, the older brother, is 28. He attended the University of Washington three years and he was very active in Union affairs among the Japanese cannery workers in Seattle before the war. At present he is doing ~~rel~~ war relief work for the CWO in Washington. Hiromasa, the interviewee, was just 27 on the date of the first interview. He attended the University of Washington for two years and his usual occupation was a waiter in his father's restaurant. Both he and his brother are rather cynical about religion. Fusako is 24 and Ayako is 23. Both graduated from high school and they were both employed in their father's restaurant. They are Congregational Christians. The youngest brother, Hirotaka, is 21. He was working in his father's restaurant also. The three youngest in this family did not attend school beyond the high school level. Hiromasa and a younger sister and brother are ~~both~~ all resettled in Chicago at the present time, but they do not live together. The parents are still in the relocation center at Minidoka. There is no immediate plans for resettling them.

Hiromasa is living with four other nisei in an apartment which consists of a bedroom, a large living room, a small kitchen and a private bathroom. They pay a total of \$90 a month for rent. Hiromasa resettled with two of the fellows and he knew the other two



from his camp experience altho they originally came from different cities. Fuller details of his room-mates will follow in Hiromasa's own story. Hiromasa is the oldest fellow in his present group and he acts as a sort of leader for them. He is much more intelligent and matured than his room-mates.

Hiromasa attended the Bailey Gatzers and Pacific elementary schools in Seattle from 1922 to 1930. He then went to Broadway high school in the same city from 1930 to 1935. For the next five years Hiromasa worked in his father's restaurant, and this phase of his life has had a great deal to do with his feelings of present frustration and also to his political thinking. The restaurant was located in a skidrow district outside of the Japanese section in Seattle. The family apparently had a hard time in earning its livelihood throughout the years and this fact created some sort of a family solidarity, altho from Hiromasa's story, there was also a great deal of resentment. The oldest Brother, Hirokazu, was in a more favorable position and not called upon to perform the usual functions of the oldest son in a Japanese family because of recurrent ailments arising out of a bone infection (osteomyelitis) which he had as a young child. However, he is still included in the family plan altho the major burden apparently is placed upon Hiromasa's shoulders. In 1940 Hiromasa was finally able to start the University of Washington due to the fact that his youngest brother had no inclination for higher education and the father therefore put him in the restaurant and released Hiromasa. However, Hiromasa worked in the restaurant during evenings and this continued to restrict his free time. Hiromasa attended the Kokugo Gakko in Seattle from 1922 to 1930. It was attended by 1000 nisei pupils and the language school was operated by the Japanese community from donations given by the more



prominent Japanese business firms as well as from the individual Japanese families.

Hiromasa started to first work in his father's restaurant at the age of 15 and he continued this thruout his school career. The evacuation interrupted this work for which Hiromasa was greatly relieved. In the assembly center Hiromasa worked as a clerk in the Base hospital and then he worked as a reporter on the center newspaper until he was relocated to Minidoka. In Minidoka he worked as a reporter on the paper for a month and then went to the sugar beet fields in Idaho for two months. He made a gross salary of \$5 a day for this work. Upon returning to Minidoka Hiromasa again worked as a reporter on the newspaper until his resettlement in May of this year. He came out on a job as a laborer for the Cunio Press in Chicago and he did this work until September, 1943. He received a salary between \$35 and \$45 a week, depending upon the shift he was on. He quit this job for what he considers a better job altho his present salary is only \$100 a month. However, it is a white collar position as an office clerk for the Erwin Wasey Co. and Hiromasa feels that he will receive valuable training as an advertising copy writer if he stays in this firm. He has temporarily decided to follow this line of work, even tho he considers this a parisitic business.

Hiromasa attended the Congregational church as a youth, but he has not attended church at all since graduating from high school. He feels that his faith was lost when he saw all of the "economically deprived" and unemployed men along skidrow who used to come to his father's restaurant to eat. This resulted in a keen political consciousness, which was also influenced by his brother's activities in the Union and among the YCL people. Hiromasa has



voted in the 1938 State elections on the Democratic ticket, and in 1940 for the Democratic ticket in the Presidential election. He did not vote in the 1942 election as he was in the assembly center at this time. However, Hiromasa continues to be keenly aware of political issues and he has a much greater knowledge of this country's foreign affairs than the usual nisei. He is inclined to be more sympathetic to the "people's" underground movement and he does not believe that England or the U.S. is supporting the real democratic forces in the occupied countries. This cynicism is not closely related to the fact that he is of a minority group, altho the writer suspects that this factor caused him to turn in that direction originally. Hiromasa does not feel bitter about the evacuation in the sense that it was a persecution of a minority group, but he is resentful of the fact that Fascist groups within this country have achieved such a strong position within our democratic framework of government. He elaborated at some length on these views, which will be recorded in the following pages.

Hiromasa is about 5 ft. 6 in height and rather slender in appearance. He does not smile too freely. Hiromasa has the ability to talk easily and at great length and he was most cooperative thruout the interviews. His present group consists completely of nisei friendships which were made in camp or in Seattle before the evacuation. He is not happy with his present status but he does not see how it can be overcome. He feels that he is not ready to tackle his real problems yet because the conditions are not favorable for this. However, he stated that this procrastination was not entirely his fault, because of the war situation. Hiromasa is primarily interested in achieving some degree of economic stability. This attitude was in existence even before the evacuation since his



work in the restaurant was not completely satisfactory to him. He was very conscious of the fact that the nisei had definite limitations in economic adjustments. He feels now that the opportunities are greater, but there still are many obstacles Before complete economic adjustments can be made. Hiromasa rather doubts that this will be accomplished during his life time, altho he feels that he personally may be able to make a fair degree of economic success if he continues to have his present ambition. Hiromasa felt that he had a sense of obligation and responsibility towards his family and that is the reason why he continued to work in his father's restaurant. He differed quite violently in political viewpoints with his father but this never caused a complete cleavage with the family. However, there are many indications that he resented his father greatly for this, according to some of the statements he makes.

With this general introduction, the writer will record Hiromasa's own story without attempting any further analysis:

"I don't much about my parent's background because I never paid any attention to it. I was influenced more by the American way of judging a person by what he is and not by his ancestors. I don't think that there was anything particularly special about my family's Background to be proud about. My father came from the Kumamoto Ken. A lot of the Japanese came from that province because they were having a tough time in farming over there and they thought that they could make a better go of it over here. My father was from a farm family also. He was the fourth of five sons in the family and he was not in line to inherit a thing. Two of his older brothers came over before he did for the same reason. That makes my father the third of his family to come to America. My mother was also from a



farm family, however, her father was also a merchant at times. Dad first heard of her thru some relatives or friends. [My father came to America in 1902 and he has never gone back. I think that it was in 1914 the marriage was arranged and mother came over here.

"I only have a vague picture of what my father did before he got married. I know that he first came to Tacoma, Washington and he worked as a houseboy. His older brother was in Seattle then and this brother was in the hotel business for the other immigrant Japanese coming in. It was quite a boom town in Seattle anyway so that this uncle of mine became rather wealthy. <He is dead now. But I have another uncle who did not do so well and he is out here now trying to get some sort of a Japanese hotel started, much to my regret. >

"When my father was working as a houseboy, his employer promised to help him get an education but dad heard about how rich his older brother was getting and he decided that he wanted quick money himself so he went to Seattle in 1910. After he saved up a little money he opened up a combination variety and fruit store in the Japanese section which was developing around Jackson St. Several years later he called my mother over and the family was started. A year later, ~~my-br~~ 1915, my brother was born and I followed a year later. There were three boys and two girls in all.

<"During the first World War there was quite a boom time in Seattle and my father was doing quite well so he bought a Ford. I never knew that until I went to camp.> However, the downfall was just as rapid and in 1919 my father's store went broke. From then on the family has had a pretty tough time of it. My mother suffered extremely ill health and she was bed-ridden for quite a while around 1923. My father opened up a fruit stand and a soft drink parlor on



Jackson St. next. It was right in the center of the Japanese town. This area is now a colored district but at that time there were quite a few Japanese families there. Later on, many of them went to other places like Los Angeles.

"It was quite hard on my father after all our troubles began. Mother was bed-ridden because I think that five kids in six years was quite a strain on her. My father would work 14 or 15 hours a day at the store and then come home to take care of all the little kids. This ~~th~~ did not do his temperament disposition any good. When my brother was 7, some more trouble came upon the family. He fractured his leg and it got infected so that he had to be sent to a hospital. It was a huge expense and my father's second store went broke on account of all the money that had to be spent. Dad did not have any capital to start another store so he worked a while as a porter and dishwasher in a hotel; I think it might have been in my rich uncle's hotel but I am not sure. Anyway, I know that my father held three jobs all at one time and he almost wore himself out in trying to keep the family going. After that, mother got better so that the family strain was relieved a little.

"Mother was easy going and she was good to all us kids. My father was inclined to be quite stern and he insisted upon beating a Japanese language education into all of us. Hell, I never studied much. I suppose that dad's hard work made him pretty quick-tempered. About 1927 my father had saved enough money to buy a restaurant. This time it was not in the Japanese section. The restaurant was on the skidrow, a little distance from the Japanese community and it was a cheap slop house which catered to the unemployed and the bums. We had this restaurant until the evacuation. ]

"There were very many good qualities about my father also, but



I did not appreciate them fully until after I was out of his control. Dad was very immaculate in his home-life. He was highly principled and he demanded it of others. He was inclined to be quite severe in judging other people's characters, especially of his own kids. I would~~de~~ say that he was of average intelligence altho at times he appeared to be a little smarter than that. Dad was always very careful of his money because of the hard time he had. He frowned very much upon one of my uncles who went out on frequent splurges. My father said to us that we had to go thru life on our own strength and not depend upon others. He has always followed this rule himself and he never asked his richer brother for money. I suppose that was due to his stubborn pride and he did not want to admit to anyone that he was a failure. He just considered things as temporary setbacks and he always believed that his boat would come home some day.

[ "The funny thing about it was that during the depression my father was extremely despondent and he was ready to throw up the sponge. There did not seem to be any way at all which we could save the business. This was the hardest time of our family life and we were really in extreme poverty. The business was only saved when mother secretly borrowed some money from my uncle in order to carry on. ] My father got extremely angry at this but he used the money and that was what set him back on his feet.

"My father was always ~~puretual~~ puritanical in his attitudes and he never talked about sex to his children. We grew up in ignorance of it and we only learned from the gutter or from the other nisei who knew a little more about it. Sex was always around in a very ugly form in the neighborhood we lived in, but dad never mentioned it to us. I did not learn about what the prostitutes did when they walked around skidrow until after I was almost thru high school,



believe it or not.

< "My father was quite strict in his rules for our behavior and in the manner of our speech. He was just like those old timers from Japan. He was quite a stickler for things Japanese. He was also sympathetic to Japan and that increased with the passage of years <sup>of</sup> instead of decreasing. He had that naturally Japan will win attitude by the time the war broke out. We got this sort of thing constantly when we were kids and I adhered to it until I was in high school because I was naive. I did not have any strong conflicts on this point up to then. After that, I began to have my own opinions and naturally there were clashes with the old man. I couldn't stand his longing for Japan because I don't think that he really believed it or else he would have gone back. < It was more of a defense mechanism with him and it gave him something to feel great about. > When I was home, I was quite severe in criticizing him and this used to burn him up no end. I couldn't stand the way he tried to pound his ideas into me. I used to feel quite bitter towards him. He had a limited knowledge of English altho it was better than the average because of his restaurant work. This prevented the arguments between us from getting too detailed.

"When dad was younger he used to be active in the various Japanese clubs < and particularly in the Kumamoto Kenjin Kai, which consisted of the people from his province. They used to get together a lot and chew the rag about the old country. Dad was also in the Japanese Chamber of Commerce for a while. > His religious history is peculiar. When he was in Japan he became a Christian and attended the Japanese Congregational Church. < There was quite a great debate in his family when it came time to baptize him. Dad insisted upon it in spite of the fact that his family were Shintos



or Buddhists, I don't know which. >

"When dad came over to this country, he continued to be a Christian. Then when my mother came over, she was a member of the Konko Kyokai sect. They had a funny ceremony and they would clap wood together. Dad would snicker a lot about this and he finally was able to convert my mother to the Congregational church. But during the last 15 years, my father became very anti-Christian because of his political sympathies, while my mother became more and more of a devout Christian. It used to be quite a point of argument in our household because my mother wanted to send the children to the Congregational church also. It influenced my older brother and me the most and that is why we have never cared too much about religion. < My sisters are still theoretically followers of the Congregational Church, and that is because they were closer to my mother. >

"My father would never give in during an argument, < but later on he would concede without any acknowledgement of his defeat. If it were mentioned, he would get mad all over again. It was easier to push the rock of Gibraltar than to try to change his mind. > He was very dominant and he demanded absolute obedience by mother and the kids. He would even call my mother down if she slipped and used some form of speech to him which he considered an improper way of addressing the head of the household. < A lot of this personality flaws was due to the fact that he worked 16 hours a day in the restaurant and he was under constant pressure. He was also bickering with the workers at the restaurant also. And they began to quit on him one by one. > I suppose that was part of the reason why dad demanded obedience by us and he always assumed his place as the head of the family and he expected to be served first during these meal times by my mother. ]



"However, dad did have his lighter moments and he was quite proud of his family. That is why he was so strict with us because he wanted us to grow up and be a credit to him. ] When dad was in a good mood, he said that his children were very close to him. He said that after high school the children would go away from him. [ I remember he said many times that once we went to high school no nisei would listen to their parents any more because they thought they were too smart. He was always conscious that the nisei would not listen to their parents' advice. He thought that all nisei became communists after they went to high school and he did not like this at all because he was quite opposed to this doctrine. ] Dad had little leisure time, but he had an implicit trust in the Japanese section of the language paper. A lot of the news releases in that paper came from Japan and naturally it was very anti-communist. However, dad was very critical of the editorial in the paper. I think that dad was never satisfied with his lot and that is why he was critical in other things. As we grew up we accepted his position more. He then put all of the hopes into- and ambition into his children.

"My mother was much more easy going. She was less strict upon us. The only trouble was that she was under dad's thumb and he would not let her be too easy on us. After she recovered her health she worked hard. She worked in the restaurant for 15 hours a day in order to help out.

"Dad did not have much ease in his social relationships but mother got on well with other people. Dad's circle of friends talked mostly about politics and Japan's great future. He did not drink, however, like the other old issei men in his circle. I think that they did this mostly to give expression to their frustrated



ambitions.

[ "There was no love in my parents' marriage, I don't think.

They never had a freedom in showing affection for each other or even us. This was completely absent like in many of the Japanese families. The Japanese don't believe in kissing, you know. My parents' marriage was not too happy because of the hard struggles to make a living. There were periods of crisis as far back as I can remember.

< When my brother had osteomyelitis in his leg, this brought my parents together for a while. One time my brother was nearly kicking off, my mother wanted to get him baptized right away so that his soul would be saved. Dad was anti-church by then but he did not oppose it directly. He kept putting it off by bickering over the formality of last rites. My father and mother disputed on this for quite a while. My father even threatened divorce if my mother went ahead and baptized my Brother. In the long run, I think he finally gave in but I am not sure. >

"All of the family crises were over little things but behind it was the great conflict between my parents who were quite different in temperament and outlook. My father made most of the family decisions and my mother only objected when it was on very serious things which she did not agree. In spite of this, my father demanded that all of the family take an interest in the family affairs and I think that his decisions were colored a great deal by my mother's influence. We had a helluva lot of family crises and my father beat my mother occasionally but never severely. He was mostly giving vent to his economic frustration. At heart, my father was very sensitive and very proud.

"When dad was young, he had great ambitions because he came from a poor family and he thought that he would become very wealthy



in America. It was a bitter disappointment for him to have to go thru the poverty we went thru and to have a ill wife and five young children to worry about besides. He harped on my mother's illness and he accused her that it was mostly mental. My mother's illness was from too many children and over work as we later found out. Dad would never admit his frustrations and he is still quite proud of his family, and the fact that he is a Japanese. ]

"My uncle had a much easier time of it because he was a great success from the beginning. He owned one of the biggest hotels in Japanese town of Seattle. He was a big shot in the Japanese hotel association for a number of years and also prominent in some of the other Japanese organizations. He had a family of four boys and they were named something like us. My other uncle was a sort of social tresspasser but his disposition was such that he never gave vent to his frustrations. He was a baishakunin on his own and he was always meddling around with other people's business. Whenever there was a death in some family in the Japanese section, he would go over to the house on his own and comfort them. He was a great Christian of the fanatic type and he loved to get up in front of the church audience and give an emotional tear-jerking testimony. He was a sort of Seventh Day Adventist screwball. He had eight kids in his family. This uncle never worked hard in his life and he certainly was easy going. He owned a hotel and he would let people come in on credit. So many of them did not pay their bills that he finally went bust. This uncle used to go on splurges and he borrowed a lot of money and would buy expensive furniture even tho he did not need it. This griped my father no end. This uncle is in Chicago now and he wants to lease a hotel here. I had quite a few relatives in Seattle



my uncles had large families. [On Japanese and other holidays, it was mandatory for all of us to eat together at a big feast. It was one big family of over 25 members. Dad was just as proud of his children as my uncle.

"At home we ate Japanese food exclusively and we always spoke Japanese. When my brother went to the hospital for the first time, I was six years old. When he came back home, he did not know a word of Japanese. My knowledge of English ~~wase~~ bad since I was barely started with school. We had a very hard time talking to each other. I would have to point out things to him. This was one of the reasons why I picked up more English right away. We lived in the heart of Japanese town until my dad later moved us outside where the restaurant was located. Everybody~~is~~<sup>is</sup> spoke Japanese in the Japanese section and I did not pick up English rapidly until I went to the public school~~s~~. I can't speak Japanese very well now as I never used it with my nisei friends.

< While I was young, we lived in a flat. There were six flats in the building and some of the flats had two families in them. Almost all of the families had kids. One family was Chinese and we got along well. We just rented this flat and later on we bought a house. I went to the Bailey Gatzert's school where 1000 other nisei went. The school was 95% Japanese. I also went to the Kokugo Gakko, language school which had 1000 Japanese.

"New Year's Day was a big occasion of the year for the Japanese community and we celebrated it accordingly. I liked it because we got a lot of choice foods then. Our family did not celebrate boy's day much since we were not Buddhist. The Emperor's Day and Meiji Day were celebrated at the Japanese language school. The whole school was let out and they had ceremonies in the assembly. I went



to the Japanese language school for seven years but it was unprofitable. I can only write the simple stuff. <I don't remember much of the propaganda altho some of the teachers I've had were politically minded and they tried to make us kids take their point of view. I don't think I responded very well to that indoctrination. >Most of the time the teachers just taught us about the Japanese culture. It didn't go over very well because the majority of the nisei students were antagonistic to the Japanese language school. They had to go to it after the regular school hours and that meant that all of their leisure time was tied up. It was felt to be a sort of honor among the boys to be less conscientious in Japanese classes. We were expected to go in late and make noise in class. The nisei boys would never think of doing things like that in public schools. This shows that they resented the Japanese language school. I was a quiet student and I never caused any trouble. I just slept. ]

As a youngster, I was sort of timid. I had cross eyes for a while and that made me draw back too. I felt sort of persecuted and I didn't think that any of the other children liked me very much. There was one fellow who always picked on me and he threw rocks whenever he had a chance. He was getting me into trouble by saying things about me and blaming me for things that I did not do. This fellow was a cripple and that is the reason why he did it. Because of these things, I became very self-conscious and I felt that the other kids were always staring at me. I did not mix much with them and I never was completely in any of the gangs altho I palled around with some of the gang members.

[ For a long time I was under-sized and under-age in school. I was behind the others until the fourth grade. My brother was in the same class as I was because he had been out of school for a year on



account of his illness. He was a little smarter than I was so that I got an inferiority complex about that. <That is why I got very studious because I wanted to keep up with him.>

By the time I was in the eighth grade, many of these problems were solved and I got in more with the fellows and led a more normal life. I went to another school after that and there were more white students there. My first year in high school was in a class which was predominantly Caucasian students. This was at the Broadway high school and there weren't so many nisei when I started. It was a new experience to go to school with a lot of white children. <I had never done that before because in grammar school and in Japanese school, it was almost all nisei students.> For other reasons I wasn't very happy in high school and I began to cut classes and go hang around downtown. My adjustment to high school was not very good because I was working in my dad's restaurant as a kitchen helper after school and I could not fully concentrate upon a school life. <As soon as my classes were over, I would have to rush down to the restaurant and start work right away. I did not get to play around like the other students did. That sort of spoiled my high school days and I regretted it very much altho I accepted the fact that I had to help in my dad's restaurant too. But, when you are young, you miss those things more as it means a great to you.>

< In my junior year in high school, my dad pulled me out of school for a year because it was the worst part of the depression and the family was having a hard struggle to make both ends meet. My dad could not afford to hire another worker so I had to step in and work. I went back to high school the next year and after that I wised up and I took a more mature attitude towards my studies and I did my homework regularly.> School meant much more to me after working that



year in the restaurant. I had been taking school for granted up to then. But after that I studied harder. <It was a fad for all of the nisei to try and make the Honor Society. I tried to make it also but it was a little beyond me.>

I did not have any definite ambitions but I had secret desires to become a good writer. My greatest success in school was in the composition classes and I always got good grades in English. I was taking a college preparatory course because I had vague ambitions to go to college. I did not take any extra curricular activities at all <and I felt that I was starting school all over again because most of my friends went ahead of me during the year I stayed out.> My closest friend in school was a white kid. I just saw him around the class and we rarely had contacts after school because I still had to rush home to the restaurant.

In my senior year I started to go around with Japanese kids a lot. There were about 300 nisei at Broadway high by then. The school was thick with nisei and they had their own activities. <They did not take much part in the general school activities.> I sort of sneered at the Japs and I felt superior to them because I felt that most of the nisei had undeveloped mentalities and that was why they were afraid to mix in more with the other students.

It was during my senior year also that I began to go in for a preponderance of the heavy reading. All of the literature during that time emphasized the proletarian stuff and so I wrote themes about it for my high school ~~lee~~ classes. ] I could write about some of these things with feeling and that was another reason why I wanted to be a writeer. I felt that I could champion the underdogs as the ~~ee~~ skidrow side of life was open to me and I saw a lot of it. My brother is more objective in his writing. He looks at things very



objectively. My brother got his experience because of his labor union activities and with the associations among the more liberal political groups. I did not have too much of these direct associations at that time.

"It happened that when I was working in the restaurant, I was by myself mostly and I read a great deal. I think that I was the one that got my brother started on the liberal literature. Once I took 'Of Human Bondage' by Somerset Maugham to him when he was in the hospital. This got him going on liberal reading and since then he has had a flare for the liberal things and it shows up in his writing.

"I felt sort of tied down by the restaurant work all the time and I was not adventurous like my brother. I did not have any social life at all. I used to argue a great deal with my dad over this but he did not seem to think that I was missing anything. He put it up as a sort of abeligation for me to help out the family and I could not very well argue too much against that. That is why I had my biggest arguments with him over our differences in political ideas.

["It was during my last year in high school that the big Longshoremen's strike broke out all over the coast. There were many street meetings held around our neighborhood and down by the waterfront and I would go to hear the speeches. Dad was very disapproving of this and he said that the longshoremen were all Communists. The more he argued, the more I became aware of the opposite point of view and I began to stick up for it. It seemed to me that the laboring groups had a great deal of justification for going on strikes. That strike during 1934 had a great influence on me and it made me more aware of the laboring groups. I could see the battered workers who had been tossed aside after years of work by their employers, and I did not think that it was right that they should be thrown out upon



the streets without any protection at all.

"All of the issei in the Japanese community were small shop keepers and they opposed any change in the economic set-up. When I had to leave school, I started to think a great deal and I wondered why such conditions existed. It was not fair to me that I should have to quit school because of the economic situation and that is why I felt sorry for the strikers because I felt that it was not their fault if they demanded more wages in order to have a decent living condition. I began to give free meals to some of the strikers who came into the restaurant. I had to do it on the sly because my dad would have raised the roof if he ever found out. Most of the nisei have not gone thru experiences like this and they have never seen life face to face until the evacuation. That is why they were going thru life like in a dream. And most of them have not awakened yet. But in spite of all my experiences, I feel that my life was sheltered and I never had the stark reality of starvation facing me. You have to go thru these sort of things in order to fully understand the masses. Perhaps I was too young to be seriously thinking about these problems but that is the way it was.

[ "I did not have any girl friends at all during my high school days and dancing was a thing of another world. < I did not belong to any club or take part in other school activity. > My high school days were just bearable, and I don't look back on it with any longing. > The only high school club I ever joined was the German club and that was because my Caucasian friend was in it. I graduated from high school in 1935. ] I did not know what I was going to do but I felt that I would like to take a job working for somebody else besides my father.

"For three short months, I worked on the Japanese produce row in Seattle. Along the waterfront there is many produce stands owned



by the city and these were leased out to the small produce men who sold vegetables. The Japanese really started this but in later years Italians and other groups began to outnumber them. That is why in Seattle everybody buys their vegetables down on produce row along the waterfront. It looks sort of picturesque but it is no fun for a person to work down there, especially for a Japanese. I was legally underpaid. I worked from 4:30 in the morning until 1 or 2 in the afternoon and I got \$25 a month for this. Can you imagine anyone but a nisei working for wages like this? My boss did not have to pay union wages to me as I was only a part time worker. Actually I worked a full day because I was always being imposed on and asked to put in an hour or so overtime without pay. ] The nisei had to put up with this sort of thing because jobs were scarce and there were family obligations. My employer was a fellow church member and a friend of the family so he took advantage of me. With this sort of thing, it is quite understandable why the Japanese employers were against labor unions of any sort. They figured that their ~~irwer-~~ workers were a part of the family and that is why they took advantage. It may have been the system in Japan, but I could not take it so I went back to work for my father, much as I disliked that work.

[ "I worked in my father's restaurant for the next five years, until 1940. < Most of the friends I made during this time were Caucasians. The only nisei I knew were those who came to see my brothers and sisters. I did not have any social life at all during this time. There was a group of fellows who ate at my restaurant and they belonged to the Unemployment Citizen's League and I became very interested in their activities. I donated money to them and I would put their sign in our restaurant window. My father allowed that because that meant more business for him since the unemployed



men would eat in the restaurants that sympathized with them. Since our restaurant was along skidrow, there were very few other Japanese around. > I had the night shift and I usually worked until 4 in the morning. < That is why I did not have much social life. > I did not start getting a day off until 1938 when the Japanese restaurants were unionized. Instead of hiring the extra help for the day off, the Japanese restaurant rotated and they ~~te~~<sup>te</sup>ld closed on the seventh day. I was not paid a regular wage or allowance. I had to ask my dad for the money. He was pretty liberal and I just took it out of the cash till whenever I needed it and then make a small notation of it. Dad wanted me to take an active interest in the restaurant and eventually take over the management of it. I did not particularly care for this work but I just did it. And I figured that I would be doing the restaurant work for a long time so I resigned myself to it. I still had some ambition to go to college or to do writing but I couldn't see how I would ever get a chance to do that. More and more of the restaurant responsibility was upon me and I was doing all of the buying and other business for my dad. ] My brother was going to the University of Washington then and I got some taste of the liberal influences thru him. He would bring his radical friends down and we would have long discussions in the restaurant at night. My brother got money from the old man but he did not have any responsibility put upon him because of his bad leg. That is why he rarely came home.

"My brother went into the union work during the time he was in college with George Taki. He did it voluntarily at first because he felt that the nisei would benefit thru the union. He was encouraged by his radical friends and he was thinking along these lines. Confidentially, I think he was a member of the YCL but he never told me



much about it. He was reading a lot of the radical stuff by then. Soon he started to go up to Alaska to work in the canneries and he got in pretty strong with the CIO union. His tuition for college was paid by dad tho. My brother went to college off and on as his bad leg bothered him a great deal and that is why he never did graduate.

"My two sisters worked in the restaurant also. After they got out of high school, they did a full time. They just took it for granted tho, because girls don't have such great ambitions as fellows. [I had wanted to go to college in 1935 but the restaurant work prevented me. Finally in 1940 I got my chance] but I was a little reluctant about going because I was older by then. My dad told me to go because he said that I had earned it by working in the restaurant and he would pay my way. It happened that my k d brother was slated to go to college but he ran around too much in high school and he did not care for college. My dad thought that this was wasting his money so he took him out of school and put him in the restaurant. He then decided to concentrate on me. It was a good thing that I did go to college for two years. I regret very much that I did not get to finish up and I don't see how I'll ever do it now. [I did not get into the college activities too much because I worked about six hours a night in the restaurant. I was not a member of the Japanese Students Club altho I went there a lot and hung around.

"I did not know what my ambitions were but I took a journalism major. Dad did not think this was very practical as he said that I could not get a job on Caucasian newspapers very easily and that working with Japanese papers did not pay very much. I knew that but that was the closest I could get to my desire for writing.] I never



joined the JACL until I went to camp but my brother was a member. He also belonged to the Young Democrats and the YCL, I think.

"We were not living in the Japanese community any more but I went around there a lot during my spare time. I started to drink when I worked in the restaurant. I used to drink sake on the sly and I wondered what they could like about it. However, I had a great opportunity to drink in the restaurant and I gradually let it become a habit. Some college nisei gave me my first drink of whiskey and it made me feel good. I drank because it was a relief from the hard work I did but I never got into a stupor. On Saturday nights I would get thru work about 2 a.m. and since there was nothing else to do I would start drinking. It helped in the social intercourse and it made me feel more at ease.

"While I was in college I started to go around with girls but I did not go steady. I cannot boast of a long list of girl friends like many of the other nisei fellows do because I did not concentrate on this type of thing. I did not find myself compatible with most of the nisei girls as I did not pick on the extreme social butterfly type. Another reason why I did not have much time for dates was because of my work. I didn't go to any of the college dances because I didn't know how to dance anyway. My sister tried to teach me at home but I did not make a success of it.

"I was always conscious of the fact that I was Japanese. I just took it for granted. When I was a child, we were living on Beacon Hill in the midst of Caucasians. That is when I felt the first difference. The neighbor's kids only took us to certain limits and I got aware of this. It was not the kids so much but their parents who did this. However, most of my schooling was among the nisei. To a certain extent the Japanese were accepted and the jingo



press were the only ones who made a big issue out of the Japanese menace to this country. Because of my background, I had a certain pride in the Japanese fleet as a kid, but I was pro-America in my attitudes for as long as I can remember. The fact that I was not closely identified with the Japanese community or with Japanese gangs made me lose contact more easily with this feeling for Japan and I had lost it completely by the time war broke out. I never made any attempts to crash American society so that it was a tough situation. By that I mean, that I had broken away from the Japanese influence but I had no experience of knowing whether I could get into American society completely or not altho I felt that I could. I lived in my own little world at that time. [Most of my white friends were students or of the working class and there was little distinction among us.]

"I knew that there was racial discrimination in existence and that is why I subscribed to the progressive and racial ideology in my political thinking. However, I did not go around with a chip on my shoulder. [I enjoy both Japanese and Caucasian company and there were members of both groups that I disliked.] I figured that the economic conditions had created the Little Tokyos. I also figured that one-third of the nation had a similar problem and they were just as deprived as the people in the Little Tokyos. That is why it was easy to see that the economic system was the prime factor in this situation. Russia became more of an ideal to me and I remember once reading about how Paul Robeson pointed out that his child was accepted over there as an equal human being. I don't know if Communism can work out here but there is definite need for some sort of changes and I think that the present war will bring them about. However, it also burns me up to see discrimination against the Japanese



and other racial minority groups. I could sit back and say it was the system if it did not touch me directly like this.

[ "When I went to college I found that the ROTC was closed to the nisei. Military training did not appeal to me anyway, but it was the idea that we were barred which made me sore. < Most of the nisei just took such things for granted. If I really wanted to get into the ROTC I would not have taken denial sitting down. > Once I was with a nisei fellow and we were refused service at a restaurant located just off of the campus. He wanted to write a letter to the manager and demand ~~an~~ apology. I told him that we should demand our rights at the time and fight for it if we really believed they were our rights. However, this fellow would not let me say anything so we left peacefully. < I heard that some of the big hotels in Seattle would now allow nisei to go into them but I really don't know for sure. > It was these little incidents like this which made me aware of the fact that I was Japanese and I felt a little helpless about overooming the blind prejudices of many people. ]

"I suppose that it has also contributed to a slightly skeptical attitude toward life. I had no formal religion at all. I went to the Christian church until I was 15 years old. But I gave it up after that. It is okay for those who need a faith badly. I think that it is an opia and a drag upon society because so much of it is foolish. Religion is a release for emotions. That is why my uncle is so fanatic. I suppose that church has some function for the people but it is not for me. The people can have their spiritual life but the church should be consistent in its obligation to society and not overlook social problems. This is what they do and that is why most churches are so contradictory because they close



their eyes to the bad side of life.

"One thing I can't stand is when I hear those nisei who are discriminated against and yet who say derogatory things about 'niggers' Filipinos and other groups. It is things like that which prevents the nisei from becoming united with these other racial groups and recognizing the common problems of all of them. The nisei live in a glass house and yet they throw rocks. Around Seattle all of the tongue would wag and buzz if a nisei girl married a Filipino. She would be completely ostracized in the Japanese community. My room-mate ~~even now hears that the Chinese~~ is a 19 year old quiet fellow from Portland. This is the first time he has ever been away from home and naturally he runs around a lot because of the novelty. However, he is pretty bored most of the time and I don't think he enjoys his running around because he does not have the personality to make friends too readily. He has a funny prejudice and he can't see that this sort of attitude is harmful. The other night he was coming home alone when two drunk sailors grabbed him. They applied a headlock on him and asked whether he was Japanese or Chinese. A soldier came by and told my room mate to beat the sailors up and run away. The soldier said that he could not do anything himself because the sailors were in uniform. My room mate wouldn't answer the drunk sailors at all and they kept squeezing harder and harder. Finally the shore patrol came along and the sailors let go and beat it. My room mate just ran home and he didn't even stop to tell the shore patrolmen what had happened. I asked him why he didn't say that he was a Chinese since that was the easiest way out of the situation. My room mate then answered me, 'Hell, you think I would ever say ~~that~~ that I am a Chink? A Chink is like garbage. I'd rather let the drunk sailors squeeze my head than to ever say anything like that.'



I just can't understand how a nisei could show such racial prejudice when the problems of all minority groups are in common.

"The nisei opinions in many ways are Japanese. Many of them formerly had and some still have great faith in the Japanese Army but they would never do anything directly to help Japan. I suppose it is more an expression of their frustration and resentment. Before the war many of the issei donated great sums of money to the Japanese Army under their son's names. The nisei did not even concern themselves about things of this nature. They did not worry about dual citizenship or their uncertain status in this country. Because their interest were directed towards the more superficial things. Many of the nisei went to Japan after they got out of college because of the possible economic opportunities. Many nisei still think that they may have to go back to Japan after the war because things will be too tough for them. I have dual citizenship myself but I told my dad to cut it off as I never intended to go to Japan. I never did press the point too much. The reason I didn't want to ever go to Japan was because I heard of the poverty and the low standards of living over there. It was a sin of laziness which is the reason I still have dual citizenship and I did not live up to my responsibilities in that respect. I never considered myself a Japanese subject because my sentiments were far away from the Japanese ideas.

"I figured I was a helluva lot better American than a lot of the Americans. I felt that I was living up to more of my responsibilities of an American than many of the Caucasian. I was aware of the Spanish civil war and I thought that the Franco-supporters in this country were traitors to democracy. I was writing small articles in the Japanese language papers at that time so I wrote some



articles against Franco. I was also against this country sending any scrap iron to Japan and I stood in the picket line down by the waterfront to signify my beliefs. I couldn't be too active in political affairs because of my work. The most I could do was to stand in several picket lines on embargo to Franco Spain and militaristic Japan. I also attended a few mass meetings on this question but the general American public was too apathetic to take much of an interest. There was even a smaller percentage of nisei interested in these things. There was a nisei in Seattle who was very pro-militarist and he put out a rabid newspaper and tried to black ball all of the liberal nisei in the Japanese community. My father did not know about my activities. He sort of sensed it from my nisei and Caucasian friends. He thought that all nisei were turning Communists. The truth was that the nisei at that time were very conservative.~~an~~

"The issei are much more politically minded in that they are definitely pro-Japan whereas the nisei were in a muddle. The nisei were apathetic and all of their opinions were decided for them by their parents. The issei parents read reactionary Japanese papers and magazines and they even told told their sons how to vote in the elections. The nisei had no opinions at all and they all stayed Republicans just because a few of the nisei big shots thought they were Republicans. The cannery union even was controlled by the Japanese Association and only a few members of it were progressive.

"The nisei were interested only in small things and the camp life was the peak of what they wanted--dances and sports. Most of the nisei students were children of small issei business men and a very few of them were proletarian. That is why the bulk of the nisei vote were so conservative. I started to ~~go~~ when I was 21 and I usually



voted the Democratic ticket. The state of Washington was Democratic and it was liberal in many ways. It got most of its reactionary ideas thru California.

"I was in college at the time the war broke out and I managed to finish the quarter out. Just before the war, I was still in the student phase of my life, altho it was getting clearer to me that war was coming. I did not think it would break so soon. My father was constantly saying that there would be no war because all of the Japanese propaganda was saying that. I think that is one of the reasons why the issei were so astonished that Pearl Harbor because they had been swallowing the Japanese propaganda which was even more emphasized than the American. I was mentally lazy and I could not picture what I would do in the event that was ever came. By that time [I was a rabid hot jazz fan because of my school associations and my friends in this group were apart from my political friends. I was in a group of about five Caucasians and our primary interests was in listening to jam sessions. Some of my friends in the journalism group were also in this jazz group. I worked nights and during the day I went to school so that I did not get to see my friends too much. My only free day was Thursday and I went around with a gang then. We had an organized group to listen to hot music on Sunday afternoons but I had to work so I could not go to that.

"I did not do too well in my studies at college altho English, composition, journalism and political science were fair. I was interested in these courses so I was able to do a little better in it. On the whole, my grades were not too good. I liked the college life because it was a good time and it provided a good escape from the restaurant work. It also eased me up socially.] I did not have any plans for the future but it probably would have been inevitable ~~that~~



that I would have to take over my dad's restaurant in spite of the fact that I said that I would never do it. I knew that there was not much chance for a nisei to have a journalistic career. { I was more interested in critical writing anyway. I was faintly bitter about my brother's superior talent but that passed years ago. I guess what I wanted then is what I want now: something that would utilize what talents I have in writing even if it is only a re-write man on a newspaper. I was not thinking of marriage then because of my lack of economic security. } Sometimes I hope that the restaurant would fold up so I could get going on my own and not be tied to this responsibility. I figured that if I stayed in Seattle, I would have to go work on a Japanese newspaper if I went into journalism. I did not see how I could get away from the Japanese community so things were pretty much mixed up for me.

"The prospects for the nisei future in Seattle were very small. { There was a small nucleus of nisei who were conscious of what the role of the unions could mean for them and they had a fairly good perspective of the power of an organized group. The leadership was good and the CIO was on the rise. But, it was a hard struggle to get the majority of the cannery workers to accept the union idea. It was the same way about other liberal movements. The nisei seemed to be way behind the move every time. } There were many college nisei students and they didn't know what they could do either. They talked about going to Japan for economic opportunity but very few ever went. Most of them stayed behind and did menial jobs or else shifted to Los Angeles. For example, I knew of a nisei pharmacist who was working as a houseboy in Seattle because he could not get anything in his line. There were many, many cases of this sort in all of the Japanese communities along the coast. It was getting to be a great --



problem just before the war, and the nisei were talking about it a lot. ]

"JACL, before the war, was a very <sup>in</sup>nocuous group and not socially conscious at all. It supported the Republicans for all of the elections as it was strongly identified with the Republican ideas of the middle class group. Clarence Arai was on the ~~AFL~~ side in the Union dispute and he sided with Dave Beck who believed in goon tactics. Arai was an ultra-conservative and he toed American Legion line and he was one of the strong voices of the JACL. The liberal nisei could not do much against this conservative group because they were outnumbered. The JACL played the middle of the line on all the political issues. I don't know too much about the JACL as I did not know very many of the members. I felt it was no good so I made no attempt to join it and work towards a reform.

"At that time I was intending to go on to get my degree and I was also thinking of changing my major to something more practical like English or political science. Before I went to college, I was not noticeable at all and I wasn't sure of myself in public. I did not get my poise in facing a public until later. I did not even feel at ease in an informal social group. College brought me out a lot more, but I was not exceptionally aggressive. It was difficult for me to become at ease with people I met thru my brother because I felt obligated to react in a way that was accepted to them. I suppose I felt inferior to them. On the whole, it was not a very satisfying life for me to go along that line, but it did not bother me mentally too much. I did not feel too ~~e~~ frustrated after I started college; in fact, I had visions that I was free at last to pursue my aims eventually.

"My family life got calmer as I got older and I did not get into



fights with the old man often. We still had arguments occasionally when we were working in the restaurant but they were not as bitter as before. I was on the worst terms with my father than anyone else in the family and my old lady bawled me out a lot for that. The trouble was that I had to be with him the most and my sisters did not argue with dad so much or to stand up for their rights. Dad expected me to shoulder most of the family responsibilities. Mostly I took over the position of the oldest son in the family since my brother was not physically fit to assume these duties.

"My dad continued to be very pro-Japan and it irritated me to hear him telling his friends about his convictions, but I would not say anything because it would only cause a flare-up. By this time I was completely independent of him anyway, except financially. I had done all of my own thinking for the past few years. It agitated me to hear dad's biased political opinions, or for him to argue so stubbornly with my mother, but I did not say too much as I knew that it would be useless. I made all of my decisions by myself anyway and my father influenced me very little. In making family decisions on important issues, the rest of us got more of an equal voice as we got older. I got along well with my brothers and sisters since we all led our own lives. We put up a solid front to the outsiders and even my older brother assumed his share when that happened. He would run all around to see important people when the restaurant was condemned for sanitary reasons and things like that. The fact that we were all willing to do our part in the restaurant reflected our family solidarity. None of us have ever rebelled to the point where we figured we had to leave home permanently.

"I had been out late on Saturday night, Dec. 6, on a sort of a bender, so I was in bed until 2 the next day. I usually listen to



the New York symphony orchestra about that time and as I got up to go listen to the radio, my sister came in and told me about the war. It was quite a surprise as I didn't expect it then because Nomura and Kurusu were here on a peace mission. Pearl Harbor seemed to be a figment out of my dad's imaginative mind. Obviously we were caught with our pants down. It wasn't a stab in the back because it was war. But I, along with all the other Americans, were caught unaware. I did not approve completely of this country's foreign policy. The U.S. had been pursuing a foreign policy which was detrimental to this country such as expand upon Spain, Manchuria and sending scrap iron to Japan. There was no denying that it was quite a shock when the break did come. The policy of the United States appeasement approach had been to divert the axis towards Russia but the whole thing backfired which gave the Nazis exactly what they wanted. We did not have a definite foreign policy for China and we had been sending scrap iron to Japan right along. We gave verbal sympathy to Spain but nevertheless we put up an embargo and aided Franco. We took up action against those who fought for the Loyalist cause. All of these things made me believe that the ruling powers among the allied nations were not interested in protecting a genuine people's government, but the situation was controlled by selfish economic interests. In the light of these things, I had expected this country to eventually be involved in the war. After England, Russia and Germany got in, it made it logical that we would also be in it sooner or later. Personally, being what I am,--not completely without sentimental ties to Japan and its culture--the only hope I had was that there would never be a friction between the two countries because I knew that we would be in a very tough situation once such things happened. Pearl Harbor was a nightmare come <sup>true</sup> through.



"I detested the people who subscribed to the ways of military Japan, both in my home and in my other personal relationship. I couldn't stand the filial authority patterned after the Japanese military pattern. It was pretty ugly whenever it did manifest itself. I had fought like hell to smash this sort of thing for a long time. My dad must have had a great deal of pride in the way the Japanese opened the attack on Pearl Harbor but he knew that he was in a helluva fix since he was in this country. After that he went easier on his sounding off. All of the pro-Japan issei laid low after that. Many of them began to yell how loyal they were to this country but it was pretty insincere. This attitude was pretty general among the issei and just before the war they had held many sessions discussing Japan's invincibility among the world powers. I can't exactly ~~why~~ explain why the apparent ~~harmful~~ <sup>low</sup> issei had distorted fanatic ideas when it came to Japan's military powers. It must have been some sort of sub-conscious reflection of their personal desires which had been thwarted in this country due to discrimination and prejudice against them by intolerant Americans. Basically they were loyal to this country in their way but they never had much of a chance to show it.

"Regardless of the political condition of any nisei, we all went thru a shock phase of our lives. Some busy-body old bastard stopped me on the street that evening to ask me what I thought about it now. My reaction was utter indignation but I did not act upon it. It was essentially true that I was completely identified to the United States more than ever before but when the super-patriots stuck their noses in and tried to bring the blame of the war on to me, that sort of thing angered me. I did not see why they should try to blame me for Pearl Harbor just because I had a Japanese face. I think many



Americans had this ~~petent~~ patronizing attitude when they showed sympathy towards nisei after the war broke out.

"I went to work as usual that night but I was a little apprehensive. In the back of my mind there was a thought that guys would throw rocks at our restaurant window and cause other destruction. However, nothing of that nature did happen. A bunch of young guys did come in late that night and I sensed their ugly tone of voices. I started to explain the nisei situation and it didn't take too long to convince them that I was an American because I said the superficial things like 'We've got to beat the hell of the Japs for this treacherous attack.' Naturally I was on sort of edge all evening and I was in a raw state of feeling and a little jumpy. I tried to keep control as much as possible but it was impossible to be perfectly calm.

"I had advocated certain political convictions before the war which was in line with the Democratic principles and the Caucasian friends of my group went out of the way to be unusually considerate of my feelings. They even came over to the restaurant that very night to tell me how they felt about my position. That night I was going home very late and the bus happened to be crowded a little bit. A drunk guy got on the bus after me so I moved over a little to make room for him. He interpreted this as being due to my fear of him so he started calling me a spy and mumbling something about Jap should be thrown out and drowned in Lake Washington. I did not make an issue of it at all. The attitude of the people in the bus showed that they disapproved of the drunk so I felt better and more confident that the fairminded opinion would prevail in spite of what happened in the Pacific warfare.



"The very next night I decided to walk home. A couple of cheap looking women were standing out on the streets and when they noticed me, they started to follow and yell 'Jap' at me. I thought they made more of a fool out of themselves rather than hurt my feelings any. I was burnt up inside because my feelings are very intolerant about people like that but I did not say anything to them. After that there were no more incidents and life quickly went back to a more normal routine altho the tenseness of the war atmosphere continued to be in the air. There were many battles being fought in the South Pacific and one could not close one's eyes to these events which meant a profound change to this country. I thought about what was going to happen but I couldn't figure out any of the answers. I had a vague feeling that perhaps all able-bodied men would suddenly be drafted. I think there was a great deal of this anticipation among the nisei fellows as they felt that such an event would lift the finger of suspicion from them and they would be accepted like any other American. It is difficult to say exactly what the general feeling among the nisei was during the month or so after the outbreak of the war. Many of the nisei went around in a daze and they expected almost anything. The thing that was peculiar to me was that some nisei actually felt guilty about the war just because they were of Japanese ancestry. On the other hand, there were many of the JACL type who had formerly been in the middle, and who now suddenly began to say super-patriotic things in order to emphasize the fact that they were Americans too. Whenever I saw this type of thing, it seemed to fall a little flat, and not quite sincere. I suppose most of the nisei were a little confused like I was, altho they're were still a great number who went along old paths without recognizing that they were affected also. I don't know whether that



was an effort to close out the reality of the situation and escape these troubling thoughts. I think that most of the nisei were loyal enough in their way and I think that if they had been called by the Army then, they would have responded even more favorably than the people of Hawaii did during the general <sup>or</sup> registration of last February. The longer they had to wait around, the more confusing things got for them and they were not so sure by that time that this country had a place for them. Actually you can't blame them too much because they were a pretty young group and they were getting a preponderance of the issei point of view. They were aware of the fact that the American public as a whole identified them first as Japanese and secondly as citizens if they went that far. The Japanese community in Seattle remained in a sort of tense situation altho it was not visible on the surface. Life continued to go on but I could see that grave changes were slowly occurring and the evacuation was a sudden eruption of the whole mess. It started out with the internment of the first issei by the FBI immediately after Pearl Harbor. I suppose it was a sort of fear which went along with this whole thing. People didn't know what was going to happen next.

My life was also affected but not too drastically. After the quarter ended at the University of Washington, I dropped out of school. In my college classes there was no incidents at all which made things very different. I dropped out in March because by that time evacuation was pretty certain for everybody. The last thing I did on the campus was to write an editorial for the school paper. In general, it was pretty quiet at school all the time after the first excitement. Most of the nisei had dropped out by the time I did. The student body received my editorial very favorably.

(Attached Editorial, U. of W. Daily, March 6, 1942)



## A GUEST EDITORIAL...

If evacuation is a must in an unimpeded war-effort set-up, I don't see how anyone with the awareness of what we are fighting for can be against it. Considering the sudden uprooting and back-straining that are certainly in store for the evacuees, their responsibilities will demand of them a toughness of fibre tempered only by a long view of the deal allotted them. This is how the evacuee will feel if he sees our war effort as one to preserve what the Axis nations have been systematically breaking down: racial and religious tolerance, territorial integrity, freedom of speech, press and radio, labor's right to organize, etc.

But the evacuee has rights. What he demands of those who remain is that his evacuation will serve the purpose intended. Some of the clamor for a mass exodus comes from those who hope to gain from the evacuees' losses. Others are impelled by racial reasons. This business-and-prejudice-as-usual set-up has no place in our war effort.

Discriminate evacuation, difficult at time, seems hardly possible today. But, at the least, keep it in your mind: the old world refugee is here not for the love of Hitler; some of them have fought this battle as far back as Spain when some of the fine and current "patriots" went beyond words to aid Hitler's Spanish yes-man, Franco; and there are among us those who for years knew who were turning deaf ears to demand that the flow of scrap iron to Japan be stopped.

But the time for reproach and settling scores went with the first weeks after December 7. All out for defense is the order of the day. Whether their family trees reach back to Benedict Arnold



or to the Tokugawas, fifth columnists must be weeded out. Citizens who put defense second after their pocketbooks or their political ends should be handed a jolt. That they are in Congress from Texas should not mean immunity. They line up for defense or else...

The evacuee leaves hoping that something like this is in the minds of all.

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--D.M.

--University of Washington Daily



"In my editorial, at that time, I tried to stress the point that the evacuees were not too extremely bitter about the sudden uprooting of their homes. I attempted to point out, however, that the evacuees had certain rights as American citizens, altho I recognized that special interests were the motivating forces. Therefore the chief point I made was that the purpose of the evacuation was because it was an all-out for defense effort and the evacuees were leaving with this in their minds as their contribution to the national security. I have changed my mind a little bit since then, altho I hold just about the same ideal. I now feel that the selfish interests within this country were much stronger than what I had figured and it was thru their emotional clamoring that the Army arrived at the decision that evacuation was a military necessity. However, it is all passed now and the future will tell whether it is going to be a blot upon our national record or whether it really was a humane and democratic move. I rather suspect that the selfish interests are going to get fully exposed later as the Fascists that they are.

"Throughout this period there were not too many changes in the family relationship altho I had to assume more and more of the responsibilities and to take care of the final business settlements and property disposition. I ran all around Seattle trying to find out the latest developments and order in order to get my dad's business settled satisfactorily. I had to go to the property agents to get the management of our house fixed up. Our house was in my name and we were still making payments on it. We had a long discussion as to whether we should sell out or not. At that time we still had the feeling that we would return soon and therefore it was best to hang on to our house. I arranged to rent it out to a shipyard worker and



now he has moved out. The first tenant walked off with our radio and much of the furniture is now missing. The place is going to the dogs and it is a helluva mess. We are still making payments on the place but it comes out of the rent and we have a little left over. I asked the WRA property department to look after the house when I was in Minidoka and now he wants me to give <sup>him</sup> ~~me~~ power of attorney so that he can satisfactorily look after my interests.

"We did not finish settling the restaurant business so that we left it. We sold some of the fixtures but most of it was a loss. My old man felt pretty badly about this loss but we could not do anything about it. On top of that we had a new 1942 car and we had to sell it at a price cheaper than the prevailing market price at that time because of the haste of departure.

"With all of these worries facing me, education was not important to me any longer and things were too uncertain at that time for me to sit back and mull over the loss of my education. I missed school now and then at that time but there was nothing I could do about it. There were too many important things happening to think about my personal education. My mind about the evacuation began to change after I left school and I felt more and more that we would be gone for the duration because the public attacks thru the press and radio were getting more and more emotional. Therefore I was evacuated with the thought that I would be in the camp for the duration.

"I didn't want to evacuate but it was impractical for me to leave voluntarily for the east. One of my sisters left before the restrictions set in, but she went with the intention of marrying somebody in Chicago. I had to stick around the house and take care of the family business. Another reason why I did not consider



voluntary evacuation was that I did not know if I could get a job out east even if I went.

"We continued to work in the restaurant almost up to the day of evacuation but we did not have any incidents at all. Our regular customers who had come for years continued to patronize us because they were well acquainted with us and they knew that a great wrong was being done. I heard of rumors of Filipinos beating up some nisei but nothing really broke in Seattle. I got most of my news about the Japanese community from the Japanese American Courier.

"I got drunk more often after March because I was out of school and I did not have to get up early any more to rush to classes. Thinking back on it now, I suppose my life was more disorganized than what I realized at that time. My plans were all upset and the lack of my usual social associations made me drink more than what I had been doing previously. It got to be a habit and all of the older nisei fellows I knew were doing it. Even the younger nisei started to drink because they had nothing to do but sit around and wait for the day of evacuation. I never got extremely drunk except for a few times. I realize that my old routine and a certain amount of security was all shot, but I still had as much hope as I could possibly expect from the fact that I was sure the government would dispose of the problem fairly and honestly. I did not think the government would leave the Japanese completely destitute as their businesses have been shot after the war broke out. I felt that the conscience of the American public would prevent such a deplorable situation from coming about.

"I did fear at times that the Fascist elements might take over and completely eliminate the democratic processes. In that case, it would have been too bad for all of us and that includes the white



Americans too. I felt that evacuation was not the best way of utilizing our talents for winning the war as the day of evacuation got closer. I suspected that the American people who knew about us only vaguely might derive the opinion from this evacuation the conviction that we were all guilty and therefore removed. I was never deflected from my opinions which identified me with that part of progressive America which would put thru a right kind of war, but I was also conscious of the appeasers, isolationists, and self-interests which were supporting the war for greedy purposes. I could not identify myself at all with this part of America.

"The American public was emotionally aroused during this time. Occasionally I would go to a theatre and whenever the American flag appeared I could have appreciated it if there were a spontaneous applause. But somehow I could not clap myself. I always suspected that this was a superficial way of showing patriotism. The nature of all the newsreels at that time, and even now, were of this superficial type and I couldn't work up any enthusiasm for that. It was a trial to sit thru those newsreels. None of this could be interpreted as coming from a personal secret admiration for Japan as I would have been just as disgusted over a Japanese newsreel presented in the same way.

"The way I looked upon things, I did not particularly feel more closely identified with a Japanese minority. It was a ~~much~~ bigger thing than that and I did not look upon it entirely as a matter of race discrimination. I knew that I would be caved in with a lot of Japanese, but my identity was more than ever with the vast majority of the American people who aspired for the real defeat of Fascism all over the world. I suppose I thought of volunteering to the Army a few times but I was a 4-F and the business of evacuation kept me



too busy to think about it much.

"I had no repugnance toward the Japanese community; I later got closer to them by the mere fact that I was associated in camp with so many Japanese. I was willing to accept what the Western Defense Command said about military necessity, altho I felt it might have been only a political necessity. I realized it was impossible to weed out the disloyal from the loyal Japanese, but I did feel that the nisei should have been kept out of the camp. I also felt that the Army should have been consistent about the nisei in the draft. They took the nisei for a few days after Pearl Harbor as volunteers and then closed the draft to them. The Army also kept some of the nisei in the Army while others were released. This sort of thing created a great deal of confusion in the nisei mind and they didn't know where they stood. It's like being kicked out of a house and not knowing whether you would be welcomed back in after the initial emotional excitement of the old man passes.

① "It was a muddy day when we went to Puyallup. The effect of the great confection<sup>?</sup> was bad on the morale of the people. This gave the discontented ones an extra straw to agitate with and to further get the people to be antagonistic against the administration. [ I thought that the lack of privacy would really cramp my style and I did not think I would ever get used to it, [The public latrines really disgusted me. They should have at least put up sideboards between seats. The food was awful too. It made me feel physically and psychologically rotten.] I didn't want to be too quick at <sup>an</sup>erring these gripes like Ted Nakashima who wrote about it in the New Republic as he had to take back everything after a couple of weeks. But until the improvements came I griped just as much as any of my friends.



"The very first day I was in camp, they needed aides for the medical examination during the reception of the people into camp. A guy asked me to be a clerk so I just went and did the work. It was a routine job but not so bad as I got to see many people. I interviewed each person roughly prior to the medical examination upon their induction to camp. It was quite a job to speak Japanese to the issei but I managed to make myself understood.

"After a couple of days, some of us began to make attempts to get a camp paper started. It was very slow work because of all the red tape. After a few weeks we finally put out a mimeographed sheet. The paper was a non-paying job and the advisory council also volunteered its services. This was mostly the JACL group. They seemed to have run the camp as a great deal of power was given to them by the WCCA. The newspaper was not too happy a job because there was a great deal of censorship. This gave us a chance to ridicule the WCCA. I think that the censoring came less from evil intentions and more from the lack of a wise contact between the WCCA supervisor and the evacuee editor. It wasn't a regular newspaper at all and it was too restricted for us to make it worthwhile. The editor lacked judgement in diplomacy and the supervisor was typical of all the administration. They were ex-WPA men and this had been created out of Gov. Martin's spoil system. To show an example of the type of character of men which Gov. Martin had confidence in, he fired a University of Washington president to put in a man who would conform to his policy. It was all pretty rotten politics. That is why the WPA administration at Puyallup was not of a high calibre. The camp supervisor did not even know how to censor the paper correctly. Several editions came out and part of a column was slashed out. This looked sort of silly for the WCCA and it reflected back upon



them. I don't think our editor should have attacked the administration because this was a sophomore attitude.

"I did not take part in any educational activities in camp and I did not even finish reading a book at Puyallup altho I did read the newspapers. Mystery stories were about the only other thing I read. I made out the usual form with the student relocation council but I did not feel that there was any prospects for my future education as I did not have any money to go to school with.

"I did have more recreation in Puyallup than I had in Seattle. I lost all of my desire to drink while I was in camp because of the other interests. I played tennis and volleyball for exercise mostly. Occasionally I went to the dances and I met quite a few girls. I went around steady with one of them for quite a while. Occasionally I went to the record concerts with her. This phase of my camp life gave me a less restricted life than before; but in the bigger things, I definitely was restricted. I didn't feel these restrictions too strongly at Puyallup so much because it was fun there and I enjoyed the novelty. The full realization of what had happened to the nisei did not dawn upon me until later when I gave it more serious thought. I didn't go to church except when they had some forums on worldly matters. I did not take any interest at all in camp politics.

"Emotionally, I became closer to the Japanese than ever before in my life. Politically, I felt poles apart from most of them. I associated mostly with a non-intellectual type so I did not have to think too much. My group were of the average run of card playing nisei. I just gambled moderately because I was not so good at cards, but the others went in for it more steeply until their money ran out. We also had bull sessions at night once in a while but it was not of a very high order. There was one guy in our group who was distinctly



reminiscent of the pleasant years he had spent in Japan and he was bitter about his present life in camp. However, the bitterness in our group was not deep and it was only casual. It did not come from a deep-rooted conviction. I felt that these fellows were representative of the uninspired nisei who were not willing to think deeply at all.

[ "My general impression of the nisei in camp was that the assembly centers, in spite of the restrictions, gossiping and other handicaps, was more or less a holiday for everyone. Since we were there thru the summer. The people as a whole did not have to work their heads off any more in order to make a goal of life, since the food and shelter was provided by the government. Only a few jobs demanded the full use of talents and the concentrated efforts of the worker. We did not have much of a voice in what we could do in regards to the more important things which affected our lives. Some of the WCCA officials took their jobs seriously and they were overly suspicious of the people. This was reflected in their personal behavior. All in all, the evacuees felt that they were part of a community more than ever before because of the fact that they were all in the same boat facing an unknown future. ]

"At first I felt the loss of the outside because some of my friends could not come to visit me. That only lasted a few weeks at most before I got adjusted to the camp life. After the round of activities began in camp, all of which demanded actual participation by the individual, I got in with this movement and the sense of loss for the outside was not so acute. Later on, my friends were allowed to come into the camp to visit me. Altho I would have liked to gone back to Seattle, all along, this feeling diminished and even the occasional visits from my Caucasian friends did not make me acutely



homesick anymore.

"The summer passed quickly enough and I didn't leave Puyallup with any regrets because I thought that the WRA camp would have less congestion and better sanitary facilities. I did not regret the loss of the mess food or anything that looked permanent about the assembly center. All permanent plans for the future while living at Puyallup were frustrated at this was at the bottom of most of my inner discontent which varied according to my moods. My anticipation of the WRA was not too high in spite of my expectations since my brother had gone in an advance group and he wrote back and told us about the dust storm and the lack of complete construction of Minidoka.

"The good side of the picture was that regardless of the physical inadequacy of Minidoka it was to be of a more permanent nature than the assembly center. The size of the camp have been publicized as 68,000 acres and that meant more freedom for the people. I was also aware of the fact that its basis would be a farm program and I did not object to that because that could be very constructive. I did not have any illusions about my farming ability as I had never done it before. The camp was ~~surrounded~~ announced as a farm project and I thought that everybody would have to do farming. I did not look forward with anticipation at this prospect but I had hopes of getting into something easier."

"My attitude toward the war had not changed very much during my stay at Puyallup altho I have to admit that the effect of camp life was that it made me less politically minded than before. It was because of the kind of friends I had developed there which sort of gave me an easy way out. I suppose I was also looking for fun too.



The general camp atmosphere was not conducive to any heavy thinking about problems anyway. It was a ~~serious~~ period when everybody sought a release from all the suspenseful feelings which had accumulated during the month before evacuation. I knew that we were going to a WRA center eventually and I did not feel up to the effort of digging into any serious while in the assembly center. However, I did have occasional moments when I reflected upon myself and I was aware of the fact that I was wasting time. I rationalized this by saying it was a low in my life. As we were getting ready to leave Puyallup, I determined to get down to something more serious instead of the aimless life I led at Puyallup. I intended to work on the newspaper at Minidoka if I could get on the staff and not to fool around so much with a bunch. I would have gotten upon a newspaper at Puyallup, but it was a pretty unsettled proposition and there was no incentive to get us to do anything serious in the way of writing.

"In spite of my forewarning about Minidoka, I rather anticipated that it was a beginning of the new phase of my life--a more constructive venture. I suppose I built up rather high ideals which were bound to crash once I got into the actual reality of Minidoka. My anticipation of Minidoka was a little distorted and I hoped to get too much out of it, and naturally I was bound to be disappointed. Anyway, I left Puyallup without any regrets at all. And I looked forward eagerly to the WRA center."

Following is Hiromasa's first impressions of the trip to Minidoka which he jotted down and wrote up for his first column in the Minidoka newspaper after arriving there.



## T I M E   O U T

Getting your fare's worth on a train ride between centers may seem like Rockefeller passing out the dimes, but honest figuring about it adds up to the grime of soot, the wear from the extended curb on man's natural need for expansion, and for some the sorrow at the quick stabbing thought of what was left behind where moats more impregnable than the firmest in literature have shot up in answer to the signals from the Pacific.

Subtracting from this effect of pleasure blacked out was the evidence of what we had been made to feel was worth looking into in American landscape. And taking it all that came by with youth's capacity--which couldn't be measured by all the yard sticks around.

Here was the backdrop to Hollywood's hardest riding thrillers, the graphic shaping of countless moods nourished from tales breathing less of the dream life.

The lush, verdant Columbia River Valley put behind, the hills grow into mountains and move toward the banks, the train finally beginning its trail, the evergreens losing out to the stubbier tougher growths as hills come closer and the climb gets bolder.

Our teeth were biting off the grit at the first fore-taste of dust-kreigs. We had begun to put the gag on the cheers for Idaho. The road was heading for grimmer parts, the face of things taking on the impassive unyielding look of men who put more into the soil than what can be got out of it.

Mountains were miles away now but were constantly framing the planed-off stretch. There was nothing to hide us and we could easily become lost.

Ranches seemingly as depopulated as a western movie caught



off-guard in a poorly directed scene. Balls of tumble weed rolling down the road, sharply bringing back the loneliness breathed by Leslie Howard tramping along Arizona's off-paths in "Petrified Forest," the wind pushing on, the weedballs hurrying.

We were weaving up a hill sawed off at the top. It all seemed as though things had missed the last call from humanity. And then as if to confound us, there were farms, alfalfa, straw, herds, life--but touched with the look you get from strangers. And then there were rocks, ugly and stubborn. The fare had been used up.

The trip was wiped out like a dream. Friends swarmed. The faces were Little Tokyo; the talk didn't smell of the woods. They were the opening words in the book which we have written of Mindoka to date.

--Daiki Mi

--The Minidoka Irrigator



"When I got to Minidoka, a blanket of dust blew in our faces and we got the cheering report that this was only a mild day. But I could not help but feel the excitement of the place. There was a big job to be done about making the camp more livable. This feeling was in the atmosphere and it was reflected in the very way the people fought for the jobs. They were more particular about the types of jobs they wanted than in the assembly center. Many fellows who were extremely social partying inclined in Puyallup, went into more definite groups and they were more serious. They went after jobs to improve themselves. All in all, it seemed less of a picnic than the assembly center--and atmosphere which had been imposed due to the temporary nature of the place and the restrictions which gave it a lack of permanence.

"I had worked with most of the staff members of the newspaper before so I immediately went down and asked for a job as reporter, which I got without any difficulty. Later on I wrote a column for the paper. My brother did not come on the newspaper until a little later. At first there were about three editors so a meeting was held at the reports office to determine who should be the editor. The five candidates for the office of editor were told by the reports officers that only two of them could be placed on the \$19 a month payroll. One of the fellows said he needed the editorship because he was married and had a wife to support. My brother said he could get another job in camp like handling labor relations so he did not particularly care to be the editor. Two of the other fellows were put on the payroll as editor and my brother confined himself to writing editorials. He then went on to work on the labor relations board with George Taki. When the printed newspaper came,



he returned to the newspaper work. He was the contact man between the staff and the administration. He was the acting editor altho Dick Takeuchi was supposed to be the editor. Dick was a good technical man but he was kicked out of the newspaper because he made some slams against the members of the administration. The printed paper was the result of the Cooperative supporting the newspaper and they covered all the costs.

"I wrote mostly columns and covered beats around camp. It was a most enjoyable work that I had done even tho my experience and the subject matter were limited. The incentive for the kind of writing I wanted to do was not there, but at least it gave me some opportunity to writing to see what I could do. I still did not know if I could make the grade as a professional journalist since the camp paper did not give me much training for this. I also felt that the editor was not capable enough and he did not inspire me to do my best work. It was a little better after my brother took over the editorship. One of the first editorials for the paper was written by my brother and its purpose was to inspire the people to develop the community and make the arid land bloom. It affected the people favorably and encouraged them to feel that they could make something good out of the desert. This was before all the relocation business came out and the emphasis was upon the camp development. It helped the people to roll up their sleeves and go at it. (Some indication of Hiromasa's brother's opinion can be obtained from looking at some of the back editorials in the Minidoka Irrigator under his real name, Dyke Miyagawa.† It also indicates a little of Hiromas's thinking since he reflects many of his brother's opinions.)

"When the people started to resettle from the camp they came in droves to ask for a subscription to be sent out to them. The camp



was a definite part of the nisei life. The issei had a mimeographed sheet to meet their needs. They did not resent the English section too much altho the issei on the board of cooperatives demanded that nothing be said against the Japanese if they supported the printed paper.

"The Japanese section of the newspaper only had three workers on it so that we did not come into conflict with them. The Japanese editor for his section of the paper was essentially pro-Japan but he was intelligent enough not to stir up any rumpus. The only friction was that the first English editor and the Japanese editor were courting the same girl. On the whole it was not an unpleasant relationship between the two paper staff and we did not have any serious trouble over policy at all.

"Our second English editor finally volunteered into the Army and my brother sort of took over until he left. On the whole, the paper was a definite part of the community life altho its greatest appeal was to the nisei. We sponsored a popularity contest and this appealed greatly to the younger nisei. The editorials received many comments and often the Pacific Citizen quoted them. We felt that the Heart Mountain Sentinel was the only center paper ahead of us. A few days before I left, my brother went to work on the Pacific Citizen for the summer while Larry Tajiri went to Washington to handle some JACL business. However, my brother felt that he was not cut out for journalism so he is now with the CWO Allied War Committee in Washington D.C. helping to raise funds. He got this job thru his former union connections in Seattle and also thru a union man he met in Salt Lake City while working on the Pacific Citizen.

"In October, 1942, I took time out for one month from the camp and the newspaper work in order to go to work in the sugar beets.



It was the first opportunity to go on the outside and this appealed to me. The outside meant that I could get away from the restriction of camp life for a while. [Some of the nisei really felt that in answering the call for farm work, they would help the war effort. But the fact that we wanted to get out was probably one of the most important factors. The seemingly high wages in sugar beets as compared to the camp ~~salary~~ salary was also one of the attractions.] I did not have illusions that I would make a fortune as I knew that my farming ability was not good. As it turned out, I did not come back with a cent ahead altho I grossed about \$250 for the period of almost two months I was gone. We stayed in a FHA labor camp which had several hundred nisei there.

"Twin Falls was only two miles away from our work camp and my money was quickly spent on clothes, food and entertainment. We did not have any unpleasant incidents since the Japanese were an accepted community of Twin Falls. During the harvest season, the Japanese were a large part of the population in that area.

"In one place I worked, the mother of my employer said that she would not hire a Jap even if her beets rotted. Later on she did hire Japanese workers in order to save her beet crops. That shows that economic motive is often more of a determining factor than political ideals. All of my bosses were understanding and I had long talks about the Japanese problems with them. The work itself was tough as hell and most of the fellows wanted to go home. I stuck it out until the end of the contract. The other young nisei workers in my gang were afraid to tell the boss they wanted to quit and I wouldn't do it so they had to stay on with me.

"We had a lot of bickering among the workers and also with the bosses. However, after it was all over, my last boss said that he



was very pleased with us because our work was clean. Later on I used his name as a reference but I don't know if that was a wise thing because I have not got my clearance yet altho I did get my release. That farmer may not have remembered me.

"After the sugar beet work was done in late November, I went back to camp and started working on the newspaper again. I began to fit in once more with the camp life and it was not hard to do as my taste of freedom was not financially successful. Farm work was not my idea of permanent work. I guess I wanted to go back to camp as the sugar beet work had been hard and I got cold on it. I could not see any resettlement possibility in doing that kind of work.

"The recreational facility were extremely limited in Minidoka for a long time. It was dusty most of the time anyway so that we could not get out too often. All of the open spaces was of loose dust and that is why no play fields could be made for a long time. The inevitable dances were the only things held consistently and these were in the recreational halls. I soon found a girl friend and went sort of steady with her. It was only a casual friendship and I did not have any plans of matrimony. It was just fun for us to do things together.

"Most of my friends were the staff members of the newspaper. They were mostly younger than I but they all seemed to have good ambition of working on the newspaper. I would not ordinarily sought this group out except that I had been thrown together with them on the paper. We spent a great deal of time in the office and during the late evenings we would hold bull sessions. We had a special permit at 10 p.m. and often we stayed up just for that. The staff was bound together with this interest. That's how most cliques begin.



Part II d. [ "There wasn't anything of intellectual interest about the goddam camp. < My expectations for the camp had vanished when I first went to the sugar beet fields. I had nothing to do with the JACL altho my brother handed me a membership card one day. The center constitution was not pushed and the vote did not take place until I left. Minidoka was one camp where the primary emphasis was on re-settlement and there was not too many plans or stress put upon the internal development. I only read the New Republic and the other publications from the WRA centers. I did not read very many books at Minidoka. I felt that I was stagnated but I did not feel up to the efforts of doing anything about it. I was living in a period of apathy. I was too closely identified with the mud right in front of my eyes and my mental horizon did not go beyond it too much because when the mud dried up it became all dusty and I could not see ahead far.

"College was even more remote and I more or less gave it up as impractical. I did not make any more efforts to find a way to try and go on. > I was very restless during the winter because it was windy and cold and there was nothing to do to keep me very busy. I had to stay indoors most of the time and I got bored and in a depression. I was in a rut and there was not much promise for camp life. ] About the only thing we could do was the put on parties for the paper staff. I was supposed to head the committee for the beauty contest but I learned from that experience that I was definitely not of the promotional type of personality. I did learn how to speak before the public with more ease during this time. But when spring came, and the tempo of resettlement speeded up, I really did get restless. By that time my one idea was to get out of camp.

"The WRA was a definite improvement over Puyallup, but that did



not solve the big problem which was in the minds of all the Japanese. The quality of the WRA administration was much better than the WCCA. They had a definite interest in the people's welfare and the project director had a lot of dreams of making Minidoka a community to be proud of. He was even respected by many of the issei. I didn't hear any rabid persecution of him like what happened at the other centers. During the <sup>fuel</sup> ~~few~~ crisis of the fall months, there was a lot of pressure brought upon him but the people finally cooled off when they got the coal. The issei were not completely with the administration on the registration but they took it out more upon those issei who translated the WRA announcement to the camp.

"Generally the registration was successful at Minidoka. The WRA there handled it extremely well. The response was slow at first but they came around as it was explained to them more clearly. The meetings progressed all the way thru camp and the project director showed up at all of them. He was a very eloquent speaker and this appealed especially to the issei. He did not threaten the people at all. He explained the idea of the combat unit and he said that it was needed to be the torch bearers for the nisei future in order to put them on the camp. He said that the record of the combat unit would help all of the Japanese in camp as well as it would be an achievement for the nisei soldiers.

"Mr. Stafford, the project director, had two sons in the Army and one of them was completely disabled in the South Pacific, but he said that he had no animosity towards the Japanese in the United States because this was a democracy. He said he had to face many barrages of distorted charges from the townspeople and he wanted to prove to them that the evacuees were loyal. There was quite a bit of resistance at first but it ended up with over 300 volunteers and



the majority of the issei answering 'yes' to the Army questionnaire. The newspaper in camp supported the registration fully and my brother toured all over the camp with the project director in order to show his support.

"There were many family conflicts over this registration, but it never became a large community issue. My dad could not see any of us volunteering but he became resigned to that. In the end he answered 'yes' to the questionnaire like most of the issei. I think he was influenced by the decisions of his sons and my parents realized that they were more tied up with this country than ever before. My two brothers volunteered.

"Most of the opposition was private like this and no concerted action was taken by the community against registration. However, many nisei who wanted to volunteer were influenced against it by their parents. I didn't volunteer because of various reasons. My older brother Hirokazu was rejected because of his physical disability due to osteomyelitis as a child. My younger brother was in perfect physical condition but he was among the last 33 from Minidoka who were kept waiting from March until September. The Army then notified them that they were not needed because the combat unit at Camp Shelby was over-staffed. After that my brother resettled out here. He was kept stewing long enough and now he is not so anxious to go into the Army. Somebody told him recently that the Army was opening up another nisei combat unit at Camp Crowder. My brother thinks that all of the nisei will be drafted pretty soon and sent there because a couple of guys have told him this.

"I had a lot of mental conflict about volunteering. Our family felt that one of the boys should stay with the family. I was the one selected because I had been given a 4-F classification before



and likely to be rejected even if I did volunteer. I felt that a general draft was coming soon anyway so it didn't make much difference. My older brother also had a physical disability but he was in a prominent position in camp and he volunteered to show that he was sincere in what he said in his editorial. I felt that my younger brother was much more physically fit than any of us and I was pretty sure that he would be taken. My older brother thought he could be fitted into the Army in some sort of special work which would not put too much emphasis upon his physical condition. That left me with the family. I had one sister left in camp, the other one had married before evacuation, and it was a certainty that my dad could not support my mother if he ever got out of camp.. It was pretty much of a rationalization on my part when compared to the fact that four brothers from one family in our camp had volunteered.

"Now I find that it is difficult to make a go out here and my conscience does infringe upon me occasionally and I have a feeling of guilt. I also hold certain convictions and I think I am willing to fight for them. That is why I have wondered about volunteering from out here. I am beginning to think seriously of it but I haven't decided what to do. Another fact is that all the young fellows are in uniform now and it makes me feel sort of conspicuous not to be in the service. I don't know what I will do about it altho I probably will wait for the draft now.

"In Minidoka I realized more fully the problem of the Japanese in a world of democracy. In some cases, it doesn't seem as though all the people in this country actually want the defeat of discrimination in our midst. The reactionary forces are still with us and I think the showdown is yet to come. The Hearst papers still run a lot of the sensational stuff attacking defenseless groups and there is a



danger that the emotional reactionary movement may gain headway once more if and when the all-out effort is turned towards the orient.

I don't think the evacuation or the camp life disillusioned me to a greater extent than before, but I am more acutely aware that it is a big problem facing us.

[ "After the registration, I had the intention of leaving camp but I did not do anything about it until April. I supported the resettlement move in my newspaper column. As we began to get more job offers other than farm and domestic work, I decided to take definite steps. The fact that the nisei were being drained away by volunteering and resettlement was another immediate reason why I decided to act on my behalf. The whole tempo of resettlement speeded up right after registration and I got the fever. I looked around for any sort of job as an excuse to get out on. I figured that I could then look around for something more in my line. I still was not sure of what I wanted to do and I had to find out what I was capable of doing first. I felt that I could make better contact if I got out here first. I wasn't getting any younger in camp and I knew that I had to act soon. I knew that if I remained in camp I would not get the opportunity to find out exactly what I could do because camp life impressed me then as a temporary phase in my life. I knew that I would have to make a fresh start on the outside. I was full of anticipations and expectations; but at the same time, I tried to be practical about it and realize that there were certain obstacles which would not make it too easy. I was going out of camp to work and not to play. It was difference ~~from~~ from going to the sugar beet field." ]

(Following are some comments by Hiromasa ~~and~~ in the center paper showing attitude towards resettlement.)



(COPY)

T I M E O U T

Thanks to the Army, Girls  
of Minidoka can hit the  
relocation jackpot

Today the greater part of the problem of relocation must be borne by the nisei girls, Floyd Schmoe declared during his recent stay in Hunt. Schmoe, who is representing the American Friends' Society on his intermittent visits to relocation centers, is in a position to catch for us the quick shifts in the wind.

The Society's relocation schemes were announced immediately after the WRA outlined its policies. Schmoe was here once before to offer what the Society was willing to make available to interested residents. Students, professionals, and college graduates received the brunt of the proddings at the time.

Now as the result of the influx of male residents into the army the scene is wide open for the girls to take over. Much of the program's success rests with the degree of enthusiasm the girls are disposed to show.

Although to indicate the presence of parental frowning which is bound to fall upon this development is not to mark out a racial characteristic, the fact remains that opposition to the relocation of many feminine residents here will be voiced by a chorus of considerable size. Girls of age have attempted before this to get out. Some are already making their way in Chicago, Denver, Salt Lake City, etc., good adjustments coming to them as much as they are willing to fight for them. But as many remain here because of parental bans.

Clearly the girls must pick up the brooms to sweep off the webs that film issei eyes from seeing the relocation picture



--The Minidoka Irrigator



(COPY)

# TIME OUT

The rounding out of the evacuee year is now a question of a few weeks. At no time has a year played out before our very eyes the flux and go that ordinarily eke themselves into our consciousness only after careful studying of them made possible years after their occurrence.

A year ago we were begging the march of events to wait until we had put in another spring quarter at school. This in spite of the convictions we entertained about the unrelenting realism of the material world. Of course, we had no illusions. Spring quarter we didn't study. We worked.

But our emotional habits were tied up with all that we had learned to put into studies, friends and the doings that go with school. There was so much more to learn before we could convincingly put together the ground work which obviously has to exist, even for a world seemingly a structure of disorder and contradictions. We in our first few years had just begun to pick up our tools.

There were those whose comradeship we hated to lose. There were others who seemed to offer such promising hopes for the future. The fine things to come from these associations seemed immeasurable to us at the time.

But the realism in the imperatives of politics and economics were toeing the line, and the fact was never more apparent to us than at that time. The talk of evacuation kept up teeter-tottering during winter quarter. Not long after we know it was going to be a fact, We gave up school, and then our ways were cut short by the device of curfew.



"I feel that I owe it to myself to crowd everything I consider worthwhile into my last days here," a friend and volunteer tells me these days. Such was the tone of the pre-evacuation days. Life is longer than these words seem to credit it with, but it was obvious that the old ways were a starting place to which there could be no road back.

It was as if we were thrown back to childhood, wanting to touch things and forever feeling the poignancy in being uprooted from home and beloved haunts.

Ray, cracking the books by day and at the shipyards nights, more himself than ever before, never too far up to his neck that he couldn't sense the roads closing up on his fellow men. And others, out to show us the best of times were cursing the moving and shaking behind the shadows which were to part friends. It was very hard to leave them all.

Consider these lapses into moments in the past whose poignancy is made less sharp by a life of its own which has developed around the conditions of evacuation. The loneliness and uncertainty are explainable today when they are pieced into the jigsaw changes of the times.

They are the blessings of youth which make adjustments to the new relatively simple in spite of the weight of associations left behind with the old. In this way the centers have been our social primers, and we have much to take away when we get out of the transition stages of our journey.

--Daiki M.

--The Minidoko Irrigator



## T I M E   O U T

I straggle into the mess hall for breakfast, unable to shake off the inevitable after-effects of an enforced leaving of my cot. Usually I forego my morning coffee and toast, but this time I have to see my friend off from the admin area. He is leaving for Chicago. It is just a friendship arising out of the enforced relationships of evacuation. It is just the same, a friendship I want to continue after we meet again.

I am breathless from the hurry up to the bus. When I get there the fellow and his partner are beaming. They are passing out jokes as generously as the proud new father hands out the cigars. I shake on these parting quips and remind him that not even Chicago is the whole world, by which I mean that we will still be around somewhere. "Write you sonfagun," I tell him.

"I'll get you a job in Baton Rouge!" my friend says in a final flare of his good humor. With events such as these the first year of evacuation is being marked out.

§ § § § §

For the evacuee, life measured in terms of war conditions has been relatively secure. Meals, whatever their shortcomings, were planned for us. Eating involved no shopping and the attendant worries growing out of rationing. And although our earnings were on the fractional level, we were never pestered by a demanding landlord. It should be recorded that our single rooms, regardless of the size of the family, ruled out a last possible refuge when privacy was being sought.

And to more or less turn the tables, the coming year will find many of the evacuees exchanging the security assured within the



centers for the privileges inherently a part of the national habit. Some are leaving the centers with guarantees not a cent more enticing than fifty cents for an hour's labor. People outside will tell them how much of the externals of life can be bought for that sum.

§ § § § §

But whatever the degree of attractiveness of our jobs, our relationship to them is more than what ordinarily goes into a boss-employee pact. The inescapable fact is that the eyes of the nation are fixed upon us today. The progressives who back us as well as the professional baiters are building up cases to further their respective causes. Whether we feed the appetites of one or the other hangs on the manner of behavior to and at our jobs.

An intelligent approach, of course, bars race considerations whether Japanese or Negroes are concerned. Nevertheless the lot which has been ours the past year has, in effect if not perforce, made the nation conscious of our problem which has often been mistated or stated only partially.

Our re-acclimatization period in Chicago, Denver, Salt Lake City, Cleveland, or wherever we choose to relocate, will be fraught with suspended judgments, whose crystallization into one attitude or another will follow the record of what we show ourselves to be like.

The employers who have declared a willingness to hire us need the proof that we are up to the responsibilities that are demanded of us now. We need the proof to dispel the carping of indigested minds and the ranting of groups out to make the term Japanese American synonymous with anti-Americanism.

Barring forces beyond our control, it is all up to us. Our



advertisements will read as we write them.

--Daiki M.

--The Minidoka Irrigator



PCII & [ "In early May I finally got a chance for a job that would get me out of camp. I signed up for an unskilled labor job for the Cuneo Press in Chicago thru the WRA representative in camp. The Cuneo Press offered us 62 1/2 cents an hour and a promise of a later raise to 67 1/2 cents. They also said that there was a nickel bonus if we wanted to work on a night shift, plus time and a half for any over time work. This sounded like pretty good wages to me for unskilled work and I thought I would do it until I found something better. ] I came out in the middle of May and the company representative promised me that he would look for something more in my line after I got here but he did not live up to this promise. ✓

"There were three of us who came out together on this job. We stopped at the YMCA for a week or so. Then we started to look for an apartment of our own. One evening we went to visit a nisei friend on Maple St. and he suggested that the Maple Manor had two nisei girls living there and he thought we might be able to get in also. We went down there and inquired for rooms right away and the landlady accepted us. [ Later on the WRA started to send a lot of nisei out to the Maple Manor. For a while most of the occupants were Japanese but now it is about 50-50. I don't know the exact number of Japanese in the house now but there are about 40 or 50 living here now. I don't have too many contacts with most of them. I have been living here ever since. ]

"There was nothing exciting about my unskilled job at the Cuneo Press. At first I started as a piler for a sewing machine which sewed the books together. Then I helped out on some other machine like feeding the smashers and doing a little layout work. During the past summer I changed to the night shift as there was a five cents an hour raise doing that. I was looking for another job all



the time and once I took a day off to go see about a job. When I came back to the Cuneo Press, the floor lady was angry at me so she said that I would have to go on a night shift. There were a lot of young kids working there during the summer and the day openings were scarcer at that time.

"I worked 10 hours a day and averaged around 50 hours per week on the night shift. I could have made just as much on the day shift as I would have been able to put in more overtime. There was also another important reason why I did not object to going on the night shift. The three of us lived together, ate together, slept together and worked together so I figured that I should see less of them or else they would get on my nerves. I had to get up the first one in the morning and wait around for them to get dressed after coaxing them out of bed. I had to be their nursemaid and do all the cooking for breakfast and start the evening meal. And then they did not get to work on time. I was the oldest of the three and I felt more responsible for them. That is why I changed to the night shift because they would have to get up on their own after that.

"I worked on the folding machine during the night shift and it was a little harder work. I did this for two months. The night shift was from 7 in the evening until 5 a.m. the next morning, and this ruled out my social life entirely. The day shift had more openings after the summer vacation since the students were going back to school so I finally got back on the day shift. I only did this for two more weeks before I saw an Ad in the paper for another job which I was successful in getting in September.

"There must have been about 200 nisei in all of the shifts at Cuneo's. They were on all three floors. Many of them were girls. The nisei were mixed in with the other workers, but they were pre-



dominantly Japanese on some floors. For example, I worked on one shift where all of the workers except the foreman were nisei. The nisei did not get the more skilled jobs because most of them were inexperienced and they had a lack of training. There was a lot of mixing among the nisei and they lived in groups together. They also went in groups to eat lunch. Many of them have come directly from the centers where they had been recruited as a group. They did not mix too much with the Caucasian workers altho a few of them did. The Caucasian workers seemed to be pretty tolerant of the nisei and they did not treat them as inferiors. There were some zoot suiters working at the plant and they made fools out of themselves by acting in a boisterous way and trying to draw attention upon themselves, which was not very favorably received by either the Caucasian workers or the other nisei there.

"A lot of nisei came to Cuneo's to work after I had started there. There was a high labor turn-over there. Many of the nisei took this job as the reason and excuse for coming out. It was an easy way to get a job offer and a lot of them had the same idea that I had about getting a better job later. A lot of the nisei, however, thought the wages were extremely good and they stuck at their job. Others were satisfied at first but when they heard about the high wages the nisei were making in other places, they quit to get other jobs. The Cuneo Press had a uniform policy concerning wages for the nisei. I got a five cents an hour raise after working two months there.

"I didn't mix too much with the other nisei except for the ones I had come out with as most of the nisei workers there were young squirts. I did not like the idea of working among so many nisei and this urged me on to find another job. I had been contacting various



newspapers in this area for possible employment since journalism had been my major in college and I thought I'd like to give it a trial if I could get the chance. I only had one job offer as a proof reader and nothing else. I didn't hit the big newspapers in Chicago as I knew I would not have a chance with them. I hit the newspapers in the suburbs but they said they had no opening altho they were nice about it.

"I then began to answer several job calls for re-write man and advertising apprentice for magazines. I said I was a Japanese American in my letters and I got no answers at all. It was the kind of Ad where you send a letter to the box at the newspaper office. I wasn't too hopeful of getting a newspaper job after that. However, I did not become pessimistic because I had not really hunted for a job seriously yet. What I had hoped for was to save some money at Cuneo's and then take a few weeks off to make an intensive round of places where there would be possible openings and to personally try to sell myself.

"In the middle of September I answered an advertisement for a office clerk, mailing, filing and errand boy job. I also proof read at this job I do now. It is in an advertising agency. One of the reasons I changed jobs was that Cuneo had too great a concentration of nisei and living with so many of them, I felt that this was not much of a change from camp, therefore, I decided to change jobs and this was part of the reason.

"I get less pay in my job now. At Cuneo's I was making between \$35 and \$45 a week but now I only get \$100 a month. However, I made the change, not for the salary, but more for the opportunity it will eventually offer. The job I am doing now is routine, but it requires a little more headwork and there is more variety to it. I don't like



the mass production stuff in a book factory. I wouldn't have taken my present job at the Erwin Wasey company but the vice-president said that he would give me training in advertising copy writing. I am not getting that training yet but I will pretty soon. There is a guy there who is willing to break me in. It is only a medium sized advertising agency with a total of about 24 people in the staff. I get along excellently with the office staff and it is very informal during the office hours. I don't know for sure if I have made any progress or not, but if I do get the advertising copy writing training there, I will have a good reference and I hope to get into a better job in that line with some other company later on since the company I work in is a little small and it does not offer too much advancement.

"The first day I went to that job, I didn't know that the fellow who held the job before me was a Chinese. The man who broke me into the job as the office clerk thought I was a Chinese also. Later I told him I was of Japanese ancestry and it didn't matter at all. I have to go on many errand around the loop and I am accepted like anyone else.

"My present ambition is to learn advertising copy writing as soon as I can so I can make a living at it. But personally, I believe that advertising is a parasite business. My literary and journalistic ambitions have been put to bed and I have no ambitions for that any more. I feel that there is less of a future for me in journalism than in advertising copy writing. I am not satisfied with my present status and I would not care to go on as an office clerk permanently. The job doesn't pay enough and I have to live from pay day to pay day now. That is why I am not saving a cent. I feel that I could make more in a factory job, but that would not



as much a future as my present job. I may change my ambition later on because of practical reasons, but I am not contemplating that right now.

"I haven't the slightest idea of what I will do after the war. I would like to have a job that I could come back to in case I went into the Army. I would like to be doing something where I can feel whatever talents I have are needed. I am not seriously contemplating volunteering into the Army right now as it is pretty vague. I've been told unofficially that the draft will be a certainty pretty soon. I expect it but my status is still 4-F. I didn't even get re-classified into 4-C when they evacuated us. I had high blood pressure at the time I took my physical examination before the war but I think that I am sound now. My night probably brought on the high blood pressure during those years I worked in the restaurant. The draft doesn't worry me too much. I think that if I get re-examined again, in the physical, the Army will be less stringent and I will be taken. I will go if they want me. I am going along now in the expectation that the draft will get me eventually. That is why I don't buy a lot of clothes anymore because I will not have any need for them if I am drafted.

"I now feel that it is doubtful whether I will go back to Seattle after the war. It will depend upon my chances of going there to make a living and whether there will be any opportunities for me. There is no restaurant for me to go back to, but we are still making payments on our house yet. That is our only roots left in Seattle. The house is deteriorating because the present tenants are ruining it. However, we continue to make payments on the house because there is a possibility that we may go back. The fact is that these house payments come out of the rent money and it is no burden on us.



"I don't rule out any part of the country for living if there is a chance for economic security there. I follow the economic security reasons more than the geographical or sentimental choice of places. In my line of work I hope to end up eventually in New York City because the most chances for advertising work is there.

"At the present time I am not doing anything about resettling my parents. My brother and sister are out here and we could do it between us. But it will make big inroads into our income. I don't feel that I am settled enough yet anyway. Another thing is that my parents would be lonely out here and that is an important consideration. My parents haven't expressed the desire that they want to come out altho they do miss us. But they also realize that it would be difficult to make a living. Most of the issei in camp are reluctant to come out. My younger brother is a shipping clerk in a publishing house here now. He lives down the block and I see him once or twice a week. He has his own group to go around with. My sister is secretary in another publishing house. She lives two or three blocks down with two other girls and I drop in to see her about once a week. The three of us here have never gotten together to talk about family resettlement and we won't do it unless I take the initiative. I haven't done anything about it yet. I have been thinking that we could pool our incomes and buy a house to bring the family out to but I want to be more settled first before I take any kind of a step like that. There is also the uncertainty of the draft which may come any time. My brother in New York suggests that we bring our parents out here and he is willing to come to Chicago and help out but it is all a vague plan yet.

"Since coming out here, I have revived some interest in finishing my education but I doubt if I go thru with it. I can see the



value of a college degree and it does help in getting a good job. It is always an advantage and it may mean even more after the war when everybody is hunting for a job. But I have not picked out any school as I am not in any position to do so. I should be looking for economic security more anyway.

(1) [ "I haven't tried to move from the Maple Manor hotel because I have run into a little discrimination in housing. Actually we have never looked too hard for another place and if we do move, it will be because the rent is cheaper and we will be closer to our job. There are five of us living here in this apartment. We have another bedroom on the other side of the kitchen and bathroom ~~with~~ which separates the living room from the back part of the apartment. The place here is convenient for my work as it is only 10 minutes away by street car. However, we do plan to move eventually to a place out of the loop because the neighborhood is not so good. The electricity is D.C. current and it is very inconvenient for my phonograph. The rent we pay is too high for this place also. For the five of us, it adds up to \$90 a month. We get very spotty maid service because maids are pretty scarce these days. About the only other nisei we drop in on in this hotel are the two groups from Minidoka that we knew before. The others that we knew have already moved out. The rest of the 50 nisei living here are strangers from California. They are mostly single fellows. There are a few nisei girls in our building, but they don't stay long because the atmosphere is not very good. ]

[ "The landlady has no objections to the nisei and she does not care about the congregation because the nisei pay their rent properly and they don't tear up the place. Some of the Caucasian roomers here are of doubtful characters anyway. They don't object too much.



There are several single Caucasian girls living here and a few families. The young girl who is the night clerk here is a Hawaiian and she lives with her family in this building. Most of the occupants of the hotel are older people. The landlady lives in the building also and she acts like a madam for a house. One of her daughters is just like a prostitute and she hangs out in the hotel around the corner.

"Two of my room mates came to Chicago with me. They are both younger than I am. I knew one of them at the University of Washington and the other worked on the newspaper with me at Minidoka so we came out together. There is a younger fellow here ~~about~~ 21 years old and I have found out that he is mentally slow. I don't care very much for ~~me~~ him because he gets on my nerves. He works pretty late a night so he doesn't bother me any more. He isn't very talkative and he is usually the 'goat' for the rest of us. He doesn't have much to say in a general conversation. We do not include him in our recreational ~~pursuits~~ any more because he is such a sad case. He misses his mother a great deal. He was the ~~ely~~ only son and his father is dead so he has been pretty close to his mother. Once he told me that he was a very moody person and he sure did tell the truth. The first time he got a letter from his mother he started to bawl right at the table in front of us. He didn't even have the sense to go into the back room and bawl by himself. He is sure close to his mother. We have given him some suggestions to develop his personality but it is no use because he is too slow mentally.

"My other room mate, Tanaka, works in a pastic factory and they make Xmas decorations. He works nights now. My one objection to him is that he is a very sloppy roommate. It takes a great deal of coaxing in order to get him to carry out his apartment responsibility



and he feels insulted if he is asked to do his share of the work around here. Tanaka quit Cunco's about the same time I did because he thought he could get a higher wage elsewhere and he wasn't very satisfied with his job. He is only 24 and he has been trying to get a job as a draftsman without having any success. It is the usual story; he gets the run around. Tanaka looks upon his present job as something temporary. He violently objects to factory work, much more than I do.

"Yuji, 23, was out here first. He originally came from Portland and I knew him very casually at Minidoka. He had a good job and he was getting very good wages but he quit because he had to commute 4 hours to and from the job. He was idle for a while and then he got a pasties job in the same place as Tanaka. He did not like that so he quit. Then he loafed for two weeks. Now he is working in a trailer company and he makes \$1.00 an hour. He is lonesome out here and he wants to go back to camp. I think he secretly wants to go back there to stay. We have tried to include him in our activities but he stays home and writes letters every night. He is only 23 and there is really nothing wrong with him except that he is restless and he hasn't adjusted himself from being away from his family. He wants to visit camp in December and I think that he is going to quit at that time. He says that he can get a job any time so he isn't worried. At one time Yuji was considering to volunteer for the Army Intelligence School at Savage but he changed his mind at the last minute.

"Tanabe is the last of my room mates and he is a sort of provisional resident. He brought his cot out here with him so we let him move in for the time being. He is 24 years old and I knew him a little at the University of Washington. When he came out here he had



a job with a library association as a proof reader. He quit that job to go up to Minneapolis to look around for another job as he did not like Chicago. He killed about two weeks up there and he did not find a job. He had volunteered three or four times for Camp Savage but he was always rejected because he was an alien. After he came back to live with us, he worked for a short time at McClurg's where there are a lot of nisei working, but he quit for a better job at the Glo-Light Company. He is the least politically minded of any of us and he is very easy going. But he wants to get a uniform on very badly as he thinks that this will make him more sophisticated. The other day he got word from the Army that he had been finally accepted for Camp Savage and he expects to be inducted in about three weeks. I have the least run-ins with him because Tanabe has had experience in living with other fellows before at the University of Washington and he has lived away from home for quite a while and he understands the give and take idea in cooperative living. I rather suspect that he wants to get into the Army because then he'll get citizenship. He came over as a young kid and he is just as Americanized as any nisei.

"I don't know why I am living with these fellows but I find it enjoyable enough. Altho I am the oldest, we are always kidding each other about. I have to act as sort of the boss around here because the apartment would get too messy otherwise. Tanabe, Tanaka and I do the most things together and we include Yuji if he wants to come. We don't ask our dumb friend any more because he doesn't fit in at all. The three of us who went to the University of Washington usually do things together the most. We urge Yuji to come along but he has to write too many letters and occasionally he goes to see a



friend on the southside. Sunday

"Sunday is about the only day we can get together now since Tanabe and Tanaka work at night. We got up to the hostel and try to look up some girls we know. They have an address book up there and you can find out where girls live. We have also gone to all of the YWCA events. We went to a big YWCA party one Sunday afternoon recently and that was quite a spectacle of starved nisei running around and glad to see even casual friends. It was quite a sad affair. Then sometimes we go to visit girls in their apartment and occasionally we are invited over for dinner. Many of the Sundays just end up by going to a show. Occasionally we get separate dates and go to the Aragon for dancing or else to a show. Once in a while we don't have a thing to do on Sundays and we think about joining the YMCA but it is no use because we don't have the interest in it right now.

"The way things are now, the other evenings of the week I am practically alone. By the time I get thru eating with the fellows, it is usually 7:30 or 8 o'clock. I then go to see my sister or brother or else some other friend. There isn't much time for anything else. Once in a while I go to a show by myself but what I would like to do is to get a library card in the public library so I would have more reason to stay home evenings. I have been foolish enough to let that dumb room mate of mine to be such an obsession that I have been staying out to avoid him. Now that he works late in the evening I can go home and not be bothered.

"Lately I have been reading New Republic, Nation, Time and the usual picture magazines. I read the editorial and feature pages of the Chicago Sun and I look at the classified Ads of the Chicago Tribune. The Chicago Sun editorial take my greatest interest. I've



actually finished reading one fiction book since coming out here. I bought some books on advertising and copy writing but I haven't looked into them seriously yet. The reason for this was that my boss told me that the only unsuccessful advertising man wrote books on advertising and I would be better off not reading them.

"Once in a while I write letters to my parents in camp. Hell, that is an evening's job in itself because Nihongo is so hard to write. I don't write too many other letters. Before when we were all working in the day time we used to have visitors coming up every night. When the influx to Chicago was great we had a lot of visitors and when the influx declined, our visitors also dropped off. Nisei soldiers also dropped in now and they take up our time because we have to entertain them. All of them want us to fix up dates for them but we have a hard time getting dates for ourselves. I have about 20 casual nisei friends here within my circle but I know a lot more nisei acquaintances. I usually stay in my informal group because I don't have the time to see the other people. Occasionally I meet a new nisei thru my friends and if we have any common interest at all he is added to our circle. I usually spend my time with a very set inner bunch. There are about six girls in our bunch right now.

"Occasionally the other fellows have an all night poker session here but I don't take part in it as I am not good at cards. We are never all together anymore so that we don't have these card sessions too often. Besides, we never spend our days off in the apartment. Once in a while we go bowling or we go down to shoot pool, that is better than standing around on the street corners like so many of the boys around here do. This was particularly true during the summer.



"We usually eat at a Japanese restaurant across the street because it is close. A lot of nisei go to eat there. There is another Japanese restaurant which is betting to be quite a hang-out for the nisei. You know why all the zoot suiters hang around that Japanese restaurant down on Clark St.? It is because Pauline is living upstairs and doing 'business'. I don't know much about Pauline but she was working at Cuneo's when I was there. She used to live at the 'Y' but they kicked her out after they found out that she was a pro. She moved into this building (Maple Manor) and I used to see her in the lobby. She is an attractive girl, rather tall and sophisticated looking. She got hold of a nisei pimp. He is a snaky looking person, but he looks sharp and he goes out and gets business for her. All the nisei fellows used to go up to her room for a piece. Then the pimp started to bring Americans and soldiers into the hotel. The landlady did not like this so she kicked the girl out. Now she is living above that Japanese restaurant down there and she doesn't work any more at Cuneo's as she makes good business with all the nisei fellows going up there. There are some prostitution houses around here, but they are not so good. A lot of the nisei go to Gary, Indiana but that is far away so they would rather go to see that nisei girl. There is no Japanese community around here so that these fellows are pretty bold. They are young and this is the first time they have had a chance to sow their wild oats. There are a lot of zoot suiters who hang around this area and some of them have hakujin girls that they have picked up. I haven't heard of them having any fights with Filipinos over these girls but it is a possibility.

"It seems to me that all of the nisei groups out here go around



in their own little cliques and they never all get together at one time. Maybe that is because they haven't a common place to meet together. I wouldn't care to know a lot of nisei, especially the zoot suiter type, because their clothes and behavior lead me to believe that we would not have any common interest.

One evening recently before the cold spell set in, a friend of mine and I left the hotel here about 10 o'clock at night to go to a restaurant and there were 15 nisei sitting out in front. I just couldn't approve that in my mind because they had been advised not to be seen in such large bunches. I thought it was crazy anyhow. They were doing the other nisei a harm because they talked so loudly. There used to be many of these small bunches who stood around on Clark street waiting for nothing in particular. They had a sultry look on their faces all the time. I felt that at least they could go to a show or even to a pool hall. When people see these long-haired guys hanging around on the street corners, they naturally conclude that the fellows are on the prowl, which is true enough. It doesn't do them any good to stand in bunches in the street anyway.

"I found quite a few nisei who think the way I do about this. We've been told not to go to taverns. It wasn't an order but we were told that it would be for our best protection. However, one of my friends is a butcher out on the westside and he gets meat very cheaply and without points which he gives to the tavern boss. In return the boss has become very tolerant about nisei going to his tavern. The fellow started to bring his other nisei friends there. The tavern boss kicks any Caucasian drunk out who wants to start a fight with these nisei. I go there occasionally but we never go there in droves.



"This friend of mine makes very good money on his job and he likes to spend it too. Every once in a while he rents a car and he takes a little trip to Wisconsin or some other place. For a while he was taking these trips almost every week but he doesn't go so often now that winter is coming. He told me that he might as well enjoy the money he makes because he didn't know when he'll ever get the use out of it if he saved. He figured it was easy money anyway. His group plays poker quite a bit and sometimes they have pretty big stakes. My kid brother belongs to this group. They all work pretty steady tho, and they don't fool around too much like some of the other nisei. My brother used to be very unsteady when he worked for dad but he is much more reliable in his job now. That is because he realizes that he has to make his own living and he can't loaf on the job. My brother still feels that he may eventually get called to the Army so he wants to have a good time now.

I don't drink much more than I did before. Once in a while I get to feel pretty good but it is too expensive for me to go on big drinking sprees. My room mates are not excessive drinkers so I may even be drinking less than before. Maybe if I were living with a drinking group, I would be drinking a lot more. Some times I go to the cocktail lounges in the loop to listen to the colored musicians and then I have a few drinks. I know that this is foolish on the income I am getting but I enjoy it because I have interest in certain types of jazz music yet.

"A lot of the boys I know, and even I occasionally, are regular visitors to the houses of prostitution. I don't do that sort of thing as much as before because I am older and it is not a novelty anymore. The funny thing is that the fellows were all scared to go to the Houses for a long time because they thought they would



be discriminated against. However, the prostitutes don't care because they think the fellows are Chinese anyway. The only ones they don't take are negroes. One of the fellows I know gets a white girl down to his room all the time. I bet he is paying her plenty for this. The houses of prostitution are now very close around here. As far as I know, there is no decided prostitution districts in this area. Most of the fellows go to Gary, Indiana and a lot of them go pretty often. Around the corner from here there is a semi-pro hotel and some of the nisei go there. This is the first time that many of the nisei have ever done such a thing and there is nobody to put the pressure on them not to go. They mostly go for the novelty of it. I haven't been to the taxi dance halls around here, but some of the nisei go. I don't go because most of the white girls there are much taller than I am and besides the Filipinos don't like it if a lot of nisei come around. The only dancing I do is when I take a nisei girl to the Aragon once in a while.

"On the whole, the way most nisei are existing now, it is not satisfactory to them. They are restless and they have no definite place to go for recreational activities. I make the same complaints myself. But all of the small nisei groups seem to have reasonably enough to do even if they don't get together with each other. The nisei spend much more for recreation now than they ever did on the coast. The only thing absent in their social life is a large organized group, and they seem to be getting along all right without it. A part of the nisei tendency to be restless and to run around a lot now is the sowing of wild oats of the young nisei who are looking for a good time. A lot of my friends are content to spend their pay checks on clothes and dancing at the Aragon. They don't save anything and it doesn't even worry them. They don't think much of



the post war period because they don't know what is going to happen. That's why they're more interested in getting larger pay checks and spending it. They felt that they had been deprived of a lot of things during the time they were in camp and this is a relief for them. It looks pretty good to many of the nisei to get a two hundred dollar a month pay check because such things were undreamed of before the war. When I get in groups for bull sessions, all they talk about is about having a social good time and about money they can make. They don't care for many other things because they feel that it is not related to them anyway. They feel that they have already contributed to the war effort by the mere fact of being evacuated. Actually most of the nisei are making more money now than they could have ever hoped to make on the coast.

"In spite of that, it is a rootless sort of existence for most of the nisei as far as I am concerned. My only tie to Chicago is my job. If I lost that, I could go anywhere and I would not miss Chicago at all. That is true for most of the nisei and a part of the reason for moving around. This is a good chance for them to see the country, they think. They don't have any social roots in Chicago and that is why they want to get together. But then, we have only been resettled out here for 10 months at the most, so we can't tell yet what will happen.

"The majority of the nisei out here are not doing a helluva lot for the war effort. Only a few of them have joint board clearances to do defense work. The rest are in non-essential work. A lot of the nisei are working in plants which do semi-defense work only they are connected with the non-essential part of it. Even Cuneo Press is considered to be a semi-defense place, but the nisei there don't do any of the essential war work. Another thing is that not



very many nisei buy war bonds or contribute to the war funds, except if they have to do it at work. I gave one day's pay check from my job recently for the community war fund.

"I most emphatically do not want to see a Japanese colony started here. That would ruin the whole resettlement program. I don't know how this spreading out of the nisei will work out but I hope that the nisei can do it individually and not organize into a group even tho there are so many of them here. It looks like it is leading right into segregation right now and there is nothing that can prevent it. It is an extremely difficult problem for the younger nisei because they miss the social life. It may be that a good adjustment will not come in their lifetime, but it is worth the try and better than to fall back on the old ways.

"The WRA is not making it a path of roses for thenisei, but it has announced its willingness to help in the dispersion program. We would be aggravating a racial problem by returning to the Little Tokyo set-up. However, the Army has a different policy and it segregates the nisei into a separate combat unit. Nobody seems to know what is the best way. That's why you can't expect the nisei to know the answers when it baffles even the experts.

"There are a lot of nisei out here who just can't get along without other Japanese and they feel that they have to do things together. They feel they'll never be accepted by hakujin anyway. Their past history does not make it easy for them to find adjustment among the Caucasians. Then there are many cases where the nisei can make the adjustments, but the hakujin won't give them social acceptance all the way. The nisei are willing, but they don't like to be patronized. I know, I resent that myself.

"There is another side to the story because a big Japanese group



does give you a sense of belonging to something. You don't have it here and that is why the nisei are restless. I think a nisei organization will steady a lot of the nisei and make them feel more a part of the community, but the danger of that is that it will lead back to the old pattern. I don't know what could be done. The way I see it, I think that it involves the individual initiative mostly. You can't prevent segregation if the nisei want it, without knowing why. They have to have a good reason for the other program of dispersing out and the nisei have not thought of these things too deeply. On top of that, we have a war time condition here and that adds to the problem of adjustments. The nisei find it difficult to cultivate normal Caucasian relationship. In the 'Y's and the neighborhood there are not many young Caucasian people around as they are all in the Army. That puts the nisei in a spot.

"I don't know whether the Little Tokyo can be prevented. In other cities there seems to be signs of Japanese communities developing. This is true in Spokane, Denver and Salt Lake. In Spokane there are quite a few Japanese and they have a Japanese district just like in Seattle before. A lot of the northwest nisei have gone there to resettle but they don't get good types of jobs. That is why many ~~nisei~~ Japanese have gone into business and cater only to ~~the~~ Japanese community. The Japanese pattern is starting here too. For example, my uncle is trying to start an apartment house right now and there are others like him.

"This trend is the line of least resistance and the evacuation and camp experience have strengthened the Little Tokyo idea more than before because it made the nisei more conscious as a group. The lack of personal adjustment here may easily lead to the formation of a Japanese community here, especially if enterprising Japan-



ese feel that money can be made among their group.

"In certain ways it is hard because the nisei like Japanese food and some Japanese business man will think that he is doing the nisei a big favor by putting Japanese food on the market and catering to them. The integration program will only have a chance if there is an official action which does its ~~up~~ utmost to prevent the formation of a Japanese community, but I don't think they will ever do this. Maybe the government will have to substitute something else which is not quite a return to the past.

"Personally I can take or leave the big gatherings of nisei. Back in Seattle I have revulsions of going to large nisei gatherings and I did not make it a point to go. I still feel the same way. Maybe this is a personal complex. If there are no big nisei affairs here, I won't have a longing for it. The happiest personal adjustment will be marriage and children for me and I suppose this is true for all of the nisei. I don't think that you have to have large groups in order to find a person to marry. If you have your own circle of nisei friends, that will be enough. The young nisei are the ones who are clamoring most for big socials right now because they are so used to having big dances in camp and they don't realize that it is different out here.

"As far as marriage goes, I have no plans for it now but I don't have anything against it as an institution. I think it makes a person a better social being. On the other hand, I see the idealized marriage played up in the movies and I know that it doesn't end up this way and it becomes a miserable trial for many couples. However, living alone was not made for most people. There are economic problems in my way and that is the reason why I have not looked too hard for a mate but eventually I hoped to be married but I don't have



any particular girl picked out right now.

"I haven't got any intellectual activities here at all. My brother met a fellow on the bus to Salt Lake City and this fellow lived at the Black Hawk hotel here. My brother said to look him up because he was a very liberal person but I have not followed it up. For a while, I thought of going to the Abraham Lincoln school in the evenings as it is supposed to be one of the progressive schools in the country. I went down there once and it turned out to be a very radical group and much more extreme than I am. There is too much of the communistic influence there and I don't go quite that far. That is why I have not followed this up.

"I don't have too much attitudes on the war now because I am so disconnected from it. When the Allies accepted King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, I realized that the Allies were still cultivating the weak sisters of Fascism and they were not supporting the real underground movement of the people. That sort of takes the edge of my enthusiasm for the war. Russia, on the whole, seems to be the only country supporting the real underground movement. I suspect that Churchill and Roosevelt will stick with the weak sisters of Fascists more and that doesn't look so promising for the future.

"But I suppose the first thing that has to be done is to defeat the Axis. I have had first hand experience in what a militaristic authoritarian government can be like. The evacuation showed that, and I don't like it. Democracy as a way of life is the only way that leaves the door open for future progress. It depends on whether the democracies will live up to the things we are fighting for. The subversive Fascist forces in this country are stronger and richer than ever before and their self interests have not been dull in the least. I don't know how much longer we can call the U.S. a democracy.



It depends upon how it can dispose of the subversive Fascist groups within it. These are the groups which are race baiters and they are against minority organized labor and other people's movements. They seem to flourish on these race and group hatreds which they fan for all their worth.

"My American citizenship is certainly something I do not wish to lose. I want to retain it because the U.S. is one of the few countries I could be happy in. I know I would be miserable in Japan or any other Fascist country. The evacuation has not affected my ideals on citizenship in the least. Even if I were against the evacuation, I could pick out many other instances of grave injustices against democracy imposed upon other groups in this country. The evacuation could be interpreted as a strong pro-democratic move depending on which side of the fence you are on. That's why I pride my citizenship in spite of the fact that I recognize many flaws in democracy.

"Even if the nisei do the most to rid themselves of the stigma of segregation, the Americans will still think of them as a segregated group. If there is a depression after the war, we can expect for the nisei for many years a most difficult time. They will be the pawns of the economic ups and downs of this country. They will never be completely up because discrimination will never be completely eliminated. Right now they are accepted mostly for the unskilled jobs because of the manpower shortage.

"But if the nisei can establish themselves and lose themselves, they may be taken as individuals. In this case, they will be able to find a place in the American society. If it comes to the point where there is no concerted effort against the nisei as a group, then, you can expect the nisei to achieve the full use of their



education. They do have talents and they are pluggers. I hope that this ideal can be achieved, but I am rather doubtful.

"In spite of the nisei desire, it will be up to the other groups in this country in the end result which will determine in which direction the nisei will turn. I haven't any idea at all how it will actually turn out. I haven't imagined this in my mind because I don't want to. I have a tendency to look upon the future pessimistically but I may be wrong about the nisei future. I hope I am. But I am discouraged because the nisei seem to be wholly dependent upon one another of their group just like my room mates. This may pass in time, I hope. It doesn't look like it will turn out this way and I suspect that the nisei will get even more depressed.

"The nisei have vague feelings of wanting to spread out but they can't do much about it. Instead they pass their time griping about their boredom. There is a feeling of great insecurity among all the nisei as they have always depended upon the Japanese on the coast. They don't depend upon each other economically now, but socially they do and that is why they clamor so much for nisei dances. The chances for complete integration seems to be very slim in the light of this fact. I think that it will be the issei more than the nisei who will cause the formation of a Japanese section. If they are suddenly released on the camps they will naturally go in droves to the large Japanese section. The nisei have family ties and they can't very well avoid them. The issei will give the final impetus toward segregation because they couldn't get along in a hakujin society. I'm afraid that this is the way it's going to be.

"I just wonder how much the combat unit can do for the nisei problem. I don't think it will have too much effect in getting the nisei more favorably received. It seems to me that a combat unit



beats the nisei problem into the public mind instead of eliminating it. However, there is a need for more favorable publicity for the nisei at the present time. But what if the hakujin who take us for Chinese today find out we are Japanese? Then what will be the effect if the time came that this was not true? Will their attitudes change as more and more Japanese come into this city? I think it will and it may not be for the best.

"It is doubtful that all the Japanese who leave the camp for the duration. I don't know what will happen to them. I don't think the government can very well kick them out without providing some sort of economic security. But if a conservative Republic administration came into office and decided to close the camps, it is going to be one helluva time. The Japanese were fairly self-sufficient on the coast and that is all gone now. I don't know how they will be able to make out.

"In view of these things, I can't help but be a little pessimistic. It looks like the alternative is going to be segregation, altho dispersal is the ideal. It will be the economic forces that will turn the tide in this direction. There are quite a few Japanese now who are thinking of setting up a business for a Japanese community. The more people who come out of camp with business experience, the more you are going to get this tendency. I suspect that in Chicago the economic basis for segregation, if it happens, will be a Japanese community which will appeal to the marginal business. It will start businesses along the slum rows such as on Clark St. here. The Japanese will not self-sufficient as a community at all. There is a possibility that Japanese truck farmers can come in and make a go of it but I don't know if they will ever be allowed to own the land. The Civil Service is an outlet for only a few of



the nisei. It doesn't seem likely that most of the nisei will be able to hold their present jobs. I don't know what will happen then. The WRA is failing in its responsibility because the resettlement program it is carrying on, is makeshift. They are too concerned about getting the people out of camp and not concerned enough about working on a long term program. The whole problem is very confusing and it mixes all of us nisei up. I suppose I am sensitive to it and I worry somewhat about the future. It's hard to find a definite answer to things. I have my ideal but I don't think that the practical situation will ever reach those aims. If I am that way, then most of the nisei I would say are even more confused and mixed up because they don't even attempt to think about it. That's why they seek escape in their limited present activities. The war is not going to solve the problem, I think the greatest nisei problem will come after the war. It doesn't look like a very promising future and the most we can do is to hope for the best.