

## SCHEDULE FOR INDIVIDUAL RESETTLERS

(m)



SCHEDULE FOR INDIVIDUAL RESETTLERS, page 2.

15. continued	Age	Sex	M.S.	Birthplace	Grade compl. Amer.school	Educ.in Japan	Occupation Dec. 1, 1941	Relig. Affil.
(a)	60	M	M	Japan		Elem.	Rest.	Christ.
(b)	44	F	M	"		"	"	"
(c)	24	F	S	L.A.	12th		Home	"
(d)	16	M	S	San Pedro	10th		Student	"
(e)								
(f)								
(g)								
(h)								
(i)								
(j)								
(k)								
(l)								
(m)								

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

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



SCHEDULE FOR INDIVIDUAL RESETTLERS, page 3.

18. continued -

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

Father (parolee) returned in August

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

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

#18

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

#18

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)	Imiko					
(b)	Kimitsu	brother				
(c)	2 other girls	live together in apt.				
(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
Barton Hill, San Pedro		1925-31	6th
Grammar schools (name and location)		Dates	Grade completed
Lompoc		1931	6th
Santa Maria		1934	8th
High schools (name and location)		Dates	Grade completed
Santa Maria High, Santa Maria		1934-38	12th
Colleges, universities and vocational schools (name and location)		Dates	Grade completed   Degree
Attendance at Japanese language school, location		Dates	
went from ages of 10-15 yrs.			



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

Dates		Nature of job	Type of industry	Location	Av. mo. wages	Reason
From	To					for termination
		off and on as	school girl - health failed			
		helped folks in restaurant occasionally				
5/42	8/42	typist	WCCA	Tulare	\$12	ill
8/42	9/42	Jr. clerk	WCCA	"	\$12	
9/42	12/42	dental recept.	WRA	Gila	\$16	
12/42	1/43	dental ass't.	WRA	Gila	\$16	
Jan.	Mar.	- health -				
3/43	4/43	typist	WRA	Gila	\$16	quit
4/43	---	domestic		Chicago	\$40	
5/43	8/43	domestic		Lake Forrest	\$60	quit
8/43		rested up				
8/15/43	--	Gen. clerk	Factory	Chicago	\$90	

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

Dates	Attended what church	Where attended	What Sunday sch.
6-18	Union Church		teacher
	occasionally in camp		

24. Political activities

Dates	Voted in what elections	For what party
1940	Presidential	Republican



2. Gila 9/5/42
3. Tulare 4/30/42
4. 619 West Main Street, Santa Maria, Calif.
5. Matsumoto, Fukutaro Wakayama, Japan  
Hirohara, Fusano Wakayama, Japan
- 5a. U.S. Barber
7. Grammar school, El Camino, Santa Maria, Calif. 1925 to 1934  
High school, Santa Maria, Santa Maria, 1934 to 1938
- 7a. Major: Commercial  
Activities: Music; Talent Club
8. None
12. 61 95 lbs.
13. Menorrhagia
18. Single
19. Daughter
20. 8/7/19
23. No
24. High 4
25. Speaks Japanese
27. Waitress, Informal
- 27a. ---
28. 9/42 Gila WRA Receptionist--Dental \$16 mo.  
7/42 to 8/42 WCCA Clothing Dept. Sr. clerk--issued clothing \$12 mo.  
Inspected packages  
-- 4/42 Restaurant, Santa Maria Helper (unpaid family helper)  
1938 to 1939-C. Ishii, Grocery Sales clerk (wait on  
Store, Santa Maria customers)
29. Hobbies: Music, reading, literature, drawing  
U.P. Social work
30. Christian

Imiko's brother, Kimitsu Matsumoto

2. same 9/4/42
3. same
4. same
5. same
- 5a. same
7. Grammar school, El Camino, Santa Maria, Calif. 9/33 to 6/41  
High school, Santa Maria, 9/41 to 4/42
- 7a. None
8. Wakayama, Japan, 4/33 to 8/33 (Went to visit dying grandmother)
12. 65 120 lbs.
13. No major defects. Weak eyes
18. Single
19. Son
20. 7/6/27
23. Yes
24. High 1
25. Speaks Japanese
27. --- 27a. ---
28. Student
29. Hobby: reading
30. Christian



Imiko's father, Fukutaro Matsumoto

2. same 9/4/42
3. same 8/2/42 (Was interned at Bismarck, N.D.)
4. same
5. Matsumoto, -- Wakayama Japan  
Matsushita, Yoshi Wakayama, Japan
- 5a. ---
7. Grammar school, Wakayama, Japan 1891 to 1899
- 7a. None
8. Japan 12/84 to 1900; 1917 to 1918
12. 65 150 lbs.
13. No major defects. Eye impairment corrected by glasses
18. Married
19. Head
20. 12/29/84
23. No
24. Grammar-8 (Japan)
25. Speaks English
27. Manager, restaurant
- 27a. ---
28. 9/42 Gila WRA Mess Operations Cook \$19 mo.  
8/42 to 9/42 Tulare WCCA Barber \$12 mo.  
1939 to 1942 Restaurant Operator Operator \$150 mo.  
Santa Maria, Calif.  
1923 to 1939 Barber Shop, Operator \$150 mo.  
Santa Maria, Calif.
29. Hobbies: reading, movies
30. Christian

Imiko's mother, Fusano Matsumoto

2. same 9/4/42
3. same 4/30/42
4. same
5. Hirohara, Kunitaro (dec.) Wakayama, Japan  
Iwakuni, Iso (dec.) Wakayama, Japan
- 5a. ---
7. Grammar school, San Pedro, Calif. 2 months  
Attended school in Japan 8 years
- 7a. None
8. Wakayama, Japan 9/99 to 10/18  
Japan 4/33 to 8/33 (to visit sick mother)
12. 56 102 lbs.
13. Impairment of eyes corrected by glasses
18. Married
19. Wife
20. 9/27/99
23. No
24. Grammar 8 Japan
25. Speaks English
27. Cook (Rest.)
- 27a. Seamstress
28. Restaurant, Santa Maria Cooked, served, washed and wiped dishes  
cash register (unpaid family member)
29. Hobbies: sewing, barber. O.P. Mess Hall (server, if possible)
30. Christian



Charles Kikuchi  
Evacuation and Resettlement Study      Ch-23  
U. of California      Ikuko May Maruyama (pseud.)  
Chicago office.  
December 29, 1943.

Ikuko May Maruyama is a 24 year old single Nisei girl. She has been in Chicago since April 1943. Prior to the war, she was unemployed due to ill health. Her former residence is Santa Maria California. Since coming to Chicago, Ikuko has held two domestic jobs and then transferred to an office job. She is not satisfied with her present position.

Ikuko is a rather sensitive girl, but she appears to get along with people satisfactorily. She is engaged to be married to a Nisei soldier shortly after next year altho the date is not definite. Her parents are arriving from Gila next month. This has solved her worry about getting her 16 year old brother into school without the payment of fees.

In many ways, Ikuko is typical of the timid sort of Nisei. She is slightly fearful of the public attitudes. The series of interviews lasted from November 22 to date. Excellent cooperation was obtained. Ikuko is living with her brother and two other Nisei girls, but the interviewer was able to obtain privacy for the interviews. Illness and the Xmas season rush prevented the completion of this case document sooner. Ikuko does not look very healthy; she is very thin and easily susceptible to various sicknesses. She has been ill several times since her resettlement.



Ikuko May Maruyama is a 24 year old single nisei girl who has resettled here in Chicago since April 12, 1943. At the present time she has her younger 16 year old brother, Ken, living with her. Ikuko is employed as a clerical worker, originally she resettled out here as a domestic worker, but she has made the occupational shift since then.

Ikuko is a former resident of Santa Maria, California. ~~She~~ was evacuated to the Tulare Assembly Center in April, 1942. She was removed to the Gila Relocation Center in September, 1942. Since coming to Chicago Ikuko has had three different places of residence.

One of Ikuko's greatest problems at the present time is in trying to get her parents released to come and join her here. Her father is 60 years old and he was ~~empl~~ a restaurant operator prior to the war. Mr. Maruyama was interned by the FBI, but later released to the Gila Relocation Center to join his family. A special permit is necessary to get him out here on an indefinite leave. This is handled by the Immigration Department and there has been considerable delay in accomplishing this due to the usual governmental red tape. Mrs. Maruyama is 44 years old and she is also anxious to come out and join her daughter. The family apparently are rather religious due to various circumstances in the background, but they are not regular attenders of the Christian church. This situation will be elaborated later.

Ikuko is a high school graduate. She attended the Barton Hill elementary school in San Pedro from 1925 to 1931. The family then moved to Lompoc and Ikuko attended school there for one year. The father was a barber during this time, but he shifted his occupation to a small restaurant operator in 1934, and Ikuko completed her



elementary education in that city. She attended the Santa Maria high school from 1934 to 1938. Ikuko also attended a Japanese language school during the ages 10 to 15. She has not had any other formal education since that time.

During her childhood Ikuko was a regular attender of the Christian church. She did this until the age of 18, but she has given up going to churches since that time because of the belief that the church is hypocritical in its attitudes. However, Ikuko still retains a strong belief in God and she has faith in His personal power of helping individuals. This attitude has not distorted her thinking in any degree as it is an outcome of her complicated background.

Ikuko is a very attractive nisei girl. She is about 5 ft. 2 but she does not weigh much over 100 pounds due to poor health. Her health failed at the age of 18 due to some complications of her reproductive system. She has had hemorrhages of the uterus for the past six years and this development has affected her personality greatly. This has been one factor in her belief in God. Ikuko has been rather popular with the opposite sex, but due to rumors about her physical condition, several of her contemplated marriages have been disrupted. At the present time Ikuko is engaged to a nisei soldier and she plans to get married early next year.

Ikuko is a rather intelligent but slightly sensitive young woman. She is quite frank in conversation and she appears to be objective in most of her attitudes except her references to the healing powers of a **D**ivine Force. However, this has not distorted her personality in any appreciable degree.

Due to her difficulties of getting her parents relocated,



Ikuko has had considerable difficulty in getting her brother enrolled in the public school system. The writer made his initial contacts for interview purposes because of this situation and he has attempted to assist her in this matter, altho no much progress has been made due to the attitude of the Board of Education in this city. Ikuko has banked rather strongly on getting her parents out here so that the non-residence clause will be eliminated. However, there has been difficulties in this respect, as mentioned previously, so that Ikuko is now worried that they will not arrive here by the beginning of the next semester. Her brother, Ken, is working as a office boy in a Caucasian company this semester, but he is quite anxious to get back to school as he has definite ambitions of continuing his schooling right through the collegiate level.

The problem has been complicated by the fact that one of her present room mates is planning to move out on Jan. 2, 1944 to join her sister in Evanston. This will leave Ikuko with the problem of paying the major share of the rent. There is also another girl living with Ikuko at the present time. They have a four-room apartment. Ikuko and her brother sleep in the living room while the other two girls occupy the bedroom. They pay a rent of \$54 a month.

Ikuko has not had much work experience due to her poor health. Prior to the evacuation she did not hold any regular job altho she worked off and on as a domestic school girl, part time. She has also helped her father in the restaurant occasionally. During the month of June, 1942, Ikuko was a typist in the Tulare Assembly Center but she had to resign this job due to her illness. In



August, 1942, Ikuko worked as a junior clerk in the same center. From September to December, 1942, she was a dental receptionist at the Gila WRA center. She then worked as a dental assistant until January, 1943. For the next few months she did not work due to poor health. In March and April, 1943, she was employed as a typist at Gila. She resettled in April to Chicago to work as a domestic for \$40 a month. But she quit this job in May to take a domestic position in Lake Forrest for \$60 a month. She quit this position to look for an office job and she was unemployed for the first two weeks of August, 1943. Since August 15, 1943 Ikuko has been employed as a general clerk in a factory in Chicago at \$90 a month. However, she is not satisfied with this position but she is having some difficulty in changing job as her present employer will not issue her a certificate of employment availability. She has told her employer that she plans to move to another state. Ikuko is a little hesitant about telling her employer outright that she wants to quit her job in order to get a higher paying job in order to meet her present living expenses.

The present series of interviews were started on November 22, 1943. Ikuko has asked that absolute confidence be given to her story since her fiancé objects to her telling about her former illness as he believes that it may disrupt their present marriage plans. Ikuko is quite willing to tell the full story, but she does not wish to antagonize her fiancé in any way. The writer has given his word that full confidence will be given, altho some of the data which she wished to be eliminated will be recorded in the following pages. This is mostly in respect to the nature of her former illness. Ikuko looks slightly anemic and she is quite thin



in appearance. On December 3 she contacted a cold which has developed into a rather serious case of flu due to her lower<sup>ed</sup> bodily resistance. She has not consulted a doctor at any time during this illness. The series of interviews has been disrupted due to this illness. On Dec. 13, the writer had a phone conversation with Ikuko and the following notes are taken from CK Diary of that date to indicate Ikuko's present state of mind:

"I didn't go out on interviews last night because Ikuko was still ill with the flu..... In phoning Ikuko last night I got quite a story about all of her troubles in the brief time that I talked with her. Ikuko is quite worried about all of the problems which now face her and she wanted to know what she could do about it. She said that she has been ill in bed for one week with the flu and she had a high fever for a few days. She did not call a doctor because she said that her funds were so low. Another thing that worries her greatly is that Lucy, one of the room mates, is going to move out of the apartment on Jan. 2 to go to Evanston to live with her sister. This will leave Ikuko with the major burden of paying the \$54 a month rent. She will have to pay two-thirds of it for herself and her brother. Ikuko only makes about \$90 or \$100 a month and taxes are deducted from this. She has been banking on her parents coming out here by Christmas, but now it does not seem that this will be possible for some weeks yet. Ikuko doesn't know what to do about her brother's schooling. She has heard that several other nisei boys have slipped into the school system without the payment of tuition. I suggested that she try the same



thing with her brother if a solution cannot be worked out by the beginning of next semester. Ikuko has not done very much about the school problem as she had expected her parents to be out here before next semester. She said that her father had written her the other day saying that the Immigration authorities at Santa Fe are still studying his case before his indefinite release can be granted. Ikuko phoned the Immigration officer here but he did not have any further suggestions to make. He told her that she should not be too anxious about the matter as it will take a little time to clear her father. Ikuko said that her funds were so low that she didn't know what to do. She is even thinking of going back to camp because she cannot make a go of it out here. I told her that she should not become too ~~anxious~~ discouraged. I suggested that she write a long letter to the Gila Project Director and explain the entire situation to him to see if he can eliminate some of the red tape of getting her parents out here. I told her that I would try to help her write the letter the next time I interview her, which will probably be next week."

Before recording Ikuko's own story, a brief discussion of her brother, Ken, age 16, will be given at this point. Ken is now working at the Kelling Nut Co., 365 E. Illinois St. as an office boy. He is rather large for his age and slightly on the plump side. Ken stated that he had gained about 20 pounds since coming to Chicago. He appears to have a rather intelligent personality altho some of his mannerisms seem to be slightly effeminate due to the former influence of his mother and his sister's present atti-



tude of protection and concern over his welfare. In spite of that Ken is a normal boy. He came out here on Sept. 15, 1943, to join his sister and to attend ~~his~~ the public schools as a junior in high school. His comments on Nov 22, 1943, to the writer were as follows:

"I've been working as an office boy because I cannot get into school. My sister sent for me last September and I came out with the idea of enrolling right away. I came out because the school system in camp is not so good and it does not provide the courses that I am interested in. When I came out here I went to the school board right away so that I could enroll. They told me that I would have to pay \$196 a year tuition because my parents were not out here. This was quite a surprise to me and I didn't know what to do. It was so unexpected. Naturally I was greatly disappointed that I could not go to school as I had planned.

"My sister heard of another nisei case where exemption was granted so she ~~enquired~~ inquired around to find out what she could do for me, but she has not had any luck thus far. I had to lay around for a few weeks and I expected every day to have the whole thing settled, but it did not happen. I then decided that I had better go to work and save some money so I could go to school the following semester. At that time my sister was living with Margaret Uchino and her brother told me that he thought he could get a job for me so I went to work with him for a while.

"I feel so discouraged about not being able to go to school as I wanted to go so much. I went down to the Waller high school to see if I could get in there. They told me that it was so late in the semester that it would be better for me to stay out that



semester as I could not catch up with the rest of the class.

"My folks would send me the money to go to school as my mother is very anxious that I go to college. However, it was already six weeks in the semester and the school principal said that it was too late for me to get into the academic program. The courses that were open to me would not help me too much for college so I figured I could stay out for the semester and save some money up. My sister is still trying to help me get into high school and that is one of my great problems. I am counting on my parents coming out here by next January so that I will not have to pay any tuition. I don't know what I will do if they don't come out here.

"My parents do not know that I am not going to school right now. I wouldn't dare tell them because my mother would get very angry. I wouldn't want my mother to worry any more than necessary. My sister and I are very close to her and my mother just lives for us. She is not too strong in health. It will be easier to explain the whole thing to her when she comes out here.

"It wasn't too hard not to go to school after it had been going on for six weeks as I would have been behind in six subjects anyway and I wanted to get at least a B average in all of my courses so that I would have no trouble for college entrance. On the other hand, it was quite a disappointment because I thought I would start right away but there were so many delays and I didn't know when I could start. My dad was interned after the war so I don't know if the government will let him come out. It is up to the Immigration office as my dad is a parolee to Gila. He really is innocent.

"Dad used to be a butler in New York and maybe he can do that



kind of work out here. He used to travel around quite a bit when he was young. Dad is close to 60 now and he can't work in a restaurant as a cook anymore because it is a little too hard. He plans to work in a home out here as a cook and my mother can be a maid, then I can go live with them and go to school. My sister is going to get married pretty soon and she will move to Minnesota.

"I feel a -little lost out here. I made a lot of friends in camp but I only miss a few of them. If I just wanted to play, the camp would be the place for it. However, I want to go to college and it is best for me that I am out here now. My folks will help me thru school but I think I will have to do most of it myself because they won't be in such a good position to do it.

"I want to enter scientific work. I made up my mind in Gila. I worked in the hospital lab out there as I got the job thru my teacher. I enjoyed the lab work very much. I did urine analysis and blood count. A few years before that I thought I wanted to be a bacteriologist and the Gila experience convinced me that this was the work I was going to study for. Now I want to go on with this. I still have two years of high school yet but I have made up my mind to be a bacteriologist. A lot of the nisei kids in Gila don't think of what they want to do for their career, but I believe they should decide early and work for it. They want to play around too much in camp. I didn't want to get that way, so that is the reason I came out here. The schools are better out here too.

"I work all day right now. I get paid two times a month and I get almost \$50 clear after taxes each time. I make even more than my sister is getting. This is the first time I have ever made so much money. I think I could even make more if I worked overtime.



On Saturdays I could put in overtime but I only work in the morning. It is a 40 hour week and I could get Saturday overtime. I'm an office boy right now. The work is very easy. All I do is to open the morning mail, file some things and go on errands. The people in the office try to be very friendly to me because I am a nisei. I've noticed that very much. At first I was afraid of them but now I can joke around.

"There is one girl in our office and her husband is a marine in the South Pacific. She wrote and told her husband that I was in the office. The marine wrote back and said that his closest buddy was killed by the Japanese soldiers but he doesn't hold anything against <sup>them</sup> him. What do you know, the marine even said hello and to write <sup>him</sup> me a letter. My sister said that I didn't have anything to do with the Japanese soldiers anyway. There was another girl in the office and her name was Violet. She objected to me because she thought I was a Jap and she quit her job. That's what she told one of ~~the~~ other workers anyway. I haven't noticed much prejudice out here because nobody ever says anything to me. Maybe it is because I am too young.

"I haven't been able to save a much money as I thought I would. We never had much winter clothes in California so I have had to buy a lot of things for the winter season here. Another thing is that we eat good here and we have a \$30 a week food bill for the four of us. My sister and the other girls got worried so we cut it down to \$22 this week and we want to get even lower. Out rent is pretty cheap. We only pay \$56.00 a month for the four of us. Now that I am working and making more than my sister, I have to pay one-fourth of the expenses. I have to help out in the



household expenses. The girls make my dry all the dishes and my sister washes them since she doesn't get home until 6:30. Mary and Lucy do all the cooking and they are very good cooks. That's why I have gained so much weight. I usually wash my own clothes on Saturday afternoon.

"I went to a night school for a while but I had to quite because it was too far away. I had to go out to the 2300 block on the westside and it took quite a bit of time. I wasn't able to do this and work too. I have to wake up at 6:30 in the morning now so that I am pretty tired by the time I come home from work and I don't feel like going to night school so much. That night school I went to is considered to be very good. If my sister can get me into school, I may have to go to Evanston. They will let the nisei in school out there without paying tuition. That's what the American Friends Service told my sister. I will have to work part time if I do that and I am not so keen about that. That's why I am banking so much on my parents coming out here. If they do come, will only have to work on Saturdays.

"It is too hard to work and study at the same time. I have to study a lot and it would be too hard to do that if I had to work too. I've had my job for about one month now. Before that I was doing a spray job at the Universal Stationery company but I quit because I got sick. I couldn't stand the fumes. I only worked two days a week but that was too much. After that the WRA offered me a job in the Methodist Publishing Company but it only paid \$17.25 a week so I took my present job as an office boy instead.

"The spray job I had before paid me the best. I would get



\$14 for one and a half day's work. They paid funny out there because at other times I got paid only \$12 for two days of work. I couldn't work more than two days a week because it was too hard for me. I did this work for about three weeks and I had to put in 10 hours a day each time I went down there.

"I don't have too much to do when I come home now. After I get through eating it is 7:30 or 8 o'clock. I read a book for a while and then I go to bed. Once in a while I open my trigonometry book but I am too tired to do much studying. My present boss told me I could work part time for him when I do go back to school. On Saturdays I usually go out with another nisei boy after work. My sister's fiance comes in on Sundays. He is very nice and he takes me all over with them. He is at Fort Custer and he was in the Army before the war. That's about all the contacts I have right now. I don't go around visiting too many nisei out here as there are not many young people my age. I just don't seem to care to make the effort. I only went to visit one other nisei place since I have come to Chicago. Henry and I are the best of friends. His folks are in Evanston, but we go out together on Sundays sometimes. He got out of high school last June and he is working full time right now. He plans to go to college later.

"I never lived in a large city before so that it is a little hard to get used to it. I get the impression that everybody is rushing around. I've been with my mother all along and it doesn't seem like home without her altho my sister takes good care of me. I've only been here two or three months now and it will take me a little more time to get used to it. I think that city life is a good way to getting used to keeping away from nisei. I have a lot



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fun just riding the street cars and seeing the sights. I know the city pretty well now because my boss sends me out on a lot of errands. I don't feel lost for the nisei at all. I realize that life has to be different out here. Everything has changed since my dad was interned for seven months. He was sent to North Dakota. I think the FBI interned him because he contributed \$1 to an organization. Most of the other Japanese got released but my dad got a parole. He answered 'yes yes' to the registration too. I wish that he could hurry up and come out here because my parents want to come and join us so badly. I can go to school then and that will be really the start of my new life out here."

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I went to interview Ikuko on Nov. 23 and during the evening she discussed quite a bit about her family background. The following is a verbatim account of Ikuko's story:

"I never questioned my parents about too many details of their younger days. They both came from Wakayama Ken in southern Japan. My father came over first when he was 15 years old (about 1895). He did not know my mother at all at that time. My father has done many different kinds of work; I think he's done about everything. He worked on the Montana railroads with a Japanese gang for a while. He told me once that he had to work way up in the mountains and sleep on the cold grounds at night.

"Life has never been easy for my father but he never complained to us about the hardships that he went through. Dad started to cook when he was around 20 and he traveled all over the country as a cook and butler up to the time he was 30 years old. He told us that he had been to New York and Boston among



other places where he worked. He went back to California after that and he worked as a cook in a Japanese cafeteria for a while. He was in southern California and during this time he also worked as a cook for Charlie Chaplin.

"Dad got married when he was still in New York. He saved up quite a bit of money and he took a trip to Japan one summer and the marriage was arranged to my mother. <He was going to bring her back with him right away but the Immigration officials held her up because she had some kind of eye trouble. Dad came back alone and mother followed him a little later. This was in 1919 and my mother came in through Portland. After that my parents moved to Los Angeles and dad became a cook there.

"It was about this time that dad decided to settle down more. > He wanted to have his own profession so that he could be in business for himself. That is why he went to a barber college. He picked it up pretty fast and was given his license before he spent the full time in the course. Dad was in the barber business for the next 22 years.

"I came along in 1919 and my family had a pretty hard time around then. There was a Spanish flu epidemic going all around southern California during the time that mother was pregnant. Dad was very worried about this, so that was one of the reasons why he moved around in order to escape the epidemic. <He even moved over to Catalina Island for a while. > I was born in Los Angeles, however I moved around quite a bit since then.

"When I was two years old, my family moved to San Pedro. Dad bought a barber shop there and we lived in the back of it. I don't remember very much about this place. It was in a sort of a



Japanese community but there were a lot of other poor people living around there. We lived there until I was about 12 years old. My mother was never very well and when I was 5 years old she had a serious illness and she had to go to a hospital then. Dad did not have the time to take care of my by himself so that he took me to an American home where Mrs. Taylor took care of me. I didn't know any English at that time so that I couldn't understand what she said to me. Mrs. Taylor was rather impatient with me and sometimes she would even spank me when I could not tell her in words that I wanted to go to the lavatory. As a child I wasn't too healthy. I've always been quite thin. I didn't have any special interest at all except drawing and Mrs. Taylor encouraged that a little bit. I don't know whether it was good for me to be living with Mrs. Taylor during my mother's illness because it made me a little shy and I was scared of people. As soon as my mother was recovered I went home again.

"In 1931 we moved to Santa Maria. Dad bought a barber shop there in the Japanese community and he kept at this work until 1940. However, it became increasingly harder for him to stand on his feet all day so that he decided to change his occupation. He bought out a Japanese restaurant on Main St. and this was the work that my family was in until the war.

"Dad was quite handsome as a young man and he appeared much bigger than he actually was because he carried himself well. He was often mistaken as a lawyer or a professional person. Dad has aged terribly since the evacuation and he looks his 60 years of age now. [Dad has always had a very easy going temperament and he did not give way to fits or anger very often. I always remember him



as a very gentle person and he is still this way. < I was always the greatest of pals with my father. I think he was inclined towards being an introvert altho he could be quite friendly with the people he knew a little better. He had to keep on friendly terms with a lot of people because of his work. However, his circle of close friends was not too broad. >

"My mother was always the dominating one in our family. She wore the pants. She is about 16 years younger than my father and much more active. Mother is quite tiny as she is only 4 ft. 9 in. tall. However, it has been mostly thru her efforts that the family has been kept together. If it were not for her dominating personality the family would have gone to pieces many times and not held together like it has. My mother has a very strong mind and she knows exactly what she wants. We were all under her influence-- including my father. I began to rebel at her at times when I got a little older but it was only upon rare occasions that the conflict got very bitter. ] I have always felt close to my mother also.

"My mother has always been a hard worker and she is quite conscientious in keeping the home up. Ever since my brother and I came along, mother has lived strictly for her children. She doesn't have a selfish streak in her. She tends to be quite possessive of the family. I would say that it was my mother who made all of the important family decisions and the rest of us just followed along. When we first moved from San Pedro my mother was against the idea of going to Lompoc. However, this was one of the times that dad wanted his own way so that we had to go live there for a while. Dad was quite enthusiastic about moving to Lompoc but mother thought that it was just a dingy gambling town and it would not be good for



us there.

"At this time dad liked to gamble quite a bit and he was determined to move the family there and my mother could not change his mind right away. This is one of the few times my parents had a bitter argument. I was only about 12 but I can remember the scene which was created. They argued for days about whether to move there or not. My mother said that dad had no sense of responsibility for his family if he insisted upon moving. She finally gave in and the thing she said came true.

"There was a store next door to our barber shop and my dad spent a great deal of time going to the back of the next door store to gamble. It got to be quite a fever with him and he could think of nothing else. Mother was very upset at this and they had another big quarrel. My mother threatened to get a divorce if my father would not move to another town. She insisted that the environment there was not good for growing children. This argument went on for several months and it was the lowest point in our family relationship. Finally my father came to his senses and he gave in, so that we moved to Santa Maria after that.

"My mother wanted to go to Santa Maria because she had some old church friends there in the Japanese community. It was from that time that my mother decided almost everything of importance in the family and her decisions were always correct. We began to rely upon her more and more for advice.

"My parents had other quarrels but they were not too serious. The reasons for the cause was that at times my dad was quick with his hand and he became impatient. When he was younger he struck my mother occasionally but this never broke her spirit and gradually



dad became calmer. After that my parents got on quite well and the quarrels became less and less frequent. Dad never mistreated my mother and me as he was quite fond of both of us.

"I was very close to my dad so that I would always throw myself at him and tell him to stop when he began to strike my mother. Dad was the type of temperament that flew off the handle quickly and he would forget the incident just as quickly. But if it were my mother who did the striking, she would talk about it for days. My parents just had different temperaments. Most of the arguments happened during the time that my dad was addicted to gambling. Mother detested gambling and she said that if my father kept it up then the other Japanese people would talk about our family and call us low class. Dad would only play for small stakes but the amounts added up over a long period of time. Finally my mother was able to break him completely of the habit because she has a tendency to nag until she gets what she wants. Dad became submissive to mother and there was peace in the family after that.]

"My parents were very affectionate to each other during the time they were in good spirits, and they were also affectionate with their children. This is not usual among the issei so that I think my parents had more love between them. They would think nothing at all of kissing each other. I've never seen any other issei parents kiss each other because the Japanese just don't do that. I was very affectionate toward both of my parents and I kissed them all the time. Even when my brother left camp he kissed my father goodbye. That shows that there is quite a strong family feeling. We have always had this close family solidarity but there are occasions when we clashed because of the temperamental



differences in our nature.

[ "I love my mother very dearly and I was usually submissive to her and I only rebelled when there was a major issue facing me. I would get extremely angry and when I could not stand it any longer I would run out of the house. < In spite of this occasional outburst, our affection toward each other was quite deep. My bringing up was like a "ojo-san", that's a girl of average family who is brought up in genteel manner. Usually I was given what I wanted. > I had the best of bringing up that my parents could give me. They put me through Japanese school altho I did not take to it very much. However, I speak quite a bit of Japanese and I even use it out here occasionally when I am talking to my room mates. It is a sort of a habit and I slip into it.

"My parents also sent me to a Christian church at an early age and I went regularly and faithfully for some years. While I was growing up, my parents were very religious for my sake. ] I had quite a tender upbringing as I was growing into girlhood. I was very sensitive in school and I suffered from it intensely. I misunderstood things a lot and often when I saw two girls whispering I thought that they would be talking about me. I don't know why I got this way. It wasn't because I was mistreated in my family because my parents were very kind to me.

"We always managed to live fairly well altho we did have a difficult time during the depression. In spite of that my mother never had to work out of the home in order to supplement our income. She did help out a great deal in my father's restaurant after he opened that. Our family was not too conventional to Japanese customs in a great many ways. We did not adhere at all to



those Japanese traditions like the other families did. I suppose the reason for that was because my father came over at such a young age that he got to be very broad minded and liberal the longer he lived in this country. He got a lot of American culture during the time he was working as a cook for an American family.

"In this respect I suppose my mother was a little more conservative than dad. She had learned quite a bit of Japanese traditions in her youth and she wanted her children to retain the best of it. I suppose she taught us more of the Japanese traditions than we realized as we did not pay any particular attention to it. My mother always wanted me to respect my elders and there were other ordinary things about Japanese culture that she insisted that I learn. She insisted that I must always be courteous to the older people. She believed that in this way I would build up my own personality. Mother ~~dresse~~ stressed that I should always know how to get along in Japanese society so that I would not make any embarrassing mistakes as I grew older. There were other things like ~~this~~ that she taught to us but I don't think that I reflect very much of it now because American influences are much stronger.

"My parents never taught us any political doctrines about Japan. Dad expressed quite a bit of his political views but it did not have too much effect upon me. He was broad minded in his political thinking. He could see a great deal in communism even and he studied that for a while. Dad was for the underdog and he said that all things should be made for the benefit of workers. He approved of Russia's five-year plan and he would talk to leftist nisei about it whenever he could. However, there weren't very many of these nisei around in our town. There was one nisei fellow,



Joe, who traveled up and down the coast selling Japanese goods and he would stop in and talk politics with my dad every time he passed thru Santa Maria.

"Until dad reached his late fifties, he always stressed the fact that he would live and die in America. He said that he made a fair living here for himself and his family and there was opportunity for his children so that he was grateful for that. However, under my mother's more conservative influence he did express a desire to go back to Japan to retire in his later years. He said this more than ever after the evacuation and he firmly believed it until I came out here. Then I wrote a pleading letter to him and I said that I never wanted to see Japan. I told him that I wanted my parents to be with me always and I begged them not to repatriate. This is why they answered 'yes' during registration. That is the reason why they are trying so hard to come out here now. Once they come out here it will be decided that they will definitely stick with this country.

"I can't remember much else of the Japanese traditions that we had in our home. I know that my mother wanted me to master Japanese writing and she would read aloud to me when I came home from Japanese school. She forced me to go to Japanese school and that was the source of our first disagreement. The only way I could avoid conflict was to play hockey and not tell her about it. My mother kept at me for a long time until she decided that I was hopeless and it was a waste of money. My mother then determined that Ken, my younger brother should master Japanese so that he would know more than I. We did not speak pure Japanese in our home and it tended to be a mixture of Japanese and English. I would



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speak the hard words in English. I should have learned Japanese better because I heard that the opportunities right now are better if you know Japanese. They are hiring quite a few nisei to teach Japanese to the Army. I also found out that there were other ways in which it was a handicap not to know good Japanese. After I got out of high school I went around for a job and I found out that the Japanese employers usually wanted nisei who could speak good Japanese. It was too difficult to get good jobs with hakujin except in domestic work.

"After that I tried to be more careful about my Japanese and I listened to the issei in their conversation. When I did not know the meaning of some word or phrase I would ask my parents. In this way I learned quite a bit of Japanese, more than I did in the language school. That is why I mix Japanese with my English out here. Altho I do this unconsciously it just seems to slip out.

"We had both Japanese and English dishes in our home. We got used to American dishes because my father had been a cook for American<sup>s</sup> quite a while before he got married. However, we always had rice because I loved it. I like otsukemono and ochazuke too. (Japanese pickles eaten with rice which has hot tea poured over it and it is a sort of a finishing up for the meal.) It is supposed to be good manners because it leaves the rice bowl clean and not sticky from hot rice.)

"The New Years feast was traditional with our family and we followed a lot of the Japanese ways for that. We had an open house just like other Japanese families. There was all sort of food that we could eat all day long. The first thing in the morning we had to drink bean soup with mochi as mother insisted that we do this. She also insisted that we be at the table to eat this as a family unit.



This gave us a good start for the new year. We had all sorts of things to eat for this holiday--rice cakes, baked carp, lobsters, ~~mmo~~ochi and many other dishes. We ate all day long. This was the day to go around to visit all your friends and they all had feasts ready and you just helped yourself. The old folks drank ~~to~~asts of sake and they got to feeling very good, but Dad did not join into this too much as he was never much of a drinker. This was about the only time of the year in which we entered into the Japanese community life. My parents did not mingle too much with the other Japanese after we went to Santa Maria. At first mother mixed quite freely in the Japanese church circles, but she drew ~~affx~~ away from that also. They never had too much to do with the other Japanese customs of the community. It was more of a Christian community so that the Japanese traditions were not as strong in our town as in some of the other places where the Buddhists outnumbered the Christians.

"My childhood was rather uneventful and there was no dramatic happenings that makes it vivid to me. There was nothing outstanding about my school life and I don't recall much of it except that I do remember that I always wanted to draw. I was always quite a dreamer~~x~~ and I daydreamed all the time in school. I was very sensitive although I was quite a tomboy for a while. I had to play with the boys and I got into many scraps with them. I loved to climb fences and trees. I excelled in fence walking and a lot of other things that young girls usually do not do.

#During the summer I loved to go to the beach to swim. But an incident happened when I was 12 and I hated to go swimming after that. A boy made a comment one day that I was skinny like a toothpick. I haven't put on a swimming suit from that day to



the present. I have always been very self conscious of my thinness. That is why I always wear long sleeves on my blouses and dresses. I don't know why I am so slim. I've never eaten too much and I don't seem to be able to put on weight very easily. For the longest time, I even wore a sweater over my dress just to hide my thin arms.

"In school, I was very shy like so many of the other Nisei kids. I suppose I may even have been shyer than they were because I was so self conscious about so many things. I only had one close girl friend to stick to. I started to avoid the boys from my last year of elementary school on. I became very retiring and self effacing and I did not want anybody to notice me because I would get embarrassed. I did not start to lose my shyness until my second year of high school. Mother did not think it was good for me to be this way. I was so afraid of boys that I would walk an extra block just to avoid them.

"My mother thought it would be a good idea for me to go dancing because I would learn how to be more at ease so that she encouraged this. She also encouraged me to go to the Young People's meetings so that I would learn how to mix in better with kids my age. I was afraid to do this as I was never confident of myself and I was quite backwards socially. When I had to talk to caucasians, I was almost tongue-tied. I couldn't master English very well on those occasions and I just did not express myself too well. I stuttered and nothing more would happen. It used to be quite an ordeal for me and I would break out in a cold sweat every time.

"My mother finally got me to go to a Nisei church social. All of the girls there had a fine time, but somehow I just did not



fit in. I felt so apart from the other girls. I tried to mix in but nobody seemed to notice me. I became self conscious so I just went to a corner and I was a wallflower. I began to wonder about myself after that and I did not see why I could not mix as easily as some of the other kids.

"I made up my mind that the only way to overcome this fear of mixing was to force myself. So at high school, I decided to go out for something that would put myself in the public eye. It was a terrible ordeal for me. I had a terrific conflict in my mind but the desire to conquer my fear of people was stronger. After a while it became a little easier for me. I took up glee as I was interested in singing. I found that I was soon accepted by the other kids and I began to mix much more freely.

"I was about 15 years old at this time and just coming out of my awkward age. My singing at school began to get noticed and I did a lot of singing for other occasions. I joined an amateur club for singers and we began to do solos for various occasions. Evidently the other people thought I had a pretty good voice because I began to get more calls than the others. One day the president of our high school student body called on me and he asked me if I would sing before the whole school for a rally. I was thrilled and clammy, but I managed to come out and make a good impression.

"After that I began to lose more and more of my fear of people and I regained a lot of self confidence. I thought to myself that I was even better off than a lot of the Nisei students in the school as they did not mix at all and they did not get called upon for special occasions. I think it was my voice that gave me this confidence as I realized that not all people could sing.



I sang before the high school group off and on throughout the rest of my high school days. It helped me to conquer a lot of my sensitiveness. I was so sensitive before that I tried to catch hidden meanings in what people said and I thought it was directed towards me and I would feel hurt.

"I did not lose all of this sensitive feeling right away as it was still a hard struggle. But after I sang at the high school rally, it was a lot easier for me and I had a great deal more self confidence. My closest girl friend was quite retiring too--she is with me now--but I could always talk to her very freely. We would give each other criticisms. Mary told me once that I was too imaginative and that I was spoiled by my family so that was the reason why the other girls did not like me. I suppose I was a little snooty, but that was only a pose and underneath I was not like that at all. I did it in order to protect my feelings. I gave myself credit in that I did try to overcome all of these faults. I think that I have overcome the most drastic ones by now although I am inclined to be a little bossy. That is my home influence where I was so spoiled as Mary told me. I did get along much better after I started to correct myself.

"My senior year was very enjoyable. I began to go out with boys quite a bit on dates and they were always coming over to the house. Without any attempt of trying to be conceited, I can say that I was the most popular girl in town and I got more dates than any other girls. I had developed physically in my junior year and the boys noticed it all at once. It was quite a gay time for me until I discovered with a shock one day that the Japanese community was saying things about me because I went out so often with the boys. The talk went around that I was very wild and there were many other



other things more nasty that were said. It was not only the Nisei but the older people as well. They just did not approve of my going out so freely.

"When I became 17, I had a sudden illness and it was connected with my menstration. I had a hemmorrhage in my female organs. I had played tennis all day long and that evening I went dancing. That night I became ill and my menstration did not stop for 3 months. My parents did not know what it was. For family pride reasons, my mother kept it a secret. She did not want the other people in the town to know about it at all because she thought that it would reflect back on the family. I lost quite a bit of blood and finally my parents secretly took me to a hospital in Los Angeles. I had a minor operation and after the third month I got a little better although I was quite weak. I still had to finish up high school and I had been out for quite a while.

"After my strength returned a little, I went back to my classes. I didn't tell the kids what was wrong with me as that was something I could not do very easily. One day I got the biggest shock of my life when I found out that the Japanese community was whispering around that the reason I had been away for three months was because I had had an abortion. They just concluded this because I had gone out on so many dates just before my illness. It was the most terrible hurt that I had ever had and it hit me harder because I was still sensitive underneath the surface. I didn't know what to do about it. The talk went all over Santa Maria and the valley. It upset me so much that I told my mother about it. Mother was very indignant and she said that I should ignore such a narrow minded piece of gossip. But I knew that she was hurt to. I told my mother



that I would show them. I faced this sort of gossip all through my last year in high school. I did not hesitate to tell the nisei just what was wrong with me. I did not tell them that my ovaries were misplaced, but I just said that I had a hemorrhage.

"This whole affair made me hard and it embittered me to think that people would be so filthy minded as to break down a person's reputation on no evidence at all. Once the gossip got started, it was extremely difficult to convince people different.

"For about two years I fought it out with the community and the people continued to think the worst of me just because I had been popular with the boys. After that the people believed me, but there were still some who were catty and talked about me behind my back and nothing would ever convince them that I did not have an abortion. The fellows left me alone for a long time and I found out who my friends were. There were only a few who stuck by me all the way through. You can imagine what a topic for scandal such a thing can be in a small town where the people did not have too much to talk about and they loved to pry into other people's business.

"For the longest time even my pastor doubted me. He wouldn't come to see me for a long time. I thought sure that he would stick by me. Finally his wife had her tooth pulled and she had some kind of a hemorrhage and she bled to death. After that Reverend Oshida became very sympathetic to me and he would come and visit me almost every day.

"I did not get over my sickness for about six year. I have only recently recovered from it. I've had to suffer a lot mentally <sup>and spiritually</sup> during this period. It was so much gossip and



it was hard to hold my head up. I would dare people to face me but that did not help me too much because I knew that there was still many doubts in their minds. In a way, I am glad that I had to go through this hardship as it developed my character and it made me confirm all of my basic beliefs and I knew life much better.

"I wanted more of the deeper things of life after I got ill and I lost my naiveness of a young girl. I did not place such heavy values on the superficial things like most of the Nisei continued to do because they did not have to go through what I did and they did not realize that they were living in a limited world. I also found out my friends and now I am sure of my true friends.

"During this six years I had to contact many doctors and take all kinds of different treatments. It changed my whole life. I stayed in Upland for four months taking radio active treatments as my mother heard that this might cure me. She took a chance on everything that she heard of. The radio active treatments were very expensive and my parents had to spend all of their savings on me. They followed all the treatments and they did not think of the expense. I was in three hospitals at various time and every time I had my menstration, I was in torture.

"In Upland, Dr. Thompson was known for his skill and I thought sure that he could cure me at last. I went up there very hopefully. The treatments cost five dollars each and I had to take at least one every day. I ran out of money and my mother had to go back to the restaurant to help Dad. I was alone



and I didn't know what to do. I became quite worried and desperate as I did not know how I could pay my bills at the Inn where I was staying. I finally appealed to Dr. Thompson as I didn't want to ask my parents for any more money and I knew that my mother was the worrying type. Dr. Thompson offered me the loan of some money to pay for my room and board and he have me some free treatments. He was very sympathetic and he tried his best to cure me. He treated me like his own child. I would go to him when I felt extremely discouraged and cry with him.

"After several months, I did not get any better. Dr. Thompson then told me that my only chance was to undergo a major operation and have my reproductive organs removed. I was shocked and I absolutely refused to have anything like that done. I told him that I loved children and I did not want this right to be taken away from me. I said I would take a chance even if I had to die. It was hard enough for me to bear all that gossip that was going on and I wanted something fine to live for and I had decided that I had the answer in having children of my own some day. I worried a lot about the drain on my family's finances, and when my mother was willing to take the chance of the operation, I had to fight it as hard as I could. It was a rather bitter struggle, but they finally gave in to my wishes on this matter.

*[After two years of study]*  
 When the doctor said that I might be cured if I got married and had the normal relationships as my organs would be strengthened then. My mother again was willing to take this



chance and she tried to marry me off through an arranged marriage. I had so many quarrels during this period and I would rather forget all about it now. It threw me into all kinds of conflicts. I thought that I should give in to my mother's wishes as she was only doing it for my own best interests. Then I also knew that I could never be happy with an arranged marriage. I knew that I could not be choosy but I said that I would have to marry somebody I loved. I really believed that I could not live with a man unless I loved him. I wanted to go on just as I was in spite of mother's desires to get me cured by this method.

We had violent arguments over this point and for a time I even thought of committing suicide because it caused me such unhappiness. Then I thought I would run away from home, but I thought this over and I knew that I could not do an ungrateful act like this. I continued to be very stubborn and nothing my mother said could change my mind. I told my mother to stay out of my love life and this was one of the few times that I used harsh words upon her. Finally we came to an understanding and it was one of the few times that mother's dominating character did not win out over some member of the family. I struggled along with the temporary cures and hoped for the best after that.

~~When the evacuation came up, I was so upset because there were rumors that the camps would not have any hospitals. I did not know what I could do as I needed to take expensive hormones and we knew that we would not have any money in camp to buy them as there would be no family income. I went to find out from the WCCA officials if they would give me hospital~~



treatedent, but they were very vague about it. That was the biggest worry on my mind when I was evacuated. Right after I got into camp, I went to the Project director and asked him if the government would furnish me my treatments and it was arranged that I should get them free of charge.

"During all this six years, I had to have treatments every month. Some of my friends wondered what was wrong with me when I got to Tulare and it was very painful for me to tell them. I usually did not bother although I didn't want them to gossip because a young girl has to cope with this problem and protect her reputation.

"When I got to Gila, I didn't have the bleeding anymore. I don't know why it stopped so suddenly. It might have been the elevation or else it might have been the natural process as the doctors had told me that it would stop as my ovaries got more matured. Anyway I was cured. I was 24 years old and my organs were finally developed and normal. So I am cured now and I am so happy. I haven't been to a doctor since August 1942. I was sick just before I went to Gila, and I had to have several injections, but I have not had any since.

"I still am very fearful whenever my menstration period comes around because my menstrations last a little longer than average and I almost <sup>always</sup> get afraid that it is going to start the bleeding all over again. My illness taught me that if a person hopes and if she has a determination to conquer illness or a handicap, it can be done.

"I used to read books on faith, but I didn't find out anything for sure. Now I know that I am normal and that I can have



a family of my own some day. I still don't believe that it is all over and I fear my monthly period coming around. I rejoice as each month goes by and I have thanked God for bringing me back to health. It means a great deal to my personal life. I honestly believe that this faith in God helped me to recover.

"During these six years, I did have a social life, but it was much more limited than before the illness. I had several infatuations. However, I did not want anybody to marry me out of pity and I broke up two tentative engagements even though I felt I was in love. I did not want anything sordid in my married life. I had no hopes of marriage at that time as I didn't want to burden any fellow. That was why my romances were so disillusioned. I met enough fellows but I could not let myself go as there was this awful worry in the back of my mind that I was not normal and it would not be fair to lead a fellow on.

"I met Tak some time before the evacuation, but there was not anything serious. I just was not sure of myself then. When I came out here, we became more and more attached to each other. Now we are going to get married soon, but we have not announced it officially yet. Tak is in the Army. I was first introduced to him one July 4th about five years ago. We wrote letters back and forth. He lived in San Francisco. Before the war, he was drafted so that he was sent down to Camp San Luis Obispo and I began to see more and more of him. He would come and visit me on his day off from camp. At that time, I was just getting over another disillusioning affair with a fellow who was not up to my standards and ideals. He took a funny attitude towards me when he found out about my illness so that I was against men then. Tak came into my life during this time and I



could not help but take interest in him.

"The war came on and I got more and more interested in him and vice versa and by February 1942 we were pretty involved, but we still were not sure that it was love. He was transferred to a camp in Michigan. We kept ~~ke~~ corresponding after he was transferred out east. I felt more and more that he was the one for me. I just hoped and I knew that we would get together soon. That is why I relocated out here. I wanted to know for sure whether it was the real thing and I could not be sure until I saw him again. He never did say to me that he loved/<sup>me</sup>until I came out here. He did encourage~~d~~ me to resettle and that is one of the main reasons why I did leave Gila."

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On November 29, 1943 I went out for the second interview with Ikuki. She was very disturbed about something so I asked her if anything was wrong. She said that her fiance, Tak, was quite ~~u~~ upset because she had told me about her background. She requested that I delete all the information that she told me in the previous interview. She did not want the nature of her illness to be ~~releaxed~~ revealed because she feared that other Japanese would find out about her and spoil her marriage. She said that Tak's mother did not fully approve of the marriage and her fiance did not want to spoil the chances in any way. Ikuko's fears were allayed after writer emphasized that all the information she gave was absolutely confidential. (See ck diary for notes on this conversation.) Ikuko was also worried about getting her father released and her housing crisis as Lucy had just told her that she was moving out in a few weeks. After the

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a half hour of this conversation, the interview turned back to Ikuko's pre war experiences. She continued:

"I've never worked for caucasians so I don't have much to say about work experiences and I don't know what a problem the Nisei had before the war in finding jobs, except from what they said. It was almost impossible for a Nisei to get a job in a caucasian company. Most of them worked for the Japanese. I had to be a lady of leisure because of my illness. Once in a while I helped my Dad in the restaurant. Before that, I tried to work in a home for a while, but I never did take to it. ~~xxx~~ I did take care of children at nights occasionally. I liked that ~~xx~~ work as I loved children. Other than that, I did not have any responsibilities at all.

"After the war started, I had to assume much more of the family responsibility as my parents did not understand all of the restrictions and other rulings that came out. I wasn't very well prepared for that, but I did learn a lot from this experience. Everything was left up to me. My mother did not know how to speak English so I had to do most of the interpretation. It was a rather hectic time for me. I had to change the business into my name and take other financial precautions so that my Dad would be able to stay in business. In spite of that we lost a great deal at the evacuation time. We did manage to get a fair price for the restaurant. We had to sell our furniture piece by piece and the buyer's attitude was to try and Jew us down.

"We had a \$90 stove and my mother had intended to give it to me as a wedding present some day so that it had been stored



away in the back of our home. My mother got very worried about that and she thought it might be a complete loss. She put a price of \$50.00 on it and a mexican man offered \$40.00. Mother thought that she would not be able to get a better price than this so that she was willing to sell. However, I refused the offer because I thought it was too cheap and the man was trying to take advantage of us. This was my first taste at business and I went about it quite seriously. I found out that in selling the furniture, if you give in too easily, the buyer will try to Jew you down. That is why I held out for \$50 on the stove. The Mexican tried and tried to get it at a lower price, but I would not buldge. Finally he gave in and Bought it for the price I asked. I was thrilled about this deal as it gave me a lot of confidence to sell some of our other belongings. I went around the community and I saw that the other Japanese were taking a big loss on their belongings because they did not start out with a high enough price. I went home and I set a high price on everything and then worked down to a fair price from there. For this reason, we did not have a big a loss as we would have had.

"I found out that many of the church people also tried to get things cheaply when they knew that all of the Japanese had to be evacuated. That disappointed me a great deal. I am not a steady church goer but I do believe firmly in God and I thought these people were not living up to their creeds. It was not all of the people as many of them were fair and they were quite helpful to us before the evacuation and they tried to make it as easy as possible for us. But I was disappointed in the others,



"I was baptised when I was 13 years old. I rebelled against it at that time as I felt that I was too young to decide what my religion was going to be for all time. I was a Christian but I thought that baptism would force me to be a perfect person in order to live up to my religion and I did not think that I could do it then. My pastor was very determined to have me baptised and since my folks wanted it also, I went through with it. Most of the Nisei drift away from the church as they get older, but I got away from it without losing my belief in God. It was for a personal reason that this happened.

"I still think of myself as a Christian, but I stopped going to church after I was 17. At that time, I found out that many church members were hypocrites and they gossiped about me just as much as the other people. I could not think of going to the same church with them. I also dropped out of the YP group and I did not attend any of the young people's conventions anymore. I was bitter because of what had happened to me due to the gossip and I lost faith in the Church. I felt that I could have a church in my own heart. The only time I <sup>would</sup> go to church was on special holidays and I did this out of respect to my God. Other than that, I drew almost completely away from the church and I have not reentered it actively since. It seems that the older you get, the more you tend to draw away from church.

"During the time of my illness, I turned to praying to God a great deal. My whole family would do this and they would ask for my quick recovery. We turned religion into our family and my ~~folks~~ folks quit going to church also. We continued in only in our family circle and many an evenings we would get around



the dining room table to pray to God. I felt that God would determine whether I got well or not and I kept faith in Him. I firmly believe in God now and I feel that wherever I go I will continue to have this faith. I also feel that whenever I get a lucky break of any kind, it was God who accomplished it. This may sound childish to a non-believer, but I have had many occasions to get spiritually close to God in the past and this faith did comfort me a great deal. Our family has been in some tight spots and I feel that God watched over us. When I finally recovered from my illness last August 1942, I was positive that there was a God who answered prayers. I suppose that one has to go through experiences of my sort in order to get close to God. It is just like the aviators out in the war now. They are so close to death that they can feel God and they get a spiritual relief from this contact. I think that they will continue this belief after the war. You can't call them cowards seeking an escape, can you? They are among the toughest fighting men of this country and they don't scare easy. It is not being a sissy to believe in a higher power. I don't think that I will lose my faith in God now because I have had actual proof of his existence. I can do this and live a normal life too as I am not a fanatic about it. It is a simple pure belief which I live by and it doesn't bother me one bit if other people do not have this same belief.

"I do not have any prejudice against other organized religions as I think that they all have their good points. In Santa Maria, the Buddhists used to outnumber the Christians, if you count only the active church goers. I did not let difference in



religion interfere with friendships. My best friend in Santa maria and out here also is a Buddhist. Mary is a Buddhist and we never have any conflicts. I feel that my religion is good and I am tolerant of the beliefs of others. My parents are Christians too. My dad got converted when I was about four years old. This was largely through the influence of my mother. He was quite conscientious in his church going and in prayer. Until I was 13, Dad prayed three times a day at our meals. As I got older, he drew away from it a little. We were bitter that his christian friends gossiped about me and our whole family drew away from the organized church.

"I suppose my illness dominated my life before the evacuation. I never did take much of an interest in politics. It was not in my line at all and very few of the Nisei girls were interested in such things and there was not much discussion about it in our town. I didn't belong to the JAACL although there was a chapter in my town. I didn't belong to any clubs after I was 17 as I was anti social and I never took an interest in mingling with others very much. Most of the Nisei joined the Jacl for social purposes and they were not interested in the politics of it. About the only ones who were interested in these things were the older Nisei of our community.

"I kept more to my own limited group from the age of 17 on and I did not care to know a large number of Nisei. I was prejudiced against the Jacl because I knew that a lot of the members were among those who had spread gossip against me. I was pretty bitter at that time and I suppose a person has to go through an experience like I did to understand why I acted that way. It was not until I went to Gila that I joined the Jacl.



"I wasn't particularly interested in the JACL in camp, but they told me that it was a patriotic duty to join. They said that I had a responsibility as a nisei and it was very important because of the war that I should take an interest in the nisei problem. I wasn't entirely convinced of that but it happened that a friend of mine was urging me to be a member so I put down the 50 cents but I really don't consider myself a member of the organization now. I don't care to associate myself with any organization.

"The JACL was never very big in Santa Maria. It was an older group who were the leaders. They held the office consistently because there was nobody else to take interest in it. Most of these leaders were for the larger Japanese companies down there. I really don't know much more about the JACL as my association with it were very limited. I did go to a few of the ~~membe~~ meetings in Santa Maria but not many young people attended it so that I felt out of place. The younger nisei only came when the JACL sponsored a social or some other activity like that.

"My interests have never been very great in group activities. Even in my personal interest, I don't have a great variety of things which I could consider as a hobby. In high school I was really interested in art and I did have an ambition to become an artist some day but it was only one of my vague day dreams. I was not the creative type altho mechanically I was pretty good in art. I found that out when I got into the art classes in high school and I was rather disappointed that I did not have too much talent. I was quite interested in dress designing and I thought that I could do something with that. My art teacher told me that I copied things very well in a mechanical way but I did not have very much



art talent. I suppose I ran true to form with the other nisei in this. They say that most Japanese are imitative and not very creative.

"Another one of my interests was in singing. I love to sing and I performed quite a few times in high school and in some of the social affairs of the church. I also performed in various Japanese amateur shows. I attempted to sing the semi-classical songs mostly. ~~That~~ Singing was one of my great ambitions and I wanted to take voice lessons to improve myself but it was too expensive and my folks could not afford it because of all the doctors that I had. In high school I was a member of the glee club and I sang at the graduation. After I got ill I lost my voice because of the hormone shots that I had to take. I can't hit the high notes any more, altho my voice is coming back a little now. However, I don't think that this ambition is very strong any more except as an interest. I have ambitions now that if any of my children have any artistic talent at all, I will give them the best opportunity possible for them to realize it. In this way I will have some compensation for not achieving what I wanted to do.

"I don't have much interest in drawing any more. I lost my interest in art after I got out of high school and I haven't touched a brush or paint for a long time now. I have kept my music interest up and occasionally I buy books on music. During the time I was a semi-invalid, I tried to teach myself a little about the historical background of music but I never got very far in that. I don't know if I could have done anything with my talent in music as I don't know just how far it could have gone. When I was 15 I started to take violin lessons but my dad made me quit that because the lessons



were too expensive.

"Because of my artistic interest, I turned my attention to dancing and it became one of my favorite hobbies when I could not realize my ambition in singing or art. After I started to go to dances I didn't miss a single nisei dance in my home town until I got sick. I was 15 when I first started to go to dances. Our valley was just starting to have nisei dances at that time and there were quite a few older people who were very much against it. My dad opposed dancing very much at first and he did not want me to go. However, mother was more liberal about dancing because of her influence which she got in Japan. It happened that she had taken a trip to Japan about that time and she met two nisei girls on the boat. These girls went to all of the dances on the boat and they were rather cultured. My mother thought that dancing would also help me to mix socially so that when she came back she was not opposed to dancing like the other issei. She thought that it would help me overcome my shyness and I would develop my personality. Dad never did like the idea of it too much, but he gave in because of my mother's reassurance that I would benefit by it. However, I used to come home real late from dances sometimes, and it was then that my dad would raise a big howl. He said that no respectable nisei girl came home at such a late hour and the other families would talk about us if I did it. As time went on my dad saw that nothing serious happened to me so that he began to accept the idea more and more.

"Our Japanese community had very many narrow-minded parents who would not let their children go to dances at all because they thought it was bad. This was true especially of quite a few of the



Buddhist families. The Christian issei were a little more liberal, but there were still many of them who did not give in for a long time. Many of my mother's Christian issei friends reprimanded her for allowing me to go out so much on dates. The conflict between the older and younger people lasted for quite a while but gradually the community accepted the idea of nisei dances. It was a losing battle for the issei as the nisei outnumbered them and they were growing up.

"At first we only had a dance about once a month but soon they began to have them more and more and it became a weekly event. However many nisei migrated to Los Angeles and some of the larger cities after they got out of high school so that we lost many leaders. It was these persons who had the initiative to sponsor the dances and after they were gone the dances grew very scarce. The big social event of the year for the nisei was the semi-formal dance for high school graduates which was sponsored by the nisei alumni. All of the young nisei in the valley went to this dance. They didn't go to the graduation dance put on by the school for all of the students since we had our own.

"In all activities, the nisei did not mix very much with the hakujin students. At lunch time all of the nisei went together to the south court and they stayed in a bunch, except for the few braver ones. The majority of us were pretty cliquish and we didn't fit in with the general school life too much. I was pretty much that way all through high school and even afterwards. I never felt at home with the hakujin so that I never had the opportunity to get to know Americans very well. I felt very self-conscious when among them until just about the time of graduation. I began to take more



to them about that time, and after high school I cultivated them a little more. I was just getting to know them when the evacuation came and spoiled everything. However, this experience helped me to mix after I came out for resettlement. I now feel just as much at home among the hakujin as I do among the Nihonjin altho I don't know very many people yet.

"I used to read quite a bit also. I love to read and I was a bookworm for the longest time. I started to read many historical novels when I first went to high school. "Les Miserables" by Victor Hugo was my favorite novel at that time. As I grew a little older, I read more non-fiction. After high school I continued my interest in reading because of my illness and I read von Passon, Louis Adamic and other writers. There was one nisei fellow, Joe, who came to talk politics with my father quite a bit and I got to know him fairly well. He had quite an influence on me. I was naïve about the facts of life as my mother never told me about these things. Joe told me all about homo-sexuals and other people that I was not aware of even existing. I was shocked when he explained some of these things to me and he made me read, "Wells of Loneli-ness". After I finished this book I was very disturbed mentally and it left a peculiar taste in my <sup>most</sup> mind. After I started to read the historical background of music, I discovered that certain composers were not normal. Joe also tried to influence me in his political way of thinking but I never took to that because I was not much interested. However, Joe helped me to gain confidence in myself quite a bit and he helped me to come out of my shell. I used to be so sensitive before and I think that I have gained a lot since that time.



"After I was 18 my reading taste turned more and more towards the history of classical music. This was the influence of a Los Angeles group that I had contact with. They were considered the Bohemian set and musica was their main interest in life. Through this association a new life was opened up for me and I have followed this ever since in my reading interests.

"Another hobby of mine was excessive listening to the radio. I turned to it when I was ill and it gave me a great deal of consolation. During my emotional period, I found that it was rather soothing to listen to the radio music and it helped me to get calmer in my moods. Fundamentally I am too emotional. I feel a lot of things very deeply and I am easily moved. I was not aware that I was so nervous and high tensioned until my fiancé, Tak, told me to relax one day because I was a bundle of nerves. I never felt that way and I was not conscious of it until he pointed it out. The only time I felt all nerves was when I had to force myself out of my private shell. When I made this effort, it left me quite exhausted physically afterwards. I still tightened up sometimes when I meet people and I get a tiring, sweaty feeling which is cold and clammy. I don't show it too much but it does exist. With certain people I feel very relaxed and I can express myself freely and not be self-conscious at all. It is not particularly people that I have known for a long time either. Sometimes I may meet a person only a few times, yet I feel perfectly at ease with them. Like you, for example, I haven't known you very long but I don't feel tense when I talk to you. I know that you are understanding so that I can be myself. I feel that way more with men than with women. I know that women put on a front and so many of them are artificial. Men



usually are more down-to-earth and I get along better with them."

December 2nd interview - The writer visited Ikuko for another interview on this date and after dinner she talked for a while about her problem of getting her parents out of camp. She had not made any progress on it at this time and she was quite worried. She was also bothered about the fact that her brother's enrollment in school was still uncertain. She also mentioned a few of her other problems. She said that she was not satisfied with her job and she wanted to quit as she felt that she was not making enough money to support herself. She said that she had to buy quite a bit of clothes, but it took all of her wages just to live. She was also greatly concerned about the fact that Lucy, her room mate, is planning to move out soon and that will leave the problem of paying an additional share of rent. Ikuko then started to discuss a little about her plans for working. She said that she had nothing definite in mind and she was not particularly trained for anything. She felt that this was due to her previous illness. She then began to talk a little about her personal and work ambitions:

"Just before the war, I had some ambitions of going to some kind of an art school for dress designing but my mother discouraged it. My mother wanted me to go into something that was more practical so that I can earn a living by it. She said that art was more for pleasure and only financially independent people could indulge in it very much. My father agreed with her on this. I didn't know exactly what I wanted to do except that I wanted to use my hands somehow in an artistic way. I decided that the next best thing was to become a beautician. I was planning to enroll in a beauty college a few months before the war, but my health got bad just then and I



had to give it up. After that I gave up all hopes of ever having a professional career.

"My ambition turned more to getting married and having children but I had nothing definite at that time. Now I will be getting married shortly but I have been thinking of having a professional career recently. I have a special reason for thinking this way. Tak, my fiancé, is in the army and we cannot make a real home until the war is over. I have to have something to fall back on in case he goes overseas as I will have to support myself during this time. That is why I have been thinking of becoming a beautician, but this idea is still very indefinite and I don't know whether I will do anything about it. The furthest ahead I can think of right now is getting married and starting off this undertaking as successfully as I can.

"I think that I am ready for marriage now. Just before the war, I had several offers of marriage but I did not take any of them very seriously. There was one person who was a graduate of U.S.C. and he owned a store in Pasadena. I first met this person a few years before in some church activity. I knew him for about five years. He used to come and visit me quite often. During the time that I was ill in bed, he would come to visit and talk to me for hours. He was very well read and also very practical in business matters. A few months before the war he proposed marriage but I could not agree. I just didn't love him so I turned him down as softly as I could so that he would not be hurt deeply. This fellow would have made a good husband, but I thought of marriage in terms of two people in love and I didn't have that feeling towards him. I wanted to really love my husband when I got married and not take a chance



on having feeling develop possibly after marriage.

"There has only been one lasting love in my life and that was my present fiancé. I didn't know that it was love until recently altho I knew him since I was 16 years old. I first met Tak when he came down to Santa Maria from Alameda with a baseball team. There was a big nisei dance in our town that Fourth of July hight and he cut in on my quite frequently during the course of the evening. I was attracted to his looks immediately and it drew my girlish interest when he flattered me. After he went back home, we started to correspond regularly. We didn't see each other very often as he lived quite a ways from my home town. It was only a casual acquaintanceship until we met again after he was inducted into the Army in 1941. When he was stationed near my home town, we started to go out on dates rather frequently. We still did not have any romantic interest, at least we did not mention it. Then he was transferred to Fort Ord and we kept corresponding. I went out with other fellows during this time. Tak was then transferred back to Camp San Luis Obispo and I started to go out regularly once more. One Sunday I went to visit him in Camp and this was the first time that I got to know him real well. I felt then the he was the person for me. Just before Tak was shipped out to Michigan, he came to visit me and we went on a long drive. He told me that he loved me, but he was not sure. He thought that it might be one of those war loves and he could not be sure. After he went to Michigan, it broke my heart and I wrote him and told him that I would wait for him. All thru ~~thought~~ camp life I continued to correspond with him. During this time he withdrew his statement that he loved me. He was being very noble about it as he said that he didn't want to hold me to a pro-



mise. He said that it would not be fair to hold me as the camp life was very indefinite. He left the whole thing up to me but I couldn't find anybody to replace him in camp. I felt that if I could meet him face to face again, we would be certain of each other. I was set on him so that was my main reason for resettlement. It was my driving interest all throughout the camp life and it was my one hope for a future. At first Tak did not encourage me to come out, but as more and more nisei left camp, he got enthusiastic about resettlement and wrote me many letters telling me to come out. He said that he wanted to see my once before he was shipped overseas.

"When I came to Chicago in April of this year, we met again and we knew for sure that this was the real thing when we saw each other. In spite of that, Tak was still a little cautious. He said that things were not very secure during war time and he didn't know what to do. I used all of the feminine tactics that I could for the next four or five months. He didn't propose to me until August and I had to work on him all this time. It was then that he said that he loved me, but he said it very hesitantly. I was quite discouraged by then and I didn't want to force my attention and didn't want to be the aggressor anymore and I said that if he did not make up his mind soon, I was going to go out on other dates. It was then that he got very jealous and he professed his love and asked me to marry him. It was on Hallowe'en day when he suggested marriage.

"We still have not set the exact date for the wedding as this will be up to Tak. He doesn't want to rush it too much. Tak is a very conventional person and he said that we would have to have time for his parents to check my background and my folks would probably want to do the same thing. This is one of the Japanese customs and



we are going thru with it as a mere formality to please the old folks. It takes a long time for them to check family backgrounds now ~~on~~ account of the war. They can't send to Japan to look up the family records any more, but I suppose that they will ask around in camp to find out about our respective families. I don't object too much to this practice as it will not affect me very much since there is nothing wrong with my family line. The only difficulty is that it does hold back our wedding a little. Last Sunday Tak said that we could probably get married next April. He wants to take me to Wisconsin for the honeymoon. We may make our formal announcement of engagement on Christmas Day. Take is very considerate of me and very much a gentleman. I hope that I don't ever have a tendency to dominate him like my mother tends to dominate my father. Tak comes from a very good family. They own a store on Grant Avenue in San Francisco and he was the manager of it before he got drafted. Tak is very much interested in athletics and he was on one of the ~~eehm~~ championship nisei teams for some years.

"But all of these developments were after the evacuation and my life ~~gees~~ goals have broadened immensely since then. It has been mostly for the good as I have regained my health since then and soon I will start my married life. Before the war I did not have the happy hopes for the future at all. At that time, I did not know what I would be doing in the future or where I would be living. I felt that I would always live in a small town and I did not dislike that because there is more of a romantic appeal in seeing a beautiful ~~sunset~~ and I appreciated nature considerably as it seemed to spiritually cleanse me. I've always wanted to have a home of my own and lead a placid family life and this sounds very possible now.



Tak feels the same way I do now and he does not care for a great social life. He is more reserved and he will be perfectly satisfied to have me, and the children that we plan to have eventually. We want to have our children very close to us always. I don't know what we are going to do about our parents. I would like to have my parents close to me, but it will not work out to have them living with us. I don't know how Tak feels about my parents and I couldn't take the risk of imposing my parents upon him. We just want our parents to live some place near us so that we can continue our close feelings towards them. Tak is close to his family too. He sends his parents bonds and money every month now, but he said that he would not do it any more after we got married as we would need the money for ourselves. However, I would like him to continue sending the bonds and money to his parents if we can afford it.

"I don't think that our marriage could ever be a success if our in-laws lived with us. It wouldn't do at all at the beginning altho later on it may not make much difference. I feel that we have to lead our own lives altho I expect Tak to keep his responsibility for his parents. I also will continue my responsibility towards my parents until my brother Ken can take over. However, if my parents are ever in need I will go to them and Tak understands this.

"My life certainly is much calmer these days compared to the period from December 7 until the evacuation. It all started on December 7. I was scheduled to go to a doctor that day and a girl friend came along with me. (The girl friend was Chiye Yamasaki CH-16. Refer to this document for her reactions in comparison to Ikuko's.) My girl friend and I drove over to Guadalupe to Dr. Suenaga's office. He was from Hawaii and he was very upset with



the news of Pearl Harbor. We were sitting in the reception room when he came rushing out to tell us about the bombing. He said that it was an awful catastrophe and that all of Honolulu had been bombed to pieces. His parents and other relatives lived in Honolulu so that he was quite concerned about them. I was so shocked at the news that I must have turned white. It was something that I had never imagined could happen. I was unaware that a war was coming along as I had been too absorbed in my personal life. I knew that a lot of the older people were a little worried during those few months before the war, but I never bothered myself much with it as I did not think Japan and America would ever go to actual war. I sat frozen in the seat when I heard the news and the color just drained from my face. I was a turmoil of emotions and a lot of fears clutched me. I thought that everything in our lives was now swept out and I imagined all sorts of worst possible things that could happen to us. I felt that I would have to lead a life of being discriminated and prejudiced against from there on because the hakujin would be against us. I couldn't think very straight as I was a mixture of all sorts of emotions and fears. I was so shocked and disturbed that I acted almost automatically. From the moment I heard the news, I lost all hopes for the future. I was more uncertain of myself than I had ever been in my life. Even now, I am not too sure of myself altho I have retained some confidence and I am more hopeful with the passage of time. I think that everything will depend on the outcome of the war.

"I did not get over the shock of Pearl Harbor for some days. All of December 7 I was in an very emotional and nervous state. I went home immediately and my parents were just as excited as I was.



I think that everyone in this country was shocked and affected personally in the same way. The fellows were hit pretty hard because they knew that they would have to go to war and it would be the end of their personal ~~ambi~~ ambitions for the duration. The whole Japanese community was probably hit a little ~~harder~~ ~~than~~ the hakujin because we were caught in the middle. During the period following the outbreak of war, many newspapers came out with headlines about sabotage and they said that we knew all about the attack before it happened. This was not the truth because it was just as unexpected for us as for the hakujin. Life was very unsettled and I suppose everyone worried like I did. There were some favorable comments in the newspapers by public officials who told us to be calm and to cooperate with the government so that nothing would happen to us. We were reassured a little by this, but this did not last too long as the public sentiment arose again after January. It didn't come down again until ~~we~~ were safely out of California and into the camps.

"I think that the Japanese community in my home town was more afraid of Filipino riots than of possible Caucasian violence. The Filipinos got ~~so~~ riled up because the Japanese Army took the Philippines during the first part of the war. The ~~feeling~~ got so ugly that the whole Japanese community closed up business for about a week and the Japanese business men hired hakujin to patrol the section at night. None of us dared to step out of the house. My father catered mostly to the working class of Filipinos, Chinese and Okies in his restaurant business. After the war started, ~~his~~ business dropped down to almost ~~nothing~~ for a long time, but his old customers began to come around again after a couple of months. Just



before the evacuation, business was booming as there were many soldiers in town and they came to our restaurant.

"Even after the outbreak of the war, I did not give much thought to my political thinking. However, when my dad was interned, I became anti-American because I felt that he was being unjustly treated. It was in February, about 5 in the morning when my dad was interned without any previous notice. There was a loud hammering on the door that morning and when I went to open it, two FBI men came in and they asked for my dad. They gave me no explanations at all. I was terrified and I didn't know what to do. My mother got hysterical and my dad was bewildered. The FBI men calmed us down by saying that it was only a routine checkup and that my dad would be home that night. For this reason we did not pack up his clothes. We did not know where they took dad for several days. That evening the FBI men came again to search the house and they went through everything.

"I asked the FBI men when dad was coming and they said that they did not know. I began to worry and become frightened at this because dad did not have any warm clothes. I was quite indignant when the FBI men started to go through my personal letters. They asked me all kinds of questions and I was curt with them. They had no rights to read all my personal letters and ask me questions. I told them that I was an American citizen but they just ignored that. I was so mad when they even started to question me about the pictures in my picture album, especially the ones of nisei soldiers. The FBI men even questioned me of my brother's G-Men books. He took some letters from my aunt in Japan that I had and said that they would be used for evidence.



"I became frantic because we didn't know where dad was. I hounded the FBI office and finally they told me that he was in Santa Barbara. I was so mad because I felt that my father was being treated in an inhuman way. I didn't think that hakujin could ever do such things as this. A week later I heard that my father was in Tujunga internment camp. Dad was allowed to write a letter then and he said that he was being sent to North Dakota. He said that we could come and visit him before he left. It seemed that our whole valley went down to Tujunga because so many fathers had been picked up by the FBI in our area. It was a regular migration down there and we took along everything to make our fathers comfortable. I was so worried and full of fears because I didn't think I would see him again for the duration. It was so unfair for the FBI to intern him just because he was an alien Japanese. He didn't do anything wrong at all. I was pretty bitter about it and that's why I developed an anti-American attitude for a long time."

(December 3, 13 and 17<sup>+2</sup> - The interviews for these days were postponed as Ikuko contracted a severe case of flu and she was confined to her bed and unable to go to work during the greater part of this period. The phone conversation on December 13 which revealed her worries ~~that~~ during this period has been noted previously in the introductory section--see page 5-8.)



December 28, 1943. After an interlude of several weeks, the writer visited Ikuko on this date and managed to finish the interviews rather satisfactorily. Some of the worry of getting her brother into school has now been greatly relieved since her parents will be resettled shortly after the beginning of the year. However, there are other worries developing which now preoccupy Ikuko's mind during her spare time. This last interview covered a period of over five hours and it revealed that Ikuko was still sensitive in many ways. Ikuko was most cooperative during this interview and she sought the writer's advice on several points. The writer has taken the liberty of rearranging some of the points she made in order to make it fit in to the form of the case document to give it continuity. However, the following comments by Ikuko on her present problems and her past experience are almost verbatim. Ikuko continued her story about her father's internment:

"There was really no reason for the FBI to interne my father. I don't know what the exact reason was but I think it was because he contributed \$1.00 a month to an organization which sent stuff to the Japanese Army. It was really an innocent act because all of the Japanese families in the valley contributed to it. It was like 'kigu' (donation). Apparently the organization listed all of the contributors in a book. This book was seized by the FBI after the war broke out so that they rounded up all of the men who had donated. That's why practically all of the men in our valley were taken. Dad was not released until August, 1942, and he was only given a parole. We were still in Tulare at that time and we did not even know that he was coming back to us. He knocked on the door about 3:30 one night and I sleepily went to open it altho I



could not imagine who it could be. It was just breaking into dawn when I opened the door and I was so surprised and happy to see father again, after so many months of separation. Our whole family shed tears at this happy reunion. Father looked so worn out and he had suffered a great deal. He looked older than when I had last seen him but that was because of the severe experiences and worry which he had to go through. However, dad got used to the camp in a few days and he went right to work as a barber until we were all sent to Gila.

"The rest of my family and I had been evacuated after my father was taken. I remember that day in April, 1942, when we had to leave Santa Maria for the last time. I felt very indignant and also hurt that such a thing as evacuation could happen. I felt that I had every right to be free as I was an American citizen. I resented being chased into a camp, however, there was nothing we could do about it because we had suddenly lost all of our rights without even a hearing. It was all so unfair. Many of the people in town sympathized with us. As we left Santa Maria in the Greyhound bus, many of our American friends waved goodbye to us. I wanted to cry then but I couldn't. I felt bewildered then and I can't imagine yet that it was all a dream. It seemed as if the whole world had crumbled down before us and there was nothing forward to look in the future.

"We heard so many wild rumors about the camp that I anticipated the worst. We knew we would be living in horse stables and there would be many inconveniences. My health was still poor and I was frightened about that as I did not know whether I would get adequate medical care or not. I was just one mess of fears and



worries.

"As we neared Tulare I noticed that the country was so different in contrast to the green rolling hills of Santa Maria. There were no hills and it was sort of bleak. It almost broke my heart. As we approached the camp, the first thing I saw were the M.P.'s standing around with bayoneted guns and the high fences. This put me in a state of emotion where I wanted to protest loudly. I was so angry. But the feeling passed over quickly and I became quite depressed as soon as we entered the camp. Everything was confusion and there was a feeling of strangeness in the air.

"After we got into the grounds I saw many of my old friends. This lightened the burden on me a little bit. But my spirits were crushed for about two months and I could not get used to the food at all. It was just a messy slop. The housing accommodations were just as bad. We were shoved into a stable with horse stuff still on the floor and the apartment reeked of the horse smell. There were little cracks in the ceiling and we could see the sky through them. I thought that the place was too unsanitary and so I went to the housing department and protested even though I knew I had no right to do this since many other people were in the same position. The housing department listened to my plea and they consented to move us to one of the newer barracks which was better. We rosted in these barracks during the summer.

After two months I soon forgot about my past life. It seemed that I just closed a door in my mind and I didn't want to think any more of it because it was such a bitter experience. Ever since that time, I just lived from day to day. I didn't think of the future at all because there was none. I was just existing. There



was nothing for us in camp to look forward to. Now, I do look a little more into the future but not too far.

"Around the end of May, 1942, I got tired of loafing around and I wanted to forget the fact that we were pushed around so I got a job as a typist in the administration office for \$12 a month. This kept my mind off of the other things. The round of social activities soon sprang up and I did not mind it at all because it was a lot of fun. We had quite a recreation development in camp and everybody took part in it. After the Pasadena group came into Tulare, I went around with them as they were more active than the nisei from my home town. I had known some of these people from the southland previously through my contacts with Joe. A group of us got together every evening and we listened to classical records. In between we held quite a few parties. As the camp became more organized, we had movies, talent shows and dances during the week. There was something going on every night and that kept our minds off of other things. I enjoyed this life immensely. I did not go to church at all altho I did attend a few of the discussions which the young people put on in the church. I did not care for political activities at all so I didn't think much of it. I rarely read the newspapers to find out what was going on in the war. I just didn't care.

"Most of my time was spent in making new friends. Gosh, I made a g lot of them. I couldn't help meeting a lot of people because there were 5000 of us all crowded together in a small area surrounded by barbed wires. I met mostly nisei who had similar interests as I did. A great deal of the friendships I formed was on a casual basis and I stuck with only a limited group. We did



everything together.

"The hakujin in the administration were very good to us. I thought that we had the best administration of any camp because the staff was very interested in our welfare and they were always willing to help us out no matter how minor our problems were. We appreciated the sympathetic attitude which they had and it reminded me that not all Americans were against us. On my birthday, my friends gave me a party. We did not know how we could get a birthday cake but the hakujin police chief went to a lot of trouble to bring a cake to us so that we would have a good time. All of the administration were helpful like this. But it got to the point where everyone was ordering food from town so that they had to cut it out. They said that some of the people in town did not like it because they thought we were hoarding the food. There was something in the newspaper about that once. The hakujin in the administration knew us better and they denied that we were disloyal. They all had good-will toward us. At first the Japanese in camp put on their own talent shows but soon the WCCA staff alternated each week and put on a talent show for us, through their own performers. The people in camp liked them better than ~~that~~ ever for doing that. I think that this understanding resulted in a very good morale at Tulare. We did not have any riots or other trouble at all. Everyone was willing to cooperate. I think that if the other camps had an administration like ours, there would never have been any riots.

"In spite of all this activity, it still lacked some reality. It was a pleasant interlude for us and we all knew that our stay was temporary. However, we wanted it to last all the time. In the



back of my mind I still had the feeling of isolation. I was conscious of that because Tulare was right next to town but we could not get to it. Often I would walk to the south end of camp and look out on the highway and see the cars going by and some of them would stop at the hamburger shop within sight. I longed to go out there for a hamburger but a barbed wire fence closed me off. During those times I had such an awful feeling of being cooped up like rats.

"I had a confused feeling about the war. I read an article once, "Between Two Flags" in one of the magazines and I saw myself in that position. We were pulled two ways and torn in our sentiments. I felt that I owed my loyalty here but still there was our parents who were closer to Japan. On top of that we had gone through some very bad treatment so that many of us began to lean more toward Japan until we regained our sense of values. I could not think straight on the subject because I resented everything. I was forced to feel like a Jap because I had a Japanese face and people would not accept us as American even though I might have felt that way. I felt this discrimination and prejudice very keenly and it was all so unfair. Often I got the feeling of what's the use. There were quite a few nisei in Tulare who felt the same way. Suddenly I realized that I wanted to stay in the United States in spite of what could have happened, so that I changed my thinking a little even though I was still extremely hurt and bitter by the experiences we had gone through. I was always so confused that I couldn't even think of the future at all. It was a funny sort of existence and it did not seem real.

"When the time came to go to the relocation camps, it was another crisis and shock for us. There were all sorts of wild



rumors going around about where we would be sent to. At the end of August we found out that we would be leaving for Gila, Arizona, and Tulare would be emptied after the first week in September. We got pretty excited about that because the first group sent back letters about the terrifying conditions out there. All we talked about was the dust, snakes, heat and scorpions out in the desert. I was rather frightened about going to Gila because one of my friends wrote and said that the Gila monsters out there were poisonous. I imagined that they ran all over the place. Later on I discovered that Gila monsters were very rare. The first group went to Gila under the worst of conditions so that naturally they wrote back and told us all about it. They said that the water supply was cut off and the sanitation was terrible. Many of the old folks thought that we would die of thirst out there in the desert. I know of one issei woman who insisted on taking 5 gallons of water with her. We all worked ourselves into a fear of going. I suppose I was one of the worst as I dreaded the intense heat of the desert. I wanted to stay on in Tulare as I was having a very good time. I left for Gila in early September with many misgivings and qualms.

"We had a very rough trip outthere and my heart fell when we started to go through the desert country. When we got to Casa Grande, the Army truck picked us up and started riding us toward camp. We cut off from the main highway and started up a lonely road which was very dusty. It was then that I really got the full impact of feeling entirely cut off from the whole civilized world. I had this feeling much more intensely than I had when we went to Tulare since we had a town next to the assembly center. In Gila



there was nothing but desert, heat and dust storms.

"The heat was over-bearing when we drove into Gila and the whole camp was quite disorganized. All of the ditches were open and there were many buildings which had not been completed. At night the construction crew worked in order to finish up the barracks for other people to come in. It was a constant din upon my ears, and I had the vaguest and queerest feeling at first. It seemed as if I were floating in a very unreal world but when the first dust storm hit us, I knew it was real. Life out there in the desert was very disappointing compared to Tulare. We had more room in the barracks but there were big cracks between the planks and it was almost impossible to keep the dust out. It was such a depressing place. We did not have the social activities which existed at Tulare. Gila was an immense camp and it sprawled out all over the desert. The only breaks in the flat desert scenery were a few buttes here and there. There were so many strange people at Gila and we got pretty well mixed up. I didn't like the place at all and I wasn't a bit happy. I went into a shell and I did not take part in any of the limited social activities which went on. I only went to a few dances. I just didn't have any incentive to take an interest in anything. I got a job as a dental receptionist and all I did was go to work and come home at night. My first hope for resettlement came in November, 1942 and I became very excited about that. I wanted to come out very keenly because Tak began to send me encouraging letters and I wanted to see him again. I applied for a leave clearance early in December and I lived from that day on in the hopes that my clearance would come soon. The day stretched into weeks and the weeks into months but



my hopes did not diminish at all. I concentrated on getting out and I drew away from people completely. My only outlet was to write long letters to Tak almost every night. Sometimes I stayed up until midnight, writing letters about how I felt.

"In the meantime I continued on with my work but it became more and more automatic. When I first went to Gila, I was anxious to get a job so that I would not be preoccupied with other worries. I went to the employment office after my family was settled down a bit and asked if I could be either a dental receptionist or a librarian's assistant. There were no openings in the library as a number of girls had applied for that before me. I was fortunate because I got into the dental office. I started there in September and worked in this job until the end of the year. We were located in Block 73 in one of the recreation halls as the hospital was not completed yet. All of the dentists were young so that we had a lot of fun out there. I enjoyed this work very much. We were rather busy from the beginning as quite a few of the people in camp needed teeth fillings. In Tulare they had not been able to get much dental attention because of the lack of facilities. We didn't have very many facilities in Gila either but the dentists worked hard. For dentist's chairs, the carpenters built one of wood and that served the purpose. Our clinic was always over-running with people who wanted attention. We

"We moved into the new hospital near the end of the year and the work was not so pleasant after that. The people were very impatient and the issei would get very indignant when they were not treated promptly. They had to take it out on somebody so that they all jumped on me. The work became so nerve-wracking because there



were always people crowded in the small waiting room that I decided to quit that job. This was in December, 1942. One of the dentists I knew said that I could have a job as dental assistant and he would give me training, so I switched to that job. At first I was very squeamish at the sight of blood but I got used to it. However, I did not do this work for more than a month as I was not too efficient and it was not my nature to be a dental assistant. It was too hard for me to stand on my feet all day long so that I decided to quit. This was in January and I decided to rest for a few months as my health had run down a little. In March, 1943, I got a job as a typist in the fiscal office. My health was okay after that and I have not been sick since. I recovered completely from my former illness and this lifted a load off of my mind.

"I made very few friends at Gila because I had drawn into a shell so completely. I even drew away from my old friends at Tulare and I rarely visited them. I just secluded myself and the only time I ventured out was to go to work or to the mess hall. The nisei in my block thought I was being very snobbish but they did not understand me. I did not have any interests at all in cultivating new friendships as my only desire was to get out of camp as soon as I could. It wasn't because I could not stand the Japanese people as I have always lived among them. I was anxious to get out because of Tak and he was encouraging me so that my hopes for marriage were pretty bright.

"Because of my isolated life at Gila, I did not get to know the WRA staff at all. I was not conscious of any of the big issues which swept over camp now and then as I had no contact with the people either. My first real contact with the WRA was not too for-



tunate. This was when I applied for my leave clearance. I found out that the leave office had no system at all and it was very inefficient. I had to wait for over three months before my clearance came through. I thought this was very unfair because other nisei got their clearance in less than a month. I used to hound the leave office every day. I would go up there after lunch on my way to work and ask them why there were so many delays. I got impatient about waiting so long and I was very pessimistic about ever getting out. The administration did not worry about my problems too much because there were bigger issues which concerned them. The registration came up in February or March and the WRA had to convince the people that they should register. They dropped everything else in order to do this and there were no leave clearance issued during this period.

"The registration did not concern me at all. My parents and I discussed it thoroughly and we definitely decided to answer 'yes' since it was for our own good. I didn't know what was happening in the camp at all, altho I heard occasionally that some families had big fights which their children over the registration. It was hardest for those old folks who were thinking of repatriation. My parents had definitely made up their minds so that there was no problem at all for us.

"I started to work on my job contacts right after the registration in March. Lucy and Mary planned to leave camp with me. We went up to the employment office and they had a long list of domestic job offers. I didn't know what kind of work I could do but I thought that domestic work would be the safest bet for us. It seemed most practical as we could save money in this way and we



would not have to worry about housing or rationing. I disliked domestic work intensely, but I felt that this would be the easiest way of getting out of camp. I wanted to get some sort of an office job but I did not think there would be much chance for me at that time. I decided to come to Chicago as this was the nearest I could get to Tak who was stationed at Fort Custer. I wouldn't even have thought of resettlement if it were not for him. It would have been too lonely for me to come out all alone. Lucy, Mary and I finally got ~~out~~ leave clearance and we decided to come out on April 12 of this year.

"I could not anticipate life in Chicago very well as I knew very little of the city. I knew that it was an immense place and quite windy. It encouraged me a little when I found out that quite a few nisei were resettling out there. Naturally I wanted to go to a place where I would not be alone too much. I heard that many of the nisei were being accepted by the hakujin so that encouraged me quite a bit.

"It was not difficult to get a domestic job offer. I picked out one offer which looked fairly easy and I wrote a letter to the employer. The employer answered right away and accepted me for the position. There was such a shortage of domestic workers that it was easy to get a job offer. I went to work for Mr. and Mrs. Berman. They are Jewish and Mr. Berman is the manager of Mandel's department store here. They live in a four-room apartment on the south side of Chicago. The wage was only \$40 a month but the work sounded very easy. Mary and Lucy accepted a job offer to go out to Lake Forrest in a large 12-room home and they got \$60 each a month.

"When we arrived in Chicago we were rather confused. The trip



had been rather tiring and the trains were crowded. For a while we had to sit in the aisles because there were no seats. We were all rather timid and hesitant as we felt that the people were staring at us. It was strange to go out in the civilized world after being locked up a year and naturally we were a little confused. My fiancé, Tak, and a couple of his friends met us at the Dearborn station. Tak said that he had a three-day furlough and he wanted to show us around. We decided not to report for work for four days as we wanted to enjoy ourselves first and rest up from the trip. We stayed at a hotel during this time. Tak and his friend showed us all around town and we had a wonderful time visiting the museum, seeing plays and movies, and going out to dine and dance. Tak and I had a nice reunion and we were sure of each other as soon as we came together.

"After our four days' vacation was over, we phoned our respective employers and I said goodbye to Mary and Lucy who had to go to Lake Forrest. Mr. Berman came down for me in his car and when I went to his home I first found out that he was Jewish. Both he and his wife were very kind to me. However, when I got there Mrs. Berman said I looked too frail and she did not think that I could do the heavy work. She was a semi-invalid and I didn't know that I was supposed to take care of her too. My impression was that the job was very light work. The way she described the job I would have to do everything including the laundry and cooking. There was a colored girl, Canary, who was working there and she had planned to go to a better place. However, I said that I didn't think I could do the work and I would leave so that Canary decided to stay. In that job Mr. Berman often took trips to New York and the girl



had to stay in and look after his wife. I decided to stay there for a couple of weeks until I could find a better place and the Bermans were not opposed to that at all. The second day I was there I got a terrible case of diarrhea and I had to go to bed. Mrs. Berman was quite concerned about me and she even called her family doctor to look after me. She treated me so kindly that I decided to stay on for a while. After a few days I felt better and then Mrs. Berman said that I would have to get some heavier clothes and shoes since the winter would be severe. I didn't have any money to buy an expensive coat, however, Mr. Berman took me down to Mandel's and he got me a 30 per cent discount so that I was able to purchase a very warm coat at a cheap price. The Bermans treated me as if I were a guest in their home. In the evenings I would go in the living room with them and they asked me all about camp life. Occasionally they took me out to shows with them. I hardly did any work while I was there, but after two weeks I decided to change to another job. Mrs. Berman insisted on paying me \$20 for the two weeks but I wouldn't take it even though I was practically broke.

"I did not have to look for another job very long as Mary and Lucy told me of a domestic job right next door to them. I went out to Lake Forrest on May 1 and my salary was supposed to be \$60 a month. I worked in that job for four or five months until August but I was very dissatisfied. I didn't like the work at all and it preyed upon my mind. I wanted to quit but I did not know what other kind of work I could get into. I heard that other nisei girls were getting office jobs and I thought I could get one too. However, the summer was rather hot and I didn't get the energy up to go job hunting. There were two children in the family and I wasn't supposed to take care of them at all, but after I was there about a



month, my employers began to impose upon me more and more. They went out on social visits quite a bit and I had to stay in nights to watch the children. This tied me to my job day and night and I resented it very much. I just suffered in silence because I didn't have the nerve enough to protest. I wasn't very efficient in my work but they never called me down for it.

"During the summer I bumped into Margaret Ichino in one of the restaurants down in the loop and we renewed our old friendship. I used to know her before the war but I had rarely written to her after her- we were evacuated. She was from Los Angeles. We immediately got very friendly again and I used to visit her on my days off from my domestic job in Lake Forrest. Margaret encouraged me to look for an office job when I told her that I was so dissatisfied with domestic work. She said that there were many types of office work which a nisei girl could get easily. I got a little more confidence after that so I determined to quit my domestic job at the end of July. Margaret said that I could stay with her during the time I looked for an office job and an apartment. Mary and Lucy were tired of domestic work also and they got a job with the YMCA right away and we all stayed at Margaret's apartment for a while. I was with her during most of August. The first two weeks I just rested up and then I started to look for work. I got my present job as a general clerk in the Transportation and Maintenance Company on the westside about August 15 and I am still at that job. It pays \$90 a month but I am not happy in the work now because I can't make a living. I took the job because it sounded good to me.

"My big worry after moving in with Margaret was the housing problem. I found out that it was almost impossible to find a de-



cent place. Margaret's apartment was very small and there were bed bugs in the place. It got so bad that Mary, Lucy and I had to go out and look for our own place. Margaret was planning to leave for New York shortly anyway. I wanted to bring my brother out in order to put him into school out here so I wrote and told him to come in September. I didn't know anything about the non-resident tuition fee. I figured that he could live with us after we found our own apartment.

"We had quite a time finding a suitable apartment. At first I was afraid that we would not be able to find a place at all because of the housing shortage. I thought that some of the places would discriminate against us. The three of us began to look in the newspapers and we decided to break up into three groups and each of us take a different section of the city in our apartment hunting. I walked around for several days without any success and Mary and Lucy did not have any luck either. I had a chance at a couple of places but they were too dirty. Finally I went to the WRA and they had a list of available apartments. I told them that I was interested in a three-room apartment on the northside and we were willing to pay up to \$50 a month. The man at the WRA told me of two places on Geneva Terrace and one of them sounded very good to me. It was rented for \$55 a month and I decided to come out immediately.

"When I got here I found that the landlady was very nice and I was so happy that she would rent the apartment to us. I was impressed with the neatness and cleanliness of the building so that I put a deposit down for the apartment right away and then went to get Mary and Lucy to come and look at the place. When we came out



all together, they liked the place immediately so that we moved in on October 1 and my brother was out by that time so he came with us. I liked my apartment here better than my old Santa Maria home altho I don't get the privacy I had before. In spite of that, I am very pleased with it. At times it is hard living with other people and I can't feel completely at ease. It's not like living with you own family. I'm busy all the time so that I don't get to enjoy my apartment completely. The relationships between those of us here is fairly good. Occasionally we do have some friction. The reason for that is that the three girls are all of the same age so that there is no older person around to show respect to. I mean by that, we don't show too much deference for each other and we are not so willing to make personal sacrifices as we would to an older person. In spite of that we have gotten along very well. Lucy is moving out next month on January 27, 1944 but that is because of her personal plans. I don't know what I am going to do about my parents. They will stay downstairs in a smaller room temporarily but I don't think I can keep the apartment up by myself. I've told Mary that she should go ahead and plan for herself as it would not be fair to ask her to move out in case my parents come into my apartment. It all depends on what kind of work my father gets. If my parents do a domestic job, we will still have a problem because I don't think that Mary and I can pay the full rent by ourselves after Lucy moves out. We just have to wait and see what happens.

"The girls and I quarrel occasionally because we do get tempermental at times. Then we don't talk to each other for a few hours and there is a heavy atmosphere. However, these differences are not too severe. I would like to have my folks move in.† Right



now my brother Ken helps out with the household expenses since he is working. Living expenses are quite heavy. Besides our \$55 a month rent, our food bill runs anywhere from \$20 to \$30 a week for the four of us. I know that we are too extravagant in eating but we don't like to deprive ourselves. We only eat one big meal a day so that we like to enjoy it.

"I like the neighborhood that we are in very much. There are some other Japanese living around here but I don't know them personally. I wouldn't want them to move into our building at all or even into the next building because I feel that a concentration of Japanese around here would change the public feeling towards us. Right now the hakujin are very friendly and we are not too conspicuous. I don't know how long I will be living here since my housing plans are very indefinite. It will depend upon Tak. I want my folks to go to Denver or Salt Lake City eventually as there is more of a Japanese community atmosphere out there. My father may be able to open a restaurant out there eventually. I don't think they will ever be happy out here because it is so isolated. Now is the time to make a lot of money and save it. If Tak goes overseas, I would go join my parents and I would like to have a home, but you just can't plan on anything that far ahead because the Army doesn't care much about personal life. In the meantime I am satisfied enough with the partment here. I haven't been to any other nisei apartment, but I think that we have one of the best places for the money we pay. We have our own back porch, our own refrigerator and a private bath. The landlady is very nice to us even though she is particular about keeping up the place so that it will be ~~deteriorate~~ <sup>not</sup> into a fourth class building. That's why she is so fussy about the



garbage disposal.

"I had some experiences in my job hunting too. I loafed around for a while after I quit domestic work because Margaret told me that jobs were plentiful and I could afford to be a little choosy. However, my cash began to run low so I thought I had better start looking. I used newspaper Ads mostly. Whenever I saw a fairly good prospect I would phone the employer and ask about it. The funny thing was that as soon as I mentioned I was a Japanese American, the employer would say they were sorry but the job was filled or give some other excuse like that. I spent more nickels phoning up employers and each time I was refused I felt more and more like crawling into a hole. I did manage to get two interviews. The first one was most unsatisfactory and the personnel manager gave me the cold shoulder. Then I went out to the westside to answer a job offer for an essential industry factory. Mr. Kemp was the man I talked to. He was very kind to me and he was willing to give me a job. He said there were 100 Caucasian girls who would be working with me. I thought to myself that it would be too hard to win over 100 girls and get them to accept me. I knew that some of them would be prejudiced so I decided not to take the job even though Mr. Kemp offered it to me. He was very broad-minded and tolerant but I told him that I did not want to cause him any trouble. He realized that I was a sensitive type and that it would bother me a lot so he did not press the job on me. I can be hurt very easily and that's why I turned down that job.

"The third day I went out job hunting I got a little desperate as I did not have any luck at all. I was looking for a typist or general clerical job but I could not find any that suited me or



else the employers were too cool to me. I guess I was extra sensitive. I decided to go down to the American Friends office and Mr. McKee of that office spoke to me. He suggested that I go down to the United States Employment Service and apply for a job.

"I went over there right away and it just happened that they had received a job offer for a nisei girl. So they suggested that I go out and apply for it. The job was for a general clerk and it paid \$22.50 a week. I should have held out for more money, but I felt that I was fortunate in getting a job offer at that time as I was getting a little worried. I knew that I did not have any experience in office work so that I would have to start out at a lower wage.

"When I went out to the Transportation and Maintenance Company on the westside, Mr. Butler interviewed me. He said that the starting wage was \$22.50 a week but I would get a raise after three months and also get occasional bonuses. He was very kind to me so that I was impressed and thought that I would fit into the work there. There was one other Japanese girl, Keiko, in the office so I decided to take the job there as I felt I would be more comfortable if another nisei girl was around to help break me into the work. Months went by in that job and I never did get a raise. I found that I could not save anything. That's why I'm flat broke right now. When I asked my employer for the raise they promised, they said that wages had been frozen so that they could not give it to me. That is why I still am working for the same amount I got when I started. It was all promises and they never did fill them. I wanted to quit the job, but I ~~am~~ afraid that they will make a lot of trouble for me and not give me an availability for



work clearance.

"I get along nicely with most of the people in the office. I was pretty timid at first but I think that I am more aggressive now. When I went out for the interview, I was frightened to death. I felt this way throughout my job hunting and I often had to give myself a pep talk when I started to crawl into a shell. I just forced myself out. In my job hunting, I had to go all over the city and I often got lost. When I stopped people and asked them for directions, I found that they were very willing to help me. Chicago people are very friendly I have discovered so that I got a lot more confidence in myself.

"I never did apply for a job through the WRA after I left camp. I went down there once after I quit my domestic work and they told me that they could not offer me another position because I had quit my first job after staying there only a couple of weeks. I don't think they liked that very much. They said that I had to shift for myself and they could not keep looking after me. I felt that they were very rude to me and they did not give me any encouragement at all. I realized that they were right in what they said but they could have told me that in a nicer way. They didn't realize that I was still a stranger in the city and all that was necessary for them to do was to offer me some hope and encouragement instead of talking down to me as if I had been a bad girl. Some of the other nisei I know have told me that the WRA always acts this way so that I don't think it was my sensitive feeling that was at fault that time. I realize that I was on my own and I could not keep falling back upon them all the time. But I had to back out of the WRA office in a great embarrassment because of the



way the interviewer treated me. Maybe it was good for me because I was forced to go out and get a job on my own.

"The Transportation and Maintenance Company where I work is a large garage and I am a general clerk in the office. It's a very pleasant office and it has all of the modern equipment in it. I learned how to handle some of the books and I typed out vouchers and other things. They taught me all of these things as it was my first office job. My hours are from 9 to 5:30 and I get an hour off for lunch. During the summers, the office staff gets all day Saturday off. Now we work until one o'clock on Saturdays. We don't get any over-time at all. I don't think I would care for it anyway as I don't even have time to do my laundry at home as it is. We never finish eating until about 8:30 and then I have to write a letter to my fiancé. After that I have to make the next day's lunch and it is already time to go to bed. It's a rather hectic life and I haven't even had time to open a book since I have been out here. All of my week-ends are taken with Tak.

"I think I am the most underpaid nisei worker in Chicago. I know that I am making the least of anybody for the type of work I am doing. All of the other nisei girls I have heard of make at least \$25. Mary and Lucy never had any office ~~experience~~ either and they get \$25 a week and Saturdays off at the YMCA offices. The nisei I know think that I am crazy for staying on in my present job as they are sure that I can make more in another place. It takes me about one and a half hours a day to commute back and forth on the westside.

"On top of all this, I barely manage to make a living. Now that Xmas is over, I am flat broke. Maybe I will be able to save a



little bit after New Year's. At first my job was very interesting but it is getting most monotonous now. They have put more workers into the office so that I have less to do. Part of the day I don't have a thing to do. I just have to sit around there and it makes my day very long. In spite of that the office is still clamoring for more girls to come in and work there. I don't know what they could do as I have to look around for odd jobs during the day just to fill in the time. I hate my work now because I feel that I am not getting enough office experience.

"There are ~~two~~ two persons in the office with whom I do not get along. From the beginning I felt that the two Jewish men there, Rosenberg and Harris, were prejudiced against Keiko and me. I just thought that from some of the odd remarks which Rosenberg made within my earshot. Once Rosenberg said something that hurt me. I don't remember what it was exactly now, altho I did catch the word Japs. Maybe he wasn't even talking about me but I'm pretty sure he was looking right at me when he said that. One of the other bosses said that I was too imaginative and that Rosenberg was not prejudiced at all. I have always been a little shy among strangers and I humbled myself a great deal during the first few weeks I worked there.

"I knew that Rosenberg did not like me because he began to pick on me for many things even tho I was not to blame. He never picked on any of the other girls. It happened that we have two rest periods during the day in our job. In the women's rest room there is no clock. Since Keiko and I have no wrist watch we often stayed in there five minutes overtime. Rosevenberg would call me down for this. It always seems that he picks on me alone. At first I said



I was very sorry and I would humble myself. Some of the other girls in the office noticed what was going on and they told me that I should get tougher and not let Rosenberg take advantage of me. Since they were on my side, I determined to tall Rosenberg off the next time he picked on me. One day he called me behind the files and started to call me down for some minor things so I blew up. I said that I did not understand why he picked on me all the time and it was not my fault for staying over time in the restroom because there was no clock in there. I thought I was being made a scape-goat and I did not like it. Rosenberg said I was taking it wrong and he was trying to help me. However, the feeling is still tense between us. He is only an assistant boss there but he thinks he is the big shot.

"I think the whole trouble started when my brother first came to Chicago. I wanted to take a half day off in order to meet him at the railroad station since he did not know his way around. I asked Mr. Rosenberg if I could go and he got very indignant. He was a typical Jew and he thought the company would be losing money if I took a little time out. I thought he was being inhuman for adopting such an attitude. He said that I could only have one and a half hours off but it was impossible to even go down to the station and come back in that time. I didn't say anything but I left with the idea of taking the rest of the afternoon off. Then I phone the other boss and asked him if that would be okay and he was agreeable. Rosenberg was very mad because I went over his head and that's why he picks on me for little things after that. Now, he always watches me at work and he follows me around to see if he can pin something on me. We don't say anything to each other any more.



Oh, I hate his guts.

"I get along well with the 13 others in the office as they are mostly girls. We all joke around quite a bit. It's strange that none of us get along with the two Jews in the office. The Jews are so persecuted too and yet they take it out on Keiko and I because they are resentful. I don't understand that as I thought that they would be more sympathetic than any of the others. Minority people never seem to sympathize with each other. I guess the Japanese are that way too because they sort of sneer at the Jews. I don't get along with the two Jewish men in the office because of personal reasons and not because of their race.

"I don't have much contact with the big boss of the company as he has a separate office. The firm doesn't discriminate because of color or race. Mr. Butler told me that we were equal and that we had every right to make a living as long as we were loyal and capable. A good half of the workers in the garage are negroes, and there are also about 60 nisei fellows in the garage now. More keep coming every day. I don't see them very often as I am in an office in another part of the building. There are only a few Caucasians in the garage. In our office the personnel are all Caucasians except Keiko and me.

"I've made friends with some of the girls at the office. Sometimes we eat lunch together. The hakujin staff turn-over is pretty rapid. There was one girl who seemed aloof and she didn't like me at first but now we get along fine. After they quit the place, they all promise to write me letters. I wouldn't want any more nisei girls to come into our office as Keiko and I feel that two are enough. Mr. Butler feels the same way as there was no other



nisei girl who came an applied once but she was turned down. I think that was because they have a quota for Japanese in the office now but I am not sure. It doesn't make any difference how many nisei are working in the garage. I wouldn't even care if they were all nisei down there as I have no contacts with them. I don't think that the boss would let it come to that point thought. There is quite a large turn-over of labor in the garage among the nisei and this does not make a good impression, but it is only natural for them to look for something better. I'm the same way. My heart is not in my work any more as I know I could get a better job. I have to be able to save something for the future but I hate to leave the firm with any bad feelings altho this may happen. They just won't give me an availablility of employment clearance. Once I told them that I was going to Battle Creek to get married. They said that they would give me a clearance after I got there. I don't think that they will want to give me a clearance if I work at another place in Chicago. I know that there are plenty of jobs now where I can get better wages and I plan to do something definite about changing my job after the first of the year.

"I think that the job chances for the nisei are very good out here. There is a great labor shortage and that is the reason. After the war tho, I'm afraid that many nisei will lose their jobs, particularly those holding unskilled jobs. Some of the companies just tolerate us because we are readily available right now. We will be the first ones weeded out afterwards. I think that the best chance for remaining on is for the nisei to get into a small firm and make himself invaluable to it. My sort of job does not hold much promise for the future as anybody can do it. That's ano-



other reason why I plan to quit soon.

"I don't know what I will be doing next in the way of work, However, the next job I got into, I want to go into it permanently, and keep it even after the war, if that is possible, But everything is so indefinite now that you really can't plan that far ahead. I certainly have no intentions of making Chicago my home forever. I'm just living an indefinite life right now but I hope to settle down more after I am married. It's quite a hectic life that I lead now and I never get a chance to get rested up.

"I don't go to church at all out here as Sunday is a day for sleep for me. Tak comes over every week-end and he is not very religious minded anyway. We still haven't fixed our marriage date yet. It probably will be in the spring or before. It depends on what my parents say. My loyalties are a little torn right now and I don't know exactly what to do. I feel that I should marry Tak right away as he may be shipped out before long. He told me the other day that all of the nisei are being transferred to either Savage or Shelby. He is going to be transferred to Savage soon altho he hopes that it will not be until next spring. My parents will be out here on either the 4th or the 10th. I'm worried about their transportation since the railroads are very crowded during the holiday. I heard that 60 Japanese came out here on a special coach recently to work at the Hotel Stevens. That's why I am writing to the leave officer in Gila to ask them if a special coach will be arranged when my father and mother come out. I don't want them to be forced to sit in the aisle as they are rather old. We have to settle the job plan for my parents before I get married. I hope that it will be very soon.



"I want to get married and start a family right away. I have always wanted a child. I don't know whether we should wait until he comes back or not. Suppose he is gone for five years? Then I will be almost 30 and it will be too late to have children. I may never see him again if he goes overseas. On the other hand, if I have a child right away, Tak may be sent overseas and never come back. Then it will be pretty hard for me. We just can't decide when to set the marriage date until my parents get out here.

"If Tak is sent to Savage, I will probably follow him out to St. Paul. Tak thinks that I will be happier out there as he knows many friends in that area. I feel that I should follow him but at the same time I am rather concerned about my folks. It seems that just as soon as they get out here, I will be deserting them. My mother does not speak any English. It is a handicap for issei to be out here. Maybe it will be better if my parents go into a home to do domestic work. They don't even know how to ride a street car. If I went off to St. Paul right away I will be so worried about them. Maybe we will be married in February. If I can get settled out in St. Paul, perhaps I can send for my folks to come and join me, if they want to. Later on I want them to move out to Denver. Then I can rejoin my parents if Tak gets sent overseas.

"I have talked over the matter of having a child with Tak already and he feels the same way I do. However, he doesn't think that it is necessary to start the family immediately. He decided that we could start having a family when I was 26 and by that time the war may be over. I plan to have 4 children and space them 2 years apart, but I don't know if I can do that as Tak may be sent overseas for as long as four years and then I will be too old to



have children. It would be too hard on me to have any children after that because I am not physically strong. Maybe I won't even be able to have more than one child.

We don't have any definite plans for after the war. Tak has lost his store on Grant Ave. in San Francisco so that he does not have anything to go back to. I push the question about the future to him once and he got very angry. He said that he could not plan anything because he did not even know if he would ever come back. I think that he can be an accountant after the war as he is a U.C. graduate. He is 30 now and he has a pretty good business head. I think that he plans to start some sort of an importing oriental store as he has had experience in this line. Of course, it will depend upon the outcome of the war. I don't think that Tak wants to go back to the coast at all. He went out to Salt Lake City once on a furlough and he favors that city. He said that he would like to settle out there because it would be a good place to raise the children. He feels that the environment out there is good for that.

"I'm on the brink of a new life right now. I just can't plan a thing beyond that because there is no guarantee that it will be fulfilled. A few weeks ago I thought that I would get married in a wedding gown at Fort Custer and then go live in Battle Creek, Michigan, but now that is all blown up, because the Army is going to send Tak to Camp Savage, pretty soon. I hope that it will not be before spring. I've worried about many things out here and I suppose that after my marriage there will still be many new things developed which I will have to worry over.

"Until I was sure that my parents were going to be released by the Immigration department, my great worry was over losing Lucy.



I didn't think that I would be able to pay for the rent cost if Lucy left and my parents were held up by the Immigration Department. I worried so much about this that it almost made me ill. Fortunately, it is all settled now for the time being. Now my great concern is about the possible job opportunities for my parents. I worry about money because I wouldn't be able to support them if they did not get a job. Our family doesn't have any financial reserve at all since what little we have was spent during the period in camp. My parents are coming here in the dead of winter and they don't have sufficient winter clothing. In California we didn't need such heavy clothes. This will be a terrible expense on me and I don't know how I will manage it yet. It would be simpler if my parents came out in the spring but then, we would still have the problem of my brother's schooling. I'm worried about how my parents will be able to make the trip also. I certainly hope that they will not have to stand in the aisles. I wrote a letter to camp to ask the leave officer if they could arrange for a special coach but I don't know if there are enough Japanese coming out of camp right now.

"I also have another new problem which I did not anticipate so quickly. Tak will be going away to Camp Savage soon and I will have to desert my parents. I still am in a mental debate about the whole thing but I am afraid that it will cause friction if I side with my parents since my first loyalty will be to my husband after I am married. I can think of all kinds of things which bother me about my coming marriage and the closer it comes, the more worried I get. There is a big worry of having children or not. I want to have children right away but it may not be practi-



cal. I worry most when I have nothing to do at the office. I just sit at my desk and all of these things come into my mind. Usually when I am home, I don't have time to worry because I have so many things to do. Sometimes late at night I start to think of these things and then I can't sleep. I know that it is hopeless to worry about them and that it won't solve anything, but I can't help it. I think that I am struggling with myself on so many problems. The biggest one is that I do want to have a child of my own. But, my practical mind tells me that maybe this won't be so good. If Tak did not come back from overseas, I would get stuck and it would be a hard struggle with a child. I don't think that I would get another chance at marriage and I probably would lead a very lonesome life. I suppose I am a pessimist for thinking of such a possibility, but you know how your mind runs along when you are worried. It's all the cause of this war and you just can't plan into the future at all.

"I am not politically minded at all. I don't think I know very well what the war is all about. The newspapers don't tell you everything and it is too one-sided. I don't have the interest to dig deeper by reading books and magazines. I know I should be more concerned about it, but I have more immediate problems that are important to me. To tell the truth, I wish that no one country would win the war. I wouldn't want to see American beat Japan exactly and I certainly wouldn't want Japan to beat America. I wish that in some way they could have a friendly peace treaty and everything be fixed so that things would be like before the war. I hope that the war ends soon, but it doesn't look that way. Both sides are out to do or die and I should be all out for America.



There won't be very many compromises in the war the way things are going right now. I think that it is going to turn out to be a race war and that will be bad on us. I don't think of my citizenship anymore or I don't even think much of democracy. It isn't that I have rejected them, but I have had actual experience showing that sometimes in a pinch it doesn't mean much. I just feel that I am lucky as I am right now as we could be persecuted much more if the public temper turned against us. On the whole, the American people are broad-minded and they try to live up to the principles of democracy. But this is not entirely possible during war times. I'm just grateful that I am able to go along and make a living without any harm being done to me. This is my way of being loyal.

"At the same time, I do have some conflicts at times when the thing hits me directly. At those times, I have the pull between the two flags. For example, my employer told me yesterday that he had a marine friend who just came back from the South Pacific war. This marine had been wounded in a bayonet fight with a Jap soldier. He killed the soldier and took a diary written in Japanese off the body. This marine brought the diary back with him and he told my employer about it. My employer wants me to translate it. I hesitated very much because what is there is some vital military information which would hurt Japan in that diary. I wouldn't want to be the one to let it out. I know that I should not think this way if I were a true American, but there are these pulls which tug at me even now. I can't hate all of the Japanese or the Japanese customs because I have had some taste of it and I don't think that it is as bad as the newspapers make out. All of the Japanese in



Japan could not be that treacherous. I don't think that I will be able to translate the diary anyway because I don't know Japanese that well. I heard that a lot of the nisei are working on the radio stations and teaching Japanese to the Army and Navy. I don't think that I would like to do that because I would get a funny feeling. I wouldn't ever be able to go to Japan, even for a visit because the Japanese would think that I had betrayed them. I don't owe Japan anything but there are certain parts of its culture which are indrained in me and I can't dismiss them just like that, especially when my parents are from the old country. I don't think I would ever do anything that would harm this country either, I just want to be neutral. However, I am marrying Tak and he is fighting for America so I have to make my choice and since my future personal life depends upon it, and since I intend to live in this country always, I will have to come out for America and not waver. A lot of us nisei are in this position. If there were not so much prejudice and discrimination, then it would be an easy matter to make our decision. But a lot of the nisei don't know how things are going to turn out and some of them may even be kicked out of this country even though they feel that they belong here. It's not very safe to express opinions these days because the public attitude is all against the Japanese. The best thing is to go along and hope for the best.

"As for the Japanese here, it is to be expected that we will have our little communities again. I don't think that they will ever be able to disperse us all out. It isn't that we don't want to assimilate; they won't allow us to. We would always stand out with our oriental faces and race discrimination will not go away



from this country for a long, long time. I think that the nisei who have more western features are accepted more by the Americans and they like you better. That's why I'm kind of glad that my features are a little occidental. If you look like a typical Japanese, you will get treated rougher. The trouble is that there are so many nisei out here that look like the regular Japs even though they think like Americans. The Americans judge them from their looks and they don't give them much of a chance to explain their position. I know that this is true because some of the office girls have said it to me. I don't think that this feeling will go away for many years yet. The hakujin don't want inter-marriage and the Japanese don't either. For social reasons, it can't be helped if the nisei all come together. I don't see anything wrong in this. Even the Chinese stick to their own culture out here and people think that the Chinatown is picturesque. In Chicago, we have Negro, Polish, Jewish, and other racial neighborhood. My boss told me that Chicago was composed of many racial neighborhoods and each are tolerant of the other. The Americans out here are broad-minded and they don't condemn it. I think that they will react more strongly if these racial groups tried to spread out. What chance to the nisei have to be permanently spread out when the public attitude is like this? We just can't expect the nisei to make the break just like that. That's why I believe a Japanese community is bound to start up here. It will be mostly nisei so that it will be a very Americanized community. I don't think that there will be any danger of subversive work among the nisei since most of them have decided for this country. It would be more practical for social reasons for them to get together in groups.



"Personally, I don't like to see large gatherings of Japanese out here but I don't like to see a war either. Both of them are inevitable. In my personal life, I don't care for much nisei social activities at all. That's why I have been staying away from them. I don't encourage my former nisei friends to come and visit me and I don't go out of my way to see them. I don't miss them at all and Tak feels the same way. He doesn't think that the group of nisei out here are such a good type anyway. He said to me jokingly one day that all of these real American nisei are in the Army now. Maybe that is true and the rest of the fellows out here tend to be more sensitive and a little conservative like me. We are not so sure of ourselves. I think that I'd rather be as inconspicuous as possible out here and I don't care to associate with the other nisei. It is not that I dislike them, because I know that we have a lot in common. I only want a few of my close nisei friends around right now. I don't have the time to be cultivating any more than that. Most of my leisure time is spent with my fiancé anyway.

"My life during the rest of the week when Tak is not in town is very routine. I get up about 7 o'clock in the morning and eat breakfast and I am off to work by 8 o'clock. I just have to gulp some coffee and run out because it takes me quite a while to get dressed. I have to make breakfast for my little brother too. I work from 9 to 5:30 with one hour off for lunch. We just eat in the rest room and gossip or we may glance through the papers during the noon period. I don't get home until after 6 o'clock so that Mary and Lucy starts the cooking. I always read Tak's daily letter to me before I eat. We usually have dinner around 7 o'clock. After that I clean up the dishes and that takes until about 8:30.



Sometimes the girls and I waste a couple of hours talking in the kitchen about our plans or the day's activities. Every evening I write a letter to Tak and that takes me one hour. After that I make the lunches for the four of us for the next day. By that time it is 11 o'clock and I am so tired that I go to bed. This is my routine for five days of the week. Occasionally a few of my friends drop in but I don't encourage them too much. I'm glad that Lucy and Mary don't entertain so much either. Some of the nisei girls out here have visitors over to their apartment every night. I don't see how they get things done. I'm so busy myself that my laundry accumulates for a month, and I have to wash it in desperation in order to have something to wear. My week-ends are usually taken up with Tak. We don't do very much. Sometimes we go out for dinner. We rarely go to the movies as Tak sees the latest ones at Fort Custer. I don't think I've been to a movie for weeks and weeks. I wouldn't have time for it anyway. Tak and I just sit in the front room and talk or else make some plans for the future but we don't get any place by doing this because there are so many unanswerable problems. Sundays are spent in the same way. We usually have big dinners over the week-end and that takes extra time. This is getting a little monotonous but we will be getting married pretty soon so I am not complaining. Life is pretty routine and sometimes I get a complacent attitude but some shock or worry usually comes up and brings me to my senses. I think the future looks a little brighter for me now. Tak and I were together over the Xmas week-end and we were both very optimistic about the coming year. Tak was able to get some extra gas coupons so that he borrowed a friend's car and we drove out all the way to Wisconsin. I



enjoyed the trip very much as it was soothing to see the fresh countryside. For instant it reminded me of California but I quickly came back to reality. My whole future revolves around Tak now so I can't plan very much in detail for it. Tak's future revolves around the Army plans and nobody can control that. All I can do is expect that 1944 will be a happy year for me although there will probably be sad events too. It's just life.

"I hope that I will be able to adjust myself to being an Army wife. Sometimes it is a pitiful thing because the wives have to be on the move all the time. There were a couple of nisei wives whose husband were stationed at Custer and these wives were expecting a child soon. But all of a sudden their husbands were told that they would be transferred out to another Army camp in January. Now the wives have no place to go since their parents are in camp and they will probably have to have their babies without their husbands around to comfort them. I'm just hoping that Tak will not be sent to Savage until spring because I could be able to get my parents settled by that time. Tak seems to like the Army all right. He got mad once when I asked him how he could get an honorable discharge. He feels that there is a job that has to be done and he can't plan until it is completely over. He would like to return to civilian life soon so that we can start out together while we are still young and healthy. It is not much of a married life to be together only on week-ends. However, in times like this I can't expect too much. All I hope is that next year will be a happy one for me. It looks like most of my wishes in this respect will come true."



Add to CH-23  
Mar. 1, 1944

"The wedding of Ikuko Maruyama and Sgt. Shug Madokoro was solemnized(Feb. 20) by Dr. William Loos of the Chicago Federation in the chapel of the Fine Arts building here. The bride was attended by Miss Mary Hanamoto and the groom was attended by Cpl. Gungi Asahina.

"The bride is from the Gila center and is formerly of Santa Maria, Calif. The groom, who has been in the army two and one-half years, is stationed at Fort Custer, Michigan, and is from Alameda, Calif. She has been recently employed as an office clerk in Chicago. Her parents are living in Barrington, Ill. At Gila she worked in the hospital and later for the fiscal department." --Pacific Citizen, Feb. 26, 1944