

Interviewer's code

Paul Ozawa

Evacuation and Resettlement Study,
February, 1944 (Revised)

SCHEDULE FOR INDIVIDUAL RESETTLERS

Date of interview April 10, 1944 Interviewer C. Kikuchi

1. Case number CH-38 2. Sex, ☒ M ☐ F 3. Marital stat. ☒ M ☐ S ☐ D ☐ W ☐ O

4. Present address 2134 W. Pierce St. Entered 10-12-43 Left

5. Later addresses

Date	Entered	Left
"		
"		
"		
"		
"		

6. Birthplace Taku Harbor, Alaska 7. Birthdate 4-30-15

8. Alien or Citizen citizen 9. Nisei, Kibei or Issei Indian

10. Addresses between Dec. 1, 1941 and evacuation

	Date	Entered	Left
(a) <u>Sitka, Alaska</u>	"	<u>July, 1941</u>	<u>5-22-42</u>
(b)	"		
(c)	"		
(d)	"		
(e)	"		

11. Assembly Center Puyallup, Wash. Date 5-30-42 6-5-42

12. Relocation Center Date

13. Addresses since leaving Relocation Center (prior to "present address")

	Entered	Left
(a) <u>Chinook, Montana</u>	<u>6-5-42</u>	<u>9-1942</u>
(b) <u>Harve, Montana</u>	<u>9-1942</u>	<u>10-12-42</u>
(c) <u>Brethren Hostel, Chicago</u>	<u>2 days</u>	
(d)		
(e)		
(f)		
(g)		

14. Family members living together on December 1, 1941.

Relationship to Resettler	Age	Sex	Birthplace	Occupation	Religion
(a) <u>P.O.</u>	<u>28</u>	<u>M</u>	<u>Alaska</u>	<u>Fisherman</u>	<u>None</u>
(b) <u>Joe O (brother)</u>	<u>24</u>	<u>M</u>	<u>Juneau</u>	"	"
(c) <u>Henry</u>	<u>21</u>	<u>M</u>	"	"	"
(d)					
(e)					
(f)					
(g)					
(h)					
(i)					
(j)					

CH-38

15. What members of family listed in 14 evacuated together to Assembly Center?

Give symbols #14

What other related persons?

Relationship to Resettler	Age	Sex	Birthplace	Occupation (as of Dec. 1, 1941)
(a) Iny (Wife)	20	F	Waterfall, Alaska	School
(b)				
(c)				
(d)				
(e)				
(f)				

16. What members listed in 14 or 15 above went together to Relocation Project?

Give symbols

What other related persons?

Relationship to Resettler	Age	Sex	Birthplace	Occupation (as of Dec. 1, 1941)
(a)				
(b)				
(c)				
(d)				
(e)				
(f)				

17. Family members living together in Chicago

Address

symbol (see 13)	Entered	Left	Relationship to Resettler	Age	Sex	Birthplace	Occupation (at date of interview)
(a) Paul							
(b) Iny							
(c) Baby				1 1/2	M	Montana	
(d)							
(e)							
(f)							
(g)							
(h)							

18. Educational history of resettler.

Grammar schools (name and location)

Dates	Grade completed
Sheldon Jackson, Sitka	1924-28 8th
Hames Elementary, Hames, Alaska	1920-24 4th

High schools (name and location)

Dates	Grade completed
Sitka High, Sitka	1928-32 11th

Colleges, universities and vocational schools, (name and location)

Dates	Grade completed	Degree

Attendance at Japanese language school, location

Dates	
none	

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

[illegible]

20. Political activities

Dates	Voted in what elections	For what party
1936	Alaska Territorial	Democratic
1938		
1940		

Comments by Eva Guntz

NOTES on Case History no. 38

Page 2, mimeographed form, no. 18: Haines.

Page 4 Sundem, the mother's name, is probably derived from one of the geographical clan locations. Swanton, 26th Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology, gives these locations in the first chapter. It is interesting that the maternal uncles watched out for the boy, for it shows again the old clan feeling.

Page 8: There is no "Crow" clan. The boy probably didn't know the translation of "Raven".

Page 9: Klawak

Page 18: Hydaburg

Page 27: Aleut

Evacuation & Resettlement Study
Chicago, Illinois
Charles Kikuchi
April 10, 1944

CH-38 Peter Ogata (pseud.)

Thlingit

This case document of Peter Ogata differs in that the interviewee is an Alaskan Indian, of the Thlingit tribe. He was evacuated from Alaska by the Army in May, 1942. As far as he knows, Peter does not have any Japanese blood in him. His step-father was a Japanese fisherman who deserted the family upon the death of his mother. Besides revealing the stupidity of the evacuation of such an individual, the case also reveals the personality conflicts which have developed as a direct result. Peter is married and he has a year and a half old son. His wife is expecting a child, which was two weeks over due at the date of the interviews. His wife is a full-blooded Alaskan Indian. Peter is working in a community settlement house for \$29 a week but he is greatly dissatisfied with this job. He also has some serious trouble with his eyes, which further intensifies feelings of persecution. The interviews were conducted over a period of two weeks. Further contacts will be made at later dates, pending new developments in the case.

In appearances, Peter Ogata does not have any distinguishable Japanese facial characteristics. He is about 5 ft. 8 in. in height, powerfully built, and quite dark complexioned. He looks completely Indian. Peter was born in Taku Harbor, Alaska on April 30, 1915. He does not remember his parents very well since he was orphaned at an early age. From his story it seems that he was an illegitimate child. The mother married a Japanese fisherman in order to save her name and Peter, therefore, had a Japanese name. He claims that he does not have any Japanese blood at all. Peter has two half-brothers by his step-father. At an early age the mother died so that the step-father placed the three young boys in a Christian missionary in Sitka where they grew up.

Peter left this school at an early age to go live with his grandfather and to go seal hunting. He was brought up in an Indian village environment and he has never had close contacts with Japanese. He has always been fully accepted by the Indian people. He learned to speak the language and he also learned a great deal of the Indian culture. His way of life was Indian, and he has no knowledge of things Japanese. Peter earned his livelihood by working on the fishing boats for some of the larger companies in Alaska. In the off-season he went hunting and trapping. He was married at an early age, but he declined comments on his wife since his second wife was present during the interviews. He had a child by this former marriage but he was drowned at the age of 5. In one of his copyrighted songs, Peter has dedicated the title to this child called "This Child of Mine".

None of his songs have ever been published altho one of the original reasons for coming out to Chicago was in the hopes he would be able to find a publisher.

Shortly before the war Peter was working for the Navy in Sitka. He was married just prior to his evacuation which came as a complete surprise. Peter is greatly embittered by this experience and the resulting difficulties of finding adjustment has been quite hard. There is some tendency on his part to be demanding, but this is primarily due to his mixed emotions. He feels that a great wrong has been done to him and he blames certain individuals for this act. His whole experiences are interpreted purely on personal reasons. The case clearly indicates that the Army policy of excluding any person with as little as one-sixteenth Japanese blood in them was not a wise or humane move in most cases. These individuals had little contacts with Japanese communities. This was particularly true in the cases of those children of mixed Japanese--Alaskan Indian marriages. Peter related much of his feelings of bitterness during the interviews. He is greatly confused at the present time because of the totally new environment in which he lives. He is not able to cope with the situation and the mounting up of all these problems has driven him almost to the point of desperation.

Peter remained in the Puyallup Assembly Center for only six days. He could not stand the life in that center because he felt that he was such an outsider and he also felt that he was being ostracized. He therefore took the first opportunity to sign up as a sugar-beet worker. His experiences in the beet and farm work in Montana were not particularly pleasant. His child was

born in Havre, Montana. The WRA has helped him a number of times in his difficult position.

Peter came to Chicago in the hopes of getting his eyes fixed up and also to publish his song. Thus far he has been unsuccessful in both of these efforts. In addition, he has not been able to save sufficient money for the hospitalization of his wife for the birth of his second child which is now overdue. The WRA has been helpful in this respect. Peter tends to project his difficulties at the feet of the WRA at times. He is very resentful of the fact that he has been given the "run around" so many times. He was sent to Miss Ross of the WRA but he does not care to reveal any of his problems to her.

At the same time, he is maladjusted in his present job. He feels that his employer is taking undue advantage of him. Peter makes \$29 a week and the community settlement house gives him the use of a small apartment over a garage in the back. Peter has been unable to adjust himself to the other workers who are nisei students. He feels that they will not accept him because of his Indian background. He feels also that they attempt to show their superior education and that they do not like to work under him. During the time of the interview, he came to near blows with this group. Some mention has been made of Peter in C.K. Diary and these comments will be added to the case at a later time.

Peter has fixed up his apartment fairly well but it is very sparsely furnished. It consists of a large bedroom, medium size kitchen and bathroom. His wife is not used to cooking with a gas stove so that most of the food is pan-fried. Peter misses his native Indian diet greatly and he feels that this has contributed

to a loss of health. His living quarters are located in the northwest section of Chicago. He has few contacts with other people and thus far he has not made any close friends, especially since his friendly overtures to his nisei co-workers were repulsed.

A better picture of this individual and his feelings will be obtained from the following life story which he related to the writer during his present period of discouragement. His story follows (Please add Diary comments at the end.)

"By golly, I'm sure disgusted with everything. I just don't know what to do with myself. All the troubles have come at once and it is the fault of that dumb General DeWitt. He says that I am a Japanese and that's why we were kicked out of Alaska. I hate the Japanese because it has caused nothing but trouble for me. I just have a Japanese name and I don't have any Japanese blood in me. You can go down and ask the Indian department and they will tell you it's true. The only trouble is that I can't find any written proof of it because I don't have a birth certificate. They never took birth certificates in the town I was born in. I never knew any Japanese until I was sent down in the Army transport to Puyallup.

"My mother's name was Fannie Sumdem. She was full-Indian of the Thlingt tribe. I don't know my father at all because I never saw him. My mother married a man named Ogata and he was a Japanese fisherman. Nobody in my village knows him. He disappeared into thin air and he deserted us when we were kids. Some day I'm going to slit his neck open if I ever find him, by golly. We don't even have a picture of him. He wasn't my real

father at all. You know how it is in the winter time in Alaska. There isn't much to do and a lot of the Indian girls got babies when they weren't married. My mother never said who my real father was, but I just know that he was an Indian too. He wasn't no Jap. If I had Japanese blood in me, it would show but every one is surprised. I don't go around explaining it anyway. They all accepted me and took me in back home. I just know my Indian dialects and I never heard that Japanese talk until I grew up. Some Japanese boys used to come up to the fishing canneries and they would talk their language but I never got to know any of them very well. By golly, that Ogata sure casued me the trouble. I have two brothers and he is the father of them. They look more like Japanese boys but they grew up with me too. They won't talk to me any more because I think they are ashamed that Ogata was their dad.

"I was born in 1915 in a salmon fishing village. When I was about 5 years old my mother died of tuberculosis. I remember that day very well. She was laying in the bed talking to me in Indian. All of a sudden she didn't talk any more. I shook her but she seemed cold so I ran out and told the priest at the Russian church. He came over and after that I never saw my mother any more. Ogata disappeared the very next day and he just left us three kids all alone. The Russian priest took us to the Christian reverend. My mother had been baptized through the Christian church once so that I was sent to the ^{Haines} Haines orphanage near Skagway. That's where I grew up until I was old enough to go to work for myself.

"I didn't know anybody then and my brothers and I were all orphans. There is one fellow here in Chicago who is a doctor now

in a hospital. He came over once when I had the flu and he gave me some medicine. There were all nationalities in the orphanage. Some of the kids were half Norwegians, Scotch, Swedes, half Irish and Indians. A lot of those fur traders used to have babies with the Indian women and then they would disappear so that the children were put into this orphanage. My brothers and I were the only 'Japanese' there. One of the boys was part-Chinese because some Chinese used to come up there to fish too. There were about 62 kids in all and it was both boys and girls. They trained us mostly to church stuff and I don't care to remember much about that part of my life.

"I had two uncles up in Juneau. My mother also had some relatives in the Indian village but they didn't like her for a long time because she married a Japanese. My uncles didn't care after a while and they stuck by their sister. They took a vow once to track down Ogata and kill him but they never could find him. One of my uncles was killed in Juneau but they never found out who did it. He was stabbed in the back. At that time he was working for the government and some Indian was out for his blood. Some day I might get in the FBI and I will trace down that killer too.

"I stayed in that orphanage until I was 11 years old and then I was sent to another orphanage in Sitka to finish up high school. I didn't get very far through the high school. After you are 15, I had to go to work to earn my own way. I didn't like the orphanage at all so I ran away.

"When I was 15 I quit school. By golly, I went all over after that. I went to look for a job. I heard about my grandfather up in Clark, Alaska so I went up to see him. He told me

to live with him and hunt seals. My grandfather lived way out in the wilderness and a fur post was the only other place where there were white men and Indians. My grandfather was one of the best Indian hunters and trappers in the whole tribe and he had a big reputation. He taught me a lot of the Indian things I had forgotten when I was in that orphanage. He only spoke Indian to me and I understood him after a while because it was ~~in~~ in the back of my head. We used to ^{go} out on his sealing boat every day. By golly, that was when I learned all about wild life. After a while my two uncles came out. Both of them were alive then. They were good hunters and trappers too, the best in the whole territory, and they taught me all about how to hunt and to eat Indian food. I didn't like the Indian food at first but they lived on it. That's where I learned to like dried salmon, biscuits and potatoes fried in seal grease and other things like that. This food kept me from getting cold when it was down to 30 degrees below.

"While I was in the orphanage I didn't forget all of the Indian dialect because I used to use the Thlingt dialect with my half brothers and some of the other Indian boys. I learned it as a kid and I knew it before English. I kept up with it as much as I could and that's why it wasn't hard for me to learn. My grandfather really taught me most of it though. He was an old-time fur hunter and he knew the French Canadian language (Chinook) too. He didn't know very much English but he learned some of it from the white man. The ^{Chinook} ~~Indian~~ he talked to me was mostly sign language and guttural sounds. I picked that up too but mostly we talked Thlingt. I never knew any Japanese. I knew more Mexican

and Spanish because I picked it up later on from some of the Mexicans who came up to the canneries.

"I sure miss that life north of the boundary. I was so wild and free then and a happy-go-lucky fellow. That sure was the life for me. I get hungry for all my native foods. I can't eat that rotten meat they sell down here. I like that fresh deer meat, porcupine meat, seaweed, clams and dried fish. My wife can't cook it out here because we can't buy those things. One time I went down to the waterfront in Chicago and some man ~~tried~~ to sell me some rotten fish. I could tell it was rotten from smelling it, but all the other people were buying this fish because they thought it was fresh. By golly, I would get sick if I ate that stuff. I guess they are used to it.

"Anyway, in 1931 my grandfather went to another town and he married another Indian woman from a different clan. She was of the Crow clan. I never liked her at all because she was a nagger. She said her forefathers were better than ours. My grandfather married her under an old Indian custom. The custom was that if you were from one town and the wife was from another, and if their forefathers met, they made an agreement that sooner or later their descendants would have to marry even if they got to be a hundred. It is hard to tell this custom in English. In a lot of the Indian village in Alaska, they choose the mates before the kids are even born. At some of the big parties the Indians got together and traded blankets and they also promised to give any future girls of theirs for wives. That's how you can tell the rich Indian families--by the number of blankets they give and the daughters they pledge.

"I never had any real religion. My uncle was in the Russian Catholic church. The old Russians had been in Alaska a long time before and the Russian priest tried to convert all the Indians. I never took to any of these religions. My grandfather said he could remember some of those old Russians, but I didn't see them around very often. After my grandfather married that Crow woman, he got tamed down and I didn't like to stay there anymore so I left.

"I went to Klawock, Alaska and stayed with an old Indian family there. It was a regular Indian town of 300 people. There were only 12 white people there married to Indian girls. The town had its own self-government and everyone lived peacefully except when there were big grudges. The village followed all of the United States laws, but they had some of their old Indian laws. The Indian who I lived with was named Vandal. He wanted to adopt me once and change my name, but I didn't want to. He was a booze hound and I disliked his way. He had two sons and Willie died in an accident in the river once. That's why Vandal wanted to adopt me to take his place. Vandal was one of the best fishermen and trappers in that town. He taught me a lot about that kind of work and a couple of years later I went out on a fishing boat with him. I learned most of my fishing from other old natives though.

"The one thing I liked about Klawock is that it recognized me as their own. They took me in just like I was a member of the tribe. I was invited to everything and they gave me a lot of the odd jobs there. That's where I learned to paint the totem poles. A lot of the natives made totem poles and they sold them to the

states. They were also used for many purposes in the village.

"I learned a lot about totem poles but I never could read them. The totem poles each tell a story. Only the old timers can read them. That is the way they keep all of the Indian history. It is all written on these poles. The old timers didn't teach the young Indians all these things as too many white men came in and spoiled it. The old people are dying off now so that there isn't too much of the Indian culture left. Most of the Indian villages only make totem poles for the tourists now and there aren't many of the old timers who can read the legends on them. When I was in Klowack I saw some of the customs that they have with the totem pole festival. Once a year they had a 'pot-luck'. It is a party between two tribes. For example, the Eagle and the Wolf clan would come together to help build a large totem pole. That's the way they built the big ones. Everybody helped in it and the old timer in the tribe carved on the legends. After it was finished a banquet would follow. There would be big speeches and the oldest one in the tribe would tell the legend of the new pole. After that the whole tribe would give presents to the helping tribes. These poles were made of red cedar and it was all carved out. The real totem poles don't have any nails in them.

"Another kind of pole was the memorial. It is a sort of a tombstone like they have in the states and it was shaped something like the body of the chief or some other important person in the tribe. The size and the decoration would tell how important that person was. If it was a tall one, it meant that he did a lot of good for the tribe. Another kind of totem pole was the

one that told the whole family history. The old-timers could look at it and tell stories and legends for weeks without stopping. A lot of times we would gather around the fire at night and the old fellows would tell stories from the totem poles. Another type of totem pole was the community pole. It was a sort of a sign post and the different faces cut on it told what street it was. It also tells what tribe lives in that town. It is something like the barber pole. These poles tell who's who in the village. You can tell the richer families if they had something like a top hat on the top of their pole. There are all different kinds of totem pole and the reason I learned something about it was that I used to paint them. The old timers would come around to supervise me and they would tell me some of the stories. I don't remember very many of these old legends. None of the young Indian boys and girls are interested in learning these totem pole legends as they are interested in playing basketball and going to dances. They don't like to take craft work in the government schools as they would rather learn typing. Totem pole reading is like learning the Egyptian mummy language. It takes a long time to read them. It would take 10 years to learn to read them. By golly, I sure learned a lot of the tribe superstition when I went to Klowack. It was the real Indian life and everyone believes these superstitions. If some Indian wanted to kill an enemy, he would get together with the members of a secret group. They would all wear masks so they would not know each other. After a small ceremony, one person was selected to deliver the death note. He had to go and cut out a piece of cloth from the victim's clothes. This piece of cloth was put in a doll and then we would all con-

concentrate on hoping that the evil spirits would enter the victim and kill him. If this didn't work, the next step was to get a rat and put it on that person's door steps. By golly, you can kill a man that way. I've actually seen it done. If you find a big rat on your door step one morning, it means that you are going to die pretty soon. Before you know it, you begin to get sick and by golly, you get to believing that the rat charm is working. There are cases where persons went crazy that way. Ed Morrison's father died that way. The poor bugger got heart trouble after he found a rat on his door step every day. Nobody in Klowack knew who put the charm on it, but maybe it was his own wife who did it. That's what we thought anyway. The old man went crazy because he couldn't stand it anymore.

"Another superstition was that you should stay indoors if you saw people in dog forms flying through the air. It was supposed to be a witch and very evil, since only a bad person would take a form of a dog to disguise himself. I learned a lot of these superstitions from my grandfather too. Every night he used to tell me these stories while the wind howled outside. Once I almost thought I saw one of these evil spirits. We had just gotten through eating our clams and the tide was going out. We were on the other side of the river when all of a sudden we heard a queer whistle. I thought sure I saw one of those evil spirits that time.

"Another night my grandfather was watching a body in a grave with some other braves in order to see that the dead person was not carried away by evil spirits. They got sleepy and they dozed off and the next morning the coffin was turned over. No one knows

this daywho did it. By golly, that's why I believe some of those superstitions are really true. Another time my grandfather and I heard strange noise on the beach. My grandfather turned the lights real low and told me to get my gun. He told me it was some evil spirits. The noise kept coming and my grandfather said stop or he would shoot. Finally he did shoot and when we ran out there we found out it was an old white prospector and not an evil spirit at all. He just got lost and he didn't hear my grandfather because of the wind.

"Most of the Indians I knew believed these superstitions. I remember once I got pretty sick and my grandfather called the Indian doctor. This Indian doctor just took some stones and he tied them up and hung them over the door. He said that this was to keep the evil spirits out. Then he told my grandfather to boil water with some kind of an herb he gave us and this was supposed to purify my blood. I got well and that little stone hanging over the door kept the witches away. By golly, it sure worked altho I never saw any of those witches.

"In olden times the different tribes fought each other a lot. My grandfather told me that the best way to kill the enemy was through the witchcraft stuff. He also told me a lot of other legends. Did you ever hear about how the crow got black? The crow used to be a man. He was a pretty bird all white like the snow, but he had a bad habit of being a dirty thief. Once he went to rob an Indian smoke house of the dried ~~be~~ fish. The crow would come in all different kinds of forms. He was a human being before you know, but he had the witchcraft in him so that he could change to different forms. He used to take all of the fish from the

smoke house so that the little children would starve in the winter. By golly the Indians figured they would fix him up when the crow stole the sun and the moon. One time they were watching for the crow when he took the shape of the beautiful bird and sneaked into the smoke house. The Indians locked the door right away and put a lot of sticks on top of the smoke house so he couldn't escape. The crow had a piece of fish in his mouth just then and when they lit the fire all he could say was 'awuk'. He got caught in the branches just then and he got all black. The Indians then bewitched him and he was always trying to cough up the fish and he remained black. My grandfather told me all kinds of stories like this every night when I stayed with him.

"The funny thing was that the Indians never worshipped any one thing. They did worship something that was all powerful and it was called 'De-kee-an-kauoo', that means an up above rich man. This was a god and they worshipped it before the white man had his god. It means a rich man who owns everything in the world. The Indians just believed that when they died they go rest. My grandfather told me that he wanted to die soon so there would be no more witches and no more trouble. He never said anything about a life after death so I don't know where he went to rest. The Indians always pray to something above for strength in hunting and things like that. After the white man came they lost a lot of these customs.

"The Indian weddings used to have a lot of native customs about it, but it is more modern now. They used to have big feasts at these weddings. The husband had to go out into the woods for several days and do hunting and trapping to show how good he was.

He had to show his all-around ability. After this was all over he had to give blankets and furs for his wife.

"Another thing was that when you insult somebody from another tribe, you had to show your sorrow by giving blankets. You had to give more blankets for the big wrongs. In olden times, my grandfather said that he liked to go to war and kill, but they don't do so much killing nowadays because of the laws. A lot of the murders used to go unsolved up there, but there is a white man law now and many of them are caught. Most of these things I told you are what my grandfather told me. When I grew up, we were taking on a lot of the ways from the states. Even now though, some of the old fellows follow the old way and they don't care for the government men at all. Sometimes they got out and kill a man for robbing the fur lines and this is not a wrong.

"After I left Klowack, I started to go all over between Craig and Waterfall, Alaska. It was then ~~x2~~ that I started to work in the fishing boats for the canneries and I did that for many years.

"By golly, after all this, ^{they} said I was a Japanese. That makes me so mad. I only remember the Indian things I was taught. I remember Ganderway Jim who was the most famous Indian doctor in the tribe. People from all other tribes would come to him to get healed. He would beat the drums and chant for hours and he healed many cripples. He would dance all around and make charms to chase the sick spirits away. Sometimes he would put his arms around the sick person and squeeze the evil spirit out. He even came and healed me once like that. This was the kind of life that I'm used to. There is a lot of Indian customs that I grew up under after I left the orphanage. The rest of it was American life.

I sure miss those sunsets back in Alaska now, by golly, and I'm going back as soon as I can; you wait and see.

"I really know that Alaska life and I don't like it down in the states at all. I work in fishing for years up there and that's what I'm going back to. That fishing life is the only thing that I want. You know, fishing season only lasts about a month and a half. I remember we used to get all of the gear out in the pre-season and everybody in the village would help to make the boats read for the fishing season. The crews were all ready to go by the time the signal was given. That was one of the big excitements of the village life. When the season opened, we all went out on scouting trips for two weeks. Everyone did this together. Then ~~was~~ when a person found a good place to fish, a radiophone message was sent back to the canneries and all the boats were contacted and after that it was a race to see who get there first. I used to fish all along the coast. That was pretty ~~dangerous at times~~ because those tides were treacherous. Once I got caught in a boat way out there and I was shipwrecked before I reached land again. I'd rather be all alone and shipwrecked in a spot like that than to be in this city though.

"The easiest fishing was in the inland waters. When the fish runs started, we worked day and night for about a month and a half. That's when we made all our money for the full year. The most I ever made in one week was \$500. ~~Then~~ I've made more than \$2000 in a season. During some years the fish came early and then we would have to work 23 hours in a day. It was mostly Indians in the crews I worked on, but we also had white men. There were not many Japanese boys on these boats because they all did

the cannery work.

"It was when I started working for the canneries that I saw the Japanese boys for the first time. They came up from the states to work as laborer and a lot of them were college boys. They came by the hundreds every summer from Seattle. I never knew any of them as my friends because they stuck together and I stuck with my Indian boys and white friends who had lived in Alaska for years. They didn't bother us and we didn't bother them.

"A lot of the old time Japanese who lived up there for years were interned after the war. Some of them had raised Indian families. They were mostly living in Juneau where they had restaurants and barber shops. A lot of the half-Japanese and even full-Japanese are up there yet and they didn't get evacuated. They changed to Indian names and if I don't get back to Alaska pretty soon I'm going to ask them why other Japanese were allowed to stay there and I wasn't. The dirty skunk^s who evacuated me didn't know what they were doing at all.

"It was in 1940 that I ran a boat of my own. I picked up a white boy who was going to college in Fresno and I made good friends with him. After the fishing season was over he asked me if I wanted to go visit him in his home in Fresno. I went down there with him and worked down in Fresno all winter. It was the first time I ever went into a real white home. The boy's family decided to take a vacation to Mexico and they took me along as a driver. We went right into Mexico City and I picked up a lot of Spanish when I was down there. When I came back to Fresno, I lived at their big home and I worked in their shop for the rest

ch-38

WRA has a folder on him under
real name Paul Ozawa. Handled by
Jacoby, so it might be a good idea
to ask for it.

ch-38 Paul Ozawa (Indian boy)

Attitude re: De Witt. re: Japanese name p4 Japanese in Alaska, p17

Description of war effect in Alaska, p21 Reaction to evacuation, p22, 23

Reaction to camp, p24, 25 26

Attitude re: WRA, p36, 37

of the winter.

"That was the first time I got that far down into the states. Most of the years I took it easy up in Alaska after the fishing season. I went trapping quite a bit. This only lasts for two ~~months~~ months because of the government rules. I trapped for mink and land otter and we would sell them to the highest bidders among the fur traders. After this was over we would just loaf around for the rest of the winter. We cut wood and we would spend the rest of the time hanging around the village hall. There was always a lot of odd jobs to do though. It took us most of the fall to go out and get the logs and haul them in for the winter. We all helped each other haul in the logs and cut them up and after that we would divide equally. We can't get coal up there so we had to cook and heat everything with wood. I was living in Hiedelburg that time. In the winter we took it easy except for the trapping. We would go out and stake a section out for ourselves and nobody else can go in there and poach. By golly, if anyone robs a trap line up there, you can kill a guy and the law won't touch you either.

"In the spring time we went out to fish for halibut and salt them away. We also salted the sea gull eggs in brine. Some of us put in small vegetable patches. The houses have to be painted every year because the sleet just takes everything off in the winter time. Vegetables cost us a lot because most of it had to come up from the states. That's why we had to put up our own food for the winter. It cost \$1000 for a fellow to grubstake himself just for the winter. Potatoes were 10 cents a pound up there ~~for~~ before the war and rice was \$15 a sack. That's why we

had to eat a lot of the native foods and I liked it better anyway.

"While I was hunting in 1940, a devil club branch got me in the eye. The reason for that was my brother-in-law got a new gun for Xmas so we went deer hunting. We were both carrying a deer and it got to be late so we got lost in the underbrush. By golly, before I knew it I ran into a devil club branch and my face got all swollen up with the little needles that stuck in my face. It got in my eyes and I have had trouble with them ever since. That's why I got 4-F in the draft. For a while I thought I was going to go blind. I had another accident on my eyes when there was an explosion at the Naval harbor where I worked at the time of the war and that made my eyes worse. I can't see over 50 feet very clear now but I don't wear glasses. Before the accident I could knock a seal's head out of the water when it was 100 yards away. The seal only stick its head out of the water 3 inches and you have to be a pretty good shot to get it. We used to get \$2 a nose for the government bounty and one season I made \$1500 in bounties. After I hurt my eyes I couldn't hit a beer bottle 75 feet away.

"All this time my brothers were around working on their own hook ~~all~~ these years but they stuck around Sitka as they didn't like the outdoor life like I did. I didn't see them except for a few times in 10-15 years. They came to stay with me on the Naval base after the war started out. I just paled around with Indians and white guys the most.

"I learned how to play a guitar when I was pretty small. Every little village up there had an Indian orchestra which pro-

vided music at the dances. I was in one of those Indian orchestras and we would play at all the dances in the winter. We made side money that way. I had a lot of time so I picked up music. I also played requests over the radio for a while up there. I wrote 10 songs already and five of them were copyrighted when I went down to Fresno. (Peter showed the writer the copyrighted songs which were titled "Song of the Tundra", "Child of Mine", "Mother, I'm lonely", "I Can't Cha, Don't Cha see?", "North of the Boundary", etc.) I had plenty of time to fool around and pick up the music during the winter time. It just seemed to come natural to me. I don't know anybody out here so I can't get my songs published yet. One time I was down in Seattle and I played with a Hawaiian bunch when I was down there from a fishing trip.

"I was married once before but I'd rather not talk about it. I had a young kid but he drowned when I was out fishing. He was only 5 years old. Some kids are always drowning every summer because the houses are all built on posts over the water and it comes up under the house when the tide comes up. I was only 20 when I first got married. It really hurt me a lot when I lost my kid. Most of the Indians up there buy a big dog and bring it up with a male baby. That way the dog looks after the baby all the time when the father is out fishing and the mother is in the cannery. That's why I got a dog to train with my kid now. The dog is only 4 months old and nobody can step on him or feed him except my baby. I don't dare put my hand near his face because he will bite me. The dog needs an outdoor life too and I feel a little sorry for the one I have because he can't go around chasing wild animals like up in Alaska.

"By golly, when this war came along, I became a dog too. I been kicked around like a dog ever since then in the states. I've had plenty of experiences up in Chinook, Montana after I was evacuated. Every job I had after I left Puyallup, I had to walk 10 or 15 miles to get them. I would do this after topping beets from morning to night too. I was working on the Naval base when the news of the war came. I felt like everyone else up there. Right away I joined a first aid battalion on the Base and they showed us how to get the rifles in case of an emergency. We thought that the Japs would invade us any time. The people up there didn't think of me as a Japanese at all and that's why I was handed a rifle along with the rest. I was doing consturction work and I was also a cement ~~h~~elper. I had started working there in July, 1941. The closest village was Craig and that's where I met my present wife. She was going to school there.

"Right after the war started, posters were put all over the territory saying that anyone with Japanese blood in them should report to the ~~Naval~~ Naval Intelligence right away. They took all of the other Japanese out of the town right away and then started rounding up the half-Japanese. I didn't even think that all of this would affect me at all. I just went along with my work. I didn't even think that I would be evacuated. Around ^{March} ~~May~~ the people I knew started to kid my brother and tell him he was going to be evacuated. He saw a sign saying that anyone with Japanese blood should be a loyal citizen and report to the Naval Intelligence or else there would be a heavy penalty. He got a little scared at this and the son of a gun reported ~~at~~ the base. They found that he didn't have a birth certificate. Then my brother

said that I was his brother. By golly, I was really surprised when they called me in and they tried to say that I was a Japanese. That was crazy. I told them I didn't have any Japanese blood but they said maybe I'd have to be evacuated too. They were taking anybody who even had one sixteenth blood in them. I ~~tried~~ to tell them I didn't have any Japanese blood but I didn't have a certificate to prove it. They said I had a Japanese name and a Japanese father so I must have a Japanese blood in me. I told them to look at me and then call me a Japanese and they couldn't answer me. They weren't sure of what they were going to do and for two months they forgot all about it. I just went back to work and I thought it was the end of that.

"Two days before they said I would have another interview, I got married. I didn't know what was happening, but I thought that a final decision was going to be given and then I would be allowed to stay there. My wife and I got married just in case. She is full-blooded Indian and she has no connection with Japanese at all. I think that the Army changed new generals up there and the dirty skunk said I had to go. They gave us a notice that I had to go the very next ^{morning} ~~evening~~ with my brothers since there was only one more transport going to Seattle. They didn't tell us until the evening before. By golly, that was the dirtiest trick I ever heard of. I was going into the woods and hide but I didn't want to leave my wife and the government men would have tracked me down. They said that my wife could go if she wanted to but she didn't have to. They didn't understand that we were just married at all. They never gave me a chance. They told us that we had to just take our handbags and nothing else. All night we

gave everything of ours away and we had friends watch the other things. They told us that we would probably get to come back home in a month or so. If I had known that I would be gone this long I would have taken to the woods and taken my wife along with me because I could have made a living out there.

"My two brothers and two other Indian boys with Japanese blood were with us on that transport. William Akagi and Bill Samata was their names. They volunteered for the Army later on because they were not real Indians and they didn't know the Japanese people in camp. The villages were all so sorry for us. Afterwards I heard some rumors that the people believe I got sent down here for being a Jap spy. That what makes me so mad because it will be thrown up in my kid's face when he grows up. I don't think the villagers really mistrust me now. It's just a rumor.

"It took us 7 days and 7 nights to get to Seattle as the transport went a round about way. We weren't allowed to go ashore once. My wife's folks didn't even know that she was with me. Later on they wrote some horrible letters and disowned her, but now they don't care and they are for us. They are talking it up back home so the people won't mistrust us when we get back. By golly, it sure was a dirty trick. That's all I can say. In peace time I could sue them for evacuating me. Now it is too late to do anything. Sometime I wish Russia owned this darn country, just for two months. They would throw all those dirty skunks out of Washington that played such a dirty trick on us. Just because I didn't have a birth certificate when I was born, I have to be moved out like a Jap. A lot of the Indian boys

don't have birth certificates and they are as mad as I am.

"When the transport got to Seattle, we landed at the dock and by golly, I looked around and a big lieutenant looked at us. He asked me if I had come down there for defense work. He was inspecting all of the baggage. My wife had a camera and they took the films out. Pretty soon I asked another sergeant where I was supposed to go. They said how should they know. They said I should go look for a house first because Seattle was so crowded. I told him I had been sent down by the military and they didn't know anything about it. Nobody was waiting for us. Finally they phoned the Army and they picked us up and took us to Puyallup.

"When we got into that camp all the Japanese people gawked at us. Nobody knew we were supposed to be there like them. They wondered what we were doing in the camp with them. When we got the apartment I found that we were being dumped into a stable. There wasn't any mattress there and I had to fill one up with straw myself. The wall was only about 6 feet high and you could almost look right into the next apartment. What drove me nuts was hearing all those Japanese talking in their language all night long. It was easy to hear everyone in the barracks because there was no wall all the way up.

"When we went to the mess hall everybody looked at us when we lined up with them. There was a white lady married to a Japanese there and she was the only one who was friendly to us. By golly, we sure felt homesick. I was so down and out that the whole thing was a nightmare to me. I couldn't collect myself and I was going around in a circle like a crazy deer. I just figured to me myself right then that I was going to get out as soon as I

could. I wasn't used to all that rice every day and it got my goat when they served me tea without any sugar. Can you imagine that. The white lady told me that it was the Japanese style. They gave us some pretty funny food and I betcha they took it out of the garbage cans. I never ate breakfast once there. I didn't like to go to the mess hall and have all those people stare at me. There was no place for my wife and I to cook our own food. By golly, it was terrible taking us from our own native food and giving us that funny food instead. Those Japanese didn't cook fish the way I was used to. I heard that they even gave tea for breakfast. That sure is a funny style.

"After a day or so we got acquainted with some of the other Japanese who had come down from Alaska. They had heard me sing over KEBU in Ketchikan, Alaska. They were so surprised to see me there. They wondered what the heck I was doing there and I said to them, 'By golly, I'm supposed to be a Japanese now, just like you.' This made them laugh. All of the Alaska Japanese were put into one district and the other people in camp didn't like them and they called us the North Pole. These Japanese had had laundries and barbershops in Juneau. There were about 200 altogether sent down from Alaska and they were full-blood Japanese and also many mixed with Indians and other races. The Army sent them all down, if they had one teaspoon of Japanese blood in them. The only ones who got away were those without the Japanese name. By golly, if they don't let me go back soon I'm going to bust loose.

"I almost hit one of those Japanese boys after the first day I was there. He was one of the reporters for the camp paper and

he wanted to interview me because he thought I came from an interesting place. I blew up and chased him out of my place because I felt so darn mean. I would have slashed somebody's throat because I wasso made at people. I remember they wanted to take away my radio when I got to Seattle and I put up such a fight that they let me keep it. It was a wedding present and I wasn't going to give it up. That was the only thing we brought along except a small bag of clothes. We left everything there because the dirty skunk up there told me they~~xxx~~ government would give me everything. They didn't tell me I would sleep in a dirty stable and on a mattress of straw.

"I just couldn't stand it in that camp at all. I was only there for 5 days and I was mad every day. Then I saw a sign saying beet workers were wanted. My wife and I signed up for that job just to get out of camp because we couldn't stand all those people looking at us. I was so mad that I hated them. When I signed up for the beet work, I was told that the work would be easy, we would get good wages and housing would be provided for us. I didn't even know anything about beet work but I signed up with my wife anyway.

"When we got up there to Montana, they put us in a dirty shack to live. They didn't fill one promise to us. They didn't even give me blankets or nothing. We didn't have enough clothes because one suit case doesn't hold very much. By golly, we sure lost a lot. We had to give all our wedding present away Before we left and the government man said that we would get everything we needed. What a bunch of lies that was. It was a good fishing season up there too and I bet I ~~x~~ lost over \$2000 by being eva-

uated. I was planning to build a summer home for myself too. I get so darn sore every time I think of it. By golly, I never knew I would end up by going to the beet fields. After I got in camp they told me I couldn't go back to Alaska for a long time and there wasn't any other choice.

"I went to Chinook, Montana for the sugar beet work early in June, 1942. It took us 2 days to get there. My wife went with me too as I wasn't going to leave her back there, you bet. It was too embarrassing as we had to line up for the meals when we got on the sugar beet trains. We had to ride in a separate car with about 30 other Japanese who were going out to sugar beet work around the place where I was. They had some guy guarding us too, just like we were prisoners. Damn it anyway, I know a free Japanese boy living up in Alaska now and they are passing for half Chinese. They didn't have to move while I had to go to the sugar beet fields because we weren't allowed to go back home.

"By golly, that sugar beet work was sure hard for me. I worked on it for 2 months and I only made \$7 profit. All we bought with the money we made was grub to eat. One brother came along with us and he couldn't stand the work so he borrowed \$5 from me when he quit. There were 3 half Alute kids with us too. There weren't any full Japanese in the place where I worked. These Alute kids were dumb and fourth graders. By golly, I had to talk for them all the time. I dragged them along to work in my crew because I didn't want any Japanese working with us. I'd rather work with those Alute than with any of the Japanese.

"These Alutes couldn't even talk English and they were so

doleful. They were always trying to get some raw fish. They never talk to anyone else. They were 30 years old and jail birds. The first time they got paid they went to town and by golly they got drunk and were put in jail. After that we didn't have nothing much to do with them. My brother couldn't stand them so he went to a logging camp in Idaho. He was boat builder by trade. I didn't feel like getting drunk like I used to be-cause I was lost too. In the Alaska wilds I never lost my way like I was in ~~Idaho~~^{Montana}. That was really god's country up in Alaska. By golly, I used to go deer hunting in Lost Valley where white men never dared to go and I never got lost once. I never used a compass because I only trusted my eyes when I looked at the sun. In Idaho I hardly knew where north was from south as I didn't know any familiar landmarks. It was all a flat country.

"After I worked in the sugar beets I started to look for another job. I walked all over for a job. Sometimes I would walk 18 miles after a sugar beet work was over. The WRA man in Chinook wouldn't help me at all. He just kept telling me to wait. We had come too late for the good sugar beet thinking and that is why we had such a terrible time. Finally I went to hole potatoes after that. Then I went to help 2 Japanese girls who were running a far with their mother after that because there was no other jobs for me. They had 3 Japanese boys who quit on them and they were all alone with their mother and I felt sorry for them. I didn't know Japanese boys would do a thing like that. This made me dislike the Japanese boys all the more.

"After that I worked for Carl Busch cutting hay. I did it all by myself and I never did any of the work like that before.

My boss couldn't get anyone else to work there and I had to do it all by myself. All this time I kept after the WRA man in Chinook and he kept me waiting around. One night after I got through working in the hay I walked 16 miles to Chinook to ask the WRA man if he could get me my fare back to camp. While I was in town I ran into another farmer who offered to give me a job topping beets in Havre, Montana, on his farm about 9 miles from the city. The beet harvest was starting around September and I worked there with a Mexican boy. I got along fine with him because he had an Indian wife. That time we made a little money but we worked from sunrise to sunset. I worked so hard that my hands got all swollen up from chopping beets so much. The Mexican boy and I made \$174 apiece in three weeks but I really had to work my head off to keep up with him. He was just a little guy but I had to grip my teeth and work with him. After that we went to town and I ran into Brady who gave me a job. I stayed at his place until November. It was bad weather then and the beets were small so that we only made \$6 clear for all this work. From there I walked 20 miles to a dairy job for the winter. I never did that kind of work before either. The boss was very nice to my wife and me. I learned to milk 26 cows every morning and I had to get up at 5 o'clock. After separating the milk I would help the 500 range cows and also feed the hogs, pigs, chickens and sheep. Sometimes I had to go way out in the range to round up the strays. I was green to that work and I only got \$80 for that work. I worked from 5 in the morning to 8 at night. Up in Alaska the Union wouldn't let you work like that but I had to do it because I didn't know the states at all.

"It was in December that my wife went to the Havre hospital to have her baby. I was going home for a cup of coffee around 3 in the afternoon before starting my milking and I found my wife getting ready to have the baby. I put her in the car right away and by golly I had to drive 9 miles against the Montana sun on the narrow roads and I was so nervous that I almost caved in. I got her to the hospital in time and then I had to drive right back to the ranch to milk the cows. When I finished my work I cleaned up and went to Havre. I sat around in the truck in front of the hospital until about midnight. The baby was born early the next day and I went back to milk my cows at 5 in the morning. I didn't have any money to pay the hospital bill and the WRA man said the government would pay for it. They didn't do it for about 6 months. It wasn't very much of a bill but I couldn't pay it myself. The people at the dairy and hospital were all kind to us.

"I worked in the dairy until about spring, 1943. I didn't know how to do the summer work so I decided to quit the job. I was getting \$110 a month and we had a good place. If I went back there I think I could get \$130 a month now with a nice house and buckets of milk and eggs. The boss was pretty rich and he treated us good. We even got free potatoes and chickens once in a while from him but I couldn't do the summer work so I had to look for something else.

"By golly, I finally got a job on the railroad next. They needed men pretty badly so they didn't even give me a physical examination. My eyes were pretty bad but they didn't know about it. I worked for the railroads for about 5 months and I started

from the lowest job. I only got 56 cents an hour for the Great Northern Railroad work. I had to polish up the engines every day and I never could get that black polish from under my skin. I did this work for 6 weeks and then I got promoted to be the helper in the roundhouse. I learned how to signal the trains coming in and I would put coal, oil and water in it before it went out. I also operated one of the engine turn tables and I got pretty expert at that. I got the same wages for this work but it was a lot cleaner and lots of rest in between.

"One day a bid came up for a box packer at the railroads for 72 cents an hour and I got promoted to that. Nobody wanted to work with the 2 Japanese boys who had been with the railroad company for 14 years. No white man would think of taking a job under them. I thought the wages were pretty good and I stuck with these Japanese boys for 2 months and then I gave up. They thought they were too smart and tried to take advantage of me. I had to do all the dirty work. That was last September and I was out of a job.

"I was unemployed for a month. I was thinking of moving on as my eyes were getting bad and they had to be taken care of. The WRA man in Chinook said I could get WRA help if I came here. Another reason why I came was because I wanted to get my songs arranged. I found out later that this would cost \$20 each and I may get it done when I have some money because I know I could sell these songs after that. If it weren't for these reasons I never would have come to a city like this. The WRA paid for my fare out here. After I got here I got \$50 but the WRA would not give anything for my wife and kid because they were not Japanese.

"When I arrived out here I went to the WRA office while my ~~wife~~ wife sat in the railroad depot all day. I walked all over looking for the WRA office and I didn't know Chicago was so big. I got lost and finally a man helped me find the WRA in the telephone book. I never thought of that before. I got up to the WRA and they put us in the hostel. I began to look for a job the very next day. I stayed out morning to night for the next three days looking for work. By golly, I didn't know nothing about the street cars and I spent a lot of money looking for the jobs. I got lost every day.

"I was going to take a laundry job on the south side, but the room they offered was too dirty. Finally I saw an Ad for this job so I took it. I worked for the Association House and it is supposed to be a place where the neighborhood can come and have meetings and hold parties. (Settlement house). I get \$29 a week and they give me this house over the garage. I had to sand all the floor off here and sand the furniture so we could live in it. I also put up the stove. When I started to work they said that it was only for 40 hours a week. But all winter along I put in over 60 hours a week watching the fires in the furnaces at the two houses they operate. The boilers are real small so that it kept me busy.

"Before I came out here, I heard that Chicago was a dirty, lousy crime city, but I had to come and see for myself. By golly, I wouldn't want to live here all my life. I want to get into the open country. I don't like cities at all. It is too much trouble to try and raise in such a strange city as this. There is nothing like a small village, by golly. Back in Alaska we

never locked our doors but out here everyone carries a big roll of keys because they have to lock everything from the thieves. They have a lot of gangsters too. If I can't get back to Alaska soon I will try to get to Seattle because I have some friends up there. If they won't let me go back to Seattle then I will try to get a job in a small town around here until my wife is able to travel. Maybe I'll go back to that dairy job in Montana for the winter. The dirty skunks should let me go back to Alaska pretty soon. I'm going to quit this job just as soon as my wife goes to the hospital. I haven't enough money to go out to Montana but I'm going to go anyway if the WRA doesn't fix it up pretty soon.

"My job here during the winter was to get up at 6:30 in the morning and start the fire in the small boilers. Then I come home for breakfast. After that I go around and check the fires and start the routine of repair work. I also did some sign painting and electrical work and all sort of work as a maintenance man. Most of the winter I wanded floors and I had trouble with the Japanese boys who were supposed to work here with me. (A full account of his conflict with the nisei boys in that settlement house is in C.K. Diary recently sent into Berkeley.) The boss here is a quiet man and sometimes it is hard to understand him. I've been used to hard-boiled bosses who cussed at me so I can't get broken in to my boss now. He is a preacher and sometimes when I am working I blow up and I start cussing. He doesn't like that very much. The other Japanese boys here always go out on dates or shows and they run all around. I can't get along with them. The boss is always taking their side and that

makes me mad. The boss can't size me up and I can't size him up. By golly, I'm not used to working with a boss who stands over you all the time. He is a square shooter and I'm not a Christian and I don't feel right. He lets me take time and go see the WRA but sometimes he docks it from my pay.

"My hatred for the Japanese has been growing all the time and it has been much worse since I've had all my troubles here. I guess that's why I started to pick on those smart aleck Japanese boys working here. They are stool pigeons and they told my boss I was carrying a gun and that I got drunk on the job. They don't like to take orders from me at all. I tried to be friendly with them at first, but they didn't want to be friends. Nowadays I don't try to be friendly with them at all and I left them alone. Maybe it's all myself and I blame them on them as I am hot-tempered and I have had a lot of worries lately.

"I think I can get a far better job if I quit this job. Even if I have to mooch my way back to Montana, I will go there this winter. My eyes aren't being fixed at all and there is no use staying around here after my wife is able to travel. I saw some job offers for railroad section crews and I may get one of these for the winter near a small town. This here life in Chicago gets me down and I nearly go crazy sometime. Lately on pay day I have been drinking about a dollar's worth of beer and then go argue with the Japanese boys. That makes me feel better. My boss is a Christian man and he is afraid I'm going to beat the boys up and he protects them. This makes me madder. The other day he talked to me and he said he thought I was losing respect for myself. By golly, I told him that I was a man before when I

was in Alaska, but when they put me down here like a skunk, I got a lot of worries and I don't know what I'm doing sometimes. Once I was a free man and I didn't have to report to anybody. By golly, this thing will live in my mind for the rest of my life and somebody is going to pay for it. I know some of the native boys who told me that they would hunt the guy down who shipped them down here and they are going to have revenge.

"By golly, it really is humiliating the way they handled us. It makes me feel raw against the Japanese even though I know they aren't the blame for what happened to me. But I always felt raw against my Japanese step-dad who deserted us. He was just a treacherous Jap. I don't ever want anything to do with him again. Once I took an Indian vow with my grandfather that I would track Ogata down and kill him. Ogata got drunk a lot when my poor mother was dying with T.B. and he let us kids run around without any clothes. It makes me feel that I lose all my jobs just because I had to take his Japanese name. I was a happy-go-lucky person before I was moved, but no more. Those Japanese boys netter watch out and mind their own business. Sometimes they snicker among themselves when I pass by and they put on that fancy college talk. I'm used to working with common laborer and I'm going back to that.

"One of my brothers got into the Army because he didn't want to stay in the camp. He never writes to me any more. The other brother knew the white kid who was in the orphanage with us and that is why he came to Chicago to look us this doctor. This brother has been looking all over the state for a good job. He feels the same way as I do but he is not as bad off because he is

a single person. Sometimes he don't hardly like to stick his head out of the door because he is ashamed that people will call him a Jap. He has a defense job but I never see him. I think he is ashamed of us.

"That name of mine is Japanese and that is why I can't publish and sell my songs. They are interested in them until they find I have a Japanese name and two places turned me down like that. Maybe it will be better for my kid if I changed my name. My brothers don't care for me any more so it's not use trying to keep up the family pride with them. I don't know how to go about changing my name in the court. They may ask me about my real father and I don't like to say anything against my mother. I'm used to my name and it never caused me trouble like that before. It may be a lot of red tape to get it changed. Maybe I should do it though because then I could go back to Seattle or Alaska and nobody will bother me anymore.

"I have lost confidence in the WRA out here. The whole thing grows like a disease. They broke a lot of promises to me. If the WRA would send me back to Seattle like they first said, I would have trusted them more. I don't know what to believe now. I'm satisfied that I can't sell my songs for a while yet and I can't get my eyes fixed up right away so I'm tired of chasing all around to the places the WRA sends me. By golly, they send me all over and I have to wait around in so many offices. I'm a stranger here and I have to work for a living. I came here with only \$50 and they made me wait for a whole month before I could get a permit to come. I've had all kinds of red tape from the WRA ever since I saw them in Chinook. They tell me everything is

all set and later on I find that it isn't. The hospital in Havre, Montana sent me bills for six months because the WRA was so small that it wouldn't pay up like they promised until then. I can't get my teeth fixed either as I don't have any money. I'm just not used to this kind of life because I'm a greenhorn and I think that's why my teeth and health got bad. I've been to the Indian office a dnumber of times too but they can't do nothing for me either because I'm supposed to be a Japanese.

"Since I have been in Chicago, I've been back and forth to the WRA office about 20 or 30 times. I had to go down there a lot of times for the \$50 grant first. Then I went down there to ask them help locate a job. Other times I went to ask for housing and for addresses of my brother. I want to keep track of my brother as somebody may bump him off. He was injured in the head from a powder explosion the same time I was and he is too moody at times. He don't like me, but I don't know why. He just gave a dog for my baby at Xmas. I felt that family should be together at Xmas time but he wouldn't come and that hurt us. That sunk of a general in Alaska should have left us alone in the first place and I wouldn't have go into these jams.

"I had to go down a lot of times to the WRA and they arranged to send my wife to the hospital when the baby comes. But they have given me a run around about my eye examination. They send me all over and nobody knows who is supposed to pay for it. I can't wait around for an eye examination as the biggest worry is my wife who is having a baby. The WRA said that it would pay for it and I hope it keeps its word. Jacoby made all the arrangements for it. He wants me to stick to my job until after the

baby was born at least. He keeps telling me that my chances of going back is good but I am beginning to doubt it.

"I would like to get along with the Japanese boys on the job but they think they are too good for an Indian. That's why I've got to change my job pretty soon. I'm going to quit the day my wife goes to the hospital and I will look for an apartment first. I've got to get something in a hurry for my kid's sake. I've been thinking of it all this time and it worries me every night. I don't want my kid to be in a condition like I am when he grows up. When I left, the American Legion in Sitka tried to prevent it. They even got 2 lawyers in Juneau to stick up for me but it was no use. The American Legion said that I was just as good as those Germans living up there. DeWitt is a skunk and he didn't give me a fighting chance.

"I just make ends meet on my wages. I didn't like the long hours I work so that now I get closer to the Union hours. We have to pinch our pennies to buy clothing for the baby. About the only thing I do is listen to the radio. I haven't been to a movie once since I came out here. Once in a while I go to the corner bar place to drink beer. It's no fun doing it by myself. I've made friends with one detective in the neighborhood and I'd like to take a correspondence finger print course. I have the book telling of this course but it costs \$10 a month. Maybe I should do it to get my mind off the other things.

"I really don't have any time to make friends because of my work. I've asked the Japanese boys there to go to the show with me and I even offer to pay their way but they always make excuses and they don't want to go with me. I take the Chicago Sun

because they have a life insurance policy. Sometimes I see a good show advertised in the paper and I ask the Japanese boys if they want to go but they don't want to be friends. Soon I will have another baby and that will be more expense. But if I can get a good job the next time, I may take the correspondence fingerprint course to get these things off of my mind. Maybe I will be headed back to Montana before then because I'm not going to spend another winter in Chicago. I don't want to ask the WRA for anything else but I can't help it because I haven't any of my own and the government put me down here when I didn't want to leave my home town. Back home I won't have to ask for anything because I can make plenty of money and I can bring up my family properly. The WRA is responsible for me because they promised me everything and they have to keep their word.

"I'm no use down here; I'm not even a man anymore. I'm going from bad to worse all the time. What hurts me so much is that they took me away from my home that I was used to and where I could make money and they sent me down here where I am just a burden on everybody. By golly, I could help to win the war and buy bonds if I was on a fishing boat now. As it is, I just manage to scrape along now and I can't stand this city life.

"I'm determined to get back home. I have to start all over again and make some money so I can have my own fishing boat. All the native boys do that and I would have had my own boat from the company now if I was not moved. I was making a good wage on the naval base and I could have bought a boat with it but I had to spend it all up just to get evacuated. The fishing season up there are so good now that I could get a boat in one or two years.

All the young guys who were the skippers of the boat before were drafted and their boats are idle now. I could get a boat easily if I went back. It's tough work but I feel free doing that. Ever since I got on the transport boat I have been writing letters to the Army, the territorial congressmen and even President Roosevelt but they just pass the letters around and they don't tell me for sure when I can go back. I voted for that congressman ~~for~~ a lot of times and he better do something pretty soon.

"About a week ago I got a letter from the Alaska Defense Command and they said that the only way I could get back was to find somebody to swear that I did not have any Japanese blood in me. I don't know anybody from that long ago because they are all dead. By golly, it sure is lousy. That Dies committee sure smells too. They don't want none of us to go back to Alaska. All the old folks who could have sworn to my birth are dead. I have one uncle left but nobody knows exactly where he is right now. A hard thing is that he can't say to the government that his sister had a baby from another man. Who is going to say a thing like that against his own sister? That's not kind of stinking question to answer and they shouldn't even ask them that. My uncle isn't going to say that his sister had a baby before her marriage. By golly, that Miss Ross at the WRA just can't understand. I can't talk freely and tell a white woman these things. That's why I don't ~~walk~~ want to talk about it at all.

"Maybe the best thing is to change my name if my brothers don't regard me as one of them anymore. I should do it to save my kid. Everybody is on edge and they don't like Japanese names

now. If I change my name I'd hit Seattle for the winter and they can't do nothing with me. With a Japanese name I couldn't get a job on a boat out there because they would ask questions. I want to get to Seattle because it would be closer to my wife's folks. It takes 3 weeks to send mail up there now. I don't know what to do about all these worries. Maybe if I get something interesting to do I would forget it. I could buckle down to something in Chicago if I get rid of my worries. It isn't my boss' fault that I can't get along with the Japanese boys. By golly, when my wife goes to the hospital in a few days I have to go look for a new job and a house. I have to do one thing at a time. I'm getting skinnier here in the stinking states. I weighed 175 pounds back home but I don't think I weight 140 now. I feel dopey now. I felt best up in Alaska where I could breathe free air. It was nothing for me to carry a 200-300 pound deer on my shoulders. If I carry 175 pounds across the street now I begin to puff.

"I don't know if I should go out to Seattle without a military permit at all. What could they do if they caught me out there. By golly, I ^{sure} should would like to get back to Alaska and go hunting. It makes you feel good to pack a deer on your back and breathe fresh air. Russia ought to run this country and they'd show Roosevelt something. They would get rid of some of these racketeers who run things like Adolph Hitler-DeWitt who run things. I bet he got a lot of money for pushing the Japanese out. On top of that he had to move me and the native boys from Alaska.

"I just have to buckle down and do something soon. By golly,

even if it is only taking a music course. I started to write some more music out here but I had so many worries that I haven't touched it lately. Things filled up in my mind too much sitting here and thinking about beautiful Alaska and I can't find a liking for this dump. I'm not going to stay here this winter by golly. I may have to stay until September, but the WRA had better not run me around or else I would just go without permission. I can't lose anything and they can't put me in jail. The only thing is that it would be hard on my wife and kids. If I don't make a big noise about it nobody will help me and I would be lost in Chicago for all the time. I certainly won't stand for that.

"You take a wild animal, corner him up and put him in a zoo and he ain't no good no more. By golly, I feel just like that. Boy, I get hungry for that fresh Alaska fish. An office fellow from the city would get poison from the food I ate before but I get sick on these canned foods that people in the states eat. In our village I knew everybody but down here we don't know nobody. Everyone thinks that the Indians up in Alaska are Esquimos but that is not true at all. We are civilized. When I was in Montana I saw some of those Indians from the reservations and they were wearing Sears Roebuck blankets. When I talked to them they couldn't even understand me. By golly, the only place I have friends is up in Craig and Heidelberg, Alaska and I'm going to beat a trail up there just as soon as I can. They haven't a right to push me down into a life like this. I'm used to the open spaces and I can't live in a city like this for very long. I hope that everything will turn out that way pretty soon, by golly.

"Well, I hope that you can help me tell those generals that I am not a Japanese. I'm getting pretty homesick down here and a cornered animal gets pretty dangerous when he doesn't have a fighting chance."

Pacific Citizen
Jan. 26, 1946.

CLASSIFIED ADS
WHEREABOUTS of JOE OZAWA and HENRY OZAWA are sought by their brother, Paul H. Ozawa, c/o Haines Home, Haines, Alaska. Joe Ozawa's last address was Chicago, Ill., and Henry Ozawa's was the Minidoka relocation center in Idaho.
MAIDESS WANTED

Add to Paul Ozawa's
case (Alt -)