

Interviewer's code

Dorothy Ikeda

Donna Ikeda - paid

Evacuation and Resettlement Study,
February, 1944 (Revised)

SCHEDULE FOR INDIVIDUAL RESETTLERS

Date of interview April 24, 1944 Interviewer C. Kikuchi

1. Case number CH-39 2. Sex, M ☐ F ☒ 3. Marital stat. M ☐ S ☒ D ☐ W ☐ O

4. Present address 619 Rush St. Entered 8-15-43 Left

5. Later addresses

Date	Entered	Left
"		
"		
"		
"		
"		

6. Birthplace Havre, Montana 7. Birthdate 6-19-22

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

10. Addresses between Dec. 1, 1941 and evacuation

Date	Entered	Left
(a) <u>Pasadena</u>	<u>1934</u>	<u>1942</u>
(b)		
(c)		
(d)		
(e)		

11. Assembly Center Tulare Date 5-11-42 8-27-42

12. Relocation Center Manzanar Date 8-29-42 12-10-42

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

	Entered	Left
(a) <u>Montana</u>	<u>12-10-42</u>	<u>12-25-42</u>
(b) <u>6119 Kenwood Ave.</u>	<u>12-27-42</u>	<u>12-30-42</u>
(c) <u>Winnetka, Ill.</u>	<u>1-1-43</u>	<u>1-25-43</u>
(d) <u>230 W. Erie, Chicago</u>	<u>1-25-43</u>	<u>8-15-43</u>
(e)		
(f)		
(g)		

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

Relationship to Resettler	Age	Sex	Birthplace	Occupation	Religion
(a)					
(b) <u>See CH-34</u>					
(c)					
(d)					
(e)					
(f)					
(g)					
(h)					
(i)					
(j)					

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

Give symbols See CH-34

What other related persons?

Relationship to Resettler	Age	Sex	Birthplace	Occupation (as of Dec. 1, 1941)
(a) Carol & Ruth and parents				
(b) Uncle				
(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) Mother				
(b) 3 brothers				
(c) to join father				
(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) with friend							
(b)							
(c)							
(d)							
(e)							
(f)							
(g)							
(h)							

18. Educational history of resettler

Grammar schools (name and location)

	Dates	Grade completed
Washington, Havre, Mont.	1929-31	4th
Lincoln, Havre, Mont.	1928-29	2nd
McKinley, Havre, Mont.	1931-33	6th

High schools (name and location)

	Dates	Grade completed
Havre Jr. high, Havre, Mont.	1934	7th
Washington Jr. high, Havre, Mont. <i>fw</i>	1934-36	8th
McKinley Jr. high, Havre, Mont. <i>fw</i>	1937-38	10th

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

	Dates	Grade completed	Degree
Pasadena J.O., Pasadena, Calif.	1938-42	14th	

Attendance at Japanese language school, location

	Dates	
Pasadena Sakuen, Pasadena	1 yr.	

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. Reason

[illegible]

20. Political activities

Dates	Voted in what elections	For what party
	no	

2. Manzanar 8/23/42
3. Tulare 5/12/42
4. 453 Kensington Place, Pasadena, Calif.
5. Ikeda, Shigekata Japan
Arai, Asa Japan
- 5a. U.S. R. sales person
7. Grammar school, McKinley, Havre, Mont. 9/28 to 6/34
Junior high, McKinley, Pasadena, Calif. 9/34 to 6/38
High school, Pasadena, " 9/38 to 6/40
College, J.C., Pasadena, 9/40 to 4/42
- 7a. Major--costume designing & commercial - C
Major--clothing, HS
Honor--A.G.S. - JH & HS
Major--Language, Jr. Hi.
8. None
12. 62 110 lbs.
13. No major defects
18. Single
19. Daughter
20. 6/16/22
23. Yes
24. Coll. 1
25. Speaks Japanese
27. Housekeeper
- 27a. Secretary
28. 9/38 to 4/42 Mrs. Al. Aldrich Schoolgirl \$25 mo.
Private home
Pasadena, Calif.
9/35 to 6/38 Mrs. E.B. Fuessle " \$5 mo.
Private home
Pasadena, Calif.
29. Hobby--music
O.P. secretarial
30. Christian (Union-protestant)

Dorothy's brother, Donald Kiyoshi Ikeda

2. same
3. same
4. same
5. same
7. Grammar school, Lincoln, Pasadena, Calif. 9/30 to 6/36
Junior high, McKinley, Pasadena, 9/36 to 6/40
High school, Pasadena, 9/40 to 2/42
College, J.C. Pasadena, 2/42 to 5/42
- 7a. Major--commercial J.C.
Major--general course H.S.
Major--general course J.H.
8. None
12. 67 130 lbs.
13. No major defects
18. Single
19. Son
20. 5/28/24

Dorothy's brother, Donald Kiyoshi Ikeda, continued

- 23. Yes
- 24. Coll. 1
- 25. Speaks Japanese
- 27. Salesclerk
- 27a. Gen. office clerk
- 28. 1/40 to 5/42 Farmers Produce Retail Salesclerk (part time) \$45 mo.
Produce Mkt. (full time summer)
Pasadena, Calif.
- 29. Hobbies--outdoor sports, model airplane
O.P. salesclerk
- 30. Christian (Union-Protestant)

Dorothy's brother, Otto Masaru Ikeda

- 2. same
- 3. same
- 4. same
- 5. same
- 5a. same
- 7. Grammar school, Lincoln, Pasadena, Calif. 9/32 to 6/38
Junior high, McKinley, Pasadena, 9/38 to 5/42
- 7a. Major--college prep J.H.
- 8. None
- 12. 64 113 lbs.
- 13. Impairment of eyesight corrected by glasses
- 18. Single
- 19. Son
- 20. 2/25/26
- 23. Yes
- 24. H-2
- 25. Speaks Japanese
- 27. --- 27a. --- 28. Student
- 29. ~~Student~~ Hobby-model aeroplane
- 30. Christian (Union-Protestant)

Dorothy's brother, Theodore Shigeaki Ikeda

- 2. same
- 3. same
- 4. same
- 5. same
- 7. Grammar school, Lincoln, Pasadena, 9/35 to 6/41
Junior high, McKinley, 6/41 to 5/42
- 7a. None
- 8. None
- 12. 63 103 lbs.
- 13. No major defects
- 18. Single
- 19. Son

Dorothy's brother, Theodore Shigeaki Ikeda, continued

- 20. 1/21/29
- 23. Yes
- 24. Gram. 7
- 25. Speaks Japanese
- 27. --- 27a. ---
- 28. Student
- 29. Hobby--chemistry work
O.P. none
- 30. Christian (Union)

Dorothy's mother, Asa Ikeda

- 2. same
- 3. same 6/19/42 Santa Anita entered 6/2/42
- 4. same
- 5. Adopted name: Arai, Kinzo Japan
Arai, Toyo Japan
- 5a. Abroad--building contractor
- 7. Grammar school, Tokyo, Japan 4/98 to 4/06
High school, Tokyo, Japan 4/06 to 4/11
College, Janan Women's 4/11 to 4/14
- 7a. Major: Education
- 8. Japan 4/16 to 4/17; 10/91 to 6/14
- 12. 64 110 lbs.
- 13. No major defects
- 18. Married
- 19. Wife
- 20. 10/2/91
- 23. No
- 24. C.3
- 25. Speaks English
- 27. Teacher
- 27a. ---
- 28. 9/35 to 12/41 Daiichi Gakuen Language instructor \$30 mo.
Pasadena, Calif.
4/16 to 9/35 Housewife
- 29. Hobby: Knitting, sewing, gardening
- 30. Christian (Union Protestant)

Evacuation & Resettlement Study
Charles Kikuchi
Chicago, Illinois
May 13, 1944

CH-39
Doris Ihara (psued.)

Doris Ihara is a 22 year old single nisei girl who is at present working as a secretary for the Kitchen Arts Dehydrated Food Plants in Chicago. She also works at McCullurg Co. part-time in addition to her regular job. This case indicates the differences in adjustments of members of a single family. Doris is one of the larger family groups under study, but she has little contact with this group as she has developed a circle of her own. Cross-references should be made to CH-34, brother; CH-4, sister-in-law; CH-25, sister; CH-33, brother's brother-in-law. Doris is also in the friendship group which includes CH-41.

Doris Ihara was born on June 19, 1922 in Havre, Montana. She attended the ^{Lincoln} Washington elementary school from 1928 to 1929 and then transferred to the Washington school until 1931, when she was in the fourth grade. She then went to McKinley school where she finished the sixth grade. In 1934 she attended Havre junior high school and transferred to the Washington junior high school in Pasadena, California. In the same year/ In 1937 she changed to McKinley junior high school where in Pasadena. She enrolled in Pasadena junior college in 1938 and completed the 14th grade by the time of evacuation in 1942. She attended Japanese language school for one year.

Doris has been living in Pasadena since 1934 and she did not leave that city until she was evacuated to the Tulare Assembly Center on June 11, 1942. She was sent to the Manzanar WRA center with her family on Aug. 27, 1942 to join her father who had gone there in an advanced crew in March, 1942. Doris only stayed in Manzanar for about 3 months. She left for Montana on Dec. 10, 1942 to visit a relative and from there she proceeded to Chicago, arriving the day after Christmas. She lived for a few days with her older sister (GH-25) and then took a domestic job in Winnetka for two weeks. She then moved back to an apartment on the near northside where she remained until Aug. 15, 1943. Since that date she has been living at her address on Rush St. on the near northside. Reference should be made to CH-34 for all of the members of her family. Doris is the fourth child in the family.

Doris' only work experience prior to the war was in domestic jobs at various times around Pasadena while she was attending school. She received an average of around \$10-\$20 for this work.

She was a nurse's aide for a short time at the Tulare Assembly Center before transferring into the canteen work. In Manzanar she was employed as a secretary for \$16 a month until the time of her resettlement. At the present time she is working as a secretary and an order picker in Chicago, and her gross income is around \$145 a month.

The interviews were conducted over a period of four different times, averaging around 4 hours each time. Prior to this time, the writer had developed acquaintanceship through contacts with other members of the family. Doris is living in an old mansion which has been broken up into small housing units. She lives on the second floor with another nisei girl. The apartment is fairly large but it only consists of one room and a small bathroom, adjoining. The kitchen is closeted in the main room, being a Pullman type of kitchen. The girls sleep on a studio couch and a davenport. Doris' room-mate is working as a secretary in the Loop. She does most of the cooking since Doris has two jobs and she cannot get home early.

Doris is a rather tall nisei girl with a very friendly personality. However, one of the things which bothers her a great deal is that she ~~is~~ thinks she is getting old and she is a little worried about marriage. This has been the main reason why she has had mental conflicts on entering the Cadet Nurses Corps. For a short time last year she was thinking of joining the WACs but she gave this idea up.

During the course of the interviews, Doris threw much additional light upon her family background, which the other members of the family did not mention during their interview. Doris's in-

terpretation of the family background is much more different than the story which her brother and sister told. Doris gave the impression that there was considerably more of a Japanese background than her brother and sister let on. Doris felt that her interest in Japan was developed through the public schools and not from her family life primarily. Her family was one of the very few Japanese families in Montana so that she was a novelty in the public schools. At that time the people of her community looked upon Japan quite favorable as the land of cherry blossoms and tea ceremonies.

In school Doris was always more or less of a tomboy and she was most active in sports. She made many Caucasian friends up there in Montana and it was quite difficult for her to adjust to the nisei society in California when her family moved to Pasadena in 1934 when Doris was 12. Doris felt that her contacts with the nisei groups were made very difficult because of the cliquish disposition of the nisei society. She was keenly conscious of the fact that she was an outsider and she thought that all of the Japanese rejected her. She made very strong efforts to break into the Japanese groups and strangely enough she was able to get along best with the issei because she would joke with them about ~~her~~ their broken English when they made remarks of her lack of knowledge in the Japanese language.

Doris' early contacts with the nisei caused such a degree of resentment that she determined to reject them completely. However she soon discovered that in California the nisei and Caucasian children did not mix socially as in Montana. This realization hurt her greatly, especially when her few Caucasian friends never

invited her to their homes. For this reason she was almost forced back into a nisei society. She was able to break into this group gradually through church contacts. Significantly enough, her first close nisei friend was a girl who was ostracized by the rest of the nisei because she played with the Negro children. Since Doris was good in athletics, she gradually made the breaks into the nisei athletic clubs. Her closest friends were those who were interested in swimming but she soon discovered that few nisei girls in ~~swim~~ California liked swimming because they did not like to get their hair mussed up.

It was about this time that Doris discovered that nisei girls in general were predominantly concerned with socials and physical appearances. In order to become a part of this group, she had to take on their ways and gradually throughout her school career she turned more and more inward into the exclusive nisei student body at school. At the time of the outbreak of the war she was president of the Triple "J" Club at Pasadena junior college.

In her story, Doris claims that during all this period she never had a real close nisei friend and that all of them were merely acquaintances. Since coming to Chicago she has cut off a great deal of contact with nisei society except for relatives and few close friends. However, this life is disturbing to her because she doesn't wish to be an old ^{maid} ~~maid~~ and she isn't particularly interested in a career. She doesn't think there is opportunity for inter-marriage because of prevailing attitude against the Japanese.

One of the most interesting revelation about her family background which was not mentioned in CH-25 and CH-34 was that the

family has another sister. During the time that the family was living in Montana, the mother had to take in laundry to support all of the children. When Lillian came along, she was given away at birth to a middle aged issei couple who had never had any children. Doris has always considered Lillian as her sister whereas the older members of the family had not recognized the existence of this sister. Doris felt that a part of her hatred towards her father was due to this action because the father was so irresponsible that he was not willing to provide for the family needs. However, Doris is willing to extend help to him in the event her father ever needed her because of the broad relationship. In general, the whole family has a close solidarity and the only outsider appears to be the father. The father was not able to assume his role in the family life after the evacuation because he could not provide any economic support. It is interesting to note that many of the nisei interpret the father's role in the family only in terms of his economic importance. Many of the nisei previously interviewed have never had any close relationships with their fathers.

One of the reasons why her mother was so anxious to leave Montana in 1934 was that she didn't want to watch her daughter grow up with foster parents in the same time. Lillian has only recently discovered that she has 8 brothers and sisters and she is only a foster daughter. However, Doris said that Lillian still looked upon ^{her foster parents} ~~them~~ as her real parents. Doris visited with this sister when she resettled. She said that her sister didn't understand Japanese at all and she was extremely pro-American in her attitude, a fact which disturbed her foster parents.

It is difficult to interpret Doris' present attitude. It may be due to the environmental background. She is much more conservative in her views than other members of her family interviewed. Boie has been quite bitter about the whole evacuation, but this may be due to personal frustrations. She feels that Japan was entirely justified in attacking Pearl Harbor and that event will go ~~hank~~ down in history as one of the greatest military feats of all time rather than interpreted as a treacherous stab in the back. At the time of evacuation she wanted Japan "to beat the United States and teach it a lesson." On the other hand, Doris feels that she doesn't say these things because of the fact that she has Japanese blood. She is quite conscious of the fact that she is caught in between because she does not believe she will ever be accepted completely as an American. Doris feels that she is a part of this country but only one of the minority. She blames the evacuation on the people of California because they felt that Japanese farmers were too aggressive and making too much of a success. However, Doris ~~xxx~~ is convinced that the nisei will not be held down because it is an ambitious group.

All of this indicates that Doris is quite confused in her thinking. She feels that she is patriotic to this country and she will never raise a finger against it. It appears that much of her attitudes were based on emotional rather than rational thinking. She tends to interpret the war as being caused by the Allies and that it is justified because England ~~xxx~~ and the United States also had an imperialistic policy in the past. She still hopes that the United States and Japan will arrive at a peaceful solution. Although she wanted Japan to beat the devil out of U.S. at the time of eva-

evacuation she did admit during the course of the interview that this was a result of her feelings of bitterness and because she felt that she should not have been kicked around. The thing that made her the most bitter was the fact that her mother was interned. However, she felt that if Japan ever did invade this country, "The Japanese soldiers would spit on us nisei."

Her story which follows indicates that she is confused in her thinking. At one moment she blasts at the United States and the next instant she is talking of her patriotism. The fact that she grew up in the nisei circle in Pasadena, which ^{was} ~~ix~~ rather a conservative group may account for some of these attitudes. It is true that many Japanese communities in California were much more conservative than others. In Doris' cases there is a tendency to personalize the whole issue. When she first came to California she was rejected by the nisei group and she had to prove that she could break into the inner circle. She was able to do this but she still does not feel that she is a part of the group. Evacuation made her determine to identify herself more with the Japanese community into which she was drawn and she has a tendency to take views of the camp because of personal maladjustments. Her life in the center was unhappy altho she did not fully admit this in the interviews. It is difficult to determine what are the factors which would make a nisei extremely race conscious. In her attempts to be open-minded, Doris has tended to justify Japan's position in the war too much.

In her personal life, she accepts the American ways and would have nothing else. She was convinced that this was a race war, but at the conclusion of the interviews, she admitted that she

knew very little about politics and that her greatest worry was the problem of marriage. She was discouraged from joining the WACS because some nisei fellow told her that it was only a form of legalized prostitution. In spite of what Doris says about her political viewpoints, her actions are not consistent with it. She has donated blood to the Red Cross several times and she desires to have a more direct part in the war effort. A lot of her feelings may be ~~an~~ projection of bitterness, uncertainty and possibly a desire to escape from the realities of the present situation. That is why she vacillates in some of her attitudes because she doesn't have a clear foundation as the basis of her thinking. She tends to be a little pessimistic and this conclusion was arrived at because of the treatment of the evacuees.

A clue to how much the subject of marriage bothers her was indicated at the time of the last interview when she insisted that the interviewer eat the last olive in the bowl very strenuously because, "I don't want to be an old maid". Doris believes that the war will go on for 6 or 7 years yet. She feels that none of the nisei really want careers but the war time circumstances have forced many of them to think deeply about what they can be doing to support themselves for the duration. Doris' problem is complicated by the fact that she has a strong sense of family responsibility. She would like to resettle her parents but she is not able to do this. She only managed to save \$80 in the last 18 months. An indication of Doris' generosity towards members of her family was expressed when she went to Montana to see her sister. Doris spent her last dollar buying this sister a coat and some other clothes because the foster parents could not afford it.

That is the reason why Doris arrived in Chicago with only \$2 in her purse.

Doris' routine of life is very uncertain at the present time and she has a perpetual but vague feeling of restlessness. She is not satisfied with her present situation at all and the routine of her present living has caused a great deal of mental conflict. A better understanding of Doris will be revealed through her own life story which follows:

"I think that I have led a fairly happy family life even tho there were many problems in the past. My family was never very well off but that only brought us closer together. I don't know very much about the early days of my parents. All I remember is that my mother was always hard-working and she took in laundry while my pop worked on the railroads. I was born in Havre, Montana in 1922. I don't remember too much of it. I only remember that we moved to a big house where my two younger brothers were born. I used to be afraid to go upstairs in the dark because that house was so big. Last year I went back to Montana and I found that the house was really quite small. Another thing I remember is that we kids used to fall asleep by the big stove in the winter time and my mother would always cook us extra delicacies.

"My mother was a good cook and she always made us lots of pastries. We ate mostly Caucasian foods until we went to California. Another thing I remember is that my mother always had a lot of flowers in the garden and she was always making flower arrangements to brighten up the house. She was the most wonderful person in the world and I admired her mostly. Father was rather distant from the family and I never got to know him very well. When I was small, I used to run up to him all the time, but as I grew older,

my father grew repulsive to me because of some of the things I heard about him. Yet, if something did happen to him, I know that I would go to him as I couldn't ever ignore my own father. It was mostly his fault because he never took his family responsibilities like a father should do.

"I don't remember much about the relationship between my parents when I was small, but I do know they had many arguments as we children grew older. Dad never did like to keep any one job. He thought he was above all that just because he had some education. He always wanted to do white collar work and he didn't like to work with his hands. It hurt his ego when mother had to take in laundry in order to feed the children and I suppose that caused a lot of the arguments. My father was an intelligent person but he just didn't seem to fit in."

"Most of the things I learned was from my mother. I remember she always used to teach me to keep clean in everything and that is why I am quite fussy about housekeeping now. My mother was firm but she never told us definitely what to do every time. She used to let us make a lot of our own decisions. When I was 11 years old, she said that I was old enough to wash my own clothers. I had to start taking care of my younger brothers about that time too. I was always taught to respect my older sister and brothers. Some of my brothers were quite mean to me and they used to chase me all the times. The members of my family always called me 'Blackie' because I got quite tanned and that hurt me very much. I was in the open a lot because I did a lot of swimming. My brothers sure did pick on me when I was small though. I always wanted to play with

them because I didn't like the other girls.

"There were some nisei girls in town but none of them were my own age so I spent most of my time by myself and also helping my mother do housework. I used to go swimming all day long during the summer. All the kids in town came to the pool. I didn't play with any particular group as I got along with everyone. We were just kids together. My memory of Montana was very pleasant and happy. Some of my childhood friends still knew me when I went back there for a visit last December when I went up to visit my sister who was living with her foster parents.

"One of the things that I remember about Montana was the real cold winter nights. I used to like the winter season as I went out alone to ice skate after school. I would chase my brothers around for a while but they never wanted to play with me. In the spring it was roller skating season and in the fall we would all look forward to the circus coming to town. All summer long I would work for my mother to get pennies and I would save all of them so I would have enough to go to the circus in the fall. Sometimes I wasn't quite honest because my mother used to send me to the store and I would put candy on the grocery bill and keep it myself.

"We always spoke English at home altho my mother tended to use Japanese. My dad could speak English well enough. There were only about 10 Japanese families in town but they tended to celebrate most of the Japanese festivals and we all took part in it. I always looked forward to these events. We always celebrated the Emperor's birthday, Boy's Day and Girl's Day. On the Emperor's birthday there was an elaborate ceremony at the Japanese school and I looked forward to it because they gave us candy and food. They

gave long speeches in Japanese but it didn't mean anything at all to me.

"Our family always went to these festivals and my mother would bring food to it. However, [My folks didn't have too much contact with other Japanese as father felt that we were a little better class than the farmers. <Whenever there was a death of a Japanese in the community, all of the Japanese would come together for a banquet and everyone would feast and make merry. That was the Japanese custom.> Once in a while my mother would have Japanese friends over to the house to entertain them, however she did belong to Caucasian groups too. She was a member of the P.T.A. and Ladies' Aid group. She was well liked because she had such a friendly personality. We went to the church picnics every year and we also attended the First Methodist church every Sunday.

"My mother taught at the Japanese school so I didn't mind going so much. My mother wanted us just to learn the refined Japanese which she had learned in college in Japan.] She was very strict with the pupils. Once I talked too much in class and my mother slapped me in the face right in front of the class and told me to go home. I was so embarrassed but I didn't cry. I brought that on myself because my mother had casually asked me what I would do if I were a teacher and some little girl was sassy and I answered that I would slap her face without realizing that my mother was referring to me. Shortly after this the Japanese school disbanded but I don't know the reason why. The kids back there can't understand Japanese at all, but they can speak it a little. My California lingo is pretty bad but those nisei up there thought I spoke such wonderful Japanese when I went last year.

"My school days up in Montana was most enjoyable as I played most of the time. It was a lot of fun. I wasn't particularly aggressive or shy. I wasn't scared of the other kids, but I could not understand why I was different. I'd go to their homes and I was always one of them. One day they started to talk about different nationalities at school and I was pointed out as Japanese by the teacher. Right then I felt different and that there was something different about me. I never thought it would affect me later on as I had my childhood friends and it didn't make any difference. I was proud of the fact that I was the only Japanese in the class and I didn't feel inferior at all.

"In those days the American people spoke very highly of the Japanese in school and also about Japan. It was in school where I learned how Japan had beaten Russia in the war and what a strong and beautiful country it was. That is one of the reasons why I always wanted to visit Japan. I learned a lot of these things at school and not from my family.

"Of course, there were times when my parents talked about their relatives in Japan which they were proud of. My mother had been a school teacher back there before she was married and she told us that her brother was a graduate of Waseda University. My father also came from a good family and we were never ashamed of our family Background since our family rank was very much respected back in Japan. Mother never spoke too long about her folks, but she had a sad tearful look in her eye when she looked at some of the old pictures of Japan that she had. My mother told me once that she went back to Japan with my older brother and sister because she was so lonesome for the old country. That was before I

was born. But when she saw the living conditions there, she came back immediately and to this day she says that she never wants to go back there to live.

"I had another sister too. I don't think my older brother and sister wants me to talk about it. However, I feel that she is a real sister and I'm not ashamed of her. When Lillian was born, my mother took her over to the ^{O's} Omuras. I didn't know what it was about but every day we went over to see the baby. I always thought it was the ^O Omura baby and I didn't know it was my real sister for many years. As I got older I learned that Lillian had been adopted by the ^{O's} Omuras. The main reason for this was that my mother already had 7 children of her own and Mrs. ^O Omura couldn't have one. They asked so hard for a child that mom gave up Lillian at Birth. I used to go over and take care of her. Now Lillian is 16 and she knows that she is a part of our family even though her foster parents never told her. When I was up there, Lillian introduced me to all of her friends as my sister but she considers her foster parents as her own. < She is very happy with her foster parents and she is glad that they lost their money as her family was well off once but they weren't close together when the parents had to work so hard. > Lillian is glad that she has a lot of brothers and sisters because she feared that she would be left all alone in the world when her aged foster parents died. < I never realized that children were teased when they were adopted. I didn't think that they could be so mean as to tease Lillian about not having any real parents. I have always considered Lillian as my real sister no matter how many times she has been adopted. Lillian's folks never got evacuated up there. > I think one of the main reasons why my mother

moved to California was that she couldn't stand to stay in the same town and see her own daughter growing up in another family. Mother really wanted to keep Lillian but we were too poor. I blame my father for that plenty.]

["Anyway, when I first heard that we were going to California in 1934, I was so happy because all of the Caucasian kids gave me presents for a farewell. / It was all glamour to me to go to a big city in California. I also was glad to see my wonderful big sister again. She was already in Pasadena going to school there and I had a tremendous admiration for her. I didn't drop a tear when I left Montana as I thought I would see all of my old friends again very soon. All of the kids in town came to the station to say good-bye to me. My brothers were all with me so I didn't feel lost as I knew I could play with them. I always wished that I were a boy because I just didn't fit into all of the things they did and I didn't like to play with the girls so much.

"I thought that California was so beautiful when I woke up on the train and saw the palm trees and felt the warm sunshine. I was only 12 and so excited. It was just like going to a foreign country. Montana was so dry and barren in comparison to California. I never saw such tall trees before in my life.

["We lived in a colored district in Pasadena and I never saw colored people before. I thought it was queer that my uncle would pick out a small house in the colored district. / I was amazed at the green grass in front of the house and we even had a garage. But the inside of the house was not so good. We were pretty poor and I remember eating cheese sandwiches with bread, while back in Montana we always had hot lunches. Father was still in Montana for

a while longer so we didn't have much money. That's why my older brother Allen had to quit school to go to work.

["The first Sunday we were in Pasadena, we went to the Japanese church and a nisei girl took us in a car. > When I got into the church I looked at the people and I never saw so many Japanese before. Everyone there was Japanese and I was flabbergasted as they all looked alike to me. < The nisei girls put their heads together and whispered when we came in. They had a funny superiority complex. > When I went to the public school, I could talk to the hakujin girls and feel at ease. But my face got all red when I saw any nisei. They never talked to me at all. I tried to make friends but for days the nisei avoided me and I had to eat lunch all by myself at school. I thought this was funny because I was Japanese too. I was so mad at them and I felt much older than them.

"I vowed to myself then and there that I would never go around with any Japanese kids. But when I got to McKinley school the Caucasian and nisei students kept apart and I had to make some friends so I went around more and more with the nisei. I never felt I was one of them for a long time.] Among the nisei, you had to show that you had something extra or else they considered you as nothing. That's why I determined to become president of the Triple 'J' club. They only voted me in because I was crazy enough to work my head off so that they could have a lot of social activities.

["While I was in grade school, I only had Caucasian friends but I wasn't there long enough. I played with them and we belonged to the same club. > When my girl friend died, it was the first time I felt death and I couldn't understand it. I should have gone on to the same junior high school with them instead of going to

McKinley where there were so many nisei. I only had one good American girl friend at McKinley altho I knew quite a number of others. The nisei there all avoided the hakujin and it made it hard for me. I got around mostly because I went out for school sports. I wanted to have both nisei and Caucasian friends but the nisei tended to avoid me. They passed around rumors that I was trying to show-off and was acting snooty. It wasn't that way at all because I really wanted to get in with the nisei. I didn't worry too much about it after a while because they couldn't compete against me in grades of sports anyway. I made the school hockey and basketball team and there was one other nisei girl who could do that.

"Gradually I began to run around with an older club of nisei girls as I got into their basketball leagues and I made the team. I guess that's the reason why they accepted me in the first place. Most of my other nisei contacts were ~~obtained~~ obtained through the Japanese church. Gradually I became like the other nisei and I wasn't so much against them anymore. I became less cynical and I suppose I became giggly and petty just like the rest of them. We never did think like that up in Montana. I couldn't understand why the nisei threw around such sharp remarks about other people and then think that they were so good. Maybe I was just a country hick to them, but I made up my mind to show them. We had much more wholesome fun up in Montana and I often wished that I was back there. The kids I knew up there were sweet and clean and they didn't throw around any barbs like the nisei. The nisei girls could only think of clothes and nice soft hands all the time. They didn't go in for swimming because they were afraid to mess their

hair up. They always picked their friends according to how good looking they were, on Hollywood standards, and I thought this was so superficial and petty. Some of the nisei girls were even afraid to talk to a nisei boy who wasn't so good looking because they thought it would hurt their reputation. I just couldn't understand these things because I had always accepted my friends according to what they were and their personality and other things like that. The nisei in California just stressed looks and athletic ability all the time. Maybe it was because they felt insecure too.

"The funny thing was that I liked the issei right from the beginning. I tried very hard to learn Nihongo from them. They were always more cordial and sincere to me than the nisei. The only issei I didn't like were the ones who went to our own church. They were too critical of our family and I never felt at home with them. I found that the Buddhist mothers I met were real nice to me and they always talked to be pleasantly even though I was a Christian. I didn't mind when they laughed at me because I didn't speak Japanese so well as I could laugh at them when they made mistakes in broken English. I think that the issei have a much better sense of humor than the nisei because you can kid them occasionally and they are not all frozen pusses like what you hear. I think it's the nisei who lack a well balanced sense of humor because they could dish it out but could not take it.

"The California nisei always thought that they were superior to everyone else. They always judged by looks, clothing and money. That was what hurt and I've felt that it was all discrimination. I didn't know why they should be so high-hat. We couldn't help it if our family was poorer than some other family. That's why I tried

to be friendly with other nisei who were not so accepted on account of being poor or who were not so good looking or who were too good looking. The other nisei got jealous of girls who were too good-looking. Gee, it's funny to understand the nisei. At that time I was pretty mixed up and I guess I had a chip on my shoulder most of the time.

↳ "That was why my first Japanese friend was a girl that none of the others liked. Nobody talked to her so that she had to play with the kurombos. One day I saw her sitting alone at school and so I smiled at her and I went to eat lunch where she was sitting. Gradually we became friends. Later I found out the reason the other nisei avoided her because she played with the kurombos and she was not so good looking. This girl remained a good friend of mine right up to the time of evacuation altho shenever could get into the same Japanese circle as I did. I never snubbed her or anyone else when I got into the more select circle. I was later invited to join two nisei girl's clubs at school but I refused one of them because they were too high-hatted. They thought they were the cream of society and nobody else could talk to them. >

"Another thing I couldn't understand ~~was~~ was that there were a lot of Buddhist and Christian people in town and they stuck to themselves. I vowed that when I got to junior college I would see to it that they get mixed up. It later developed so that the nisei didn't split on account of religion so much any more. I even played basketball for the Buddhist girls's teams a lot of times and religion didn't make any difference at all.

"Eventually I got so I didn't care if the nisei were cliquish. It wasn't because the Caucasian kids disliked them as they thought

highly of them. I wasn't exactly a brain-storm in J.C. and that helped many a nisei reputation. I thought more of play than my studies. The thing that hurt me most was when my Caucasian girl friends at high school never invited me to their home like they had done in Montana. I confined most of my nisei activities to school, except for the two who I went swimming with. I only saw them once a week when we went swimming. It was too hard to get close nisei friends so I went from one group to another but I was not a real member of none of them. I feel to this day that I have no real close nisei friend and I don't know if the people I am acquainted with are true friends or not. I have been disappointed too many times in realizing that most of the nisei were artificial and that their friendships were only skin-deep.

"I started Pasadena J.C. when I graduated from the tenth grade in 1938. The junior college included high school and two years of college work. I had a lot of fun there as I took the subjects that I enjoyed and there were plenty of parties I could go to even tho I wasn't a close member among the nisei clubs. I learned how to drive a car and I was able to take it to school. I think that the car attracted some of my nisei friends.

"I was planning to take a dress-making course at J.C. and then go on to Santa Barbara or San Diego State college. I wanted to major in Home Economics but I also took a side line of business courses so I would have something to fall back on. I thought that I could get into Civil Service if I wanted to. I didn't have the gumption of going on all the way through college and I wanted to get by as easily as possible. Business training was one of the easiest courses to pick up and many nisei girls majored in it because they felt they could get better grade.

"Because our family was poor, I started to do part-time school girl jobs in 1936 in order to help support my way. I was only 14 then and I got paid \$2 a week to take care of 3 kids. I only planned to do it during the summer at first. Then I went to work for Mr. Fieldsly where my older sister had worked before. I took her place there. That was the main reason why I changed to McKinely junior high school since this domestic job was located in another area in the city. I was treated as one of the family and I ate with them at the same table except when they had company. I had a large room to myself but I never invited any of my friends over. I suppose it might have been a feeling of shame, but I didn't realize it then.

"I stayed in that job for the next 3 years and also attended school. After that I got a part-time domestic job with Mrs. Aldrich. The work was very easy and I got \$3 a week. Mrs. Aldrich seemed to be one of the truest friends I have now, but I disliked her the most as I thought she was always putting on airs. She was of an average American family and she ran a boarding house after her husband's death. I was helping her in this work but all the time I was there, she tried to act like the well-to-do who stayed at her boarding house. I never respected her for trying to feel so superior and I didn't think she should try to act better than I. It turned out though that she was the most understanding of all of the Caucasian people I worked for.

"Doing a school girl job was part of my life and many nisei girls were doing it. I always told the other nisei girls not to do it if they didn't have to because they would miss so much by not

the nisei group. It was all small town stuff, but it was fun even though I didn't get along too well with the nisei. I always felt a little different from them even when I was most active in the nisei circle.

"I planned to do post-graduate work at the junior college and then take civil service examination for clerical work. I thought my life was fairly settled and that I would be living with my folks until I got married. Then came the war. On December 7th I was studying with my radio turned on. I heard some mention of Pearl Harbor but I didn't listen closely as I was concentrating on my book. Then my brother came dashing home to tell us. None of us believed it at all. Everybody got jittery right away. I had planned to go to a movie that evening but my father didn't want me to go out as he thought it would be too dangerous.

"The next day I went back to school and the president of the college called a general assembly. It was sad that some of the Caucasian girl's boy friends were on the ships that were sunk. There was a lot of crying in the audience. The president of the college said that the nisei were a part of the school and we should be treated as Americans and not as Japanese. As he talked, I felt very queer and I resented that such an assembly had been called as I didn't believe that it was necessary. It didn't help things out as all as it made the nisei more conspicuous. Most of the nisei there were very self-conscious. Some of the hakujin students looked at us funny but nothing was said.

"The whole period after the war was one of great confusion and everyone was wild with excitement. It never occurred to me that the nisei would be put in a special class. I had reacted in the

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same shocked way as the other American people and I never dreamed that there would be suspicion upon us just because we had Japanese faces. It didn't make me feel any too good when these things dawned on me. I suppose I was angry in a way that people could even think of such a thing. (However, I did have a queer feeling inside of me for quite a while and it's too difficult to describe what ~~what~~ sort of sensation it was. I suppose it was sort of a numb and dazed feeling and I felt like I was walking around in a dream.)

"Nothing special happened in the Japanese community after Pearl Harbor. At school a few more nisei dropped out each day and around January 10 there were only 4 of us left. [In March my mother was interned so I had to quit school to go help out with the family. There still was no talk of a general evacuation of Pasadena, although a number of issei had been interned in other areas. Very few were taken from our town.] Soon after that the curfew went into effect and I began to work at a full time domestic job. In the evenings I would go home and we would paint up the inside of the house and put our things in order. Evacuation was coming on and we were preparing for it. My older sister planned to leave before the traveling permits were frozen. When she finally did get out at the last minute, it left a lot of the family burden to me as my dad had gone on to Manzanar as a volunteer worker. I had to look after the younger kids mostly. I had to do all of the shopping and cooking after my own full day's work. It was quite a strain preparing for the evacuation since we had such a large household.

"I had no definite plans of my own except to go with the family. [I was very, very bitter when my mother was interned as they

had no right to take her. I knew that her ideal of America was high and she had always told us that we should pledge allegiance to the United States. She said that she never wanted to go back to Nihon because she didn't like it when she went for a visit some years before. My mother was interned just for being a Japanese school teacher. She only taught the language and nothing else. ✓

"I thought all along that my mother would only be taken for a short time as there were no charges against her and none of the children could speak Nihongo very well. We had a brother in the Army then and my dad had served in the last war for a time. When my mother didn't come back right away, she sent special delivery letters to us every day. It was tragic for a lot of Japanese women who were interned as they had to leave behind little children with nobody to take care of them. My mother spent all her time worrying about other women and she would tell us to go visit them to cheer them up. She wrote and said that one lady's hair had turned snow white because she worried so much about her children. She also said that the guards were very suspicious at first but got very friendly when they saw that Japanese women were not suspicious.

"In her letters, my mother sent us advice about how to prepare for the evacuation, and she told us to have faith in God as everything would turn out all right. It was the first time that I ever remember my mother saying anything like that. We all helped each other as much as we could, but I did get crabby at times because I was so nervous and tired. When the evacuation was definitely announced, my reaction was for the material things like getting my brothers the right clothes and finishing all of our business up in time. I didn't even consider that we could protest. The only thing that I resented ^{was} that the JACL leaders went to San Francisco and told

the Army that the Japanese people offered to leave right away. It was coming eventually but I felt that we should have stood for our rights for a little while. In another way, cooperating and going so willingly may have been our strongest point. We were a minority and if we have patience, time will prove us to be in the right and loyal to this country.

"I was so busy preparing for the evacuation that I didn't have much time for thinking about general principles. My older brother settled most of the business for the house and it was my duty to assist him without too much interference. I had to buy all of the clothes for the three younger brothers and supervise most of our personal packing.

"I thought that the Army would never let us out of the camp because if California did not want us, then what state would? I saw a very dreary and monotonous life ahead of me. The only consolation was that I could get a chance to know the Japanese better than I had known them before. My thoughts were all mingled and I was afraid I'd be sent to Nihon and I didn't know what the score was. It was a thrilling but frightening experience that I went through in camp. The evacuation was all done in haste so I didn't have a chance to think clearly once.

"My sister had gotten out in time with some of nisei friends and one of them sent around a long letter describing the trip. It sounded like they were having a lot of fun but I didn't think it was safe to be traveling around the country at that time. They were stopped several times because people were suspicious of them. They had no idea of what they were going to do once they finished their trip. I thought it was much safer to go to camp rather than face all that discrimination on the outside." Letter follows:

CH-25

The following manuscript was written by George Morikawa + *copy*
to his sister who was then at Santa Anita Assembly Center. George
and ~~two other~~ ^{another} sisters and mother left voluntarily for Texas just
before traveling was frozen.

I'm sorry sorry I didn't write any sooner--I hope Ryo has
been keeping you tabbed on all of our activities. The first
couple of days after we hit this new address I had indigestion,
constipation, and dysentery, or a reasonable fascimile! The
reason, I think, were those waffles we had on that first morning.
I suppose Ryo has told you the persons in our party. In case
she hasn't here they are: Yuri Ikeda, Emily Uchiyama, Yuji Alexis
"Ajax the Great", "Ironpants" Tajima, Henry Nagamatsu and our
family, of course. Anyway, about those waffles!---Emily and
Henry got up exceptionally early that morning and decided to make
them on the new waffle iron which mom received from the Shimas.
Well, their intentions were great but the waffles--grean, gdoan--
burp-p-p---gad, confidentially they shtunk!! Ha, ha, I fooled
them tho--I receovered and am now in the pink of health. (Emily
mistook the baking soda for the baking Powder!)

I suppose Ryo has also kept you informed of the incidents
which kept happening to us on the trip--nothing really serious
that we can't keep from laughing about them now that it's all
over--but some of them made our hearts skip a beat or two at the
time. Maybe, just for posterity's sake, so we can tell our
children about it about twenty years from now--when we'll prob-
ably be having another wah-h-h--I ought to reminisce a bit
concerning the great "hegira". Mom, Ryo, Kenji and Larry drove

up to the "Old Dorm" about 11:00 A.M. I was all ready to go, but I had arranged to wait for Yuji and Yuri so that we could all start out together. Well, you know Yuji--he had to have his car overhauled at the last minute and his ^{ru}tires (in case you've forgotten what those antiquated objects look like, they're round rubbery objects which fit on to ~~x~~ four cylindrical wheels placed at appropriate locations at the four corners of a car--these objects are still in existence, so I don't think it is necessary to go too much into detail)--two of his tires, anyway, were so shot that he had to get them exchanged. I reminded him that we did not have sufficient time to raise a rubber plantation and build our own tires for the trip. One-thirty rolled around and still no sign of the GReAT TaJiMA!!! And we were getting very, very impatient not to mention--very, very, very exasperated!!!! I finally called him up at home and he says that he won't be able to start for another hour or so--yea Gods! I told him we were going to start immediately since we were pulling a trailer; we arranged to meet about 5:30 P.M. in Beaumont, Calif., which is just outside of the first Prohibitive Area. I'm not forgetting about Henry and Emily--they had started out about 9:00 A.M. for Santa Ana so that Henry could trade his '36 V-8 for his brother's '41 V-8--nice bartering, eh, eh--that's Henry all over. He's willing to trade a dime for a dollar bill anytime!! We had also arranged to meet in Beaumont in the afternoon. Beaumont, here we come!! Here's Beaumont but where's Henry??? Boy, that was fast--it's got me dizzy--so let's stop along here off the highway and wait--- Fifteen minutes----half an hour, where is that man?? There he goes in the opposite direction--say, he didn't

even see us--there's someone sitting beside him who's taking up all his attention!!! We wait some more 'cause I figger he'll be coming back, but Ryo's getting ants so we decided to turn around and try to find him. A mile back and we find him--also parked on a shoulder--and I DON'T MEAN HIGHWAY!!!

It's getting late so we decided to call up Pasadena to find out when that Tajima boy had left--Sycamore 2-1790, the Tajima residence--what! is that you Yuji??? %"#&%_&c (XXXXX !!!!! where in the h---- do you think you're going--to a picnic???? We thought you had left hours ago. O.K. we'll meet you across the Arizona border about midnight.

10:00 P.M. and we're averaging over 40 which means the speedometer's 45 to 50 most of the time. Not a bad looking burg, Blythe--reminds me of Brawley, one of the cleaner Valley towns. We picked a likely looking cafe and had hot sandwiches and coffee. At a gas station across the street we had the cars checked and stoked with gas, oil, and water. We found out that there is a 5 cent per gallon tax on gasoline carried in bulk across the border so we left the five gallon cans empty. Mama thought it would be a good idea to telephone home and let you know how far we had gotten--you know that part of the story. A couple of miles out of Blythe and we come to the natural border between California and Arizona, the Colorado River. Gee whiz, is there anyone in those uniforms those sentries up ahead are wearing--oh, my mistake, they're black boys. They had all the accoutrements---funs and bayonets and brass hats. But, they were very nice about the whole thing--although mom was so scared she was ready to turn around and head back to a camp. They told us to

turn on the car lights inside and out, close the windows, and proceed slowly across the bridge. Ahh, we're finally out of California. At the Arizona inspection station, we draped out our permits again to show that everything was on the up and up. Boy, it's dark as a pit on a moonless night!! We pulled up on the shoulder beyond the station to wait for Yuri and Yuji--and slapped out a few postcards for good measure. Only a half hour wait and along came the great Tajima--that boy must have been traveling! Happy days, we're all together again (except for you) just as we had planned--there were times when I thought we'd never make it even this far. We're feeling pretty wonderful now that those godawful restrictions have been lifted from over our heads--the Sword of Damocles had nothing on them! Let's just keep driving until we begin to feel sleepy--my, it's already beginning to get light--Prescott, a picturesque little town, nestled way up in a forest of pine, then Ashfork--here's William where we turn off if we're going to the Grand Canyon; the route we planned to follow was cooked up on Sat. afternoon during a conference which Dr. Knapp, Jim Dailey, and Vito Vanoni (Soil Conservation) and I had about everything in general including my possibilities at Eastern universities. Before I left I also was able to obtain a copy of the report which I helped write while working in the Pump Lab.

Continuing the trip----about ten A.M. we arrived at the Grand Canyon, south rim. I wasn't impressed--no comment, please. I think it was because I expected so much more color, just like in the postcards--maybe it was the wrong time of day. After a picnic lunch on the rim, we left early in the afternoon, and it

was a good thing we did. Just a few miles before approaching the main highway, No. 66, the Arizona State Police came screeching along; we stopped!! For one thing Yuji and Hank were hugging--the--naw, you're wrong--I mean the middle of the road. I was driving the Stude so I couldn't see what else they were up to. I was straddling the middle line too but I got back to the right side before the coppers saw me. Alexis and Hank got warning slips but I got away with it--pretty lucky, huh?

And that wasn't all--this was really the first time that the strength of our traveling permits was put to actual test. Those two "Mounted Police" on their Ford V-1 were either trying to show off their authority or else they thought it was their duty to give us the complete once-over. Whatever they thought our names, destination, etc. went down into their little black book--filled with form-sheets for stolen cars and the like. I think Ryo went down in the "stolen car" column, but the "Mounty" said he's remember not to hold her for it. Imagine Ryo--a hossless carriage thief! After a lengthy discussion about the evacuation problem and reasons why Arizona roads had such narrow shoulders--and why they were elevated, we departed with the friendliest (?) of feelings--they, going in one direction and we in the other. Their parting remark was that we should never, never veer from the "straight and narrow path" as specifically stated on our travel permits!!! Oh well, we had visited what had been imagined to be the highlight of the trip, even tho it turned out to be almost as interesting as the hole in the proverbial donut. I really don't want to belittle the "Grand Canyon" too much--but actually, we went tearing along the rim quite a ways looking

vainly for those beautiful colors whic we had so fondly dreamed of seeing, anyway--it was a WONDERFUL LUNCH!! About those travel permits, again--we were quite fortunate in Esdee since we had so little trouble in obtaining them. Yuri, Em, Hank and Yuji, using the same address, had to practically sign their lives away in getting those precious slips of paper.

Let's get back on the main highway----remember what the big, bad policeman said, dear??? Gad, it's so hot I wonder who the h--- had imagination enough to call this God's Country! Well, pampered me--I suppose I'd kick about anything--probably ought to be thankful that there wasn't even the slightest sign of rain during the entire voyage. It's truly amazing how well the car rides and steers, trailer and all--on smooth highways we hit as high as 65 or 70 altho there were other stretches, especially in certain parts of Arizona and New Mexico where the roads weren't what you would call "highspeed". Let me ease your mind now and say that we didn't have the slightest bit of trouble as far as the car and trailer were concerned at any time while we were on the road: those cans we brought along were just extra baggage. Ride, ride, ride, and ride some more--my tail is beginning to feel like part of the car. Boy, we're getting out of the state of Arizona, and are we sorry?? New Mexico couldn't be much worse as states go. The scenery certainly transforms as we cross the border--the eastern part of Arizona is so flat a gopher-hole looks like a canyon and a mole-hill stands out like a mountain? As we enter this, our third state, hills begin to form--they're actually not hills but plateaus which have been worn down by the erosive action wind, sand, and--rain. As we travel in the low-

lands we see the reddish, stratified walls of the canyons--somewhat similar to the Grand Canyon but on a smaller scale. At least we are spared the monotony of the prairies. It's getting toward evening--still Monday--and at about 8:00 P.M. we pull wearily into Gallup, New Mexico. That Log Cabin Inn looks like a pretty presentable place and it's approved by AAA if that means anything. We find out that it does--at this place at least. Gee, the rooms are really swell--sort of rugged looking, but with all the comforts of home--and very reasonable, too. The two cabins we rented were steam-heated, too, and were we thankful--we're getting into the higher altitudes and it's pretty chilly out. This is mountain lion country, the natives say--but I haven't seen even a stray cat. Am I fatigued--literally on my last legs--just have enough energy to take a quick shower and jump into that soft bed--not even Henry's sonorous melodies failed to keep me up that night00but more about this painful subject later. My goodness, is it nine A.M. already--I just got in bed a few minutes ago!! More gas, oil and water--we should do a little shopping, too. There's even a hardware store here, so we pick up a tarpaulin to cover the trailer--that make-shift stuff we'd been using is beginning to come apart. Amazingly enough we find one which fits like a zoot suit on a clothes store dummy--let's leave Tajima out of this (he's always attempting to sing or while that tune). Goodbye Gallup--Albuquerque here we come. We're crossing the Great Divide now--disillusioned again!! The approach was gradual and the descent was no different we find--there's a wee bit of snow scattered here and there, but no other indication that we're going over the backbone of

the country--elevation about 7500 feet, in case you're interested. The approach to Albuquerque was interesting. The country preceding it is gradually rolling terrain. We knew that we should be there in a matter of a few miles or so but there's no sign of civilization, but the straight highway ahead of us. In the distance we can see a snow covered range of mountains--but where's that city?? Ten more miles and still no sign--it couldn't have just got up and walked away! As we come up to the top of the next wave in the terrain--lo and behold--below us runs a low, flat and wide, sparsely vegetated valley, and plumb in front of us, seemingly nested at the foot of the mountain range lies the city of Albuquerque--about the size of Pasadena. Nothing for miles around--and this bit of civilization right in the middle of that--nothing!! The great expanse of the valley makes distances of miles seem like a hundred feet--it took us a good 15 minutes to go from the top of the valley down that straight gradually sloping highway into the outskirts of the city, and it really appeared as tho a brisk 10 minute walk would do it.

This is the largest burg we've hit yet since we left Pasadena and that isn't saying much. People still have cornstalks sticking out of their ears. The University of New Mexico is located here--and it is a bit unique. The buildings are constructed to look like big Indian mud houses with windows appropriately placed. Gee, BIG two-story buildings, too! They're not too offensive looking, but I didn't like the color scheme--remember Stanford?? Nuf' said!!

We stayed here most of the afternoon--getting the car greased and having the short-wave removed from the radio--mid-

night of that same evening, Tuesday, March 31 was the dead-line. We took a quick reconnoitre about the town and ate at a drive-in a real indication of modern living for this burg--and decided to get rolling again. Winslow coming up--never heard of this jerk-water town, and don't ever wish to again. We couldn't find a court in the place to stay--the first place where the people had a tendency to be a little stuffy. We decided that feelings on the subject were mutual and moved on. It's past midnight, now, and the country is really flattening out into good (?) ole Texas prairie. The only way that we knew we were actually in the Lone Star State was that big signpost we just passed up stating the traffic regulations. The shoulders of the highway seem a little wider too--they might as well be. There's plenty of room for expansion in this state. Miles and miles of straight road--an S-curve under the railroad tracks and we're in Amarillo, Texas--about the size of Albuquerque I'd say offhand. Again, we have a little trouble finding a court--but this is a fair-sized jernt and we hit a place the second time. It's about four A.M. and I'm beginning to feel the way I did Monday nite in Gallup--extremely pooped out. As we were hastily preparing for a good long snooze who should arrive but half the Amarillo police force--they couldn't question us there at the court but insisted on showing us their wonderful hoose-gow--we were too tired to resist. The grilling wasn't too bad tho--we just kept popping the answers back at them so fast, we had them dizzy. These Texans are a little handicapped when it comes to speaking to one with a foreign tongue of a Californian, say. Their drawl spread their talk out so much that we can practically answer the questions before

the sentence is finished. They had their fun tho, but couldn't pin a thing on us--I was a bit exasperated as I flopped into bed that memorable Wednesday morning. You can bet your bottom dollar I spared no love for the Amarillo police department ~~from~~ that day hence and even forevermore--AMEN!!

Say, I did forget something between Albuquerque and Amarillo which, at the time, I thought I'd never forget. Just a word on the order of the cars on the trip to clarify exactly what happened. We decided at the start that the Stude-trailer combination would ride between Yuji and Hank's cars at all times since we expected the most trouble due to the big tail that our car was dragging. This touching little drama takes place some place in eastern New Mexico about 20 or so miles out of a one-horse town of Santa Rosa--time, oh about 10 P.M., say--we were rolling peacefully down the highway toward Tucumcari, about the last New Mexican villa we passed before Texas,----Yuri was driving Yuji's car ahead of us; Ryo was propelling the Stude--the navigator--that's me, was QUIETLY snoozing; and Kenji, with Em and Hank alongside, was piloting the Caboose V-8. If our three cars had been hitched together like a freight train, everything would have been ducky--but it seemed the navigator of the caboose, introducing this amazing personality--Mr. Henry "Newton" "SPEED-demon" Nagamatsu--was feeling either impatient or a little high--probably from smelling the TWO corks from Tajima's "snort" bottles. Whatever the cause the effect was, to say the least, very disconcerting!! Remember, I don't know the ^{exact} ~~xxxx~~ details of these intricate maneuvers which Hank devised, but they sure caused havoc to our "well-laid" plans--I was playing around in

"Dreamville" at the time. Please don't insist on the name of the babe! The way we reconstructed this hideous crime after we reached Tucumcari, this is how it happened! A Greyhound bus passed the "caboose" and settled cozily behind the Stude. We were creeping along at about 35 at the time--Yuri, you'll remember, was setting the pace, but you can't blame her for loafing since we were on a two-lane highway with rough shoulders and there must have been several cars with blinding lights traveling in the opposite direction. The Greyhound finally found a clear stretch to pass Ryo and Yuri, both. The "caboose" also decided to be very INDEPENDENT and follow the public vehicle instead of "staying on the track",---without even a bee-e-e-p of the horn or a flickering of the lights to inform Ryo and Yuri of its intentions, the wandering "Caboose" just kept right on going just to check up to see whether the Greyhound Co. was keeping the busses on schedule!! Ryo looks back a few seconds later to see whether the rear car is trailing--and as any fool can plainly see--there just weren't nothin' there!!! Whoa, says Ryo, and flags Yuri to a stop to wait for the "lagging" car. After about a half hour we begin to get worried, so Yuji--he was also asleep before we stopped--decides to go back and look for them, while we (Stude) parked to wait for the both of them. A few minutes gone and--- what the H---!!!! Isn't that car coming in the opposite direction the "misguided caboose"??? Well, you mugs better trail back and look for Yuji--who's looking for you. You ought to be able to make a good job of it since you're both looking for each other---gr-r-r-r-, YEA GODS AND LITTLE CATFISH!! 15 minutes, 30, 45, one hour -- ON HOUR AND A HALF!! Gad, they

both went all the way back to Santa Rose before the touching reunion--yah, I'd like to have "touched somebody off with a brick" that evening!!

Where was I, now, before I got all wound up on that bit of meller-DRAMA; oh yes, deah ole' "#%&'ç! Amarillo!! We slept into the late afternoon--got cleaned up--even Tajima. He was a bit exasperated tho and here's why. The two rooms we rented were adjoining with a two by four combination shower, can and wash bowl. Of course, only one customer at a time--Tajima says it got monotonous--as he waited and waited---he's hear the shower turn on, the can flush, then the brisk brushing of teeth--after he had heard this routine afour four times he had worked himself into such a lather--he could have just taken out his razor and shaved--or slit somebody else's throat in the process!!

We sat around in the cabins thru the evening making plans and reorienting ourselves--also, wrote more postcards and letters. We decided to start out again about midnight so that we'd be pulling into Burp--I mean--Burkburnett about ' in the morning. It's a clear night and we're making pretty good time. Here's that junction up ahead where we cut off of #66 and head due east for our permit destination--only 35 more miles and we're there and it's only about three. We'd better park off the road for a spell and a catnap a couple of hours--it's pretty cool but not biting. 7:30 and we're off again--wonder what the place is going to look like---- Whoops, we almost passed thru it without seeing it. Here's Main St. The house is supposed to be on the outskirts of the city (?) limits. What's that little thing on that node about 50 feet off the highway--is it a

chicken-coop or a tool shed?? Naw, that couldn't be the place. Let's find old man Hill on Glendale St.--that's easy. They're pretty nice, well-meaning people. The old man describes the location--I guess that wasn't a chicken-coop we saw after all. He and we go straggling back to the HOUSE on top of the node. The ole man starts tearing off the corrugated sheet metal off the door and windows while we start tearing out hair--figuratively speaking, of course. Hank and Em tear off in another direction to find another house 'cause it's a little windy today and the poor bitty shack might not be able to stand the draft. Ah well, the address will hold up anyway.

We're beginning to have visitors--it's the city manager--he probably loads all day; there couldn't be anything to do in this petered-out oil-well burg. He says all the natives are fractically calling up the city (?) hall and blubbering in the mouth about an invasion, and that the City Council is holding a special session to figure out what they could do with us. We're causing more excitement here than anything since F.D.R. was elected in the Dark Ages. Ah-h-h, our visitors are beginning to look more official--Army officers no doubt. It seems there's a large Army training center hereabouts and we've practically hit a hornet's nest. Lt. Van Alen, Ass't. Provost Marshal, (he seems like a good egg) and Co. wants Yuji, Han, and I to go with him as representatives of the group to Sheppard Field for a check-up; we go. We speak to Lt. Patterson of G-2 (Intelligence) about our situation and show him our credentials, letters of recommendation, draft registration cards, etc. He seems somewhat impressed, and becomes more friendly--Lt. Van Alen is really

tops--the Army should have more like him, and they probably do. He invites us, since it's just about lunch time, over to the mess-hall to partake of Army vittles--starch, starch, and more starch with some coffee and soup to wash it down with but it really wasn't too bad--the meat in Texas is usually much superior to that in California--this time we had spare ribs. After lunch we go back to Van Alen's office and talk some more--we tell him that we'd much, much rather live in Wichita Falls than weather the wind, sand and natives on the outskirts of Burkburnett. He thinks it would be o.k. if we moved to an auto court in Wichita Falls--in fact he recommends a couple of them to us--so that evening, Thursday, we move to the Motor Inn, which has good service--even a telephone for each room--and a large overhead fan for ventilation. Speaking of the fan and its characteristic noises reminds me rather painfully of Henry and his peculiar thunder-machine--speaking in particular of his nasal passage and its diverse parts as they vibrate at resonant frequencies during certain hours of the late evening and morning, namely when he is asleep. Last night, Tajima was complaining that the particular frequency to which Henry had tuned his adenoids was exactly the resonant frequency of his (the first party's) intestines--the vibrations tickled his tummy so much he couldn't sleep. Well, it seemed neither of us would be able to make the slumberland express that night, but fortunately Hank turned over in his sleep and also changed frequencies, so that Tajima's intestines got a rest--but then Yuji got the giggles and he couldn't sleep for a while anyway. Snoring must be contagious--last night, Kenji caught it too, and me trying to sleep

between 'em. Oh, well, good practice, I say--I may have to take part in this conflict actively someday and I'll be ~~x~~ in a d----d good shape to sleep thru the hoisiest bomb barrage.

We weren't thru with the Army the first day--they got around to us again a couple of days later. We all went over to Sheppard Field, and we gave them the works, or vice versa--fingerprints, full-face and profile photos, and all the rest of the information that they wanted. Then, we saw a Mr. Bailey of the F.B.I. in order to straighten out our residence business, and also to find out about restrictions concerning further travelling. All the authorities were very helpful and sympathetic about the entire matter.

A few days after we had moved into Wichita Falls, some of us went back to Burkburnett to pick up the mail. At the corner drug store there we got some inside dope on the stories which were circulating around after the "foreigners" invaded the town. The number of "invaders" skyrocketed from the actual 8 to 108 in one day. Stocks and bonds on a war boom had nothing on us!

Most of the natives with whom we've come in contact have been exceptionally friendly--altho pessimistic Tajima says that such will be the status quo only as long as we have the lucre--I'm afraid he's right to a great extent tho. When we walk into a store we spend half of the time talking to the salespeople about everything but the merchandise--what are we doing in Wichita Falls; are we going to stay and for how long; where are we going if we don't stay here???? I think I'll make a record of the answers--I'm getting tongue-tied saying the same thing over and over again--aw quit cheering!!

Say, I haven't said anything about the weather, and me a Californian--this stuff is over 24 hours old so I won't be distributing any defense secrets, eh? About 5 days ago the heavens opened up--it rained, but verily, it po-u-u-u-u-red, and the winds blew and puffed, and it thundered (an act of God in trying to drown out Hank, no doubt) and Vulcan threw lightning rods all over the place! What we see in San Diego is a light mist compared to this. Hank, Yuji and I went down to Dallas and Fort Worth, about 145 miles from here, one day during the latter part of the week--the rains were just letting up, then, but still plenty wet all over. The rivers were running high and in a couple of places the highway was inundated--and I really mean under water. We actually wanted to get to Dallas first and take Fort Worth on the way back--so what do we do? Yes, we try a short-cut. In Denton, about 35 miles from Dallas we pick up a soldier boy from Fort Jackson, Mississippi who had come home to see his girl friend--the southern lingo which folks speak in these hyar parts is really fascinating. Anyway, a few miles out of Denton we find ourselves at a dead-end in the highway--well, not quite but it might as well have been. An unusually small stream, Hickory Creek had gotten a little rambunctious and decided to roll over the highway instead of going under anice little bridge which the GREAT state of TEXAS had built especially for it. Back we go to Denton and wa-a-a-a-a-y around--losing about 60 miles and an hour and a half of our most precious time. It was just about noon when we shizzed into the City of the Churches (according to Tajima). Dallas does have a million churches, well, quite a few anyway. The Methodists seem to run

the state--they have the most money or elxse they have SOMETHING on the big-money boys. Oh, you want to know why we're in Dallas. The head office of the district F.B.I. is here and this is where the biggies of the U.S. Attorney's office hand out those precious traveling permits for aliens. You see, in about a week or so, Yuji and I and possibly Hank are planning an extended tour of the midwestern universities to inquire about the various possibilities--and poor little Ajax can't make a move without the government stamp of approval. We went to the Attorney's office and Tajima filled out the required applications--I received a set for ~~XXXX~~ mom too, to be used when we have a more permanent place to go. After business comes pleasure--so we decide to look this town over. Dallas is a fair-sized metropolis--about 350,000 in this area. The business district is similar to Frisco without the hills--and of course, the piers. The highest building is about 40 stories high--quite a few high structures in this city. Somebody in this town is sure optimistic or he has plenty of that green stuff which ain't grass and it ain't hay!! They're putting up a large 30 story mercantile building here. The babes here are pretty easy on the eyes too. I was beginning to think the only livestock people raised in Texas were COWS, I mean, steers! We visited a couple of book stores in Dallas too. You've probably heard of "Valor of Ignorance" and "Days of the Saxon" by Homer Lea by now. Clare Boothe in a recent Sat. Eve. Post article dug him up from the depths of oblivion. He'll undoubtedly be a best seller in short order. We found "Days of the Saxon" but they'd run out of his first book--Harper & Bros. are publishing copies now with Clare Boothe's introduction. It never fails--every time

we wander into bookstore, we stagger out loaded down with half of the stock. Yuji and Hank came out with a couple of other non-fictions--one on "Axis Grand Strategy" and also the latest of de Exupery of "Wind, Sand and Stars" fame. We left Dallas before our meger rolls got any smaller and headed for Fort Worth. It's about half the size of Dallas--say, comparable to San Diego in population. The size of the buildings are nothing short of amazing for a fairly small city. Their depot building covers an entire block and rises about 15 stories above the street. We accidentally stumbled onto a cozy and somewhat musty used book shoppe there--but we fooled 'em. We read their books but didn't put down a red cent. We found a cute little edition there called "Anecdotes Americana" or something very similar--anyway, the contents were the important thing. One that I remember: "There was an old woman who lived in a shoe; she had so many children she didn't know what to do". MOTHER GOOSE RHYME #2637463. "There was an old woman who lived in a shoe; she DIDN'T have any children; she KNEW WHAT to do!" MOTHER GOOSE RHYME, REVISED.

We got back to Wichita Falls without any mishaps--the deluge had passed.

I'm running out of ideas for the present--and besides I rented this typewriter, jointly with the other kids and I've been on this epic on and off for the last two days--the chilled stares they're giving me speels trouble, so maybe I'd better quit until another day--and more ideas.

FINIS

Doris' story continues:

"I wasn't in any mood to treat the evacuation as such a gay adventure as my sister and her friends did. It was much more serious to me and I didn't see anything funny about it. I was in low spirits during all this time. [I wasn't against this country at all, but I felt that some great mistake was being made. It was so wrong for them to take my mother away. They had no right to put us in a camp but I felt that I had to make the best of it. I became convinced that America was not a democracy for doing such a dirty trick and it never will be. In spite of that, I never would want to be sent to Japan as I know that this is my country and my ideas would be different from the people of Japan.

"Even though I had been brought up here, I know that I really never will be one of the majority. There will always be some discrimination and suspicion against us. I felt more like a person without a country. I'm an American but not one of them. There was too much discrimination and I couldn't see how it could be overcome. My ideas have changed since then and I'm not bitter about it all.

"I still don't think that it was Japan's fault for bombing Pearl Harbor. It's not because I am a Japanese that I am saying this either. Since I am discriminated against so much, I can't call America my America because it isn't. But I can't call Japan my own either. The way I saw it, Japan had to act or be strangled out completely by America and England. I felt sure that America was forcing Japan to take this step. This stuff about stab in the back is a lot of baloney and Pearl Harbor will go down in history as one of the greatest military feats of all time.

"It is purely a race war. The Japanese in California have

always been discriminated against because the white people never wanted them. The Japanese were too aggressive and they were getting a good places for themselves. A lot of hakujin in California didn't want to give us a chance to get ahead. We are a people who are ambitious and we are clean and conscientious workers. We started from the bottom and we can't ever be kept down, not even now, you wait and see. It was the people of California that I really blame for this evacuation and not the Army at all. I am just a nisei and I do feel that I am patriotic to this country as I never would raise a finger to do any detrimental to it. Everyone has a right to his opinion and this is the way I feel about it.

"If you look back into the history of this country you will find that America has exploited China and England has made the people of India suffer because of greed. That's why America and England could not say so much about Japan going into China as Japan has just as much right to do the same thing as American and England did. Who are we to judge anyway? War is a tragic and unnecessary thing and it is pathetic because we in the United States could have kept from war but we stuck our foot right out and forced it upon ourselves. The United States could have sat down at a table and talked it over peacefully with Japan if we have been willing to make a few concessions. But there were too many greedy people in the United States and they were after personal profits.

"At the time before evacuation I hoped that Japan would beat the devil out of the United States and teach us a lesson. I also knew it would be harder on us and I would be hurt if the United States did take a beating. I knew that if Japan ever beat the United States the Japanese would spit on us nisei but I feel that

the United States needed a lesson taught to it instead of sitting so high and judging all the other nations.

"We had to evacuate on May 12 and I was really in a bad mood. We got up at 5 in the morning. A hakujin neighbor woman brought us some food and she asked if she could help us in any other way. She drove me to the station to get on the train. One of the hakujin churches was serving coffee and doughnuts to all of the people. We were one of the first groups to leave Pasadena so that all of the Japanese in town came to say good-bye. As we got on the train none of us were sure where we were going. Gradually the rumor went around that we were headed for Tulare. I was so sad but I couldn't ~~sa cry~~ about it when I realized that we were not wanted there any more. It was so sad to leave there though, but I also felt that it might be a new adventure. Everyone waved good-bye to us as we pulled out of the station. I was in a car that had all fellows in it and they played cards all the way up. We had a lot of fun all the way up when we got used to it.

"It was evening when we got to Tulare. As we got off the train I saw a lot of soldiers with bayonets pointed at us. They had very determined faces and they were ready to shoot us if we tried to escape. I didn't feel like a prisoner then because it struck me as being funny that grown-up soldiers were so afraid of a lot of old people and children. I just didn't give a darn about anything. It was no use anyhow. I just trampled by and smiled at the soldiers but they were itching to pull the trigger and they just looked at us with grim faces.

"When we got into the gate, all of the Japanese who had arrived there before us were waiting inside the gate. They made

comments telling us why we did not go back to California where we came from. I resented about this a lot and I felt hostile right away but after I got into camp I found that most of the Japanese were good to us and they helped us to get settled down. I didn't expect this at all. They were all curious about where we were from and where our parents were since my folks did not come with the rest of the family.

"Our stable was very disappointing. There was only one light in the ceiling and two windows in the five-beamed room. I thought that I would have to stay there for 8 or 10 years and I didn't see how I could stand it. Our barracks were practically empty--there were only 9 of us in that one room! Bugs were crawling all around the place and I knew that we would be living a quite different life from before. We immediately partitioned the room up and then we all went to sleep because we were all so tired from the trip.

"When the mess hall bell clanged the next morning, I realized that my life would have to be lived on a clock. I forced myself to put my foot down and do as the rest of the people did. That first breakfast was good as I had a crazy dream the night before that we were going to get starved there. I had lost a lot of weight with all the worry about the evacuation and I hadn't realized how automatically I had been eating up to the day when we got to camp.

"Naturally I was curious about where my boy friend was so I tramped all over camp looking for him the first day. After we found each other, my morale picked up a little bit. Then my family had to move to another barrack after the first day so we had to go all though that business of getting settled once more.

"We all pitched in to fix the apartment up. It was sort of

fun in a way to be living such a limited and simple life, but I suppose my frame of mind was not so good. I didn't know exactly what was bothering me, but I was resentful of everything. My morale was low, but I didn't realize this. I was in a mood of rebellion and confusion at the same time and I didn't know who or what to blame for the situation I was in. I suppose a lot of the other nisei were in the same fix. However, it was no use sitting around and doing nothing at all so I began to look around for a job. I didn't want to be loafing around camp doing nothing for years and years. Everybody else was working and I wanted a job too so I could get my mind off things.

"I wanted to get into the nursery to take care of the children as there were so many cute Japanese kids around. I went to the employment office and got an interview. I was offered a job as an assistant teacher in the nursery so I started to work right away. I enjoyed this work greatly but it got boresome after a while. That was because the work was only a diversion and it did not keep my mind fully occupied. I also found out that some of my supposed friends werenot real friends at all. Camp life brought that out. They were insincere to me and as I lived so intimately with them, I could see right through this artificiality. I had always been happy-go-lucky before and I always felt that if I smiled at anyone and they smiled back, they were friends. When I found out that the nisei were insincere, I began to throw off the group and it wasn't the same as before.

"I put my energies into other things. I started to take first aid and ballet lessons. I even took a book-keeping class just to keep occupied. Gradually I loosened up and I joined the choir and

I played on one of the basketball teams. I also was in one of the dramatic groups which did skits for the talent show. I had the most fun playing on the swings with the little kids though. There were two small foot pools for the children but I used to go at noon with another girl just to puddle around and think of my Montana swimming days. I spent a lot of time at home sewing, but I didn't write many letters as I was not in the mood. I didn't go to the dances at all as I was in such a bad mood that I broke up with my boy friend. He was too young for me anyway. It was a very peaceful break-up and it didn't bother me too much. I found that many nisei fellows were changing in their thoughts regarding girls as they had nothing else to do. I wasn't in any mood to meet new fellows and I didn't even care to go to parties.

"I went around with girls mostly and I suppose it was foolish for me to break off from all male contacts. I guess I sort of blamed the fellows for things that bothered me. One of my best relaxations was to listen to symphony records and sip on ice water. We would all dress up for these events just to make believe that it was all the same as on the outside. I didn't go in much for church work altho I did attend Sunday School just to sing the songs. I wasn't looking for the spiritual guidance at all. I just felt good to sing any old song as this took my life off of the daily camp living.

"I didn't have any contacts with the administration, but I thought that they were doing the best they could. The outside world felt so far away and remote from me and it appeared to be so much out of reach. Strangely enough, I didn't long for it as it was no use of even thinking of it. I didn't mind the people in

camp at all as they were all different and this was an experience. I thought that they were quite human. The only disappointment was that all the girls were boy crazy and I felt sort of left out of a lot of things. I always covered up by doing other activities and I convinced myself that I did not care at all.

["The longer I stayed in camp the less I thought about the war. I became less bitter and I didn't think that the nisei fellows would ever be put into the Army. I believed that this country was losing by doing such a thing as this, but it was their own fault because they didn't trust us. I began to think of getting out of camp quite early but I had no definite plans. Around June, 1942, I had written to my young sister in Montana and asked her if I couldn't go to her farm to help out. I felt that I had a chance as my brother had been the first one to go out of Tulare for school in the midwest. My young sister wrote back and said that I could come out and work so I went to ask the administration about it. Nothing ever came of this so I just let it go in the rush of other things.

"My mother was still interned and I felt that I should stay with the kids until she returned. I wasn't too worried about her because I didn't think any soldiers would be mean enough to treat her in a bad way. We tried to get her out many times in order to join us in the assembly center, but it did look hopeless. I felt that if I could get out of the center, I could send the family things that they needed. I couldn't see of what value I would be to the family by remaining in camp. I thought I could do the farm work out in Montana and I was beginning to feel that I would rather do that than remain in the center indefinitely.

"I was anxious to go to Montana as I felt that the people up there were not mean like those in California. My sister's foster parents had lost their business and they were over 70 so that it really would have been a God-sent for them to be evacuated. That's the trouble. They evacuated the people who could have gotten along on the outside and left out a lot of people who would have been better in camp."

"In the meantime my mother finally rejoined the family at the end of July. By that time I was working in the canteen but I didn't have much interest in this job. Finally at the end of August we went to Manzanar to join our father. My older brother and his wife and her folks went on to Gila. We went down to join my father. All the way from San Fernando to Manzanar, which was about 150 miles, there was no room for us to sit on the bus so we had to stand up in the aisle. The other people in the bus all looked at us and it was the first time I had an opportunity to go out and buy cokes, hamburgers and ice cream. This made the trip much more pleasant."

"As we got near Manzanar we saw the beautiful mountains, but the camp was so dull and monotonous. It was a sad and happy feeling I had when I got in there. Inside there was a lot of activity going on and I soon discovered that the Japanese people were doing a lot of constructive things. A lot of culture was coming out of the people and it could be seen in the art show and other events like that. The Japanese people just have them in them and nothing can destroy it. Any other people would have cracked up if they had been evacuated."

"The first place I went to in Manzanar was the hospital in

order to visit a sick friend. Then I went to a moonlight symphony the second night. It was really beautiful, but I didn't like Manzanar in the daylight as it was a very drab place and I didn't have any close friends there. The other people had already been there for 9 months and I was a stranger.

"After I got used to the place a little bit I went out looking for a job. I was interviewed for a job in the warehouse and I was given a position to do all of the office work in the property control department. There wasn't much work to do so I just sat around and knitting. What a very dull life I had there! I only belonged to one club but I couldn't get myself to be very active. I went to some of the other club meetings but I just couldn't force myself to lose my existence in the type of things all the nisei were interested in. I joined the ^{glee} ~~grik~~ club and went out for basketball to fill in the time.

"I was only in Manzanar less than 3 and a half months as I resettled on December 10, 1942. I was in that camp at the time they had the big riot. [We were all set to go to a basketball game when all of a sudden I saw a big crowd of fellows who were surging toward the administration building. They were yelling that Fred Tayama of our block had been beaten up and taken to the hospital. Fred Tayama deserved to be beaten up as he was sticking his nose into other people's business. He had gone to Salt Lake City for the JACL and I felt that he had no right to go as the people did not want him as their representative. He was beaten up because of something he said about the nisei draft. I didn't know what it was really all about until afterwards.

"It seems that Fred Tayama identified one of his assailants,

but it appeared to the people that he was only doing it out of revenge. The fellow he identified had been a competitor at the start of Manzanar when they both tried to run the camp. The people all felt that Fred Tayama was only doing the accusation now to get even. That's why all of this man's friends got together and they got very stirred up and demanded an immediate release.

"I ran over to see what was going on with another girl and we were the only girls there. There was a bunch of kibeï all around but I didn't know what they were saying because they were all speaking in Nihongo. They surrounded the jail and the M.P. were lined up in front of the jail with their guns pointing at the people. They were just itching to shoot if orders were given. Some of the M.P. were young boys and they were shaking in their Army boots. The people just stood there taunting the soldiers and this made the soldiers sore.

"As evening drew on everybody eventually went home, but that night I was playing cards at home when I heard a lot of noise outside and all the dinner gongs were going. Each block was calling all of the people out for a meeting. At our block meeting it was explained that the hakujiñ soldiers had shot some of the people and if that was the way we were going to be treated, we would go out to fight them. The block leaders asked for volunteers to carry knives and stones to fight the hakujiñ soldiers. The nisei were not willing to do this but a lot of kibeï and issei got excited and they wanted to march out right away and kill some of the soldiers.

"There was a commotion going on all night long and the ambulance kept going up and down camp all the time. Then the mob started to go after the nisei who were the real pro-American ones

and the administration had to help hide them from the mad mob. Earlier that evening my mother was putting on a YWCA benefit show and I was going to it when I saw a fellow pushing another Japanese fellow around. All of a sudden this fellow got cracked on the head by a 2- by 4. The gang then began to hit and kick him until he fell to the ground. The fellow kept asking for mercy but the mob just kept kicking him and calling him an inu. The fellows who tried to protect him couldn't do a thing until the ambulance came to take the fellow away. By this time he was bleeding all over and unconscious. I think the mob would have killed him right then and there if the ambulance did not come.

"The next day ^{martial} ~~Marshall~~ law was declared and we couldn't go out of our block. The soldiers went around in jeeps and they all had machine guns. They didn't even talk to us even though they had been friendly before. I believe that there was some justification for the riot. There was a lot of graft going on and some of the administration people were stealing things from the people. I heard that Fred Tayama was in on that and that was one of the main reasons why he was beaten up. After the riot got going, the pro-Japan element entered in and the administration blamed that for everything. But I noticed that Fred Tayama had his apartment all fixed up nice and he had a lot of things that the other people could not get. That's why he was mistrusted and disliked by everyone. They went after some of the other pro-American nisei too after they got started. They went after Togo Tanaka just because he was a newspaper writer and he didn't know any better. The ignorant people went after him just because he was pro-America.

"But to this day, the whole truth of that Manzanar riot has

been suppressed. The Japanese people in camp just took and took everything, but there had to come a time when the whole thing exploded and the administration people was at fault for some of it. I left camp 3 days after the riot and the administration didn't want us to go out at first because of the disturbance.

"I was pretty desperate to get out as I had been thinking of resettlement for over 6 months. There wasn't any real reason why I should not be allowed to go. I didn't have any real reason for wanting to resettle except that I didn't like camp life. I had no plans for the future except to go out and see my sister in Montana and then go on to Chicago for a job. The camp life was monotonous and my ego got the best of me. I was so disappointed with my friends at Tulare that I wanted to show them that I could be among the first to get out of camp. My mother did not care at all if I went as she thought that I could care of myself. I had a vague idea that I would eventually go work in a home and then go to school after that. My other sister was in Chicago already and I was just going to stay in Montana for a short visit. My older sister thought it would be a waste of money and time to go there but I had my mind made up.

"I didn't have any friends on the outside but the chief attraction was seeing my kid sister that I hadn't seen for about 10 years. It was ^{not} the attraction of shows, dances or anything like that. I didn't have an definite incentive for leaving until my older sister called me out. She said there were plenty of jobs in Chicago and I could eat good food on the outside and have my freedom besides. I wasn't nervous at all about coming out altho I heard stories that the people of Great Falls, Montana were getting

hostile toward the Japanese.

"I left camp with 17 other people. They were going all over the country and they all had definite job offers. I even had a job waiting for me as my sister had arranged for it. I finally got my indefinite leave permit so I finally left Manzanar on Dec. 10, 1942. I didn't have any worries on my mind. All of the other girls were crying but I felt that there was nothing to cry about as they could go out and send things back to their families in camp. That camp was so dead that I certainly was glad to leave. That permit allowing me to travel was the open gate out of a prison and I left without one single regret altho it was a little difficult to part from my family."

WESTERN DEFENSE COMMAND AND FOURTH ARMY
Office of Assistant Chief of Staff, Civil Affairs Division

WARTIME CIVIL CONTROL ADMINISTRATION
1231 Market Street
San Francisco, California
Telephone KLondike 2-2611

Nov. 25, 1942

TO ALL PEACE OFFICERS AND
ALL OTHER PERSONS CONCERNED:

1. The bearer of this travel permit is DOROTHY SACHIKO IKEDA, a person of Japanese ancestry.
2. The bearer is presently in the custody of War Relocation Authority at the Manzanar Relocation Project, Manzanar, California.
3. War Relocation Authority is about to release the bearer from said Relocation Project to travel to and reside in Chicago, Illinois, and has requested this office to issue a permit authorizing the bearer's travel through Military Area No. 1 and/or that portion of Military Area No. 2, lying within the boundaries of the State of California.
4. The bearer is authorized to travel from said Relocation Project to the nearest point outside the boundaries of Military Area No. 1 and that portion of Military Area No. 2, lying within the boundaries of the State of California by the most direct route available without any stopovers except those necessitated by carrier schedules.
5. Travel hereunder will commence on or before December 15, 1942, and all travel hereunder shall be accomplished between the hours of 6:00 A.M. and 8:00 P.M., in the company of a Caucasian escort appointed by W.R.A.
6. Immediately upon the bearer's arrival at Chicago, Illinois, this permit must be returned to this office by mail for cancellation.
7. The terms of this permit will be strictly construed and any violation thereof shall subject the bearer to arrest and prosecution under Public Law No. 503, 77th Congress.

ENDORSEMENT:

For the Assistant Chief of Staff, C.A.D.

/s/ Ray Ashworth

Major, A.U.S.

Chief of Regulatory Sect.

The above named person is
hereby permitted to leave
Manzanar Dec. 11, 1942, between
hours of 6:00 A.M. & 8:00 P.M.

/s/ Ralph P. Merritt
Project Director

"After getting to Montana, I found that after 9 years Havre was pretty much the same as when I left it. The town was beginning to look more run down but everything else was pretty much the same. One of the interesting and exciting experiences which made me cry was when a waitress at a drug store asked me if I remembered her. She had been ~~in~~ my friend in grammar school. I didn't recognize her at first. We just sat and talked for about an hour. It made me feel good just to have her remember me. I found out that one of my other girl friends had died and a few had left town for other parts. The church people in town also remembered me and I was welcomed back to church. All of the people seemed very friendly and I was glad I was getting out of camp to go back into a more normal atmosphere. I had a good reunion with my young sister and that made my visit worthwhile.

["Lillian was only 16~~x~~ and I hadn't seen her since she was a very young girl. Her foster parents received me gladly. At first my sister and I didn't know what to say to each other. Lillian didn't know how to greet me as the Japanese don't show much affection. She was so tall and different from what I had expected. She was still going to her school classes so I stayed at her home and talked with her mother during the day. Lillian's parents were very much interested in what I thought of the war. It hurt them to hear all of the~~r~~ children talk against Japan and for America so much. They were quite pleased because I saw their point of view and I said that it was not all Japan's fault in the war.

"The ^{OL}~~Omura~~s said that Lillian was so pro-America and that she believed America could never do anything wrong. Lillian's attitude was that she couldn't stand any of the Japanese things. <All her

wanted was for Lillian to see both sides of the question. All of the nisei in Havre were very pro-America in their attitudes and they would not stand anything said against the United States. Not one of the nisei there could speak Japanese very well. Many of them had arguments with their parents just like in camp.

"Lillian's parents were getting old and they were sorry that they had lost all of their money as they could not give Lillian all of the things she needed. I felt badly about that but I couldn't do too much. I just took Lillian downtown and bought her a coat, skirt and mittens and that was the reason why I landed in Chicago with only \$2 in my purse. I think that I hurt her mother's feelings by buying these things. They felt hurt because a blood relative was able to buy more than they could afford. They really loved Lillian and I was happy to know that she was getting along.

"Lillian had all Caucasian friends up there so I went around with her and I was introduced as her sister. We were invited to dinners and we went to movies together with some of her friends. I didn't have enough money to go bowling after I had bought her the clothes so we just went to watch. I stayed in Montana for 2 weeks and then I left for Chicago after having Xmas dinner with my sister and her family. I arrived in Chicago on December 27 and I was lost.

"When I first came into the city on the train, I saw the funny haze over the city and the dirty areas so I was a little worried about what it would be like. A soldier sitting next to me explained the whole city to me and he said that I would soon get used to it. I didn't know what to do after I got to the Union Station. I couldn't find my sister who was supposed to wait for me there. A nisei boy came up to me and he said that he was coming after me.

A little later my sister casually joined us and we had breakfast together.

"The first thing she did was to take me to the Friends Service office about a job. The very next day I was referred to Mr. McKinney's home out in Hubbard Woods for a domestic job. It was only supposed to be a temporary job as they were waiting for another nisei girl to come out of camp. I took the job as I needed the \$12 a week that they offered. My original job offer that I was supposed to coming out to, had been cancelled after the Manzanar riot. Domestic work did not appeal to me, but I go on well at the McKinney home. They treated me just like their daughter and they did not over-work me at all.

"My girl friendx (CH-41) came out from Gila the day after I did and she had a good sense of direction so that we went shopping every chance we got. That's about all I did when I first came out here. I didn't buy anything as I did not have any money. My sister was a little displeased that I spent all that extra money to go to Montana as she had originally loaned me the money to come out. However, she didn't say anything about it since it was already done.

"It struck my mind that I might get a job in a factory as a sewer, but the Friends office discouraged me from doing this. They said that the work was too hard and there was no future in it. Then I thought I would do the domestic work for a while. When I left the McKinnys, the Mrs. told me confidentially that there might be a job for me in her husband's office as he was the president of the dehydrated company. She told me not to take a job until I heard from him.

"I took her at her word so I just waited around at home. My

sister ~~xxxxxx~~ would come home with job offers but I said that I was going to wait. I just did the shopping and read during the week. I was scared to go out on my own as I thought I would get lost. I just stayed home and wrote x letters back to camp.

"After a week Mr. McKinney did send for me. I had to go interview with the office manager. I filled out the regular application form and I was told to report for work the following Monday as a clerk. I started out in that job at \$20 a week. That ~~was~~ sounded very good to me as I had no training for the work and nisei before the war weren't making that much. I didn't know much about wages out here and so the offer was agreeable to me. I thought I would save at least half of it every week but I was doomed to disappointment.

"My next problem was housing. I got a room in the same building as my sister and I ate my meals with her. Then my sister wanted me to come and live with her and her husband so we found a room on the northside. I lived with them for about 2 months. Then I decided that I wanted to get my own apartment as I wanted to call my younger brother from Nebraska. I did not think that he had any future in the ice plant where he was working and it would be better for him to come to Chicago. I went ahead and found an apartment after much searching and then I wired him to come on out. He wrote back and said that he liked the job in Nebraska and that he was going to stay on there with my other married brother.

"I had a big apartment on my hands and I didn't know what to do! Then Susie asked me if she could move in. That was in April, 1943. Then my other girl friend (CH-41) referred Ellen to me. I didn't know Ellen at all until she came to live with us, but she

was recommended by my friend so I was glad to take her in.

"At first the three of us living together like that was all right, but none of us felt settled. It was not living at all as we just worked, shopped, ate, and slept. None of us knew each other too well so that it took us quite a while to get used to each other. We kept more to ourselves at first. Then friends started to drop over so that we soon got to be like sisters. The three of us had been playing lonesome and unsettled so we kept in our own shells until we found out that we were alike in many respects. Susie was much older than us and she had a boy friend at last so Ellen and I began to go around with each other more and we spent a lot of time together. We went to shows and visited friends and did other things like that. It got to be a little problem for a while because Susie's boy friend was courting her intensively and he stayed all hours of the night so we could not get our proper sleep.

"Around July Ellen and I decided to join the WACs with Hana (CH-41) and her room-mate Aiko. Aiko went down to the WAC station to find out all of the information and she was informed that enlistment was stopped until September because the WACs were reorganizing at that time. But by September Aiko went to New York and the others had changed their minds. Then my younger brother came out of camp in July and I felt responsible for him even though I had an older brother and sister out here. My older sister had called him out of camp as he wanted to go to school out here.

"It was in September, 1943, that I decided to take this apartment. My younger brother was living with another older nisei boy but he had to go 6 blocks to Allen's place (CH#35) for his meals.

I thought that it would be nice if I could get this place so my younger brother could have more of a home. Ellen and Susie didn't want me to leave them, but I suggested that Hana could go live with them since her room mate was going to New York. Hana would not be able to pay \$37.50 for an apartment by herself. This arrangement was made and it meant that Ellen and Susie were not left in the rut and holding the bag for the \$50 rent on the apartment.

"Then after I made all of these plans and moved in to this place, my younger brother did not want to come and live with me because I was a girl and he liked his friend better. But he came to eat all of his meals with me and he started to bring a lot of his friends over. I wanted to be able to guide him properly. He was working at an old magazine place so that he didn't have too much leisure time. He always came over to my apartment to eat and study and he just went to sleep in his room. He was no trouble to me at all. In November he moved in with Allen as they thought that my younger brother was a burden on me. Allen thought that it would be better for my younger brother to go live with his family since he had a much larger place. That's why I had this room all by myself once more.

"Then Ellen asked if she could come and live with me as she thought that the basement apartment where she was living was too dark and dirty. It wasn't too pleasant there after work and she used to visit me a lot. Both Susie and Hana were being courted so that Ellen wasn't able to get her sleep because the boy friends always stayed very late. Ellen just told Susie and Hana that she wanted to move out and that started sort of a feud. I didn't want

to get involved in any hard feelings so I went to talk to Susie and Hana. Susie was older so that she understood even though it made their expenses much higher. It ended up well because Hana moved out in March, 1944, and she came over to stay with us for a couple of weeks. That left Susie with the apartment and she got married so her husband moved in there.

"Living with Ellen and Hana in my place caused some friction because it was much too crowded so I began to encourage Hana to look for a place of her own. But she is the kind of a girl who is lost when it comes to things like this. I knew that the 3 of us would get on each other's nerves. I had to get up at 6 in the morning in order to clean the house because I couldn't stand to leave it messy while Hana liked to ~~ksleep~~ sleep until it was almost time to go to work. I knew that this couldn't work out so after 2 weeks I told Hana that she would have to move. Hana liked to stay ~~hare~~ here with us but the place was too small. My older sister offered to take her in temporarily so that arrangement was made and Hana is still living with her altho she has to find a place soon because she is getting married at the end of this month (May). I felt mean in telling Hana to move out but it just wouldn't have worked out. Now Ellen and I get along very nicely and we never get into each other's way. Ellen is thinking of bringing her younger brother out of camp so I may let her have this apartment if she can't find a place of her own. I can go live with my older sister after Hana moves out or else find another room mate and an apartment of my own.

"I've been very fortunate in my house hunting and I've never had the door slammed in my face or be called a Jap. I like my

present apartment very much except that we do have some inconveniences. We don't get our hot water on time. The first nisei fellow who moved into this building spoiled the landlady as he bought his own sheets and he offered more money when he brought his friends into the building. So when the rest of the nisei started to move in, the landlady said that we had to bring our own linen and she refused the maid service to us. Later on, she started to cut down on the coal and heat and we still did not moan. About 2 months ago I began writing her notes asking her to please have hot waters for us when we came home from work but she blamed it on the war.

"The landlady tried to raise my rent from \$42 a month to \$45 just because she thought that I was making a lot of money. I refused to pay this amount and I said that I would go ask the OPA so that she backed down. Yet, she always comments on how clean and quiet the Nihonjin in the building are and she likes us because we pay our rent on time. There are about 14 Nihonjin living here now out of about 24 people in the building. The Nihonjin all live on the second floor. I know about 10 of the Japanese living in this building. I only knew about 4 of them from camp and I met the rest here. I know all of the hakujin in the house too. There is a theatrical playwright living downstairs and he always comes up to talk to us about theatre life. The nisei I know here are just mere acquaintances and we don't do anything together.

"~~Mmmmm~~ All of the nisei living here are single and there are about an equal number of boys and girls. We are all working and barely making a living. They work all over the city. The boys do factory work and the girls are in office work and in florist

shops. Three new nisei girls just moved in next door but I don't know them yet. The nisei in this building mind their own business so that everything works out okay. I would like it better if there were less nisei around here. I don't particularly want any more to move in but I can't say anything about that because they have a right to move in if they want to. But I do wish that they would spread out over the city a little more because people will start to call this a Jap house if too many Nihonjin live here and we should avoid that. There used to be a lot of nisei living in our district but I don't think there are so many now as many of them have moved further north. There are quite a few living in the near Loop area but I never see any of them going or coming from work.

"I never encourage any of my friends to move into this building. I knew that the apartment next door was open and I was hoping that some Caucasians would move in instead of nisei. One thing that discourages the nisei from moving here in greater numbers is the high rents. \$35 is the cheapest rent here and that is only a sleeping room. The other rooms average from \$42 up to \$52.50 for a three-room place. I think that Ellen and I have the nicest room on this floor as we have a Pullman kitchen, open couch, rugs on the floor and a private bath. There is only one other private bath on this floor and the rest of the roomshave to share a bathroom.

"Of course, this apartment of mine can't begin to compare with my home in Pasadena. I feel so cramped up in this one room. I don't know what my housing plans for the future are as it will depend upon what develops. My housing future is most uncertain and I don't plan to settle down permanently in any one place for the duration. I am thinking of going into the CadetNurses Corps too,

but that has not been fully settled in my mind yet.

"I've never thought of taking any other kind of job since I started to work at the dehydrating company as I have been perfectly satisfied there. I do ediphone work now along with the accounts payable book-keeping work. The office staff is composed of six girls and Susie is the only other nisei girl there. The company processes dehydrated vegetables and makes it into soup. It's not an essential defense plant at all but I find the work very interesting as everybody is congenial and nice to me. I get along with the boss quite well as I did work in his home for 2 weeks when I first came out here to Chicago. All of the other office workers are Caucasians and I get along fine with them as they are more the church-going type. They all come from good Christian homes.

"My boss is quite sympathetic toward the evacuees. He feels that the evacuation was not democratic and that it was a terrible injustice to an innocent group of people. He has the opinion that the young nisei are a fine group even though there may be some bad apples in the lot. The other office workers never talk about the evacuation because they have accepted me as one of them. Once in a while we all go out to eat together and to a play or show. Whenever one of the office staff has a birthday, we all go to their homes for a party. Last summer we also went to Riverview together and to listen to several of the concerts at Ravinia Park. We go out together at least 2 times a month. It is hard for us to get together more frequently than that because we all have so many other activities to take up our time. I'd rather that no more nisei were brought into our office as there are enough jobs open around the city and they don't have to concentrate in any one place. It

will be much better for them to spread out anyway because they will have more of an opportunity to know the Caucasian workers.

"The one thing that I am not satisfied about in my job has been my salary. I found out that I've never had any money left over each month. I barely manage to live within my income as I have had to pay back a loan I had made in order to get out to Chicago originally. My clothes were getting quite shabby and I got worried because I did not know what I would do in case of a serious illness. I knew that I could not depend upon my parents any more since I had to be entirely self-supporting. For this reason I decided to look for another part time job in order to supplement my income as I did not want to give up my job at the dehydrated plant.

"I heard that a lot of nisei were working down at McClurg's and it was easy to get a job there. Hana was working there so she got me a part time job as an order picker in her department around February of this year (1944). I was making about \$27 a week in my other job, but I could not save anything out of that at all. Now I work one and a half hours each evening at McClurg's right after my other job is finished. I only work 5 days a week at the dehydrated company so that I can work all day at McClurg's on Saturday if I want to. I make around ^{\$9.90}~~\$12.00~~ a week extra in this way. This makes my total monthly income around \$140 or \$150 a month. However taxes take so much of it as I am a single person so that I still am not able to save hardly anything. This is the way my budget runs at the present time. I pay \$21.25 for my share of the rent and my food bill comes to around \$25 a month. I've been spending \$10 to \$15 the past few months for clothing since I have

had to replace a lot of my shabby clothes. Laundry and cleaning bills average around \$3 a month and I spend about \$7 a month for gifts to my family in camp. Other gifts and obligations run about \$23 a month since I am still repaying some of my debts. A lot of my friends are getting married and I have to buy gifts for them. I have a big family so there are a lot of birthday presents to buy. I haven't been ill yet so that my doctor's bill doesn't run over \$2 a month. I spend very little for recreation that I have to pay for so that it only amounts to \$5 a month. Miscellaneous expenses average around \$15 a month and I only save about \$5. Actually I've only saved \$80 in 18 months out here. The taxes take all the rest of my income so you can see how hard it is to live within one's income out here and not be extravagant about it either. I would like to make about \$40 or \$45 a week so I can save some money for a rainy day but I don't see how I can possibly do that now.

"I don't know how long I will do my present job as everything is so indefinite. I don't know what I will do after the war either altho I think my boss will keep me on. But it could happen that the dehydrating plant could close down as it is not doing so well now even though all of the other businesses are enjoying such a boom in these prosperous times. I've never given my job future too much of my deep thoughts because it is so uncertain. I've never tried to get into a defense job and I don't even consider it as I am a Nihonjin and I would be under suspicion all the time if I went to work in a war plant. I don't like the tedious factory work anyway. To tell the truth, my real ambition is that I would like to get married and have a home by the time the war is over, but the prospects are not so good now with all the nisei fellows

getting drafted. Pretty soon there won't be anything but 4-R nisei single fellows around so I guess I'll just have to make the best of it. But you can't tell ~~you~~ about these things because girls do get married at the most unexpected times.

"I've thought seriously of entering the Cadet Nursing program for a long time but I haven't been able to reach a definite conclusion. I believe that the war would last for at least 6 or 7 years yet and I don't know whether I am willing to devote that much time to a career. It will take at least 3 years to get the training and I would want to work for a few years afterwards. However, I know that I am at a dead standstill as far as work is concerned now and I would like to advance myself a little. I feel that I will get stagnant if I did my present work for 6 or 7 years more. After the war, I think that I will have to have more specialized training in order to have a good job. I know I can do domestic work any time but I want to learn something new and I never want to go back to that sort of work. But there may not be any office jobs for the nisei after the war, and if I get the nursing training I know that I could always get a job in some hospital after the war. I would even be willing to go to another country, except Japan, as all of the nations will have to do a lot of rehabilitation work and there will be a great need for nurses and social work. My mother is doing social work in camp and I have thought of that but it will take twice as long to get social work training as it will a nurse's training.

"But I haven't got the real consent of my mother yet ~~and~~ in regards to entering nursing and I have been stalling around for other reasons. I'm not sure of my mental capacity. If I go into

anything I want to know I will be able to do it with the best of them. Another thing is that I am almost 23 years old and 4 years of nursing training on top of that would make me 27 by the time I am though. I would not be able to think of anything else but nursing if I went into it and I'm afraid I may miss out on marriage if I do that. I'm not quite decided whether to make all that sacrifice. It is human nature to get married and I am not any different from the rest of the girls. I don't think I am a hopeless case, but it does worry me because things just aren't normal these days.

"There is yet another reason for my present indecision. My mother and father may come out of camp to resettle and there are a couple of young kids in the family yet. My married brothers will all be going into the service eventually and I could not be burdened with family responsibilities if I went into nursing. I am still pondering on the whole thing and I am waiting for my mother's answer. In the end, I will make up my own mind, but I want to see what she has to say about it. I feel that I have family responsibilities above anything else at the present time and nobody has to tell me this because I am conscious of it all the time.

"That is the reason why I changed my mind about the WACs. Another reason was that I heard rumors that the WACs were only another form of legalized prostitution and all of the nisei fellows have a low opinion of it. It left such an ugly imprint in my mind that I gave up that idea completely. I do think about these matters deeply and I am not as superficial as some people seem to think I am. I'm just trying to figure out the best thing for myself for the future but it is so hard because everything is so

uncertain.

"In general, I think that all of the nisei will have a hard time after the war as they are not presenting themselves as good American citizens now. A lot of the fellows are still wearing pachukes and outrageous clothes and this is very conspicuous. I don't think that this is any way to cover up their inferiority complexes. The few who do this, and who go to the bars and get drunk will get a bad reputation and it will only make it harder for the rest of us. The way they change around in their present jobs makes it bad too because the bosses don't like it. These nisei should stick at a job no matter how distasteful it is as they have to prove themselves first above anything else and they are not working for themselves alone. The bosses will judge other nisei by what they do. The nisei will have to go more than half-way but they feel the world owes them a living just because they were stuck in a concentration camp. If they keep on with attitudes like that there just won't be any chance for them after the war as an employer would rather take a returning Caucasian soldier on the same level in preference to a nisei who has a reputation of not sticking at their jobs.

"The trouble with the present nisei draft is that it will leave all of the bad ones back here and they will do a lot of harm while the nisei boys in the service are fighting for them. The trouble is that there are not enough nisei over the age of 30 who could settle down to a good American way of life and show the community that there is no difference in the way they live with the other Americans. I am convinced that the big struggle for the nisei is still ahead. The present time is the proving stage and

what they do now will determine what happens to us in the future.

"But I really don't want my brothers to go to war. It is a duty ~~that~~ that they have to do so we have to make out as well as we can. I just have to feel glad that they are strong and healthy enough to be taken. I know it will increase my responsibilities but I am willing enough to assume them. At present 7 members of my family are now out of camp. My parents and younger brother are the only ones left there. I will be the most responsible for these because I am still single and not subject to any draft. All of my family live apart out here. We don't plan to live together in any one place anymore. It's better that way. I see my sister around once a week and the others about once a month. We get together for holidays and celebrations like that. We always talk about family problems when we get together. We still have a house in Pasadena but we are not decided what to do about it.

"We also talk about how we will make arrangements if our parents do come out and also about the education of my younger brother. I want them to help Lillian out too but I don't know what they think about that. I would like to bring her out here so she can go to school but I don't know whether it would be fair to take her away from her foster parents who are old now. Either way it is not fair to them. I know Lillian wants to come out here and her parents won't force her to stay. I don't whether that is the right thing to do.

"I think we have a strong family unity and we will all stick together if some problem came up that needed all of us even though we tend to be independent in spirit. I think the war has actually drawn us together much more even though we are separated

in miles from our parents and each other. We are mostly concerned about our folks because they are so old now. In the end, I make up my own mind on things I want to do, but I still consult my mother and older sister first of all. I am more mature now so that my decisions on family affairs carry much more weight than before.

"I suppose that my older sister has urged most of the resettlement. She was a voluntary evacuee and she called me and my younger brother out. Allen and his wife and child decided to stay out here because of my older sister too. They were originally going to Detroit. My father was out here for a short time but he went back to camp because he would not get a job in the language division at the university. Another brother and his wife went out independently from Tulare. This brother is in Nebraska and he is getting his degree in chemistry now. One of my other brothers is there with him. I don't know if we will eventually get into the same city. My parents have no objections about resettlement. If we call them out right now they would come. However, we don't feel like doing it now because of the unsettled circumstances. The main reason why my parents remain in camp is that none of us out here have a feeling of certainty and security. We don't even have a home to call them out to and we can attempt to take on any more responsibilities until we are more sure of ourselves. My mother is anxious to come, but she never says much about it. She knows that she will be a burden on us and she realizes that we are having a hard time.

"As soon as we can have a decent home where there aren't any cockroaches and bedbugs, we will call our parents out. Maybe they

will go live with Allen's wife after he is drafted. But I know that my mother won't be happy out here as she will be almost alone and without friends in a strange city. She is doing social work in camp now and helping other people so I feel justified in not calling her now. The whole thing is rationalization and I fear that I won't be able to support her well enough if I pulled her out now. I will have to make the decisions together with my brothers and sister. I worry about it a lot and I don't know what to do. I'm not positive that I will be able to help get the rest of the family out of camp before the end of the war, but this living now is only temporary and it can't go on all the time.

"I haven't been able to get settled in mind or anything during the 18 months that I have been out here because of all these fears and uncertainties. I try not to worry about these things but I can't push them completely out of my mind as that does not solve anything.

"My living now is very haphazard and there is nothing definite to it. There is always the feeling that something is missing. I only have the week-ends for leisure time right now. The other evenings during the week I am too tired and I have to think of the 10 hours of work the next day. I don't get bored at all as my ordinary week's schedule is pretty busy. By the time I get through dinner it is 7:30 or 8 already. Ellen and I eat dinner very leisurely as we sit and tell each other about the day's events. On Monday nights we listen to the radio plays and I knit and sew. I take a bath and I am in ^{bed} ~~bath~~ by 10:30. On Tuesdays it is the same routine except that I listen to Ronald Colman on the radio at 10:30. Very often I go across the hall to chat with the other nisei girls or else we may have some visitors over to play bridge.

Wednesday night is my evening for ironing but I postpone that if we have visitors. Thursday night is about the same thing while on Fridays I write letters, visit friends or occasionally go to a show. Saturday I get home at 4:30 in the afternoon and that is the earliest I get through in the week. We eat an early dinner and sometimes we go out on dates or else we may be too tired so we stay home and have visitors. I don't feel like going to night clubs and dancing, because those things don't appeal to me anymore. Sometimes we get ambitious and we clean house. Occasionally I go over to visit my sister or brother. I have been getting up earlier on Sunday mornings so that I can go play tennis until about 10 o'clock in the morning. I don't go to church anymore. On Sunday afternoon I visit with friends or else we go walk in the park and take pictures. Sometimes we go out on dates on Sunday nights if we are not too tired. Once in a while I indulge in my hobby of reading a book all afternoon or else baking. Sunday nights I try to do some of the heavy washing if we are not otherwise engaged.

"Once in a while I get out of my cubby hole and I go look up some of my nisei friends, but that is rare. It all sums up to the fact that I'd rather have them come here and play cards and talk about our future rather than go out to a cocktail bar or dancing. At first Ellen went out on 4 or 5 dates a week but she found that it was too much of a strain so she doesn't go out any more than I do any more. The night life stuff is too hard on the body and we have to think if our work.

"All of my close friends and acquaintances now are nisei. The most I see frequently are those who live in this building, but

I would not confide in any one of my friends except Ellen. I don't have any particular group of my own altho I do know 5 or 6 people outside of relatives fairly well. Some of the people I know are strangers to me because I never saw them before I came to Chicago. They just happen to be friends of my friends and it is nothing lasting. A lot of fellows come over to play cards with us but most of them come to see Ellen. I shy away from boys now and my closest boy friends are in the Army, in school or resettled in Cleveland.

-2 "I've met some nisei from Seattle out here and they seem much more sincere than the California nisei as they don't try to put on a false front. They are not as catty either. The California nisei only think of dances and the immediate present and they are more superficial. That's been my experience anyway but I can't judge all nisei because I don't know too many of them. However that's the impression I get from other of my friends too. I don't think most of the nisei fellows out here don't know exactly what they want.

"I just don't feel interested in exerting myself to make new nisei friends and Ellen is my only real close friend. Sometimes I get together with some other girls and we talk about who got married last, latest date, clothes, jobs, what we knitted last, all the different places we have gone to out here, and other experiences that have happened to us since resettlement. A lot of these girls are lonesome for their folks and they would give everything they had to go back to the old times they had back in California. A lot of them are working for the first time in their lives and they are finding out that life is not a picnic and not

as glamorous as they thought. I think that the experience is good for these girls as they are getting much more mature. Another thing we talk about a lot is marriage.

"One girl friend of mine came out of camp last July and she has quite a problem because her boy friend kept asking her to get married. She wanted me to decide whether this would be the thing to do because her boy friend was in the Army and he was going to get sent overseas. She just couldn't make up her mind about it. Then last month she made a sudden announcement of her marriage. She still does not know what is what but she is very happy for the present. Her husband is going overseas very soon so she still does not know whether to go to Florida to go make a home for her husband while he is in the Army camp. The thing that worries her is that she does not know whether he will come back or not. When I talk to other girls, this is always what comes in and a lot of them are pessimistic. So maybe it's better to wait until after the war to get married.

"There are other nisei girls around 25 years of age that I know or heard of and they just go around with any old fellow and they seem to take things pretty much in stride. I guess some of them have gone wrong because they are getting desperate. Most of the older nisei girls I know, however, are very level headed and they don't weep over it at all because they realize that a lot of hakujin girls are in the same position.

"It seems that most of the nisei out here are only interested in dances and parties. I've attended a couple of the nisei dances but I just didn't care for them because it wasn't the right atmosphere. I don't think I'll go to any of them any more. I have

only gone to 2 or 3 private ~~par~~ nisei parties so far. These small gatherings are nice to have occasionally but I wouldn't want to go all the time. I have a feeling that largennisei social gatherings should be disbanded because too many uneducated Caucasians will get more arguments to use against us. The nisei should foresee such things and be willing to make sacrifices to avoid anything that may backfire on them. I hear that the Buddhists are organizing now and I'll bet you 25 cents that it is only because they want it for socials. Even the Christian nisei will go to the Buddhist group if they sponsor dances. It may not hurt us for a while, but I can't help but think that later on it will just gather more suspicions and it is too risky. The nisei are even subject to more discrimination than our folks were when they came over to this country and we should be willing to give up some of the things that are not too important. The trouble is that the nisei don't give a darn about anything just so they can have fun and that may be their downfall. There is too much emphasis on parties and dances and not enough on the more important things like their jobs and getting settled down. They should balance it up a little more, because too much of any one thing is not good for anyone.

"The only trouble is that the nisei do want to get married. That's why they feel it is so important to have these dances. I don't blame them for this attitude because I would like to get married to but it would have to be the right person. I haven't any prospects for the moment because I don't know any fellows that will. I know a few Caucasian fellows out here but I haven't dated with any of them. I haven't joined any Caucasian group or club

yet and I know I should make the effort but somehow I just don't get the energy up to do it. The funny thing about me is that I am fond of people and I like to be active in club and church but I am thinking too much of making a living right now. It isn't in me to be cooped up like this forever. It is hard to mix my few Caucasian friends with few nisei friends and I have found that it just doesn't work out well. I guess it's the same sort of thing like what happened when I went to school in Pasadena. Maybe I'll have to make a choice of going into one group or the other but I hope the other nisei will get used to Caucasians and not feel so uneasy around them.

"I feel that if a nisei girl meets a nice hakujin fellow that she is sure of and he has friends who will tolerate her, then I think that she should intermarry if he proposes. All of the nisei are pretty hesitant about intermarriage right now because the parents are all opposed to it. Most of the intermarriage going on right now are in the lower classes but I think there is bound to be an increase of it in all classes as time goes by since the nisei have to come out more. I know that I am a nisei and I want them to come out and make more of an effort to know the hakujin. But at the same time they should not go on their knees just to know them because we come from a proud people and we have nothing to be ashamed of. We should all feel equal and not try to put on.

"The one thing that I would not like to see develop out here is a Japanese town even though I enjoy the nisei because of what may happen. It would be the same old Los Angeles thing again and there would be too much suspicion against us. I wouldn't want to see a Japanese town after the war either as it will be hard enough

for us to get jobs as it is. After the war there will be too many soldiers going around without arms ~~and~~ or legs and their wives and families will not forget for a long time that the Japs did it. They might think that it is the fault of the nisei if they see a lot of them together because many hakujin still don't know about us yet. It would be safer for the nisei to remain scattered out for their own future good. I know that they can get along without segregation even though a lot of nisei may think they want it now. The main reason for this is that the nisei are worried about the problem of marriage and life, after all, is the happy union of 2 people and 99 out of 100 people have this ambition. The nisei fear that they will miss out on this unless they come together instead of dispersing into smaller groups. It is quite a problem but I don't think they have to live together to meet other nisei because the El is pretty convenient. I think that we have to bear in mind that everything will depend on what we do now. It may be too sudden of a change for this generation to become assimilated so that they will tend to stick together like I hear they are doing in Salt Lake and Denver. Complete assmilation is almost impossible for many, many years because of our physical features but I don't think it is impossible.

"I am not completely happy with my present life and I think that everyone in this country longs for some kind of security. The nisei have less of it than others and that is why we all feel so insecure. I try to be happy-go-lucky but that is only in outward appearances. Inwardly I am very conceientious and I am oversensitive about certain things. I do worry even though people remark that it seems I am always alughing. I just laugh to forget

problems but that does not give me complete satisfaction. I really don't know myself too well yet. I think that the only time I have real inferiority complex is when I see a lot of nisei girls who are dressed nicely. Then I feel I should dress nicer too and not worry so much about money.

"I may talk a lot about what I am going to do in the future, but that is to draw the other person out in order to get his viewpoint. Then I weigh it very carefully in my mind before I make a decision. That's how it has been in my mental conflict about the Cadet Nurses Corps. It's not that I like to talk about things without doing anything because I do think I have ambition. But I know that my older sister (CH-25), for example, is just going to school because it is a means to an end and she is just trying to forget some of her other problems. It is the same way with me and many other nisei but they won't tell you that because they have some pride left. I really want to get married and have children, but I have to plan for myself just in case that I don't. I usually try to figure out everything in every detail and I don't dash into anything on the spur of the moment if it is an important matter that will affect my life.

"I think I am learning to judge people better. Sometimes when I meet a new person, I am very cautious because they have a certain air which warns me that the ice has to be broken first. With others I can be jolly right away and it doesn't make any difference. On the whole, I don't have any difficulty in meeting new people but I only have a few deep friends. I am sensitive about what other people say about me, especially if I think that it is not true. Since evacuation I think I have developed mentally

and I don't chase the glamour of all this night life stuff anymore like the other nisei girls do because I think that it is only a false rainbow that usually leads to disillusion. I suppose I could be more aggressive in my personality but I can't do that because I am so restless and uncertain now, and I do admit that I am quite insecure inwardly. I always try to solve all of my problems and I am hoping for the best in the future, but sometimes I get to the point where I feel, what's the use.

"I don't know exactly where that future lies and I will have to wait around to the end of the war to decide definitely. As far as the place of living is concerned, I know that it won't be in Japan but it may be in another country. This is a race war now and this country is getting more influenced by these things. I think this country is proving a failure and not living up to the goals of democracy. It's not a melting pot at all. The other day I read in the paper that a Negro soldier married an Australian girl and brought her back to the states. This Negro was a captain in the Army and this Caucasian wife read in books that America was the real melting pot. She came over here expecting equality only to find that the Negroes were not respected and the white people shrank from her on the boat coming out when they found out that she was married to a Negro. That isn't democracy at all and I don't see how the American people is going to change very much because there are so many prejudices here.

"I don't know whether it would make any difference if a Republican or Democrat got elected this time because there is a lot of selfishness to politics too. All parties make a lot of promises but they never seem to carry them out. If the Republicans do

what they say they will do, I will vote for them because they won't leave this country in debt so much. On the other hand, the Republicans may kick all of the Nihonjin out of the camps and that won't be so good either. I really don't know if it makes any difference or not as far as racial policies of this countries are concerned. I think America is out to kick Japan and all Japanese down and this will be a great mistake if that happens. I do admire President Roosevelt a lot but a lot of people talk against him. I just don't know enough about politics yet but I don't know if I'll register to vote this time or not.

"For a while I did follow the policies of war but it was too far away from me in camp and the only thing that strikes me now are the headlines that hit me in the face as I come home from work. I don't have anybody to talk these things over with so I remain ignorant. I did give my blood to the Red Cross twice and I will go down there again this summer. I can't afford to buy any war bonds as I am barely making a living.

"I think that this war is entirely the fault of England and the United States was pulled into it. Germany is not entirely innocent but she was pushed into it because England and the United States were not fair with her. She was beaten up in the last war and not given a chance. I don't like to see dictatorship but I don't know if democracy would work in Europe when it isn't working in this country where we have so much more. Japan had to go to war also because it was a necessity for her to expand. There are millions of people living on a few small island and the United States should be more considerate. Maybe Japan wasn't justified in going into China like that but she had to expand in some way

and England and American just wouldn't give her any concessions. Japan is at fault in the war too like Germany and the allied countries. It is just too bad there has to be things like war and it is a terrible waste of lives.

"If Germany gets defeated soon, there will be much more feeling against the Japanese here. It's going to be harder for Nihonjin as we will get blamed for everything. But the nisei should not act guilty about it as that will only make the hakuji think all the more that it is their fault. The nisei should try to make themselves one of the Americans, even if this may be impossible, and not be self-conscious or they will be picked on all the more. That is why a lot of nisei out here are having a lot of trouble now, and it may be because of their own personality. A lot of them are too timid. They should not let these things get them down because their time will come eventually. The nisei should feel sorry for these uneducated Americans ~~xxx~~ even tho they do get a raw deal. I know a lot of Japanese want Japan to win but I think the majority are for this country. I don't know where I stand in this scale because I shift opinions. I still want Japan and America to come to terms peacefully without either country being annihilated.

"There is a lot of propaganda going on now and I won't believe ~~nothing~~ ^{anything} until after the war. Even for such things as the execution as the Doolittle flyers and the Bataan massacre, I'm not sure whether it's true or not. It's funny that these things were announced just when the war bond drives were started and the whole thing looked like it was manipulated just for propaganda purposes.

One of the things that I don't like is to see the stories about such things as the Tule Lake riot and the disturbances in the centers about selective service because I think it is bad publicity for us. It only makes it harder for us when such things happen. There are always some groups like the Dies committee which is full of whooey and they only want to get us out of the country so they play up these things. I don't think too many sane people actually listen to the Dies committee seriously. And those agitators in California are just putting anoose around their own necks. That American Legion is the most undemocratic group in this country and no intelligent people could listen to the things they said Nihonjin did and believe it. I get angry when I read these stories in the papers and I also get a little sensitive about it.

"It is too bad that things like this are in existence because it only helps to ruin this country. It makes it harder for us all around and it is so wrong. There has not been enough favorable publicity for us because a lot of decent Americans are afraid of speaking up for the nisei. Life magazine did the most unbiased article and I have heard a lot of good comments about it. I have heard that Fortune magazine also did a very good article. I wish that more of these things would come out in the magazines because it does help to make me feel a little more secure. In war time I suppose it is pretty hard to get the Americans to hate the Japanese with all their might and also to be tolerant against the nisei at the same time because most of them don't know the difference between Japan^{ese} born in Japan and nisei born in America. Sometimes in the movies they really twist things up and it makes me angry

when nisei are pictured as treacherous to this country.

< "The WRA is trying to do the best it can for us, but there is lot of politics going on in this organization so that it hurts the program. However, I think the WRA has done more good than evil so that the nisei should be grateful for it. But it will take much more than the WRA to solve all of our problems. I think that the American Friends Service Committee have done more for us in a quiet way and at less expense than the WRA. The WRA wants everyone to know what they are doing so people will pat them on the back but the Friends are really sincere and want to help us and they don't care for glory. It certainly is a problem though and I really don't know what the answer is. > I suppose every nisei in the country is in the same boat as I am so I shouldn't feel so badly about it. I do hope that everything will turn out, and that is some consolation.