

Interviewer's code

Isao Buddy Sato
Barry Shimizu (pseud.)

Evacuation and Resettlement Study,
February, 1944 (Revised)

SCHEDULE FOR INDIVIDUAL RESETTLERS

Date of interview Aug. 3, 1944 Interviewer C. Kikuchi

1. Case number \$46 2. Sex, M F 3. Marital stat. M S D W O
Entered Left

4. Present address 6021 S. Harper see CH-45

5. Later addresses _____ Date _____
" " _____
" " _____
" " _____
" " _____

6. Birthplace Stockton 7. Birthdate 9-3-22

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

10. Addresses between Dec. 1, 1941 and evacuation

	Date	Entered	Left
(a) <u>Stockton</u>	"	<u>1922</u>	<u>1942</u>
(b) _____	"	_____	_____
(c) _____	"	_____	_____
(d) _____	"	_____	_____
(e) _____	"	_____	_____

11. Assembly Center Stockton Date 3-'42 10-'42

12. Relocation Center Rohwer Date 10-'42 5-19-43

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

	Entered	Left
(a) <u>54th and Harper, Chicago</u>	<u>5-'43</u>	<u>7-'43</u>
(b) _____	_____	_____
(c) _____	_____	_____
(d) _____	_____	_____
(e) _____	_____	_____
(f) _____	_____	_____
(g) _____	_____	_____

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

Relationship to Resettler	Age	Sex	Birthplace	Occupation	Religion
(a) <u>Father</u>	<u>55</u>	<u>M</u>	<u>Japan</u>	<u>Gen. House cleaner</u>	<u>Budd.</u>
(b) <u>Mother</u>	<u>51</u>	<u>F</u>	<u>"</u>	<u>Housewife</u>	<u>Christian</u>
(c) <u>Tom</u>	<u>26</u>	<u>M</u>	<u>S.F.</u>	<u>Fish Mkt worker</u>	<u>"</u>
(d) <u>Kazuko (sis.)</u>	<u>24</u>	<u>F</u>	<u>Stockton</u>	<u>Cannery worker</u>	<u>"</u>
(e) <u>Minkey</u>	<u>23</u>	<u>M</u>	<u>"</u>	<u>Grocery clerk</u>	<u>"</u>
(f) <u>Buddy</u>	<u>20</u>	<u>M</u>	<u>"</u>	<u>County laborer</u>	<u>"</u>
(g) <u>Hippo</u>	<u>17</u>	<u>M</u>	<u>"</u>	<u>Student</u>	<u>"</u>
(h) _____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
(i) _____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
(j) _____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

CH-46

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

Give symbols #14

What other related persons?

Relationship to Resettler	Age	Sex	Birthplace	Occupation (as of Dec. 1, 1941)
(a) <u>Sister-in-law</u>	<u>22</u>	<u>F</u>	<u>Montana</u>	<u>Cannery worker</u>
(b)				
(c)				
(d)				
(e)				
(f)				

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

Give symbols #15

What other related persons?

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

17. Family members living together in Chicago

Address symbol (see 13)	Entered	Left	Relationship to Resettler	Age	Sex	Birthplace	Occupation (at date of interview)
(a) <u>See CH-45</u>							
(b) <u>Tom and wife</u>							<u>Domestic</u>
(c) <u>Minkey and wife and baby</u>							<u>Paper factory</u>
(d) <u>Buddy</u>							<u>Unemployed</u>
(e) <u>Hippo</u>							<u>Bus boy</u>
(f)							
(g)							
(h)							

18. Educational history of resettler

Grammar schools (name and location)	Dates	Grade completed	
Monroe School, Stockton	1926-30	3rd	
Franklin " "	1931-33	5th	
Lafayette " "	1934	6th	
High schools (name and location)	Dates	Grade completed	
Stockton High	1937-41	12th	
Colleges, universities and vocational schools, (name and location)	Dates	Grade completed	Degree
Attendance at Japanese language school, location	Dates		
Stockton Buddhist school	10 yrs.	8th	
Washington School, Stockton	1935-36	8th	

2. Rohwer 10/15/42
3. Stockton 5/13/42
4. 228 W. Lafayette, Stockton, Calif.
5. Sato, Tokiharu, Japan
Nishioka, Koharu Japan
5a. U.S. Houseworker Abroad None
7. Grammar school, Wash. Stockton 9/29 to 6/37
High school, Stockton, Stockton 9/37 to 6/41
7a. Academic
8. None
12. $68\frac{1}{4}$ 135 lbs.
13. No major defects
18. Single
19. Son
20. 9/8/23
23. Yes
24. H.S. 4
25. Speaks Japanese
27. Farm hand
27a. ---
28. 11/42 WRA Rohwer Com. Service \$16
5/42 to 10/42 WCCA Stockton Service Div. \$12
2/41 to 5/42 Mr. Kawasaki Swamper (loading) \$.45 hr.
Celery Farm
2 mos. Zacherman Potatoes Gen. laborer .35 hr.
Farm McDonald Is.
1 mo. McClaise Warehouse Gen. laborer .37 $\frac{1}{2}$ hr.
Potato Farm, King Is.
29. Hobby-Football
O.P. Undecided. Truck & Tractor driver
Interested in clerical work.
30. Christian

Isao's brother, Tamotsu Tom Sato

2. same
3. same
4. same
5. same
5a. same
7. Grammar school, Wash. Stockton 9/23 to 6/31
High school, Stockton Hi, Stockton 9/31 to 6/35
7a. Academic
8. None
12. 66 142 lbs.
13. No major defects
18. Married
19. Son
20. 10/27/17
23. No
24. H.S. 4
25. Speaks Japanese

Isao's brother, Tamotsu Tom Sato, continued

- 27. Sales clerk
- 27a. Numismatist
- 28. 10/42 WRA Rohwer Stock clerk \$16.00
- 3/42 to 10/42 WCCA SAC Mess hall, dishwasher \$8.00
- 4/37 to 10/41 Mr. Atsumi Fish Mkt. Clerk \$80 mo.
Stockton
- 11/41 to 5/42 Self House Private Helper Gen. \$.55 hr.
Stockton
- 1935 to 1937 Mr. Atsumi Fish Mkt Sales clerk
Stockton
- 29. Collecting coins; type 60 wpm.
O.P. clerk
- 30. Christian

Isao's sister-in-law, Suzuye Sue Sato

- 2. same
- 3. same
- 4. same
- 5. Enozaki, Yoshio Japan
Komoda, Riwa Japan
- 5a. Cook and Farmer (U.S.)
- 7. Grammar school, Breybull, Wyoming 9/26 to 6/35
High school, Greybull, Wy . 9/35 to 6/39
- 7a. H.S. Commercial
- 8. None
- 12. 61 120 lbs.
- 13. No major defects
- 18. Married
- 19. Daughter-in-law
- 20. 10/24/20
- 23. No
- 24. H.S. 4
- 25. Speaks Japanese
- 27. Farmhand
- 27a. Dressmaker
- 28. 5/42 to 10/42 WCCA SAAC Waitress \$8 mo.
- 1/42 to 5/42 Mr. Nishikawa Potato cutter .35 hr.
Potato Farm. King Is.
- 7/41 to 10/41 Mr. D. Hill Housegirl Gen. \$30 mo.
Private Home
Stockton
- 29. Reading, sewing
O.P. sewing and waitress
- 30. Christian

Isao's sister, Kazuko Mary Sato

- 2. same
- 3. same
- 4. same
- 5. same

- 5a. U.S. Houseworker
- 7. Grammar school, Washington, Stockton 9/25 to 6/34
High school, Stockton H. 9/34 to 6/39
Studied in Japan 1939 to 1941
- 7a. Academic
- 8. Japan, student, 5/39 to 5/41
- 12. 60 85 lbs.
- 13. No major defects
- 18. Single
- 19. Daughter
- 20. 2/3/19
- 23. No
- 24. H.S. 4
- 25. Speaks Japanese
- 27. Farm hand
- 27a. Flower arranger
- 28. 5/42 to 10/42 Stockton A.C. Mess Waitress \$8
1/42 to 5/42 Mr. Nishikawa Potato cutter, General .35 hr.
Potato Farm King Is., Calif.
- 29. Flower arranging, sewing
O.P. sewing
- 30. Christian

Isao's brother, Minoru Minky Sato

- 2. same
- 3. same
- 4. same
- 5. same
- 5a. same
- 7. Grammar school, Wash. Stockton 9/25 to 6/34
High school, S.F. Commerce 9/34 to 12/38
- 7a. H.S. Bookkeeping
- 12. 66½ 128 lbs.
- 13. No major defect
- 18. Single
- 19. Son
- 20. 9/22/20
- 23. No
- 24. H.S. 4
- 25. Speaks Japanese
- 27. Sales clerk
- 27a. Bookkeeper
- 28. 10/42 WRA Rohwer Comm. Serv. Messenger \$16
5/42 to 10/42 WCCA SAC Mailman \$8
12/38 to 11/41 Mr. Iguchi Salesclerk gen. \$80 mo.
Grocery Retail
11/41 to 4/42 Mr. Kawasaki Laborer, gen. 37¢ hr.
Terminus
farming
- 29. Collecting music records; classical, swing
O.P. Postal clerk
- 30. Buddhist

Isao's father, Tokiharu Frank Sato

2. same
3. same
4. same
5. Sato, Umasaburo Japan
Mayeda, Yoku Japan
- 5a. Abroad Business
7. Grammar school, Kochi Japan 4/94 to 3/00
High school, Kochi Japan 5/01 to 3/05
- 7a. General education
8. Kochi Japan Student 12/88 to 2/06
" " Visiting 1/16 to 6/17
12. 61 120 lbs.
13. No major defects
18. Married
19. Head
20. 11/27/88
23. No
24. High 4 Japan
25. Speaks English
27. Housecleaner
- 27a. ---
28. 10/42 WRA Mess Scrub crew \$16.00
5/42 to 10/42 WCCA SAC Veg. man \$8.00
1928 to 1942 Self. House cleaner Machinery House Cleaner \$150 mo.
Stockton
1913 to 1928 Self. Grocery Mdse. Gen. manager Living
Stockton
1906 to 1913 Mr. Juckerman Farm foreman
McDonald Is. Stockton
29. Hobby: "Go"
O.P. Canteen (Bus. exp.)
30. Christian

Isao's mother, Koharu Sato

2. same
3. same
4. same
5. Nishioka, Yukinaga Japan
Nishioka, Ume Japan
- 5a. Abroad Farmer
7. Grammar school, Kochi Japan 4/99 to 3/07
- 7a. General subjects
8. Kochi Japan 6/10/92 to 6/17
12. 62 140 lbs.
13. No major defects
18. Married
19. Wife
20. 6/10/92
23. No
24. Grammar 8 yrs. Japan
25. No English
27. Farm hand 27a. Dressmaker
28. 5/217 to 4/42 Various Farming Gen. Seasonal laborer Gen. living
29. Hobbies: Sewing, knitting
30. Christian

Isao's brother, Hiroshi Sato

- 2. same
- 3. same
- 4. same
- 5. same
- 5a. same
- 7. Grammar school, Wash. Stockton 9/32 to 12/39
High school, Stockton 1/40 to 4/42
- 7a. None
- 8. None
- 12. 65 115 lbs.
- 13. No major defects
- 18. Single
- 19. Son
- 20. 12/2/26
- 23. Yes
- 24. H.S. 3
- 25. Speaks Japanese
- 27. ---
- 27a. ---
- 28. Student
- 29. Hobby: Ping pong
O.P. Student
- 30. Christian

Evacuation & Resettlement Study
Chicago, Illinois
Charles Kikuchi
August, 1944

Barry Shmizu (Psued.)
CH-46

Barry Shimizu is one of the small Stockton group referred to in CH-45. Cross-reference should also be made to CH-47, another room-mate.

Barry Shimizu is a 20 year old youth who is unemployed at the present time. Due to his general restlessness he does not feel the urge to work for the time being as he feels that he can make his living more easily by gambling. This case illustrates an aspect of the more extreme restless behavior of a maladjusted individual. At the time the case document was completed Barry had not changed his attitudes to any extent. Prior to the war Barry worked on a farm in the Stockton area and he had a record of being an extremely hard worker. A reaction seems to have suddenly set in about 2 or 3 months ago and Barry is now in the midst of a personal disorganization crisis. The pending draft was the excuse for quitting work completely "in order to have my fun".

Barry Shimizu was born on Sept. 3, 1922 in Stockton, California and he is an American citizen by birth. He has lived in Stockton all of his life prior to the time of evacuation. At the present time Barry is living on South Harper St. with CH-45 and CH-47, and one other boy who was not interviewed. Barry went to the Stockton Assembly Center in April, 1942 and he was removed to the Rohwer relocation center with his family in October of the same year. He resettled May 19, 1943 to Chicago.

The family composition consists of the following members: father, 55; a general house cleaner before the war, Buddhist in religion; mother, 51, Christian; Tom, 26, born in San Francisco, fish market worker, Christian; Kazuko, sister, 24, born in Stockton, cannery worker before the ~~war~~ war; Masami, 23, grocery clerk before the war; Barry, 20, country laborer; Hiroshi, 17, student. The oldest brother, Tom, is married to a 22 year old girl who was born in Montana and she worked in a cannery prior to the evacuation.

At the present time all of the children are out of the relocation center and they live in various places in Chicago. The oldest boy and his wife are doing domestic work. The second son and his wife are living separately. This individual is working in a paper factory at present. Barry is unemployed while the youngest son is working as a bus-boy at the Stevens Hotel. Some details of this family group were given in comments included in the previous, CH-45, case document and no attempt will be made to review it here.

Barry attended four different elementary schools in Stockton. He began at the Monroe School in 1926 and completed the third

grade. He then attended the Franklin school in 1933. The following year he completed the sixth grade at Lafayette school. In 1936 he graduated from the Washington school. By the spring of 1941 Barry had finished Stockton high school and he received his diploma. Barry attended the Stockton Buddhist language school for 10 years and this training apparently has had some influence on his present attitudes which are rather pessimistic in nature.

Barry worked as a laborer in the Stockton area from the time of high school graduation until the period shortly before the general evacuation. His average wages for this country work was \$100 out of which he paid his room and board to the employer, around \$35 a month. He worked seven days a week and 10 hours a day. Upon his arrival in the Stockton assembly center, he became a grandstand police. He retained this job until his relocation to Rohwer. When he reached the WRA center, he worked for two months as an office boy a salary of \$16 a month. He quit this job to work as for about a month as a carpenter on the project. He then became a time-keeper. He then worked for a couple of months as a lumber jack.

In May, 1943, Barry resettled to Chicago where he had a job at the Canfield Beverage Co. as a laborer. He received 65c an hour for this work but after a couple of months he was fired due his attitude towards the foreman and his attempts to incite a strike among the other nisei workers because of dissatisfaction over the wage. He was unemployed for two weeks and then he obtained a job as a laborer at the H.B. Smith Paper Co. By the time he quit this position in June, 1944, he had worked himself up to the position of assistant foreman at 95c an hour. He quit this work and he has not been employed since that time.

Barry is rather good-looking in appearance. He is about 5 ft. 8 in. and he weighs 140 pounds. He has developed his body through intensive weight-lifting activities and taking part in many athletic activities during his project life. Barry puts on a bold front but he usually tends to be quiet in a group. He loosens up considerably after drinking a little bit since this raises his self-confidence. Although Barry may be technically classed as a zoot suiter due to his activities and the type of clothes he wears, it will be readily seen from his life story that his basic personality tends to be more of the introvert nature. Barry is average in intelligence and there is a certain element of naiveness about him although he did not relate his experiences in a bragging way. He told his story matter of factly and much of it was corroborated by his room mates. Barry has had a very conservative background and there seems to be a rather drastic breaking away from it going on at the present time although Barry is a little worried that this process indicates that he is going "bad" and he tends to interpret things in this manner so that it causes him a great deal of concern during those periods when he is in a mood. Barry seems to be the second leader of this group although he does take the lead in gambling activities.

Barry's life story as told by him, reveals all of the environmental factors which have had a great deal of influence upon his present behavior. His comments follows in great detail:

"I lived in a Japanese community most of my life but I don't know if it made me any different from other Nisei because they all seem pretty much alike to me. I guess most of our folks came out here in order to get rich. That's why the Japanese had such a

hard time on the coast before evacuation altho they were coming up pretty good when the war broke out. I don't know what my folks have done all of their lives because they were all too busy to tell us much about it and I had a hard time understanding them anyway so we didn't have any long talks together. There were times when my folks did loosen up a little bit and mention some of the things that they did before I was born but I don't remember too much of the details.

"My dad told me that he came out to this country in 1914. He worked for 2 years as a farmer on Range Island, in the Stockton Delta area. He was from the ~~Kami~~ Kochi ken. A lot of the Japanese farmers had gone to America from there. My father said that they wrote back letters telling about how good it was so that he got curious and he came out too. It's just like us when we go out of camp now. Our friends on the outside tell us about what good jobs there are and what fun they are having so that we want to come out on our own too. My father's family in Japan is still living. But I don't know very much about them. My father had a step-mother and maybe that's one of the reasons why he didn't get along so well with his family. His step-mother is still living as far as I know. Dad was never talkative so that he never bothered to give much details about his ambitions when he first came out here. I don't remember hearing him talk too much about these things to us when I was a kid.

"In 1916 my father went back to Japan and a marriage was arranged by relatives to my mother. He brought her right back with him after spending a few months vacationing in Nihon. My mother came to America with big ideas as she had known my father before

they were married and he had written her many letters telling her what wonderful soil California had. She had an idea that we were going to be millionaire or something so I guess she was rather disappointed. My mother said that she had an idea that America was like the picture she saw and everybody was rich over here. It seemed that way because all of the Japanese farmers who came over here in those early days were making good money while they practically were starving in Japan. On the way across the Pacific Ocean my mother was pregnant and my oldest brother was born in San Francisco just as soon as the boat docked. My folks had to stay in Frisco for about a month until they could travel on. They stayed in one of the Japanese hotels in San Francisco.

"After that my father went on to the Stockton area and he bought some property and started his own potato farm with the money he had saved up before going back to Japan to marry. I don't know when he quit farming but it must have been around 1922 when I was born. My father made quite a bit of money in farming but after 1921 it wasn't so good so he decided to change to a city business. He bought a candy and fountain store right in the heart of Stockton's Japanese town. Business wasn't so good at that time so that he lost out on this business. People weren't buying candies when it looked like there was going to be a depression. That's what my father said anyway. From 1923 or 1924 on, my dad started to work as a general manager in a Japanese grocery store. He got very sick about this time and our family had hard times after that. He wasn't able to work too hard on account of his health and it cost him over \$1000 for doctor bills. This set the family back and we didn't get out of the hole for many years. It was harder for my

folks because all of us kids were an added burden. My father had some kind of spine trouble and he only had a 1000 to 1 chance but he came through. His bad luck seemed to run in streaks. After my youngest brother was born, my mother had a sudden attack of appendicitis and she almost died. We managed to get along for the next few years but we had a tough time.

"After 1928 my father went back to the grocery store and he worked there for the next 10 years. It was a sort of a partnership arrangement and my dad only drew out what money he needed. He had about \$7000 in back pay coming to him when his partner died. The wife was very stingy and she said that my father had no interest in the store because he hadn't any papers to prove it. My dad lost out so that he just quit the business. It never was too good anyway because all of the profits were on paper and he barely made enough to keep the family going.

"Starting from 1932 on my oldest brother had to go to work when he was 12 years old in order to help out as it was the depression time. He worked part time in a restaurant washing dishes and he didn't ever get to finish all of his schooling. In 1935 my oldest brother went to work in a fish market. My father went into general house cleaning after he quit the grocery business and he did this up to the time of the war. I would say that our family didn't make out so good after 1930 as we had some pretty hard time. It was the lowest we ever hit and we often didn't have enough to eat in the house. It sure did worry my old man though but he couldn't do too much about it.

"My father never said very much but he was a very stubborn man when he got something fixed in his mind. I remember when we

were kids we couldn't ever question anything he said. Most of the time my father was pretty jolly, especially when he was drunk. He was a 'wino' so that he was drunk most of the time. Once in a while he got sore when he was drunk and then he would beat us up for doing nothing at all. My mother was very much against this drinking as she was more of a Christian woman and my folks used to have a lot of fights. My old man would come home drunk quite a bit after his business was failing and we couldn't afford it because times were hard. I guess he was trying to drink away all of his worries but it didn't help us any. At first my mother had a lot of respect for him just like Japanese wifs should and she didn't say anything about his drinking. But after a while, it got irritating and then there were fights.

"My mother never was too strict with us and my father wasn't either. He told us a lot of good things. It's hard to describe my father as I never was close to him and I never did understand him. My mother was always happy in spite of everything and she became quite religious. She had a good sense of humor. She tended to be a little strict with us at times because she didn't want us to grow up and be wild. She gave me a lot of lectures on what was right and what was wrong. She never scolded me too much after I got older because it wasn't much use. Sometimes she told me that I should be more like the other Nisei boys but I didn't know what she was talking about. I just said that the rest of them were a bunch of pansies and I didn't want to be like that.

"We lived in an old six-room house. It was very sparsely furnished. We hardly anything in it during the time we were poor. [The people in our neighborhood were all Nihonjin. At the begin-

ning I just played with Nisei boys. As I got older I started to play with the Mexican and Italian kids.] [At home we spoke all Japanese. My mother emphasized that a lot. She taught us Japanese manners and a lot of things like that. My folks always said for me to respect my elders. They taught us quite a bit about the things my mother and father had learned in the old country. They thought that all of us should learn it too as they had some idea of going back to Japan some day and taking us with them. All of this stuff seemed very harsh to me as I didn't believe that I should respect my elders and not say anything at all if they were in the wrong. According to the Japanese way, you're supposed to accept everything they say and not even hint that they are wrong because that is supposed to be some kind of an insult. That's why the old men thought that they knew everything and they were so stubborn. < One of the good things my mother taught me was to try to be happy at all times. She said that it was no shame to be poor. She was always a sucker for beggars who came around asking for a hand-out. I remember once when we were poor she gave some beggar our dinner and then she told us to go pray to God and give thanks that we would have something to eat the next night. I didn't think that was such a hot idea. >

"We ate Japanese food at home all the time and I liked it. I sort of miss it out here because we don't get it very much. We had a lot of other Japanese things in our home just like in the other Nihonjin homes but it didn't seem to affect us too much. < We were all boys and the folks' lectures didn't do too much good if we didn't believe in it. I remember when I was young, my mother used to tell us a lot of stories about Japan. She was from a

pretty well to do family so that she enjoyed the better things of life over there in the old country before she was married. She always talked about going there to see her brother in Japan and I had a desire to see what her country was like. She was always talking about it and she read Japanese books and magazines whenever she had the chance.>

"I suppose that the Stockton Japanese town was pretty conservative and everyone followed a lot of the Japanese ways. Quite a few of the Nihonjin lived around us so I guess I got into that environment. There was a Japanese Buddhist church and a Japanese Christian one in the community and the people used to gather at them all the time for all of the social affairs. They celebrated all of the Japanese festivals and holidays and all of the farmer Japanese for miles around would come in from the country with their families on these occasions. < We used to have huge Bon Odori festivals twice a year and that was the biggest events of the year for all of the Nihonjin. But New Year's Day was the day that they really went to town and celebrated. All of the old men would get drunk and everyone would go around visiting friends and neighbors. My mother used to tell us stories about Japan and what a great country it was on New Year's Day. Christmas was not celebrated very much as most of the Japanese in Stockton were Buddhist. At our home we celebrated Christmas and we always bought presents for each other as very few of the other fellows followed Christmas gift giving.>

"Another thing was that I went to the Japanese language school for 10 years. A few of the teachers in that school were pretty good. We went through the same formality as in Japan and

we weren't allowed to speak any English at all when we were on the school grounds. Every time we had to bow to the Japanese teachers no matter where we met him. I didn't like that at all because I remember once when I was a hakujin friend I met the school teacher and I had to bow and my friend laughed at me. We had to learn how to read and write at the Japanese school and all they did was make us study and learn how to behave like Japanese. They were really strict but none of us boys paid much attention to it. We didn't take Japanese school very seriously. I think that it was the Japanese school that caused me to change my mind about going to Japan because I didn't like the way they were so strict in everything.

"From the fourth to the eighth grade in the language school, all we got were drills. We had to memorize everything. The teachers were mostly from Japan and they taught us to have respect for the Emperor. There was a picture of the Emperor on his white horse which was hanging in the school room and we always had to bow when we went before it. The celebration of the Emperor's birthday was one of the school holidays. Everyone was dismissed from classes and we would have big parties all day long. I really didn't know what was going on as I was too young to know that it wasn't the right thing to bow down to the Emperor so much when we were American citizens. Our Japanese teacher just expected us to be Japanese and that's how they taught us. Maybe some of the other Japanese schools weren't like that but I think they were pretty much the same. They didn't give us any military drills but it was just the teaching that I didn't like.

"When I was young I spoke Japanese all the time. [I played

with boochies entirely until I was eight years old. I didn't learn English until after I got to the public schools. At first the hakujin teacher would get mad at me because I always answered her in Japanese. I didn't know that there was a difference in language. After I was 8 years old, I began to play more with the Mexican kids but I didn't drift away from my Nihonjin friends. I was living right between Japanese and Mexican towns so I got to know both groups pretty well.

"In Stockton, every school I went to there were at least 20% Nisei kids in my classes. All of the Nisei stuck together and they used to fight against the white gangs and the Mexicans. They were a little more friendly to the Mexicans. We were always winning these fights even though we were smaller. We got along with the Mexican bunch the best and sometimes we got together to go beat up some other hakujin group. I had to change around four or five different schools as the city school set-up was like that.

"I did okay in school because I was quiet then and I never did say anything in class. I always respected my teachers as my mother told me. The teachers liked the Nihonjin kids the best because we were mostly quiet and studious while the Mexican kids were always rowdies. Very few of the teachers ever said anything bad against the boochies. In fact, some of the teachers liked the boochies so much that they would take them to their farms for a summer vacation.

"I always felt a pressure on me as the teachers thought that all boochies were smart. I had to study very hard in order to keep up with them. My mother didn't care very much as she wanted me to take more of an interest in the Nihonjin school than in the

American school because she said that sooner or later we would go back to Japan with her.] She wanted us to be educated well in Japanese things and she stressed that a lot. She said that we would have to know Japanese well in order to be well accepted in Japan. This was the reason why I wouldn't go to Japan when my folks sent my sister to take flower arrangement lessons. I was supposed to go with her but I put up such an argument that they gave in. I was afraid of going to Japan as I didn't want to leave all of my friends behind.] I knew that I had no money of my own but I wanted to stick here.

["Ever since I was young I felt that there was a difference in race. At first I felt that the boochies were superior because of all the talk about how they won all the fights at school. The boochies went around in such big gangs that the other groups in school began to get afraid to take them on. Besides that, the old folks were always talking about what a great nation Japan was and I sort of respected the country. I thought that the old men knew everything so I swallowed a lot of things they told me. But when I began to play around with the Mexican kids I felt that all people were more equal. I never felt inferior to anyone altho I did feel that our family should not be so poor so we could do the things the other kids did. < It bothered me a lot because we were so poor that I couldn't get all the clothes I wanted or go on vacations in the summer when the other kids went. There were a lot of things I wanted and I never had a chance to get them until now. >

"After going to school for a few years an Italian kid became my closest pal. We both had bikes and we used to go out on 20 mile bike trips just to go camping in some field. It was always a lot

of fun. I was afraid to stay out all night as my old lady would have gotten sore. I used to get in a lot of fights just on account of my pal but we stuck together pretty closely. When I graduated from elementary school I went to Stockton high school. My first year there I just studied hard and I kept up my reputation as a very quiet student. I made good grades just like all of the other Nisei kids. I didn't do anything in the school activities.

"In my second year at high school I started to work in the evening on a paper route from 9 to 11:00. After that it seemed that I didn't care for anything and I didn't have any fun at all during the day. The only time I had to play was after 11:00 at night. I went to the public school and Japanese school during the day and that didn't leave me any time for myself. It got me down and everything went haywire for me and I started to cut my classes at school. I met a few experienced friends and I started to get big ideas for myself.

"I got a sort of a job in a gambling joint after 11 o'clock at night as an errand boy and that was pretty daring for me. I would stand around and do errands for them and they would tip me for the things I did. I thought that this was the life. For two years I fooled around in thisway and I had more money in my pockets than I ever had before. I had to hide the money or trust the guys to keep it for me, as I couldn't take it home. I spent most of it treating the fellows as I couldn't buy any clothes since my folks would have gotten wise if I came home with some fancy outfit. It was at this time that most of my friends were haku-jins. I got interested in girls through them. After a while I went along with them in the car to go up to 'J' St. in Sacramento on

Saturday nights. I was 16 when I went to the prostitutes in Sacramento for the first time. < I was really going to the dogs. >

"At school I flunked two courses for the first time in my life. I wasn't dumb but the reason I failed was because I didn't study at all. My mother didn't press me as she wanted me to concentrate on Japanese school anyway. My mother agitated against me a lot because they knew what I was doing but I didn't care at all. < I guess I was the black sheep. >

"I had three sets of friends that were all different and I couldn't make up my mind which was the best for me. I seemed to enjoy all of them. One group was composed of the Mexican boys and they were very rugged characters. They took everything they wanted by force and I liked that method of being bold and daring. Then there was the State Garage boogie bunch who were car-crazy. They were the ones who taught me how to play poker and they made me stay out late with them as I was under their influence a lot. The third bunch was the quiet, clean-cut Stockton Nisei boys who talked nice and they didn't play around so that the girls liked them the best. I got in with them because I could be quiet when I wanted to. My brothers were all in that bunch. They were always dreaming about life and having a good job and a nice home after they got a little older. They said they would like to get married after they settled down and raise a family. They never talked dirty like in the Mexican bunch.

"When I started to flunk my courses at school and I got all of those lectures at home, it sort of woked me up and I realized that I should be more quiet as people would like me better if I changed. I was very unsociable at that time as I was still a

junior in high school. I had other things on my mind like my work so that I didn't have time to concentrate on school.

"After I quieted down a little bit, I started to date nice Nisei girls out and I enjoyed that. None of the Stockton girls would talk to any of the Nisei boys who had a reputation of being rugged. I began to visit these girls in their homes and I always acted polite to their parents and my home training became useful then because it always made an impression with the old folks when I spoke Japanese and followed the Japanese customs of greeting and saying goodbye. I quit going around with Mexican and Filipino girls as they were no good anyway and were only interested in the money I had to spend on them.

"After that I began to go out of my way to be friendly with more of the Nisei boys. I found that their ways of thinking would keep me out of trouble. I settled down quite a bit and I paid more attention to my homework. I would go right home after finishing my paper route instead of hanging out at the gambling joint. My grades at school went up and I was doing pretty good. I was a quiet boy again. Inside I felt much better as the other kind of life didn't make me feel quite right. I drifted away from the other gangs that I knew as they did things that I thought were wrong. They used to beat up guys when they were drunk in order to steal their pocketbook but I never took part in things like this as I felt it was wrong. The Mexican kids in the gang understood and they never expected me to help robbing guys. I guess I went with them so long because my brother picked on me and I didn't want them to tell me the faults of my friends.

"In my last year at high school I started to go steady with a

boochie girl for the first time in my life. I wanted to be a big success and make a good impression on her. Through her, the more quiet~~er~~ boys began to accept me and they began to include me in the things that they did. I got in with them real good and I became one of them.

"The Nisei in high school were much smarter in the classes than the hakujin and they always got the highest grades. There were about 400 boochies in the high school out of the 3500 there and the boochies would always get more of the highest honors at graduation time. Maybe it was because they studied more than the hakujin kids. The Japanese Students Club was the biggest organization in the school and it provided all of the social activities for the Nisei. The Nisei felt superior at times and the hakujin kids didn't try to pick on us because they thought that all Nisei were good in judo.

"Our club would call an annual Japanese high school students conference and we all looked forward to that. We had our own club dances but it didn't go over very much because most of the ~~Nisei~~ Nisei were pretty bashful when it came to taking out dates. The thing the Nisei did the best in was ~~in~~ sports. The Nihonjin students made all of the high school teams and there was a star Nisei athlete every year.

"I was lucky to graduate from high school when I did in the spring of 1941. I had flunked the science course in my third year and I thought that this was going to hold me back. I cheated in order to get by in this class but I couldn't quite make it in my junior year. I tried very hard by repeating this course in my senior year but it proved to be too much for me to handle alone.

Some Nisei kids helped me out and I finally managed to pass the course.]

["After I graduated from high school I went to the country right away and I started working right off the bat on the farm. I did farm work for Sus' uncle (CH-45). I used to work 10 hours a day and seven days a week and I only got 40c an hour so I didn't have any time to play around. It was enjoyable work as it was clean living and I was able to build up my health. I worked hard and I slept well. The work gang were all Issei so I didn't have anything else to do after work. I was able to get along pretty well with the Issei workers as I knew boochie pretty good. I never had trouble speaking Japanese to anyone. I didn't have time to spend my money so I was able to save about \$60 a month and put it in the bank. I was making more money than my two older brothers who were working for \$60 a month in the grocery store and fish market for much longer hours than I was. It was no use staying in town as there were no good jobs for Nisei there.

< "It was at this time that my mother started thinking that she could have more faith in me. She thought that I was going to turn out to be a bum and she worried a lot about that. I wanted to make good out in the country to show my folks that I could do it if I wanted to. > I started to work as a common laborer but I got to get more responsible jobs, after I was there on the farm for a whole season. I worked at that place for a whole year and I didn't go play around even once. I was there until after the war started. I gave all of the money I made to my folks as I felt that I owed them something for bringing me up. < They had made plenty of sacrifices for us and I always felt that I should do something for them

some day. > I only kept \$30 a month for myself.

"The time I felt the proudest was when I brought a \$150 check for one month as it included a bonus and I gave it to my father.] My mother got tears in her eyes and she said that I was a good boy. She thought that I was a natural spendthrift before that. I had never saved any money from country work when I went out during the summer vacation while I was still in high school because I always played around and spent everything.

"While I was working down in Terminus Island, I only went home about once a month. My social life was entirely cut off and I broke off with my girl friend because she got interested in some other fellows who were nearer in town. I only went to one dance in a whole year. I didn't go to church or anything as I was working too hard all the week around.

"Just before the war, I didn't have any definite plan about what I was going to do for my future. What I really wanted to do was to make a little money so I could start a small farm of my own some place. I thought that this was the best way for me to make a living. I had some thoughts of going to school some more but I never got around to it. I did plan on going into a mechanic school in order to learn welding after I made enough money but this plan did not come out because of the war. I didn't think too much of these things anyway as I was always too tired.

"I thought that I would have to live around Stockton all of my life but I had a feeling that I would like to live in a big city like San Francisco for a while in order to see more of life. I got pretty bored with that country life as I always did the same thing every day and I saw the same faces for months at a time. I wanted

to have some more excitement as I didn't care to be doing that kind of farm labor all of my life.

"I liked Stockton quite a bit and I thought that I would have to live there all of my life but I had a feeling that I would make a change some time. The only recreation that I had in the six months before the war was to play pool and go bowling. That's how I got to know the Filipino fellows xreal well. I played card games for small stakes with them for fun and I always seemed to win. I didn't take it seriously at that time as I was still a hard worker and I thought that my job in the country was more important. I knew that I couldn't get other jobs so easily and if I worked in the city I would only make about \$50 or \$60 a month. Very few nisei fellows made much more than that.

"I was a member of some boochie club but I didn't get around to the meetings too much. I was in about three Nisei clubs but they never had very much activities. The sports clubs were the most active ones. I played basketball and I was on the track team for them. It was a lot of fun and we would throw out track meets on Sundays and everybody from the valley would send the teams down. That was the only time that the Nisei boys and girls got along real well.

"I didn't even know about the JACL before the war as that was for the older Nisei. I had belonged to a Debate club in high school and I used to argue about girls and other things like that. I didn't know a thing about politics and that was only for the older Nisei. Such things just didn't enter our lives. I read the English section of the language ~~mg~~ paper but it was mostly news of social activities among the Nisei and I didn't read the other

stuff.

"On December 7, 1941, I was working out in the field as we usually work on Sundays too. There were some hakujin, Filipino and Japanese workers out thereworking together. We heard the news over the radio in the shed about 2:00 in the afternoon. At first nobody took it very seriously. In my mind I couldn't believe it at all. It was something out of a clear blue sky as I had no idea that there was trouble between this country and Japan. I didn't think that such a thing as war could ever come along. I felt sort of funny and I didn't think that it was right to blame Japan for the bombing of Pearl Harbor until it was definitely proven. But in the back of my mind I had a feeling that it was Fate and that it was sure to be war so that Japan would have to pay for it eventually. I didn't see how Japan could ever stand up against the United States.

"It wasn't any difference of feeling among the other workers, altho a few of the Filipinos made some remarks about us. The Filipinos really didn't get real violent against the Japanese until a little later when Japan started to take over the Philippines. I figured that I was living in this country and I couldn't say anything but I didn't like the way some of those hakujin and Filipinos talked about the Japanese ~~xxxxxxx~~ as it seemed to reflect on us. Everybody seemed to get calm and sober after that and we all kept on working.

"I stayed on the farm for a short while after the war broke out. I began to hear rumors from the Issei who suddenly became very conscious of the war. They all stuck up for Japan and I didn't hear very much of the ~~ixax~~ other side of the argument.

The Issei workers told me that the American admirals knew what was coming and that Pearl Harbor was not a sneak attack. They said that Japan had broadcasted that they were going to attack but the admirals didn't take it seriously. They also told me that one general was playing cards when Japan phoned that they were going to attack. The general answered that a puny little country like Japan would not dare attack America. The Issei said men said that Japan would show them. They got mad when I said that the newspapers were saying that the attack on Pearl Harbor was a stab in the back. These old men got pretty excited about the war and they were thrilled that Japan were doing something at last. It made them happy. They were sure Japan would never lose. They would bring out facts how strong Japan's army and navy was. I just listened and didn't say anything as I knew it was no use arguing with them. I only argued on the small points. I told them that they shouldn't talk like that as it would only get them into trouble later on. One old man based his arguments on the fact that America was getting a little too close to Nihon and they wouldn't let the Nihonjins let in on the open door policy in China so that Japan had to fight in order to survive. I felt that this might have been the truth because it did look like Japan was getting cramped in. The Issei said that Japan was doing the same thing that the United States did and they had gone into China to educate the people and also give room for 90,000,000 Japanese to expand. The way he said it, it sounded pretty logical and in a way I believed it and I didn't see why everyone was getting so excited.

"But even then, I felt I was for this country as I was born

here but I was worried too about what would happen to us if the feeling turned. I felt that I could make myself as inconspicuous as possible.

"When all the round-ups came along, the FBI took some of the Issei around us but I didn't know exactly for what. Most of the Issei big shots were taken out and also a few Nisei. The people didn't like it very much as it was unfair, but it was no use trying to protest against the government. There were so inus in Stockton and they were the ones who went around and found out about the Japanese and gave this information to the FBI. The people felt that they couldn't do anything in Stockton, but they would get these dogs later on. They had the crazy idea that the Japanese government would punish all of these inus later on and the rumor said that the names of every dog was already listed in Japan and that these names had been broadcast by shortwave. Some of the Nisei took matters in their own hands and they beat up one or two of these dogs as they felt that their fathers had been innocent when taken in by the FBI.

"One of the dogs was a father of a good friend of mine. He got paid \$300 a month to turn in information on the other Japanese. He was an Issei too. Another inu was a very respected man in the Japanese community. The people claimed that he was an inu because his father-in-law's bookstore was the only Japanese store that was not raided by the FBI. He made a bargain so that his father-in-law was let alone if he was informed on the other people. There were a couple of nisei who were called dogs but I don't know if it was true or not. There was a rumor that this particular nisei was working for the FBI and everyone mistrusted

him.

"My folks reacted to the war in the same way as the other Issei. We had many arguments when my father had it in his mind that Nihon was going to win the war. He would brag about Japan's battleships and all of the successes that the Japanese Army was having. He boasted that the American fleet could never defeat it because Japan secretly built up a powerful fleet. He said Nihon was getting richer and stronger every minute that the war went on and that no country in the world could ever defeat her. He only spoke out like this when he was under the influence of liquor but it showed me that he believed all this in his mind and he didn't say it at other times. My mother had it in her mind that Japan would come out ahead in the war but she never argued with us about it. She just told us that all of her childhood friends and her brother were going to be killed in the Japanese army. One of them already had been killed in a China campaign. I suppose that most Issei felt the same way but many of them did not say any of this in public. They new way before the Nisei that they were not wanted and that they were going to get kicked around.

"There were a lot of Filipino incidents in Stockton. One garage attendant was shot to death one night by a crazy Filipino. The Filipinos started to boycott all of the Japanese stores and Japanese were getting squeezed out of business little by little. There never was any open riots though. The Filipinos stayed in their own district and the Japanese stayed in theirs. Not all of the Filipinos were this way as many of them were well attached to the Japanese in work and pleasure. There were many of them who felt sorry for the Japanese when the evacuation started.

"In the place where I worked the Filipinos were quiet. There was just one who gave us any trouble and he used to yell at us as if we caused the war. The hakujin seemed pretty distant and we never got close. My father never had ~~any~~ any boycotts from the hakujin in his cleaning work. I started to think of going home right after the war broke out and my parents kept writing for me to come so I quit in February, 1942 and I rejoined my folks. After that I worked in little shed around town now and then and I lived at home.

I

"When talk of evacuation first stated, I began to make friends with Nihonjin friends of my age so I could have fun with them if we all had to go to the same camp. We all thought that evacuation was a dirty deal. In Stockton the Nisei were more Japanesy than other places because of the old folks and the training of the Japanese community. A lot of the Nisei were just starting out on their own and everything was lost out to them so they got pretty sore about the whole business.

"Really inside, I felt that the hakujin had no right to evacuate us. It was all wrong as I felt a little mad about it. I was a little excited too as I thought that it might be a good experience for me to go to a camp. I felt that there was no use to argue with the Army as we had to go.

"I heard a lot of rumors about what the Nisei were going through in other places. In Los Angeles the Nisei got kicked out of civil service jobs and the mayor down there double-crossed them. He called them treacherous and everything else and he said that eyes should be kept on them. Before then, he was supposed to be for the Nisei but he sure changed his colors quickly. He wasn't

sincere towards the Japanese at all and he was only for them as long as he could get their votes. It made me feel that you couldn't trust any hakujin and I had no faith in any of them. The Issei passed all kinds of rumors around about how Nihon was going to save them. They were pretty scared too. They said that the Nisei had nobody to turn back to so that our citizenship was no good. They felt sorry for us mostly but they didn't like those Nisei who went around supporting this country in a loud way. They thought that this was cheap as they felt that the Nisei had Japanese blood so the least they could do was to keep quiet.

"We didn't have much trouble getting ready for the evacuation as we only had our house furniture and a car to dispose of. We stored² our house furnishing in an American home of a customer. My folks figured that we would be coming back in a year at the latest so they felt that they could stand the camp life for a while and that it was no use selling all of our belongings because we would need them later on. What got me down was that our family was just getting started ^{finally} ~~xxxxxxx~~ farming and I felt that we were getting cheated. Seven out of eight of us were working at that time and I knew that if I got a farm the family could keep it up. We had had so much hard times before when every time we got started something would happen to throw us back. This was the worst blow of all as we didn't know what would happen to us. I was pretty disgusted with everything and I felt then that I had no reason to fight for America. I thought that whatever Japan was doing, it was none of our business to butt in. But it's funny because I would ^{argue} ~~argue~~ with my folks if they said the same things ~~xxxxxxx~~ I just didn't like anybody to say anything against

the U.S. I didn't like anyone to say anything against Japan either. I didn't know where I stood exactly altho I did feel closer to the Japanese community when we were all getting ready to evacuate. Truthfully I never gave the serious things much thought as my morale was low.

"My gang didn't feel too much different and we did the same things as before. I don't know what happened to me but I began to get more drunk often. There wasn't much else for me to do and I got bored waiting around to be evacuated. It was easy to go into a bar and loaf around. I got in with a much older Nisei bunch this time and I just went along with them. Most of the time we just talked about sex and we would go to the prostitutes for the 'last time' every time we heard a rumor that we were going to get moved soon. I began to gamble a little too but it was all small stuff. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

"I had no thought of the future except that sooner or later we would have to make a new start some place. I figured that we would be in camp for the duration and that it would be about five years before the war ended. I thought that I would be able to escape from the camp in some way but I didn't know how. We were evacuated in April, 1942. They loaded us all on in the busses while the hakujin people came down to say goodbye just looked at us. Then we were taken five miles to the Stockton Assembly Center. There were a lot of American people who came down to visit their friends at the assembly center during the time we were there.

"To me the Stockton Assembly Center looked like a dump when I first saw it. We were assigned to barracks and it looked like some of the places I had lived in the country. I thought that we

were going to be put into a neat place, but there was grass growing inside the barracks. It came through the cracks in the floor. My brothers and father did all of the fixing up of the furniture while I went around the wolf around immediately. It felt strange to be in a place like that but I didn't think too much of it. Everyone else was there so there was nothing we could do about it except gripe a little. It wasn't too much of a change for me and I got to meet a lot of friends so I didn't mind so much.

"Pretty soon I got tired of waffing around so I got my job through another fellow who quitted. I was made a grandstand policeman and I was supposed to keep all of the people out of a certain section of the grandstand. The administration offices were located under this section and they didn't want people running all over it. My work was supposed to last until 8 at night but I never did put in my full hours because there was nobody around to check us. I did this job all the time I was in the assembly center. Nothing much happened to make it exciting. But the fellows usually came around to gab with me so it didn't seem like working so much.

"I began to play baseball for one of the teams there but I didn't go to very many of the camp dances. These dances were very puny and my gang wasn't much interested in it. All the guys did in camp was to talk about girls and which was the best one to go after. I didn't fool around the girls so much in Stockton because my pals weren't the type to take them too seriously and make a heavy play for them. It was all innocent stuff.

"Poker playing was my main project in camp and that's about

all I did to pass the time away. Sometimes we used to sit around all night and talk about the fun we had before. Sometimes we felt sorry for ourselves but actually I didn't lose very much. I had worked hard before evacuation and I was pretty steady so I needed the rest. All of the excitement wore off after a couple of months and then it began to get a little dull. We played baseball games almost every evening and that was our main recreation. I didn't have a special girl friend during the time I was in the assembly center so I didn't do much mugging with the girls. There was a lot of that going on because that was the first time the girls were able to get away from their house so freely. Before the war the girls were not able to go out of the house at night. Even in camp many of the ~~xxxx~~ parents kept the girls in and they were not allowed to go to all the activities which were going on.

"The canteen was the place where we used to gather the most. We stole everything from there because we didn't like the hakujin manager and there was talk that he pocketed a lot of the money and gyped the people. We felt that we were evening things up. I never stole so many things in my life but we didn't consider it stealing as it was more of a game to burn the manager up. I went around most with just two guys and they were pretty quiet. The rest of the fellows I knew were friends that I just talked to once in a while. [My days got to be pretty boring and I found that there was nothing to do so that it drove me almost nuts.] I don't know what I wanted because I don't think I would have been happy outside the center either. It was just the idea of being in a place like camp and not knowing what it was all about. I really couldn't understand it.

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"Once in a while I went with my friends to parties. Most of our recreation was in sports though. The Nisei in camp were quiet and they seemed too much like country people. They didn't know how to have real fun and maybe I didn't either. I know that I didn't agree with their ideas as they seemed to be too simple. I always got bored as we never talked about very much.

"All of us got into definite gangs later on, but we didn't have any big gang fights in our camp because we all knew each other fairly well. Nobody wore zoot suits at the Stockton Assembly Center because it was something that the fellow didn't dare to do until later on. There wasn't a single fellow that I know of that had a pachute haircut either. They learned all of these things from the Los Angeles fellows. I wasn't too close to any of my friends but I just used to get together with them and shoot the bull because there was nothing else to do. It was just ~~ixak~~ an experience and I didn't have the fun there that some guys talked about having. I was just living and I didn't fool around too much. All I did was waste time. We all respected the girls as we knew them pretty well, but some of the guys were already fooling around with a few of the girls ~~were~~ who were getting pretty wild.

"The administration in camp was okay but I never paid much attention to them as I figured that they were trying hard enough. I didn't blame them for putting us into camp as that was the Army's fault. Some of the administration were pretty sympathetic to the people in camp but I heard that there were others who were dirty dogs. I didn't care just so they didn't bother me. My work was not too hard and no one bullied me so that it didn't make much difference. The Issei in camp at that time were all quiet and

they didn't have much to say as the Nisei more or less took over everything.

"I just drifted along and waited for something to happen. I didn't know what was going to happen but I just felt that a change had to come. I didn't exactly strain to get out of camp or anything like that, but it was just a general feeling that I had. I forgot about the war altogether and my only interest were things going on in the camp life, which was pretty dull in itself. At times I thought that I would like to volunteer into the Army as the camp life was so boring, but I never got around to that because I knew the people in camp wouldn't like it too much.

"There isn't much else that I can remember about my life at the Stockton Assembly Center as we only did little unimportant things. We talked around that same old racetrack every night and looked at the girls. Everybody knew each other and they were all waiting for the next step without exactly knowing what it was. Then the rumors began to start after a couple of months. We heard that we were going to be sent out to another camp and all of the people began to look lively again and wonder where we would go. All of the people stole lumber in order to make crates to ship their belongings and some of them even took the barn doors down to make boxes. The police had to step in and guard the government property or else there wouldn't have been any lumber left at all. Everybody got pretty restless and we passed the time wondering where we would go next. They just wouldn't tell us because it was supposed to be a military secret or something. They just wanted to keep us in doubt and a lot of guessing certainly went on.

"When we learned that we were going to Rohwer, I didn't care

very much. I just wanted to leave Stockton and get away from the boring life there. We got on the train about in October and we finally left the state behind. I didn't care if we were sent out of the state because the further we went, the more of a trip we would get out of it. We heard rumors that the Santa Anita people would be at Rohwer and we were pretty scared of them because they had a reputation of being very rugged. When I got to Rohwer, it seemed to me that the Santa Anita Nihonjin acted sort of superior to us. They thought they were better than we were because they had been around more and they acted sophisticated just because they came from the city while most of the people from Stockton Assembly Center were from the country.

"The Rohwer relocation center was much better built than the Stockton assembly center. We had much more space to live in and I didn't mind the fence or the military guards too much as the camp was pretty big and I was still curious about the new camp life at the beginning. I thought I had better go to work right away so that I would not get bored. At first everybody pitched in together to build up the camp but after that each person began to look after himself first of all.

"I got a job as an office boy at first and all I did was to bring papers to certain desks in the administration building. Then I would have to sit around and wait for somebody to call me to do something else. I spent this free time meeting new people around the building and that occupied me for a while. I also began to meet some of the new fellows in camp from the Santa Anita assembly center. I found out that the Santa Anita group were friendly enough to us and they were not as stuck up as I

thought. Pretty soon I got tired of my office boy job and since they were cutting down the number of people employed in certain departments anyway, I quit the job and began to look for something else.

"The block managers announced that there was a need for some fellows to put up the plaster boards on the walls of the barracks so I signed up and became a volunteer carpenter for the block. When our block was finished, I quit that job because I didn't like it so well. Winter was coming on and they needed fellows to go out and chop wood so I signed up to be a lumberjack right off the bat. It was very hard work as we had to go out and chop trees down so that the camp people could have fuel for the cold days. The main idea of chopping all of these trees down was the clear the land for farming. I did this work for a couple of months and I hardened my body up. This job gave me a chance to get a lot of exercise. I managed to make some friends through this work as we all went out together. It was a different group from the ones I had been going around with in camp before. That's how I got to know some of the L.A. fellows and I found that they knew their way around pretty good. My last job at Rohwer was working as the head timekeeper for a department. I took this job over when Sus (CH-45) went out of camp to resettle. It was an easy job and the only thing I did was to mark down 8 hours of work every day for each worker in the department. I never took time to check them because I ~~xi~~ figured that they were getting so cheaply paid anyway that they didn't have to put in full time.

"I really took up my social life at Rohwer and that's where I got started real good. We began to go to all of the dances in

gangs add we would crash the gates without paying. We could have afforded the small admission price but it was more fun to crash the gate. We never introduced ourselves when we out in on any of the girls and some of the other fellows didn't like that so much so they wanted to start fights. The Santa Anita bunch was much more rugged than we were and they really got into a lot of trouble. Some of those L.A. fellows had all sorts of affairs with the girls and they were always looking around for some girl with a reputation to take out. At first I didn't want to meet too many of the Santa Anita bunch as I didn't want to be taken for a sucker. There were some gang fights at the dances but I never was involved myself.

"There was one Santa Anita gang that used to go to all of the dances and they would deliberately ~~fix~~ pick fights with the Stockton fellows and they bullied everyone so that the Stockton bunch was pretty much afraid of them. The Santa Anita boys had much more of a gang spirit than we did and they didn't want any of the Stockton boys to meet the Santa Anita girls. But they were always coming around to meet all of the Stockton girls and we couldn't do much about that because the girls all seem to go for this group because they were from the city and they knew their way around.

"After a while we formed a club of our own and we called ourselves the Esquires. All of us fellows felt that we could get along with each other the best in camp and we were all pledged to stick by each other as long as we lived there. We trusted each other and we went to all of the dances together. We even had the same kind of pants draped out for each of us and we began to let out hair grow. We hadn't dare to do such a thing in Stockton but

all of the fellows at Rohwer were doing it. I guess we got a little braver there and we would swipe a lot of food from the mess hall and have our own parties. Some of the older people in camp thought that we were getting too rugged, but we were pretty peaceful compared to some of those Santa Anita boys.

"From then on we started to meet a lot of the L.A. fellows and girls. We were known as the Sharpies from Stockton and they thought we weren't so 'square' when they saw how we were dressed. We always went out all draped out in style like the L.A. fellows so that we got along good.

"Everybody had the feeling that girls were the main object of camp life. That's all we did. We would chase the girls day and night and I began to get different ideas from what I had ~~xx~~ at the Stockton assembly center and before the war. I guess I didn't respect the girls so much as I did before. I was the quietest one my whole gang and I never brought a girl to the dances. I just dances with the girls the other guys brought or else I would cut in on some girls that I didn't even know. We had much more fun with the Santa Anita girls because they were not so timid about things. Some of the boys took these girls behind the barracks but I never touched them as I was more backward about fooling around nice girls and it embarrassed me to feel them up. It was important for everybody to have a steady girl friend so we had to do the same thing. Even the backward guys in our gang got girl friends and I was the only one who didn't go steady. I just picked on any girl who looked like fun and I would play around with her until I changed to somebody else a week later. It really was a lot of fun and I found that it wasn't hard for me to

attract girls. We all went to the dances with out draped pants on and we never let anybody cut in on us.

"We were out for ourselves and we never did anything for the good of the camp. We just talked about girls all the time and that was the only thing on our minds. I wasn't aware of what went on in camp at all. The Stockton guys began to stick up for their rights more and they got sharper in their clothes so that the L.A. fellows didn't try to push them around quite so much. All this time the old people were laying around camp or taking over the jobs in the mess hall or else just griping about something. We didn't care for any of these things and we did not care who was elected to be the block manager.

"The boys were all getting much bolder with their parents and the girls were changing too as they were learning about the facts of life in the empty barracks. There was one L.A. fellow who was able to get a lot of contraceptives in some way and he used to sell them to everybody. Most of the girls in camp were still nice though and only a few of them went out all the way. It seems that all of the Nisei were getting serious about marriage as they didn't have much else to do and they thought only about things that were important that day or else about things that had happened back home. They never thought too much of the future. At least I never heard them talking about it and I know that our gang didn't. It was no fun in camp for any girl who didn't have a boy friend and they were more willing to mug and do other things in order to hold their boy friends. The Issei objected to all of this because they thought that we were all going bad, but the Nisei didn't listen very much any more. We had to have our fun or xelse camp

would have bored us to death. We were going along swell for 3 or 4 months and having a lot of fun and we didn't know what was happening on the outside.

"The first time that we became aware of the political situation in camp was when the registration came along in February, 1943 and we had to make an answer to a questionnaire which all of the people in camp were getting excited about. Most of the guys in my gang didn't know what to answer. A lot of them just flipped a coin and answered that way instead of arguing with their folks. The Issei in camp had a lot of influence on this matter and they really put the pressure on all of us for the first time. They tried to make all of the Nisei give in to them and a lot of those Kibei and single Issei bachelors were agitating like hell. This made the Nisei mad and they didn't like to be told what to do. They wanted to make up their own minds even if they didn't know what it was all about.

"However, many of the Nisei were influenced into answering according to the way the older folks thought. The Issei said it was all a big trick that the Army was trying to pull so that we shouldn't answer those questions. Some of those Issei would stand around the mess hall where the registration was going on and they would kibitz everyone who went in to register and try to influence them not to go in at all. I thought about it for a while and decided to answer 'yes-yes' when my mind was made up as I didn't want trouble with the government. I was really surprised that so many people wanted to oppose the government.

"My whole family answered the questionnaire in the same way as I did. At first my folks thought like the rest of the Issei

and they told me not to register, but they finally decided that they didn't want to go to Tule Lake so they answered yes. My father still had a farm in California and he felt that there was nothing definite for him in Japan because he was getting old and my brothers and I wouldn't think of going to Japan to live. We just didn't think of that idea. I don't know why so many of the Nisei thought that they would like it better in Japan but I suppose that their folks built it up for them and they didn't know any better. I wouldn't even consider such a thing because even if we were kicked around, we belong here.

"A lot of the Nisei were influenced by their folks but I don't know much of what went on inside the family walls so I didn't pay much attention to the registration after I filled my form out. The Kibei fellows were the ones who were most actively opposed to the registration. They went around and openly said that they would never fight for the U.S. and that sort of griped me. However, I didn't argue with them because I didn't see the sense of it. I thought that if they felt that way it would be better for them and for us if they went to Tule Lake because the camp would be more peaceful then and we would have more fun without any more of these squabbles.

"After the registration some of the Nisei began to talk about resettlement but I didn't have any plans for the future as I figured that it was pretty hopeless. I thought I would be taken into the Army eventually anyway. At the same time I was beginning to get discontented with camp life because it was the same old routine every day. I knew that different things were happening on the outside and I began to get a little curious about what went

on outside of camp.

"I didn't start thinking definitely about resettlement for myself until all of my friends began to leave camp one by one. When I first talked about it to my folks, they objected to my leaving until I reminded my father that he had come to America for adventure too and therefore he shouldn't think of trying to prevent me from going out on some adventure of my own. My folks said that they didn't object to that so much, but they figured that there would be too much discrimination against me on the outside and I would have a hard time making a living.

"Most of the people of our block were all against resettlement and they all agitated against me too. They advised my folks not to let me go about because it was too dangerous. My mother thought that I was too young to go out alone to a strange city and she said that the Army would take me sooner if I left camp. That was the rumor that was going around at that time. I told my mother that I wanted to have my fun before I went into the Army so she finally gave in and I got her consent.

"The thing was that I was getting fed up with the camp life. It seems that all of the boys and the girls were getting too simple and I didn't care to go on in that life forever even though it was fun. The fellows and girls were getting too serious but I couldn't get that way over my girl friend even though I did tell her a lot of things that I didn't mean. Everybody seemed to be lonesome for something and even the girls of 18 were trying to hook the fellows into marriage. I didn't want to get involved in any of that serious stuff because I felt I was too young to even consider marriage.

"I felt that I should get out of camp and get started on my own again. I wanted to get a good job and make some money. I heard a lot of rumors that I could find good jobs out in Chicago and make money hand over fist. Another reason why I began to get excited about leaving was that [I became anxious to get back to the city life.] Sus (Ch-45) asked me to come out with him, x but I didn't think of going out of camp seriously until the gang started to go out one by one. Finally my older brother resettled so I decided to definitely go myself. All of a sudden another member of the club asked me to come with him so I agreed. He was much older than I was as he was 28 and he knew his way around so that we decided to go together and we made our plans. I was more or less dependent on him to make the arrangement as I didn't know what to do if I came out alone. ✓ PL1

"We left camp on May 17, 1943. We got an indefinite leave and that was a lot of red tape. We finally got a WPA cash grant and that paid for my railroad fare out here. I had about \$50 of my own that I won in gambling and I figured that this amount was enough to start out with. The reason why I decided to come to Chicago was that my friends were here and my folks wanted me to be near my older brother so he could keep an eye on me. My mother told me just before I left that I should work hard and save my money and to do my best to make a success. She advised me not to get into any trouble and go around only with nice boys.

"We telegraphed the Canfield Beverage Co. for a job because some of the other fellows had been recruited by that company to go there. The man in charge wired right away and said we could come out immediately as there were plenty of job open for us.

When that was settled, we breathed a lot easier. As soon as we got here we loafed around for a whole week to take in the sights and get used to the city life. I moved in with Sus as he had an open bed. When I first came to Chicago it scared me as the city was so big and I felt lost. At first I was very self-conscious and I felt that all of the people were staring at me because I was a Jap. I was wearing my drape and some of the boochies told me not to wear them as it looked too conspicuous but I didn't pay any attention to them as I didn't see any wrong in it.

"When I went to work I soon found that it was a hard job at Canfield for me as it was mostly lifting work. I was getting 65c an hour to start out with. There were quite a few Nisei working there and I got along pretty well with them. I didn't like the Nisei foreman so much because he thought he was big time. As soon as I started to work, the other Nisei guys were agitating for everyone to quit that place as they said it was a sucker's job. and that the wages were too low. They said that we could get much higher wages at some other place and that jobs were easy to get. The thing that they were sore about was that the boss had promised raises in pay and he never did some through with it. The Nisei fellows felt that they were being gypped and they didn't like to take it lying down.

"One hakujin foreman there tried to ~~far~~ treat us like Negroes. He was a relative of the boss and he thought he could push us around. He didn't realize that we weren't used to being pushed around like the Negro workers that he had under him before. All of the guys resented this man and they never cooperated with him for that reason. The Nisei foreman didn't stick up for us as much

as he should have. He was always promising us a lot of things so that we would work hard for him but he never came through either. I got disgusted with things so I began to agitate among the boys to quit too. In my mind, I knew that I wouldn't stay at Canfield's too long as I didn't like the job.

"During the second week I worked there we held a strike for higher wages. We had a right to do that as most of the boys had been working there for over 2 months and they didn't get the promised wage raise after the first 30 days. We all went to the plant one morning and we wouldn't punch in our time until everything was settled. We waited for Mr. Canfield to come to the office so we could talk to him. The funny part of the whole thing was that some of the guys who had been working there for a long time didn't say a word but went to work without supporting our protest. I was outspoken in my criticism so that the fellows appointed me to do the talking for the group. We gave all of our complaints and Mr. Canfield got pretty mad at us. He said that we were not grateful enough for all of the help he had given to the Nisei. He decided finally that he would give us a small raise as he didn't want to lose all of the workers. He gave us quite a lecture about our responsibility and then we went back to work. I was disappointed because everyone didn't back us up so I decided to look out for only myself after that. I was only doing it for the benefit of the other Nisei workers and they didn't all give us support.

"After that I started to think about getting another job. In the meantime some of my other friends had quit the place already and they told me to come out to H.B. Smith's to work as it was

much better there. One day I took a day off without telling the foreman. When I went back to the job the next day, I was informed that I was fired. I got pretty burnt up about this so I told the foreman exactly what I thought of him. I called him a stinking Jew and did he get sore. He practically kicked me out of the place.

For the next 3 weeks I just loafed around as I didn't feel like working. It didn't seem like there was any percentage in it. I had enough money saved up to play around for about 2 months if I wanted to. It was about this time that I began to buy all of my clothes and I bought a couple of drape suits but they are not extreme zoot suits. When I ran out of money I decided to go to work again. I knew that H.B. Smith's needed workers and they were taking on Nisei so I just dropped in one day and I started to work immediately. At first I was assigned to wrap paper rolls and I got 60c an hour for this. It was on a night shift. I worked very hard for the next 3 weeks and I didn't go out and spend my money or play around at all. I felt sort of lost as most of my friends were on the day shift. The Nisei at H.B. Smiths seemed to be unfriendly so I didn't talk to nobody.

After I caught on to my work, it wasn't so hard. More and more, the boss began to give me the better jobs and I got along with him the best. There were about 60 Nisei working in the plant at that time and only 15 hakujin. Later on over 150 Nisei were hired in that company. Most of the Nisei were just laborers and they did all of the dirty work. I worked right along with the rest of them until the boss began to give me special attention.

The Nisei were quitting that place left and right but more

and more new Nisei were coming in to take their places. By the end of 1943 most of the workers in the plant seemed to be Nisei as the hakujin fellows were all going into the Army. By that time I was getting 75c an hour and I was getting more responsibilities in my work. I was working pretty steadily and I was taking my job seriously. During this time a lot of my friends started to come out of camp and they started to work with us. They were mostly on seasonal leave and came to work for a couple of months and then returned to camp.

"The work began to get pretty easy for me and I got much more confidence in myself. The boss praised me a lot for my hard work so that I felt obligated to stick pretty steadily to the job. He began to treat me like a man. The boss was a kind of guy who was always joking around and he was well liked by the other Nisei. But I knew that he was two-faced and he only acted this way in order to keep the Nisei workers from quitting right and left. He would have his moods and I got pretty sore one day when I overheard him making some remarks to another hakujin foreman about how shifty the Japs were. He also made other remarks when he thought that no nisei were around to hear him. Whenever there was a little trouble in the plant he always blamed it on the Nisei.

"I don't know what happened but he began to ride me a lot. Sure, it was kidding but I didn't like it. I had a big row with him one day and I was so sore that I was just about ready to quit the job. All of the things I had stored up inside of me came out all of a sudden and I told the boss that I didn't like to be picked on like that. * I told him that I didn't care if he was the boss, but he had no right to ride me like that. The funny

thing was that the boss listened quietly to everything that I had to say and as I walked away in a rage, he stopped me and apologized. He asked me to stay on at the job. I felt a little ashamed of myself because I guess I was a little too sensitive and the boss didn't mean to hurt my feelings. I just had an idea that he was picking on me because I knew that he had a lot of different opinions of the Japs which he never said to us to our faces. From that time on, I sort of felt that I had the upper hand and he laid off of me. He became more aware of my feelings so that he treated me good after that and I felt that I was a man and an equalx instead of a clown to be kicked around.

"When things began to run smoothly in the plant, the boochie fellows all began to run all of the big machines. They had not been allowed to do these important jobs before as the boss didn't quite trust them. But when all of the hakujin workers left the plane he had to let us do it. The boss left us alone and we did our work. Pretty soon he began to figure that he needed a Nisei assistant foreman so he appointed one of the guys for that job. This fellows was about 28 years old and he began to look after all of the details of supervising the crew. Then I was appointed to be the assistant to the assistant foreman and I got raised to 80c an hour.

"Just about this time Lester (CH-47) came to live with us and he got a job at H.B. Smith too. He worked steady for 3 months without fooling around once. I had seen him once in a while back in camp but I never was friends with him until I brought him into our apartment. Another guy who was living with us went back to camp and we needed another person to live with us in order to

lower our rent cost. I met Lester through my pal at the plant so I just brought him into our apartment and he started living with us. We went along working very hard at H.B. Smith's and we didn't fool around. Then the Nisei assistant foreman decided to get into the day shift so he transferred. I thought that I might be appointed to be the new assistant foreman but I thought I was too young to have that responsibility. I was surprised when the boss gave me the job anyway and I was raised to 90c an hour. My job was just to take care of the roll wrapper and supervise 5 or 10 fellows. At first I felt funny about giving orders to these older guys but there weren't any kickbacks. They were all 5 or 6 years older but they didn't seem to mind that I was their foreman. I was in a good job and I should have worked even harder but something happened to me about this time and I don't exactly know what it is yet.

"All I know is that all of a sudden I began to get restless and pretty disgusted with everything. In spite of my promotions at the plant I wasn't satisfied with life. Something was missing and I didn't exactly know what it was. I didn't have anything to do but work on the night shift and then sleep during the day. I began to get irritated with the job because maybe it was too easy. All I did was stand around and I got a little bored. The boss wouldn't let me pitch in and help the fellows and he said that it wasn't part of my work. I got so bored that once in a while I would go off to a corner and take a nap. I had too much time to think and I began to feel pretty disgusted with everything. I was getting more and more dissatisfied with everything. It wasn't only my job but everything else.

"This went on for about a month and I began to have more and more moods. I knew that this wasn't good for me as I was getting lazy so I told the boss that I would rather do physical labor. He said that I would soon get used to it so I decided to give it another trial. The boss told me that I could operate some of the big machines once in a while if I wanted to. I knew how to operate most of the machines in the plant by that time. The boss raised me to 95c an hour because he was pleased with my work and I was getting a lot of overtime. I was making plenty of money but that didn't settle my mind.

"The draft situation came in early this year and I got worried about that. I thought sure that I would be drafted in April. I told the boss that I might quit the job in a short time as I was going to get drafted soon and I wanted to rest up for a while. The boss understood that. Then another guy came to live with us and he got a job at H.B. Smith's too. Lester was still working hard at that time. The third guy began to complain right away about the job and he was always talking to us about quitting with him. I was in the mood for that so I listened to him more and more. None of the other Nisei were friendly as they thought we were bad zoot suiters so I was pretty disgusted with them.

"We began to talk about it more and more at night when we came home and Lester then got very disgusted with the set-up so we all decided to quit. It was the end of June, 1944 when we gave our notices. I had worked steadily for 11 months and I felt that I needed a vacation. I didn't see where I was getting anywhere fast. I thought that I should at least have some fun before I was drafted. Since then I haven't worked at all. (August, 1944).

"I worked pretty steadily until right near the end when I started to take night off from my work to do things with my friends. In June I really began to take time off and I would lay off of the job for 2 or 3 days at a time. I figured that I made just as much wage as before with my increase in salary so that it didn't make any different. For a while I was clearing \$55 a week. I could have worked 7 days a week if I wanted to. I was making around \$40 a week clear on the average all the way through.

"All the time that I worked I saved quite a bit of money because I didn't fool around at first. I had a few war bonds too. After I began to take nights off I started to spend a lot of money for pleasure here and there. I also sent a lot of stuff to my family and I had to buy gifts at Xmas time and when my friends got married. I spent \$150 in gifts alone in the first 6 months of this year. I wasn't sending any money home except one bond a month. Food and rent cost me at least \$55 a month and I also began to eat out a lot. Cigarettes and carfare was about \$5 a month and I averaged about \$10 a month on clothes. Cleaning and laundry was another \$12 and the rest of the money was spent on recreation after I started to play around.

"When I first came out here I didn't know many people and I didn't care to mix around very much. My main purpose in coming out was to get set in my job and have security so I hardly played around at all. Then after 3 or 4 months, my friends came to live with me so I started to go to shows with them. Later we began to go to pool halls and I felt funny about this at first. I thought we'd be discriminate against and people would look at us funny. It was the same feeling when I went to the bowling alleys. Grad-

ually I began to meet some hakujin guys at the grocery stores and at work and they wanted me to play pool with them so I thought they were okay and I began to go regularly.

"The changing point came when I met a Nisei girl who knew a lot of other people. She began to introduce me around. I met a lot of Nisei through her and they seemed to be different from the Nisei I knew before as they knew how to have real fun. I began to go out on dates quite a bit. My whole mind changed about stepping out and I thought I was going to miss out in my fun so I began to go out pretty often on social dates. I became much bolder and I looked around for all of the Nisei activities. I went to all of the Nisei dances that they had out here. A lot of times I went drunk to these dances but I never started any fights.

"A gang gradually began to form and we would get the drunk-est when we went to these Nisei dances in a bunch. I never did drink though when I took a date alone. I met another group of Nisei girls out here through these contacts so I began to circulate quite a bit. One of these girls got along very well with hakujin girls at school and she helped me get acquainted with a lot of them. Most of these girls were out for a good time. Altho their brothers and other relatives were in the Pacific, these hakujin girls took a liking to the Nisei boys and we used to visit them very often and take them out on dates. We got drunk most of the time and that's where my money went.

"It was at this time that I began to go after girls regularly and I found that it was pretty easy to have an affair with these hakujin girls as they didn't have funny ideas about these things. We began to bring them to our empty rooms and sometimes I would

sleep all night with one of these hakujin girls. I thought it was great stuff and it was the first time in my life that I had ever done anything like that. Then the law stepped in and the FBI and somebody began to investigate these girls who fooled around with boochie fellows. We got scared so we laid off.

"I began to think things over and I knew in my mind that this fooling around stuff was all wrong but I wasn't too anxious to settle down again. I got stuck with one of these Caucasian girls and she wasn't such a good girl. I thought that it would only bring me a bad reputation and it wouldn't do the Nisei any good, if I were seen in public all the time drunk with a hakujin girl. This one girl was pretty young and I don't know if she was really serious but she said that she wanted to get married. I never thought of inter-marriage and I didn't think it was possible. Always in my mind, I felt that inter-marriage would not work as there were too many things to consider. I felt that our types of living would be entirely different and that there would be a lot of discrimination against us. One night I took this girl to the Aragon and it really humiliated me because they wouldn't let us into the place. All these things made me realize that inter-marriage was out of the question, so I finally crawled out of the picture after thinking it over seriously.

"This particular girl wanted to run away from her step-mother and she wanted someone to lean on and I came along just at that time. Most Caucasian girls are pretty casual about sex affairs and not timid like the Nisei girls and that's why I went for them. They didn't seem to think much about the difference in race and they didn't mind going out in public with me. After I

broke up with this girl I didn't see her anymore.

"After that I got definite ideas and I started looking around for a Nisei girl. I finally found one who seemed to be my type and it was the first time in my life that I really got serious about a girl. I even went to the extent of asking her to marry me. She said that she loved me but that she was a little older than I was and she felt the difference in age. I was still working at this time and I really quit fooling around entirely and I worked really hard with a goal in my mind to get married. I put in as much overtime as I could. That's why I was able to save about \$300 in a little over a month and a half. Then something happened and we drifted from each other and our feelings died out. I knew that I was too young to get married so we finally broke off. I guess she felt that I was too young to take a risk on. It was at this time that I got an idea that I would only free lance after that and get what I could for nothing. I blew all of my savings away in getting drunk after that. Since then I have made it a policy to only take girls out to get what I can out of them. I don't fool around nice one thought and sometimes I take them out for company. I still would like to get myself a steady girl friend but I don't want it to get too serious because it's such a feeling to get jilted. It takes all of the manhood out of you.

"The reason why I was so serious over the other girl was that I got my 1-A classification and I knew that I would be drafted soon. Most of my roommates talked of girls all the time so it made me lonesome for one. But I don't want to be stung again. Right now I am just fooling around with out four Nisei girls.

"My room mates and I are always arguing about girls. It

seems that most of the Nisei girls that I took a liking for, my room mates also liked and we were always cutting each other's throats. We had some arguments about that and we tried to see who is the best man. Sus (CH-45) seems to attract all of the girls, but we are doing okay too. It was at this time that we met Elaine. She gave us a different viewpoint about girls. Her ideas and actions were different from other Nisei girls. We all enjoyed her company and she gave us a merry chase. I respected her very much and Sus had a strong case on her too even though he was engaged.

"Elaine has a dominating character and I wasn't used to that in girls before as I always held the upper hand. She is out of town right now and I don't know if she will come back. We took turns in taking her out on dates while she was here. I can't understand my feelings toward her. To me she really was one girl I enjoyed taking her out but seems to be out of reach. Now I'm foot loose and I haven't chosen a steady girls from the other girls I know. I always seem to be battling for the same girl as Sus and I only win out when it isn't important to me. Now I don't have enough money to take out a girl in real style as I am unemployed and I think more of money. The girls will always be around so I'm not worried.

"Generally speaking, I always think to myself that I am too young to get married yet. I'm not set in anything and I don't know if I have a future. The draft announcement really knocked security from under me and it made me so restless. My 1-A and physical came about the end of May and it was very unexpected even though I knew that it was coming, if you know what I mean. That was why I began to think more of quitting my job. After my physical, I

thought only of the Army and that is what I am waiting for now. I don't know when I'll get called for induction. But I want to have my fun before I got. This waiting around doesn't bother me too much yet as my mind seems to be occupied by other things.

"For a while I wanted to go into the Army right off the bat, but this feeling has cooled off. Some of my friends are in the Army already and they don't seemed to be so enthusiastic about it. I think we have to do our part for the war and I think it is a privilege after the way we have been mistrusted up to now. That is why I have no objection to going into the Army, but I think this nisei combat team is getting a raw deal as it is not getting enough publicity and nobody knows that the Nisei are fighting for the U.S. and getting killed right and left. But I'd rather be sent to Europe to fight altho I wouldn't care if I got send to the South Pacific. I don't think I would feel like fighting those of my own race even though I know that they are our enemies.

"Most of my Nisei friends think that the draft is a raw deal and they don't want to go into the Army altho they won't fight against it if they are drafted. I guess they feel this way because they lost more than I did at the evacuation. Most of the Nisei talk about it but they really don't care if they go in or not as they don't know what it's all about. They just feel that they will miss out in some fun. I guess they just don't care. When the time comes, they quit their jobs and play around for a while. A lot of them think of their parents and they wonder how their folks will get along if they are killed in battle. The parents are all pretty old and they have nobody to look after them.

"I'm leaving the resettlement of my folks up to my older

brother as he is a 4-F. At the same time, I would like to give my folks a large sum of money to help them out. There² really isn't anything that keeps me out of the ~~xxxxxx~~ Army. Most of my friends are going in now and I feel I would like to go in with them even though~~x~~ it will be hard. I have been loafing around and having fun (June to August) so I feel like staying out of the Army a little longer until I get everything out of my system.

"There is still girls who are unfinished business for me and I want to get around and see them a little more before I got into the Army. There is nothing that will keep me out. I have heard how the guys get lonesome in the Army when they wrote me letters so I want to get a steady girl friend to write to me when I'm in training. It will help my morale and I think it will help me to fight better. I can't quit the Army if I get bored with it like I do with my job.

"I don't know about my parents' p~~re~~s~~e~~nt plans. My father, mother and sister are still in camp and I don't think that they have thought about leaving. They have absolutely no plans for the future and they are staying in camp because it is easier on them. It would be too uncertain for them to come out to resettle while we are getting drafted. I would like to see my parents resettle before I went into the Army but then I would hate to see them face discrimination. I don't know when they will ever come out.

"Such thoughts are not too heavy on my mind because I really have been getting the fun out of my sister in the last month and a half. All that I have been doing is sleeping all I want, eating when I want and getting away from the thought of getting up

early to go to work. I can spend my full time at playing and I really like that. Lester and I have been mostly going to see people that we haven't had time to look up before. We go to a lot of shows, pool halls, shows, gambling, occasional dates on the sly when I can ditch Lester, and playing around in general.

"I got interested in playing the horses about two weeks ago (mid-July). At first I didn't go to make any money but only for the pleasure of it. I won some bets the first time that I went out there so I began to think of it seriously. I figured that I was in a lucky streak so I am playing it out. The last time I went out to the racetracks I lost but I am still way ahead. I made more money on the horses in month than I ever did by working. I would like to win \$1000 then I could really step out in the way I want to.

"I've had hundreds of dollars in my hands in the past few weeks. I think I'm still \$250 ahead on the horses yet and that's not bad. We got 2 or 3 times yet and I don't think that I have hit a bad streak yet. I've always been lucky in gambling. There are quite a lot of Nisei at the racetracks every time we go and I know some of them make a living at it. Some of those guys bet big time and I have seen them put \$50 on each race in the program. I only place \$2 to \$15 bets right now until I learn the ropes. Lester doesn't seem to be doing so good altho he is about even now.

"We also play poker and I haven't seen Lester win once. I'm over \$200 ahead during the last month but Lester is in pretty deep. He is a good gambler but he just hasn't been able to get the cards. My luck has been so good that I haven't lost at a

single session yet. We play all night on Saturdays and it is a very sociable game. We got to a friend's house. I just knew the fellow casually before but now I am part of the group for these regular poker sessions. I brought Lester in with me.

"Usually about 12 fellows come for these sessions and we play all night long. We usually take a little bit of money out of the kitty for the house and somebody cooks up a steak of something for us. It's a lot of fun and I really enjoy it. It's much better than working on a night shift. The fellows who play are mostly from L.A. and most of them work regularly altho a few are loafing around like me. We just stick strictly to that group for poker and I haven't been going to any of the gambling joints out here.

"Sometimes I get a little bored and I think that maybe I should go back to work. But when I win some money at the race-tracks or poker sessions I immediately lose this urge. I guess I am just lazy and I just don't feel like working anymore. But if I had a good reason to work, I know that I would do it.

"At present my future is in the Army and that is the only thing I am looking forward to. After the war I'll probably go work on the farm. I'd go anywhere where the prospects are good. I don't think I'd miss city life too much because I am getting it out of my system now. It's a lot of fun while you do it but it can't last forever.

"I don't think there will be much of a place for the Nisei after the war if they have no special talent. My best bet is back on the farm. I think most Nisei will lose out in their jobs out here if they are in war industry. It will be hard for them to get other kind of jobs when all those soldiers come back. I

think that there will be many unemployed Nisei after the war and it doesn't make any difference how hard they work now because if they are in a war job, they will be fired anyway. I don't know about the non-essential jobs but I don't think they are too lasting either because many employers are just like my boss was at H.B. Smith and they only treat the Nisei good when they need them for work. They'll be just too much competition around for all the city jobs and I think I had better go back on the farms because I would be wasting time competing for a job with a hakujin soldier back from war. I don't think non-essential jobs pay enough wages anyway.

"Other than this, I really haven't given much thought to what I will do after this war is over. I'm not prepared for anything and I never plan anything beforehand anyway. I expect to be loafing around for a couple of months more and by that time I will know my draft status for sure. Maybe I'll be called in the next draft bunch. I'll have to depend on my luck in poker and the horses for the next two months in order to make my living.

"Most of the guys I know who are running around right now are L.A. kids. I'm the only Stockton one. These fellows are pretty sad cases. At least I have some means of support and if I went broke I would go to work. But these guys are bums and they don't even want to work ever again in their lives. They go around bumming on all of their friends and getting hand-outs. They just don't have any pride. There is one guy who is very rugged and he will steal the last cent out of your pants if you let him bunk over with you over night.

"This fellow was working with us at H.B. Smiths and he would

steal money from our clothes in the lockers and then turn around and treat us with that money. He got caught doing it and he was fired. Another fellow told me that this guy stole \$100 and some wrist watches after staying at his friend's apartment. That's really biting the hand that feeds you. Nobody will accuse him directly because he would pull a knife and stab you as he has a very hot temper. I guess everyone is sort of scared of him. He used to go to the Nisei dances out here with the bunch and he would sock any nisei who looked at him funny. He was always looking around for a fight.

"These guys who are bumming around don't give a damn about anything and I don't class myself with them. I'm just taking a vacation while they are real loafers. A couple of them even changed their names so that they wouldn't be drafted. But most of them don't care if they are taken by the Army as they don't have anything else to do. They take trips to other cities for a month or so but always come back to Chicago as they have friends they can bum off of. It doesn't pay to have any run-ins with these guys as they will really gang up on you. I just go to see them once in a while because Lester knew them from before. These guys work 2 or 3 times a week and make \$20 or \$30 and then they are able to stretch it out to 4 or 5 months through gambling.

"Everybody is making a lot of money out here now so they don't mind giving loans out to their friends. I've never borrowed anything yet. The guys who are my real pals loaf around life me but they are right guys and they would never double-cross me. Some of the other bums spend all their time hanging around the Casablanca and other bars as there are a lot of Nisei

down there. All they do is drink, gamble and go to whore houses. They are sad guys as they aren't good enough to get girls of their own and have to buy it. The trouble is they don't know the difference between a good and bad girl and they try to lay them all. That's why most girls won't look at them. They are much more rugged than I am.

"Some of the guys I know hate all ketos and they don't give a damn about this country. I feel the Caucasians are no different from me and I'll leave them alone if they leave me alone. If they want to be friendly with me then I will be friendly. But I don't have too much of a chance to meet them right now so I stick with the Nisei. I feel easier around them because they do the same things that I do and we have something in common to talk about. I wouldn't know what to do if I were around Caucasians as I'm not used to them. I'm not going to break my neck trying to make friends with them if I have my Nisei friends. As long as they understand us and treat us friendly that's all I'm asking for. I wouldn't like to see them so prejudiced and discriminate against the Japanese like they did in California.

"I wish that there were more Nisei clubs out here and a place where we could go to hang around so that we wouldn't feel funny about going to the public places where I know the hakujin don't want us. I would like to see more Nisei social clubs out here like we had in camp because they are a lot of fun. That is the only thing I would like to see because the rest of the stuff is no good for us and I wouldn't want a Japanese town out here because then everyone would be against us.

The reason why we don't have a lot more Nisei clubs out here

because we don't want to be ~~xxxx~~ conspicuous. There is not use bucking up against all of the people of Chicago as the Nisei seem to be fairly well accepted at times. I know that when I worked we got along with hakujin workers and they seemed to like us okay. They liked us better than the crocks (Negroes) and the kikes (Jews). We are able to spread out in housing pretty much too. I only had one experience in housing discrimination but I guess that's to be expected.

["When we first came out here there were 10 boochies living in our apartment because a lot of them were on seasonal leave and we put them up. The other people in the house began to complain as they didn't like so many of us around. There were a couple of instances when they said their relatives were killed in the South Pacific so that thowed that they considered us as Japs. Once a lady got a phone call saying that her nephew had been killed and she went around yelling at us calling us Japs. I didn't say anything to her because I felt, what was the use. The landlord thought that it was best for us to move out. We looked all over and there were some dozens of places where we were turned down because we were boochies. Some of them came right out flatly and told us that but most of the landlords were more polite and they just told us that the place had just been rented out. We knew damn well they were lying to us because they didn't want us to live there. We were lucky to get the place that we have now and I don't think we will get booted out because we having something on the landlady.]

"There are not too many Nisei living around here in this district. I'd rather not have many more coming moving in around here

but I wouldn't hold it against them if they did. I like to be around some boochies as I'm used to it. But it wouldn't be so good if too many of them moved in.

"I don't think that we will ever have a Jap town like we had before the war; It would be too hard for them to establish businesses out here. [On top of that, all of those committees would get together and try to stop the boochies from getting together. I think that it would be good for the Nihonjin to get together as we have to stick with our kind since nobody else is going to fight for us that hard. It would be too lonesome for most of them to scatter out all over the country. Maybe it is best if we all scatter out for now. In this way, the hakujin would be made to get more used to the boochies being around and they will not believe everything they read in the papers against us. I don't read the papers very much myself so I don't know if there are many groups against us out here.]

"The Nisei could help a lot if they made some Caucasian contacts out here but I guess it would be up to the college Nisei to do that because they can get along with the Caucasians. They could get better understood and it would make it easier on the Issei coming out here to resettle. I suppose there are a lot of Caucasians who are willing to be friendly and they don't discriminate so that the main fault are the boochies themselves as they are not so sociable and they don't know how to act in front of the hakujin. I guess I am like that myself. I don't know how it could be done as it takes too much time. A lot of the Nisei working but here make pretty good friends with their fellow workers and that does a lot of good.

I don't know who is going to win the war yet as that is the problem for the big shots to figure out. But I wish for the benefit of the Nisei that America will win. Then they will have a part in the victory and they would get more recognized. But for the benefit of the Issei, I wish Japan would make a settlement with the United States. I don't think that Japan will win the war, but if this did happen, there would always be an ill feeling between the two countries and the Nisei would face more discrimination and prejudice than they ever had before. It's not such a promising outlook for us, but what can we do about that. We are just behind the eight ball, that's all.

When I hear about the guys who talk about taking away our citizenship and shipping us to Japan, I get sore. It's not democracy at all and there would be no reason for us to fight in the Army if they ever tried such a dirty trick on us. Most of the hakujins are pretty decent and I don't think that the big shots in this country would ever go that far as they couldn't change the Constitution like that. But you can't tell about some of those politicians because they do a lot of dirty things just to get gains for themselves. That is the main reason why I am not interested in politics. It's no use supporting a bunch of grafters.

The future of the Nisei will depend on what happens to us. But there probably will be a depression for everybody after this war is over. Everyone is saying that. I know how hard a depression can be on us as my family went through one when I was a kid and we had a hard time getting enough to eat. I don't think that the WRA camps will be closed down for about 10 years yet as they just can't dump all of the people out after this war is over because there will be a big depression

and those old people would starve to death. If that ever happened, I think that I would be enclined to turn against the rats who caused it and I would go after a few of them and give them a little bit of their own medicine to see how they would like to be kicked around and stepped on a little.

"I don't think that too many Nisei will ever go back to camp as they like the free living on the outside better no matter what happens. A few may go back to California but I think that they majority will stay out here, probably around Chicago. I think that a lot more Nihonjin will be coming to Chicago before the war is over. Maybe it will be better to be in camp when all the Nisei start to lose their jobs. How will they live then?

"I'm not worried about my future though because I will wait until the time comes before doing anything or getting all excited about what might happen. It may not turn out that way so why should I lose sleep over it. I know that I have changed a lot since I was evacuated from Stockton. I never was so sociable before. I found I don't have any trouble meeting people now as I am more sure of myself. When I first came out here, I was really scared of the hakujins because I didn't know what they were thinking or what they might do to me. Before the war, I had a big inferiority because I was more of an outcast. Now I can hold my head up against anyone and I don't care what they say about me. If they get tough, I'll just protect myself. I won't let anybody go pushing me around anymore.

"One thing is that I am getting to be more aggressive that before, especially with girls and I don't have any trouble making conversation. I used to worry about my personality a lot before. My feelings towards girls changed with my change in

ideas about a lot of things. I figure that I can see them more clearly and I have learned to judge them better. It's the same way when I meet Nisei fellows.

When I first came out here, I felt more hesitant about meeting caucasians. Last January I went to see a Nisei girl working in a hakujin family. I had to meet the employers of that house. I was not able to talk with them as I didn't know what to say. I don't feel as calm meeting hakujins as I feel more relaxed meeting Nisei. I think that the reason for this is that I came in closer contact with the hakujins than I did in Stockton so that I am learning to be more at ease when I talk to the hakujins. But there are still times when I feel inferiority to some caucasian as I envy all that they have and the lack of discrimination against them. When I was in High school, I felt that I wish I could be a hakujin, but most of the time, I am proud of my ancestry and not ashamed of being Japanese even if there is a war against my parents homeland right now. I feel that I am an American as far as the things I like to do and the way I live. There is no difference in my general attitudes from the rest of the hakujins, is there?

I think I am a lot more American than many of my friends. They really are conservative and that is because they never did rebel in anything in the Japanese town before the war. That's why so many Nisei girls still think that it is a sin to drink and smoke. When they do rebel out here after leaving camp, they go to the other extreme. That is why so many of the girls get into trouble. I guess I don't help things along because when I meet a Nisei girl with a reputation, I naturally try to get what I can out of her. But I don't fool around with the nice girls because they are different. The bums don't

care what the girls are like as they try to get affairs with them all. That's not the right thing to do.

"I really can't complain about my life out here right now because I am enjoying things and I am having fun although I do get into moods once in a while. I still think I know what is right and what is wrong through my mother's teachings and I won't get too far off the track. I'm just getting a few things out of my system right now but it will pass over some day. In the meantime, I can go enjoy the horse races and poker games and my fun with the girls. Aren't we all supposed to live to be happy? What fun is there to working all night in a factory and then being too tired to get any enjoyment out of living at all."