

Interviewer's code

Buster Kawano
Lester Kimura (psued.)
Cross Ref. CH-45, CH-46)

Evacuation and Resettlement Study,
February, 1944 (Revised)

SCHEDULE FOR INDIVIDUAL RESETTLERS

Date of interview Aug. 7, 1944 Interviewer C. Kikuchi

1. Case number CH-47 2. Sex, M F 3. Marital stat. M S D W O

4. Present address 6021 S. Harper Entered Feb. '44 Left

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

6. Birthplace Seattle 7. Birthdate 11-24-24

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

10. Addresses between Dec. 1, 1941 and evacuation

	Date	Entered	Left
(a) <u>Los Angeles</u>	"	<u>1932</u>	<u>1942</u>
(b) _____	"	_____	_____
(c) _____	"	_____	_____
(d) _____	"	_____	_____
(e) _____	"	_____	_____

11. Assembly Center Santa Anita Date May '42 Oct. '42

12. Relocation Center Rohwer Date Oct. '42 Feb. '43

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

	Entered	Left
(a) <u>Montana (seasonal leave)</u>	<u>Feb. '43</u>	<u>Oct. '43</u>
(b) <u>Rohwer</u>	<u>Oct. '43</u>	<u>Jan. '44</u>
(c) <u>43rd & Drexel, Chicago</u>	<u>Jan. '44</u>	<u>Feb. '44</u>
(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>58</u>	<u>M</u>	<u>Japan</u>	<u>Walse Produce</u>	<u>Christian</u>
(b) <u>Mother</u>	<u>52</u>	<u>F</u>	<u>"</u>	<u>Housewife</u>	<u>Buddhist</u>
(c) <u>Richard</u>	<u>24</u>	<u>M</u>	<u>Seattle</u>	<u>Helped father</u>	<u>Christian</u>
(d) <u>Rose</u>	<u>22</u>	<u>F</u>	<u>"</u>	<u>Unemployed</u>	<u>"</u>
(e) <u>Ruth</u>	<u>21</u>	<u>F</u>	<u>"</u>	<u>Student</u>	<u>"</u>
(f) <u>Buster</u>	<u>19</u>	<u>M</u>	<u>"</u>	<u>Nursery-gardener</u>	<u>"</u>
(g) <u>June</u>	<u>17</u>	<u>F</u>	<u>"</u>	<u>Student</u>	<u>"</u>
(h) <u>Betty</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>F</u>	<u>"</u>	<u>Student</u>	<u>"</u>
(i) _____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
(j) _____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

CH-47

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) Rose's husband	24	M		Whlse Prod. clerk
(b) Uncle				
(c) Aunt				
(d) Cousin				
(e)				
(f)				

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

Give symbols #14 except Rose and husband

What other related persons?

Relationship to Resettler	Age	Sex	Birthplace	Occupation (as of Dec. 1, 1941)
(a) Self				
(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) Self	See: (CH-45 and CH-46)						
(b)							
(c)							
(d)							
(e)							
(f)							
(g)							
(h)							

18. Educational history of resettler

Grammar schools (name and location)

	Dates	Grade completed
Ninth St. School, L.A.	1930-32	2nd
San Pedro St. School, L.A.	1932-36	6th

High schools (name and location)

	Dates	Grade completed
John Adams Jr. High, L.A.	1936-38	8th
Lafayette Jr. High, L.A.	1938-39	9th
Jefferson High, L.A.	1939-40	10th (quit)

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

	Dates	Grade completed	Degree

Attendance at Japanese language school, location

	Dates	
None		

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

Dates		Nature of job	Type of industry	Location	Av. mo. wages	Reason for termination
From	To					
1940	1941	Helped father		L.A.	\$5 wk	quit
5/41	8/41	Mechanic helper (3 mo.)		L.A.	\$10-15wk	
8-	1/42	Nusery-gardener		Guad.	\$20 wk	
		unemployed until evacuation				
5/42	5/42	Camouflage net (1 wk)	WCCA	Santa Anita		fired
6/43	6/43	Mess hall dishwasher	"	"	"	
		unemployed until Oct. '42				
10/42	10/42	Cook (3 wk)	WRA	Center		quit
11/42	1/43	Lumberjack	"	"	"	
2/43	10/43	Seasonal worker		Montana	\$80 mo.	
10/43	1/44	Refrigeration Ass't.		Rohwer	\$16	
1/44	5/44	Paper wrapper	HP Smith Co.	Chicago	66c hr \$40 wk	
5/44	6/44	went back to camp for visit as folks going to Tule Lake				
6/44	-	Unemployed				

20. Political activities

Dates	Voted in what elections	For what party
Never voted, under age		

2. Rohwer 10/7/42
3. Santa Anita 5/7/42
4. 807 East 24th Street, Los Angeles, Calif.
5. Kawana, Chojiro Roy Japan
Morio, Mitsuyo Japan
- 5a. U.S. Wholesale Prod. Merchant Abroad farmer
7. Grammar school, San Pedro, Calif. 9/34 to 6/37
Junior high, Lafayette 9/37 to 6/40
High school, Jefferson 9/40 to 1/42 (not completed)
- 7a. None
8. None
12. 67½ 130 lbs.
13. Dental care
18. Single
19. Son
20. 11/5/24
23. Yes
24. High 3
25. No Japanese
27. Swamper
- 27a. ----
28. 11/42 Rohwer, WRA Power Saw \$16 mo.
11/42 to 11/42 " Lumberjack \$16 mo.
10/42 to 10/42 " Cook's Help \$16 mo.
4/42 to 4/42 Santa Anita, WCCA Dish-washer \$8 mo.
6/39 to 9/42 K. Kawano, Wholesale Veg. Produce, L.A. Helper ----
29. ---
30. Christian

Buster's father, Chojiro Roy Kawana

2. same
3. same
4. same
5. Kawana, Shingo Japan
Kawana, Yoshi Japan
- 5a. Abroad farmer
7. Grammar school, Koharada, Japan, 1892 to 1896
Junior high, Koriyama, Japan, 1886 to 1901
- 7a. Sports
8. Japan 7/87 to 1908; 2/17 to 5/17
12. 65 140 lbs.
13. No physical defects
18. Married
19. Head
20. 7/24/87
23. No
24. Jr. High 5
25. Speaks English
27. Livestock farmer
- 27a. Angler
28. 10/42 Rohwer, WRA Porter \$16 mo.
9/41 to 4/42 Self. employed, Wholesale Produce, L.A. \$500 mo.
9/24 to 6/31 " " kitchen ware, Seattle ---
2/12 to 6/24 " " Livestock, El Centro, Owner and Mgr. ---

Buster's father, Chojiro Roy Kawana, continued

29. Hobby: Fishing
O.P. Livestock Industry
30. Buddhist

Buster's mother, Mitsuyo Kawana

2. same
3. same
4. same
5. Morio, Tsunetaka Japan
Oyori, Tsuruyo Japan
- 5a. Abroad Police Serg.
7. Grammar school, Sappora, Japan, 1898 to 1902
Junior high, Sappora, Japan, 1902 to 1906
High school, Hakusei, Japan, 1906 to 1908
Business school, Bookkeeping, Japan, 1908 to 1909
- 7a. Sewing
8. Japan 1890 to 1917
12. 60 108 lbs.
13. No physical defects
18. Married
19. Wife
20. 10/26/90
23. No
24. High 2; Bus. sch. 1
25. No English
27. ---
- 27a. Dressmaker
28. None
29. Sewing, book reading
30. Christian

Buster's brother, Richard Takao Kawana

2. same
3. same
4. same
5. Kawana, Chojiro Roy Japan
Morio, Mitsuyo Mary Japan
- 5a. U.S. Wholesale Mdse. Abroad Student
7. Grammar school, 9th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. 9/10/26 to 6/32
Junior high, Lafayette, L.A., 9/32 to 6/35
High school, Polytechnic 9/35 to 6/38
- 7a. None
8. None
12. 65 135 lbs.
13. Would like teeth attended to. No physical defect.
18. Single
19. Son
20. 5/14/19

Buster's brother, Richard Takao Kawana, continued

- 23. No
- 24. High 4
- 25. Speaks Japanese
- 27. Sales clerk
- 27a. Wood worker
- 28. 10/42 Rohwer Commissary Swamper Load and unload trucks \$16
- 7/42 to 8/42 Santa Anita Camouflage weaver \$12
- 6/41 to 5/42 Greenside Fruit Co. Swamper \$20
- L.A. (Whlse)
- 11/40 to 6/41 Shipping Bag Market Salesclerk \$18
- Monterey Park, L.A.
- 29. Sports-woodcraft-music
- 30. None

Buster's sister, Ruth Hanayo Kawana

- 2. same
- 3. same
- 4. same
- 5. same
- 5a. same
- 7. Grammar, San Pedro St., L.A. 9/28 to 6/34
- Junior high, LaFayette, L.A., 9/34 to 6/37
- High school, Polytechnic, L.A. 9/37 to 6/40
- Business school, Metropolitan, L.A., 9/41 to 2/42
- 7a. --- Japanese school, 5 years
- 8. None
- 12. 64 $\frac{1}{2}$ 105 lbs.
- 13. Bad eyes; would like eyes attended to
- 18. Single
- 19. Daughter
- 20. 2/26/22
- 23. Yes
- 24. High 4
- 25. Speaks Japanese
- 27. Bead stringer
- 27a. stenographer
- 28. 10/42 Rohwer WRA Secretary to Mr. Walls \$16 mo.
- 6/42 to 10/42 Santa Anita Mess Waitress \$8 mo.
- 2/42 to 5/42 Calif. Treasures 8th and Hill Making necklaces \$16 wk.
- 29. None
- 30. None

Buster's sister, Jane Kazuko Kawana

- 2. same
- 3. same
- 4. same
- 5. same
- 5a. same
- 7. Grammar school, 28th St. 1933 to 2/1939
- Junior high, Lafayette Jr. Hi. 1939 to 1942
- Japanese schooling, $\frac{1}{2}$ yr.

Buster's sister, Jane Kazuko Kawana, continued

- 8. None
- 12. 61 98 lbs.
- 13. No major physical defect. Dental care.
- 18. Single
- 19. Daughter
- 20. 3/11/27
- 23. Yes
- 24. High 2
- 25. Speaks Japanese
- 27. ---
- 27a. Hand knitter
- 28. 8/42 to 10/42 Santa Anita, WCCA Waitress \$8 mo.
Student
- 29. Hobby: Knitting
- 30. Protestant

Buster's sister, Eiko Kawana

- 2. same
- 3. same
- 4. same
- 5. same
- 5a. same
- 7. Grammar school, San Pedro, L.A., 9/35 to 6/41
Junior high, Lafayette, 9/41 to 4/42
- 7a. ---
- 8. None
- 12. 62 110 lbs.
- 13. No physical defects
- 18. Single
- 19. Daughter
- 20. 12/19/29
- 23. Yes
- 24. Elementary 8
- 25. Speaks Japanese
- 27. ---
- 27a. ---
- 28. ---
- 29. Hobby: Sports
O.P. Attend school
- 30. Protestant-Christian

Evacuation & Resettlement Study
Charles Kikuchi
Chicago, Illinois
Sept. 6, 1944

Lester Kimura (pseud.) (41.97)
Cross Ref.: CH-45, CH-46

Lester Kimura, 19, is the third of the group of boys living together. He was unemployed during the time of the interview. This case illustrates the disorganized pattern of a young individual who is quite uncertain about his aims in life. Some previous comments have been made about him in the cases cited above, particularly in CH-45.

Lester Kimura, 19, was born in Seattle on November 24, 1924. When he was 8 years old his family moved to Los Angeles and he remained there until the evacuation. Lester went with his family to the Santa Anita Assembly Center in May, 1942, and in October of the same year he was sent to the Rohwer relocation center. In February, 1943, Lester received a seasonal leave to go work on a farm in Montana. He did this work for about 8 months before returning to Rohwer, in October, 1943. In January, 1944 he resettled to Chicago. For about a month he lived at 43rd and Drexel, Chicago and then he moved to his present apartment on Harper Ave. with Sus and Barry.

Lester comes from a fairly large family. His father, 58, was the owner of a wholesale produce company in Los Angeles before the war. His older brother, Richard, 24, helped his father in this business. His sister, Rose, 22, was unemployed while Ruth, 21, was a student. Lester quit school before the war and he was working in a nursery. The two younger children, June, 17, and Betty, 14, were still in school. The ages listed above are their present ages. The parents, Richard and Betty repatriated during the segregation program and they are now in Tule Lake. June, 17, refused to go along so that she is staying with one of her married sister in camp. Buster is the only member of the family who has resettled and he feels that his contacts with his family are definitely cut off. This factor may have contributed to his present disorganization.

Lester quit high school in 1940 when he was in the 10th grade. He received most of his education in the Los Angeles school system, beginning in 1930. He has never attended a Japan-

ase language school.

Lester's whole work experience has been in unskilled jobs. He helped his father in the wholesale produce business for about a year after quitting school. He received a salary of \$5 a week for this work. He quit to become a mechanic's helper for 3 weeks at \$10 to \$15 a week, depending on the rush of business. In August, 1941, he went to Guadalupe to work in a nursery at \$20 a week. He returned home in January, 1942, after the outbreak of the war and he was unemployed until the evacuation. At Santa Anita Assembly Center Lester worked for one week on the camouflage net project but was fired from this job for causing too much disturbance. He then worked for a short time as a dish washer in the mess hall and then he became unemployed until he went to the relocation center.

At Rohwer Lester worked for 3 weeks as a cook but he quit this job to become a lumber jack on the project on November, 1942. In February, 1943, he went to Montana and for the following 8 months he worked as a seasonal laborer for an average of around \$80 a month. Upon his return to Rohwer he worked as a refrigeration assistant for 3 months. He then came to Chicago at the beginning of this year and worked for 5 months as a paper wrapper at H.B. Smith Company. He received 66c an hour and he was able to clear approximately \$40 a week when he worked steadily. Then he returned to camp for a short period in order to see his family for the last time before they were sent to Tule Lake. Since returning in June, Lester has been unemployed and he has no intention of seeking a job until his financial resources were completely exhausted. The interviewer has not seen this individual

since the last interview in mid-August.

Lester may be technically described as a zoot suiter. He is the most fastidious in clothing among ~~the~~ his room-mates. He is very proud of his made-to-order suits and draped pants. In personality Lester is rather quiet except under the influence of liquor when he is much more talkative. He has deep inferiority feelings and he is extremely race conscious. He has no immediate ambitions for the future because he feels that the draft is impending. He does not care for the post-war period as he pessimistically believes that he will not return alive if drafted into the service. Lester has no special skills so that he does not know what he would like to do as an occupation. He is not interested in further education. His primary interests seem to be in having as much money as possible, making female acquaintances, and sex activities. He does worry about his present position altho he will not readily admit this. Lester attempts to put on a self-assured front but during the interviews he indicated in many ways that he was most confused and uncertain about his present position and he did not know what to do about it. He has been attempting to escape the issue by plunging into the other activities in which he has been engaged for the past 2 months. Some picture of this activity was indicated in the two previous case documents.

Lester is of medium height and good looking in appearance so that he readily makes friends with a number of resettled Nisei girls out here. However, he is more interested in gambling at the present time, except for certain types of girls. A detailed account~~ax~~ of Lester's own life story follows:

"I don't know very much about my old man. I don't even know where he was born except that it was some place in Japan. He came to California when he was around 17 years old. I guess that he came to make some money so that he could get married and go back to Japan. When my father first came here he got a job as a house-boy and after that he went up to Washington and worked as a partner (recruiting Japanese workers) for the Great Northern Railroad in Seattle. Years later he bought a lot of Chinaware and other oriental goods and he started a store of his own. It didn't turn out so good so that he started a grocery store after that. This failed too so he got himself a little farm and became a farmer to sell produce in Seattle.

"My father went back to Japan about 25 years ago and he got married. He brought my mother back to the farm and all of us kids were born there. I don't remember much about living up in Washington because I was young when I left. After we were all born, my father moved the family to Los Angeles. He started right in on the wholesale produce business and he was there until the war broke out. I guess he did fairly well as he didn't go broke anymore.

"I don't know nothing at all about my mother's family. I think her folks were kind of rich. We never were rich. When dad started in on the wholesale business, things were pretty good for a while and we lived above the average. But a whole lot of other Japanese markets started up and there was so much competition that things got slower and slower. You know how it is when all of the Japanese start to go into the same business. By the time this war broke out things were pretty low in my father's business.

He had bought a lot of things for our house just before the war. This was all lost when we had to get rid of it for evacuation. So my father got pretty sore about that. He's been mad about that ever since and the more the old folks talked about it in camp the madder he got. Maybe that's the reason why he decided to go back to the old country when they asked if he wanted to repatriate to Tule Lake.

"When my father was unmarried he used to drink and get drunk all the time but he quit drinking while I was still pretty young. He used to make me work all the time so I thought he was pretty mean. Once in a while he got mad at me and would hit me with his open hand and then bawl me out. He never showed to me that he was a real father like the other kids had. I never went out on fishing and camping trips with him. All he thought of was work. He never changed at all until he got to camp. Then he got into a sort of second childhood and he played around with the other old men and he didn't have so many worries so that he kidded around much more. We had a much better time in the family then because he wasn't so sour. He only got sour when he thought about all he lost in the evacuation.

"I guess my old man was okay to my mother and he never had a big fight with her. I hardly used to talk to my father as I never was close to him so I really don't know what he really was like. My father used to never give me any money because he thought it was wrong to squander money. The only time I got any was when my handed it out. Even when I got a lot older my old man wouldn't give me any money to go out on dates with. My mother was the kindest to me. She really was religious and she gave me a lot

lectures but I didn't care about that. She was Buddhist but all the rest of the family was Christian. She never tried to get me religious because I didn't like that stuff. I didn't want to be a goody-goody boy because it didn't suit me.

"Ever since I was 12, I used to have to work all the time to help the family. I would help my father all summer long when the other kids played around. In the winter time I went to school but I also had to help morning and night. It was all my old man's fault because he made me do it. My sisters used to treat me good and I got along with them. I never had any big fights with my brother~~s~~ either altho ~~they~~ didn't like some of the things I did. He used to stick with the family more and he never played around. I used to be able to go out of the house any time I wanted to because my mother knew that it was no use trying to keep me locked up. [My old man was very strict at first but he got so he didn't care any more. He was strict at certain times. I remember he wanted me to go to Japanese school once but I just ditched so I never went to any of these classes. My older brother and sisters went because they didn't want to get into a fight with the old man about it.

"At home I spoke broken Japanese and my younger sisters did the same, but my older brother and sisters always spoke Japanese to my parents. We just spoke English when we talked to each other because I didn't know hardly any of that language. We always ate Japanese food but I didn't mind that. My folks never used to give me many lectures about Japan. I know that my mother wanted to go back but we didn't have enough money to do that. My old man wanted to send some of us to Japan for an education be-

cause the others did that but we didn't have enough money for that. My mother tried to help by teaching us at home and we learned a lot of Japanese customs but it never sunk into my head very much. I only did it because it was to avoid an argument with my old man. He always said I was disrespectful. We were told to bow down to the older people and things like that. I did some of these things out of habit but I don't know what they meant.]

"My father always did want to go back to Japan but I don't know the reason why. I guess he wants to die out there because my mother said once that if they ever died here it was up to us kids to see that they were shipped back to their home town in Japan. I don't know the reason why they do that. After the registration in camp my father decided to repatriate and he went to Tule Lake with my mother, older brother and younger sister. My other sisters got married and one of them is taking care of Jane who didn't want to go and leave her friends. I'm out here on my own now and I don't have to worry about the family because I'll probably never see them again. My father wanted the whole family to stick together and go to Tule Lake with them but none of us older kids wanted to go. I just told them that I didn't want to go as I didn't feel like being sent to Japan. I don't know nothing about it over there so I prefer to stick around. My oldest brother was always close to my old man and my folks figured that one boy in the family had to go to help them make a living in Japan so he went with them. I probably would have had to go with the folks if he didn't go, but I don't think I would have liked it very much. I'm more used to things around here.

"In Los Angeles we rented a whole house of our own. At first we were living on Tenth St. for about 3 years after we came down from Seattle. Then we moved up to 21st St. and that was near San Pedro St. We lived there for 5 years and after that we moved up to 24th St. where we stayed until the war started. None of these places where we lived was in a Japanese community. Two blocks away from us there was a colored district. A lot of hakujin and Mexican people lived around us every time. My father never belonged to any of the Japanese clubs in L.A. as far as I know of. He did most of his business with the large wholesale house and he sold things to anybody who came along. It was mostly Caucasian people. He owned two stalls in the market where they sold all the produce.

"Up in Seattle I remember we used to live near some Japanese and that was the only time. I don't know very much of my life up there except that I broke my arm one time. [After coming to Los Angeles I remember more things that happened to me. I went to 9th St. school first of all. It was just like any other school and I just went through it with the rest of the kids. I always used to forget where my classroom was so I began to cut my classes for a while even when I was in the second or third grade. I guess I never had too much taste for school because I didn't like it. When we moved over to San Pedro St. I used to get along pretty good with everyone and I had a lot of fun in school.

"That time I behaved myself and I was made the flag boy. This was an hour for the kids because the whole school had to salute the flag & in front of us while we put it up. One day I broke my arm again so I couldn't raise the flag anymore and that was a dis-

appointment. It took me six months to get well and they didn't want me to be flag boy any more because another boy had the honor. I stayed out of classes so I failed in my courses that year. I never played with nisei boys at school as my best pal was Chinese. He was born in L.A. so he was not a real Chinese.

"When I moved over to the John Adams junior high, I had a lot of hakujin friends. It was a very strict school and the studies were hard. I attended there for 2 years and that was when I started to go around with the Mexican boys. I didn't like the school so much so I transferred to Lafayette junior high after that and I graduated from junior high in 1939.

"It was after that that I started to get bad. I guess it was because I was influenced by my pals. I went around with a lot of Mexican guys and we would ditch school every time. We just went around downtown and we stole all kinds of things that we wanted. When I was about 12 years old I got caught the first time. I was with a boochie friend that timex and I should have known better than to go steal something with a timid guy like that. The cops came around and told my mother and she was very ashamed of me. My old man raised the roof but he didn't hit me. A little later the same Japanese guy went out and stole \$30 from another Japanese man. I helped him spend all this money up. The Japanese man that he stole the money from got wise and he told my mother so that she brought me over there with her. I didn't understand what was going on or what was said but there was alot of argument about who was the thief. It ~~wxx~~ ended up with me being accused of stealing the money because I didn't know what was said so I couldn't defend myself. The man didn't do nothing except tell my

folks to repay the money. >

"One of the reasons why we moved to 21st St. after that was so that I could get away from the club of boys I went around with, but I got in with another Mexican boys' group in the new neighborhood. I got along pretty good with them because I knew how to do a lot of things they did. We got a club house of our own and we began to steal bicycles. Our gangs must have stolen 150 bicycles in all and we would sell them or take them apart in the club house and store it away. We would just go up to any bicycle that was parked in another part of the city and ride away with it. I was only 14 years old then.

< "Pretty soon we started to go downtown to do shoplifting on a bigger scale. We stole everyt ing we could get our hands on because the guys looked up to you if you could get away with expensive things. We would also go along and strip all parked cars and then sell these parts to the junk man. Sometimes we would just go and scratch the car up with our knives and then run away. > There were about 15 Mexican boys in our gang and I was the only Nisei. I was one of the oldest guys in the club so they used to kind of take orders from me. I never did have to have a fight with any of them to see who would be the leader because 2 or 3 of us ran the club. Those guys could really fight and they began to carry knives around with them.

"Pretty soon I decided to go in for more big time things so I quit the gang. I started to go around with one Mexican friend and we began to break into little stores.] One time we broke into the city school and we got a set of master keys for almost every school in the city. That time we went all around the cleaned up.

We took paper, pencils, pen-points and everything like that.

"Then one time we were caught breaking into a store. We were taken to the City Hall and they finger-printed us and everything. We had to go to the Central Jail and they lined us up and took our pictures. We were booked at the Garfield St. jail. I was sent to the Juvenile Court home for a week before my old man got me out. They said I was on trial and if I behaved myself I would not be put into that place again.

"My folks were pretty sore about this and they wouldn't let me go out of the house at all for a while. They said I was on probation so they had to keep a close eye on me so I wouldn't get into trouble anymore. I started to go back to school when all of a sudden my Mexican friends squealed and told about all of the other places we had robbed. I was sitting in the classroom when the detective came to school and got me. They took me right home and he started to search the house and he found a lot of stolen things hidden around. All of the school supplies that we stole was in our basement. I had about \$200 worth of fancy Xmas and birthday cards that we had stole whole boxes of from the stores. They just took me to jail and I had another trial in the Juvenile Court.

"The woman judge wanted to send me to a reform school but she finally decided to give me another chance because my folks said that they would see that I behaved. I was ashamed because my folks were so hurt and I sort of strightened out after that. I didn't do nothing for a while but go to school and I kept away from my Mexican pals. After a few months one of my Mexican friends stole \$300 some place and he wanted to take me out for a

good time. We just went out and we had a big time spending a lot of money to buy anything we wanted. The Mexican guy was about 21 and he got accused of stealing this money a week later. He went to jail but he didn't squeal on me.

"All this time my mother was giving me lectures about being a good boy. She would tell me that other Nisei boy didn't get into trouble like I did but I didn't think I was being bad except when I stole things once in a while. My father never said much because he was pretty disgusted with me. The rest of the family never said nothing. [My mother made me promise to quit going around with the Mexican boys so I decided to reform. I had an ~~xxx~~ Italian friend who owned an automobile and he would take me all around with him just to ride. There was one other Mexican boy who went around with us and we never stole or anything like that. I was 17 then and it was just before the war.

"I continued school at Lafayette junior high during all this time when I was first getting into trouble. I played around quite a bit there and I never studied. There were a lot of Nisei kids going to that school but I never went around with them as they lived a long way from my neighborhood. <All of the Los Angeles bad Nisei boys went to that school and a lot of them got into trouble just like me. They would quit school and hardly any of them graduated from high school.>

"I was put into a special home room as I had trouble with the teacher and I made her cry once. I couldn't go to any of the assemblies and I had to graduate in the principal's office as they wouldn't let me go out on the stage with the rest of the class. They said I deserve this honor for being so bad in school.

"After that I started to go to Jefferson high school and I took it easy there. I took an industrial course and I did pretty good. I never studied or took notes of what the teacher was saying. <At gym I never stripped down with the other kids. I guess it was because I was so skinny that I didn't like the other guys to make fun of me. That's why I tried to get built up clothes and I began to pay a lot of attention to things I wore. I learned how to dress from the Mexican kids because they really knew how to be classy. They had 'drapes' (zoot suits) way before the Nisei heard of such things. >

"I didn't have any interest in my courses and that's why I failed. I was always being sent up to the principal's office because I cut my classes so much. It wasn't exactly my fault that I got sleepy. I was helping my father early in the morning and I would come to school late a lot of that on account of that. I would get sleepy in class so I began to cut two or three times a week. The school principal got mad at this so he finally told me to quit at the end of the first year and go to continuation high. They said that I had to go to the Metropolitan high school for 4 hours a week until I was 18 and I never did this. My folks didn't know the difference. The school used to send a truant officer to my house every 2 or 3 months but I never paid any attention to them. They couldn't talk to my parents very well as my folks didn't speak English that good. Usually I was the only one who talked to the truant officer and I would make a lot of promises about going to school which I didn't keep.]

"I was interested in building up a 'souped-up' car, as I knew a Mexican guy who owned a hopped-up car and everyone used to

be jealous of him. I started to build up one by myself and I got all the parts together by saving all the money I had. After 6 months, I had about \$200 invested and I was just about finished up with the hopped up car when the war had to break out and I had to sell everything for \$70 after that. That sure griped me and that is my big squawk against the evacuation. I used to like cars a lot as it was my main hobby and I went to the car races out on the salt flats all the time. I was planning to build a super-hopped-up car so I could beat all the rest of the guys.

["I was 16 when I had to quit school because I failed a few times. My folks wanted me to get a good education but I told them that I wasn't going to school any more. Then my father said that I had to work full time with him. I couldn't get out of it so I used to help deliver the things and I would work around the market stalls ^{he} I owned. He paid me \$5 a week for this work. I really worked hard that time. In the summer, the market was opened up at 12 and I used to put in at least 12 hours of work a day.] I was used to it because I starting helping my dad~~x~~ first when I was 12 years old. [Even when I went to school, I used to work at least 3 hours for my dad in the morning so that I used to fall asleep in my classes. I got pretty disgusted at this and that's the reason why I cut classes so I could go off some place to sleep. This was one of the main reasons why I didn't like school so much.] Naturally when I began to cut classes I would go around looking for other guys who did the same thing and then we would have fun together.

"It was more excitement to go around with the Mexican boys because they were always up to some fun. Every once in a while

we would get into a big gang fight, but I never got into one of those brawls where they used knives. We were a young guys and only the older guys did that. I never drank whiskey before the war but I was only 15 when I went up to the whore house the first time. I began to wear zoot suits and drapes from about 1940 as all of the Mexican guys were doing it.

"After working for my dad for quite a while I got a job as sort of a mechanic's helper in May, 1941. This gave me a chance to work on my own car. I was working for a Chinese guy and he would specialize in making up hopped up cars to sell so I helped him. We used to buy a lot of tires for these cars and we had quite a few of them when the war started. When the tire rationing came along we made quite a bit of money on these tires. We used to buy old tires for 50c and then retread them with some glueing rubber on the vulcanizer and then resell them for \$7.00. When the evacuation first started I went around with this Chinese guy and we bought up all kinds of cars from the Japanese. I would tell him about the Nihonjin who wanted to sell their cars and I would get a commission for each sale made. I only worked 3 months regular for the garage but I used to stick around there in my spare time even when I had nother job.

"I went out to Guadalupe to work in a nursery in August, 1941 as my brother-in-law was out there. My folks wanted me to go because they thought the change would make me settle down. I didn't care so much anyway. It was an easy job as all we did was to plant flowers. We lived way up on the farm and went to town only once a week. On those days we just went to a show as I didn't know anyone up in the country. I sure did miss L.A. I was

used to going to whore houses but there was no place like that up in Guadalupe.

"In L.A. there used to be a certain alley where the white girls hung around all the time and I used to go out there every week with the Mexican boys. We were only about 15 when we first started to go. I remember we got a 13 year old white girl once and five Mexican boys and I took her in the alley and laid her. Then she brought her 17 year old sister with her. After that there used to be all kinds of girls who hung around there. I used to see one Nisei girl too but I never got close to her. Most Nisei never saw such things but the Mexican fellows got around when they were pretty young.

"I had good training at home and it wasn't my fault that I got bad. I went to church regularly until I was 12 years old. They even gave me a Bible to read but I eased off on that kind of stuff after I started to go around with my pals. It was a Japanese church that I went to. I only knew very few Nisei and none of them were real good friends of mine. I never went around being pals with any of them because I didn't know them that well. The main reason for this was that I just didn't live around them. I never knew anything about boogie dances as I always went to the Mexican ones to hang around.

"I got interested in girls when I was about 15 and the Mexican guys and I would just pick them up in the shows. Those Mexican girls really liked to be loved up. They never said anything to me if I started to play around. I never was conscious of race before the war and I didn't know what it was all about until they said we had to evacuate. I only knew one Nisei girl

before the war.

"While I was in high school I went around with a Nisei girl for a while but she was older than I. She quit me after a month when I got hot for her. It was the first time I ever took a boochie girl out and I didn't know how to act around them as they were different from the Mexican girls I knew. I guess I didn't know how to behave right and that's the reason why we broke up; I didn't go with another boochie girl until I went to camp.

"I never gave the boochie kids a thought as I didn't seem to do the same things that they did. I just didn't care for them as they seemed to be too quiet and all they were interested in was basketball. They thought I was too much of a rowdy. I didn't belong to any Nisei clubs at all before the war. I found that I couldn't speak any Japanese except to my mother because I had never gone to a Japanese school like the rest of the boochie kids did.

"My older brother was a quiet and conservative one and he worked all the time so that he never played around. He always stayed around home to help the folks out. I never paid much attention to him as he was different from me and I had my own interests. I never had trouble getting along with my sisters as they always stuck up for me when my older brother said I was bad. My folks wanted me to do too much of that Japanese stuff and I didn't like to follow it after I got into high school. My ~~xxx~~ brother just did everything he was told and he thought I should do the same thing.

"When my older sister wanted to get married my folks objected so much that she had to elope. We didn't go through any of that

baishakunin stuff when my second sister got married either because she didn't want it. I wasn't any worse than a lot of kids but some of the Japanese seem to think I was terrible.

"Just before the war I wasn't sure of what I wanted. I had taken mechanical drafting in high school and I liked that course the best. I thought that I could use it to work on automobiles. I think I would had kept on doing some kind of automobile work if the war did not start. I definitely was not interested in any further education. I liked radio work and I thought I might do that some day but that was only a dream. I never thought I would be leaving Los Angeles.

"I was in Guadalupe when the war first started. I didn't find out about Pearl Harbor until I saw the headlines in the newspapers. I didn't care about it at all as I still was interested more in playing around. My brother-in-law got all worried about the family so he decided to go back to Los Angeles so I went back with them. After I got home I kept going around with my Italian friend in his car just like before and I never paid any attention to the war, curfew or anything they said. I was at a Mexican dance once when the cops raided the place. It was about midnight and I just stood there and the cops didn't even look at me. They just came in to arrest a couple of Mexican guys that they were looking for.

"My friend and I used to drive up to Hollywood and other places every night. I never thought anything about the war. When they told me that the Japanese had to evacuate, I had a funny feeling as I thought I would never be made to leave. I didn't know that Nisei had to go too. But I forget about it right away and I kept doing everything I had done before. I didn't sell my car

until a couple of days before evacuation as it took me that long to get finished hopping it up. I sure felt bad when I had to leave. The night before I left I went over to stay at one of my Mexican friend's home and all of these guys promised to come and visit me when I was put into Santa Anita.

"All this time I didn't know nothing of what was happening to the Japanese in Los Angeles and I never was around them. The Mexican friends I had never said nothing of the war and I didn't read the newspapers very often. My Mexican friends also helped us to pack away our things when we finally had to leave.

"My old man took the evacuation pretty hard and he was very upset about it. He had to sell all of his things cheaply and he couldn't get much for it. We sold many things real quick and we store sold of our belongings. My old man never said much about it to me as he was a quiet guy anyway, but I knew he was pretty bitter against this country for what was happening. I just stuck along with the family as there was nothing else that I could do. For a while I was thinking of hiding out with my Mexican friends and passing as a Mexican but I changed my mind. My family just had to go where we were put as my parents couldn't afford to voluntarily evacuated any place. It was about this time that my uncle and aunt moved in with us so that we could all go to camp together. I guess I had the least family spirit of anymore as I didn't cooperate too much. I just continued to run around every night right until the end and I didn't stay home to tie boxes and things like that.

"One of my cousins had voluntarily evacuated up to Colorado to start a farm there but we couldn't do anything like that be-

cause we didn't have the money. I don't know very much of how my folks took care of their business as I wasn't too interested about it. My father just closed his wholesale business right up and he must have lost quite a bit of money because he was always complaining about his loss. I never asked him about the details.

"There used to be a lot of stories about us being treacherous Japs and all that stuff but I never paid any attention to that. I guess I was too busy in other things to give it much of a thought and I knew it wasn't true anyway. I didn't give a damn about what they said about us anyway. I had my own friends the same as before and it didn't make any difference. I didn't exactly want to be evacuated, but I didn't care either as there was nothing I could do if I hid with my Mexican friends in Los Angeles.

"We were sent out to Santa Anita in May, 1942. The camp looked very big to me and I never saw so many Japanese in all my life. The place was just swarming with them. I heard there were 19,000 altogether. When I first went there I figured that I would get used to it after a while even if I didn't know any Nisei at all. I met some of the Los Angeles bad boys as I knew them slightly when they were going to Jefferson high as they had to go to the principal's office all the time for misbehaving and I used to see them there. I never went around with them until we got into camp. I didn't get along with them too good but there was no one else around that I was interested in. These guys wanted to go to all the dances and they ~~were~~acted like big shots. All they wanted to do was fight. They always wanted to borrow my clothes as I had some good drapes and I didn't like that much. I lived at home and I was pretty bored. I just walked around camp most of the

time. I met a girl and I was introduced to her brother so I started to go around with him for a while (CH-15). He sang with the Nisei orchestra a few times but I quit going around with him as he was too conceited. He was much older than I was anyway.

"I began to think of work so I put my name in the employment office. I got myself a job in the camouflage net factory. I was one of the very first to go there. I only worked for a few days before I was chased out. The guy told us that we would get extra time if we worked hard, but he wouldn't give it to us. I got sore and the guy said they would back me up if I went in to complain. I went to the head guy and we had an argument so that he fired me. He said I could never have any kind of camp job anymore but I didn't care.

"After that I just loafed and played around. I met some guys who had come in from Terminal Island and I started to go around with them. All we did was play cards and baseball. We began to go around with girls and we took in all of the dances. I was never too happy with this life in Santa Anita and I began to miss my old friends back home. My Mexican friends came to visit me a few times when I was there. I didn't think too much of the boochies in camp as I thought they were kind of simple. When I wore my drapes, they laughed and they didn't like my haircut but I didn't give a damn. A lot of the L.A. guys were wearing zoot suits at Santa Anita and everybody thought they were all bad. I was about the only one there with a finger-tip coat thought and pretty soon all the guys began to order them from the outside. I knew how to drape pants so I would charge \$1 to do it for them and I made more money this way than if I had a regular job. All the

boochie fellows began to take up drapes so I got a lot of practice in camp.

"Around this time I met another girl that I liked and I went steady with her for a couple of months before we broke up. Finally I got so bored that I went to wrk as a dish washer in the mess hall. I began to meet fellows there. It was a lot of fun as we could swipe food all the time. I got along with the old men pretty well and I never had any trouble. One day a bunch of us stole a truck and we rode around camp with it all day long. When it got late we left it parked right out in the middle of the road in the center of camp.

"The only real excitement we had was the riot. There was a Filipino guy there who was a squealer. The riot started when he came out of the mess hall and one of my friends was chasing him. They broke up everything and that's how the riot started. The hakujin policement tried to stop him with a knife and they began to throw things at him. The whole camp was mad anyway because of the search. About 5000 people came out and they all were milling around the gates. The guys finally found the Filipino guy hiding in a small room and they just about killed him. Then the Army started to come in and they tried to scare all of the people with machine guns. They had army law in there for a few days and jeeps were going all over the camp with armed soldiers in them. One of the guys I knew threw a rock at one of the jeeps one night but he missed.

"After a few days things began to cool down. The people in camp were mad at the way they were being pushed around and they didn't like it when the police stole things from the barracks.

They didn't like being pushed around in camp like animals. I never saw any of that pro-Japan demonstration like the newspaper said. I didn't know whatta hell was going on anyway. I didn't care as long as they didn't bother me. I was having my fun and that was all I cared about. The only thing I didn't like was that little rumors would go around so fast and it would always be twisted up. I didn't get into any trouble as I didn't know a lot of guys at first and I stayed at home a lot until I began to get around a little more.

"After I was in Santa Anita for a couple of months I found out that the boochie girls were not what I thought they were like. They didn't like to play around as far as I wanted to go. The boys were always trying to outdo each other and they talked behind everybody's back. I never saw any of the hakujin in charge of the camp so that they didn't bother me at all. I never thought about the war or anything serious. I never noticed how the Issei were acting because I was around young guys most of the time and we were interested only in girls.

"When they said that we were going to be relocated again we all began to wonder where we would go next. I didn't go where we were sent because we were so bored by that time with Santa Anita. The boochie kids began to throw quite a few dances to say goodbye to everybody because our camp was being split all up. After that we were busy packing up to leave for the relocation center. I only had a couple of close friends so that I wasn't sorry to leave Santa Anita. I was glad to get out of that dump as I though the relocation center would be much better. I didn't mind the idea of traveling as I hadn't done much of that before.

I guess I was sort of lost in Santa Anita even though I had a lot of fun at times. I never lived that kind of life before and for a while it was a good experience. But everything got to be so ^{that} damn dead there ~~xxx~~ it almost drove me nuts. I wanted to get out into the city life ~~xxxx~~ but I felt sure that we would be locked up until the end of the war.

"We were sent out to Rohwer in Arkansas next. When I first looked at the camp there it was so big compared to Santa Anita. We were all loaded on trucks which took us to our assigned blocks. The camp looked fairly good to me as there were trees around and it was not so bare. Our apartment was located close to the wash-room and showers and all of the buildings were new. We had boards on the floor and the cots weren't too bad.

"The only hard part about it was that it was so hot there that it prevented me from hiking all over to look at the camp. We began to fix our apartment up right away and we did a better job of it than in the assembly center because my folks expected to stay there for at least 5 years. After a few days, I first saw all of the Stockton fellows who had come into camp. We were in the next to the last group that had come in so that everyone turned out to look at us when we arrived. I was disappointed with the people as all I saw were old people, sad girls, and some country guys in my block.

"I got a job as a cook right away as I said that I had some experience as one in a Los Angeles restaurant and they believed me. They were a bunch of dumb clucks in the employment office anyway and the only way to get a job was to tell a lot of lies or else have a friend in there. I began to go around with the same

guys that I went around with at Santa Anita at first, but our group began to break up. These guys were no good anyway and they were always bumming things off of me. I didn't have a very good impression of the Stockton boochies as they thought they were too good for us at first. They didn't want us to go to any of their dances. After we beat the hell out of a few of them, they got better. They never wore drapes but they began to copy us when they saw all of the Santa Anita guys wearing them. They were taken for a ride because a lot of the Santa Anita guys took advantage of them.

"I started to go around with a guy called George. The boys from Santa Anita didn't like it very much when I broke off with them but they couldn't do nothing to me. My sister got married about this time and all of the fellows who used to live with her husband moved out. Nobody wanted to live with Hank so I told him to come live with me. I had a neat room with wall-paper and everything. Me and Hank started to go everywhere ~~together~~ and we would crash all the dances. Nobody would fool around with Hank as he was very rugged. He was a fighter so that he trained every day and I used to help him. At every dance we got into a fight and everybody was scared of Hank. He was a pro boxer and he lost his temper fast so that nobody cared to mix with him.

"I lost my cook job when I began to take stuff home and they discovered it. The cooks didn't like that very much and they got me fired. They gave the excuse that I didn't know enough about cooking. I got a job right away as a lumber jack. Hank and I went out on this job together and we used to ride around in the truck all the time. We had to go out in the woods to chop the

trees down. I only reported for work about half the time as the time-keeper would mark me present. Then Hank got a job to teach boxing to the young kids in camp and I helped him do this. All of the Stockton guys quit boxing because Hank would knock them right out if they started to think they were pretty good. Hank got a girl friend so I started to go around by myself again. I began to go back to the boys to play poker with and we started to fool around like before.

"These guys were just as bored as I was so that we began to talk about going out of camp on a seasonal leave. Three of us finally signed up to go to Montana to do sugar beet work and also work on the railroads. My folks didn't object to my going so we started out. On the way out we stopped off at Kansas City and St. Paul so that we could go shoot pool, go eat a good meal and go to a show. It was the first time that we were out of camp so that we began to look all around for a whore house, but we didn't find one until we got to Montana. We arrived up there in February or March, I don't remember exactly when.

"I know that just before we left camp, we had to register for the Army. They made us fill out a couple of sheets of paper. I answered 'yes-yes' right away about being loyal to this country and all of my friends did the same. There was some excitement in camp because a lot of the people didn't want to be loyal to this country anymore but I never knew what was going on. My parents answered 'no-no' as they definitely decided to repatriate and go back to Japan. I just told them that I wasn't ever going to Japan and they didn't try to force me to sign up the way they did. After that they didn't bother me at all. I guess I just didn't

care about all these things that were going on as it wasn't important to me. I just signed that I would be willing to fight for this country and pledged my allegiance to America as it was the thing for me to do. I can't understand why so many had trouble in doing this much because their parents couldn't agree with them. I ~~xxxxxxx~~ never thought nothing about the war but I was willing to go into the army if I was drafted as I figured I couldn't be stuck in a worst place than Rohwer then anyways. There wasn't any other way I could answer because I never felt loyal to Japan. Hell, a guy has to answer it in the right way if he was born here, doesn't he?

"Right after the registration, we started out for Montana to do the seasonal work. We were out there for 7 or 8 months. We had signed up to do sugar beet work and work on the company railroads in between. They told us that we were supposed to get at least 55c an hour but the farmers used to trick us into working cheaper. We would say that we wanted to work by the hour but we never got paid ~~for~~ what we had figured on. We didn't know nothing about sugar beets. When the farmer said he would give us a contract for the field so we would get at least 55c an hour, we thought it was a fair bargain so we signed it. But it worked out that we were only getting around 30c an hour and that got us down. We went to see the county agent right away but he didn't try to help us out. We told him that we wanted to go back to camp as we didn't make a cent out of working after being there for 3 months.

"The county agent said that we were all frozen on the job and that we couldn't get any transportation money until the season was over. We got pretty disgusted so we loafed around for a

whole month waiting for our transportation money. A Japanese man in Glasgow, Montana let us have a room and he said that we could stay there without rent if we would haul manure for him for 5 days. He gave us \$10 a piece because we worked hard on that and we were able to make out on this money. We skimped along and the only thing we bought was food for ourselves. It was a very dull and boring time.

"When our money ran out, we went to work on the railroad. We had to change tracks and we would go out with a big crew. We did about a mile a way. It was an old Japanese gang and it was the fastest one in the state so that we couldn't loaf around so much. They were okay even if a bunch of them were Issei and they acted funny toward us. We got 55c an hour for this work and we only had to put in 8 hours a day. We had to live in box car bunks and a mess car went along with the crew to feed us. We ate mostly Japanese food and rice. Some of those old guys had worked on the railroads for over 30 years and they were still the fastest guys in the gang. None of them had ever been evacuated as they left the Japanese in Montana alone. On our days off, we would go fishingx as there was nothing else to do. If we were near town, my pals and I would to to a show or else go visit the whore houses.

"In some of the towns the people were very prejudiced against the Japanese. One time we were eating in a small town when a drunk man came in. He thought that he should have service before us and he got mad and started to cuss us up and down as a bunch of treacherous Japs. I guess I looked like I was the weakest in the bunch so he began to pick on me. I didn't want any trouble with

him so I walked out . The drunk guy then grabbed another fellow and he started to hit him. The other people in the restaurant stepped in and a brawl started until the police came to break it up. The police told us not to come back to that town again and that made us sore as hell as we didn't do anything to cause trouble. It wasn't our fault that the brawl started.

"A lot of the hakujin were okay up that way but I never paid much attention to them. We worked for a few farmers whotook a real interest in us and they didn't try to cheat hell out of us. But the railroad job was the best one we had in Montana and we stayed on for about 3 months. I guess we got on each other's nerves living together so close like that and we began to have some pretty big arguments at night. I worked hard all this time and I didn't miss a day so I saved over \$200. The other guys that had come to work with me didn't save anything and they didn't want to go back to sugar beets so we decided to return to camp. We went over to the WRA office in town and asked them if we could get transportation from the sugar company. They said that we were entitled to it so we were asked to stick around for a few days while they investigated. I had to pay all the expenses for everybody for a week so that I went broke too. Then we began to argue a lot more and I got sore at them. Everything got on our nerves as we were together too much.

"The WRA couldn't find the guy to pay our transporation back so we went to work for 3 more weeks. I saved every cent I could and then I just left the other guys flat and hit out for camp by myself. It hit camp in October, 1943. I only had \$50 to show for 8 months of seasonal work so I felt gypped. It wasn't worth

it to go out and do all that hard work. I decided that I would stay in camp for a while and take it easy. After that I planned to go out again to another job as I knew ~~that~~ that my folks were already talking about repatriating and I didn't think much of the idea. I knew that if I stuck around camp too long, they might talk me into going to Tule Lake with them. ✓

"I got a job as a refrigeration assisant. I didn't know anything at all about it but I figured that I could learn. They needed a night watchman to check the refrigerators. I worked one night and then I would get credit for 3 days. The job was very simple as I only had to make a check every 3 hours so that I slept in between. I did this job until I resettled out here.

"It didn't take me long to get back into the routine of camp life. It seemed to be much better than before but I sort of enjoyed being back among familiar people once again. I didn't want my folks to go to Tule Lake and break the family up but I couldn't tell my dad anything as he had his mind set on it. He didn't know when he would be sent but he was waiting. I still can't understand why he wanted to go back to Japan so much because he doesn't have anything in Japan and my older brother is going to have a tough time supporting my folks back there because they don't pay any wages at all. My folks thought things would be much better for them in Japan and maybe it will be.

"I loafed around most of my spare time and I had lots of it so that I began to get bored again. I started to go around with another Los Angeles boy and he was a boxer too. We played sports together and I got back into the same life as before. I felt sort of bad because I knew that the hakujin people on the outside did

not like the boochies. I didn't like to travel as the hakujin looked at us kind of funny. That's why I never did like to go to town too much when I was doing seasonal work so I saved money. The hakujin made me feel queer as they always gave me a funny look when I was on the outside. Nothing like this ever happened before the war so they must hate the boochies quite a bit. [It was more comfortable in camp and I felt much more at ease among the boochies than I ever did before.] I think being in camp made me feel that way. I didn't think that I would still be bored there being there two or many months so that I had vague plans about going out the following summer. Finally I couldn't wait that long as all of my friends seemed to have left camp on indefinite leaves. I hardly knew anyone left so that it was like starting all over again.

"I got so bored that I got a couple of friends to sneak out of camp with me to go to Jerome and visit some friends. We went into town and we went right up to the railroad station and bought a ticket. When we got to McCheehee somebody reported us so that the police came and took us away to the Arkansas City jail for not having a permit to travel. I didn't think they had a right to do this as we didn't do anything to break the law. They booked us for the night but I wasn't worried because we hadn't committed any crime. The next day the WRA officials came down and they had a little trial with a boochie lawher from camp who told our side of the story.

"Then the jailor said that he was going to cut our hair off as he didn't like us. They were going to give us a 90 day sentence but they finally let us off with one week and they said that the rest of the time would be suspended. I didn't want them to

cut my hair off and the boochie lawyer told me that they couldn't do it but the next morning in jail the jailor came in to wake me up. He started to hit me with a broom because I got fresh. Then he said he was going to cut my hair off. I started to fight back against him so he hit me with his fist and then it swung his jail keys and hit me right over the eye and cut a big gash there. Then another guy came and grabbed me and cut my hair off with a pair of scissors.

"The jailor didn't like me so he made me get the coal every day and clean the jail. It was a dirty hole. The food was terrible and we only got fed twice a day. All we got was beans, corn bread and pig fat and that was supposed to be good for colored people, the jailor said. I got so hungry that I had to eat after 2 days. After a week they finally let us out and we had to go back to Rohwer. Everyone in camp already knew what had happened to us so they all came around to stare. My head was till bald and I felt self-conscious so I wore a cap day and night until my hair came out. After a couple of months my hair all grew back again and I started to train another pachute. There were 5 of us in that jail together and only one guy got his hair cut as he volunteered for the Army. He didn't have to serve the jail sentence.

"I was pretty sore at the WRA officials as I felt that we were punished too much for doing a simple thing like going out of camp without a permit. Those Arkansas jails are pretty tough and they had about 5 sets of bars on the window so that nobody could escape. They should have sent us back to camp without the jail treat us like convicts.

"In order to get revenge against the WRA we went to the camp lumber yard with a truck and we pretended that we had a requisition for the new lumber. We loaded the truck up and rode around the camp and gave it to anyone who wanted it. The WRA couldn't ever prove that we took it. After that I didn't give a damn about camp and I didn't care what the people said about me. My mother was very upset because I disgraced her so she took me to a boochie priest when I came back from jail and he gave me a lecture telling me to think of my mother. He said that it was hard on her when I got into trouble all the time. The priest thought that I would go on to do worst things and end up in a penitentiary if I did not reform. I listened to him but I figured that I was not that wrong and they didn't have to cut my hair off like a convict. I resented that a lot.

"I decided then and there to get out of camp as soon as I could as I figured that it was better to get just stared at by the hakujin than to stick around in such a damn hole as camp. I wanted to get out to see if it was like before the war in a big city. The food in camp was gradually getting me down. Most of my friends were out so I began to get a terrible itch to travel on. [I didn't like to take a walk around camp and just be able to see a fence. I wanted to get out where I could look at tall buildings, people, automobiles and all civilized things like that. Another reason was that I wanted to get out and make money as I was so bored with the camp. There were a lot of things that I wanted to buy on the outside. I wanted to get some new clothes and get my teeth fixed. <They wouldn't put any gold in my teeth in camp so I figured that I would have to do it on the outside.

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I still haven't attended to my teeth after being out here all this time.)

"I was missing all that ice cream and stuff like that that I couldn't have in camp. I hadn't been in a soft show seat for months. [I didn't like Arkansas as the hakujin there were backward and that got me down. They tried to act superior to us and they wanted us to lower ourselves and be bossed around like the Negroes. All they were trying to do was to get us to tell them that they were superior but I thought they were a bunch of hill-billiesk.

["I heard that I could make quite a bit of money if I worked on the outside and there was all the over-time that I wanted. Some of the guys who came back for a visit to camp said that I could make 75 to \$95 a week if I wanted to. I believed all that crap and it looked like real big money to me after those cheap wages in camp and in seasonal work. I didn't know exactly what I could do, but I heard that it was easy to get a job in a factory where they would train me.]

"I decided to come to Chicago as I thought that it would be more like Los Angeles since it was a big city. I figured that there would be less discrimination than going to a smaller city. Chicago was only 22 hours from camp by train and I could go back to camp for a visit any time I wanted to. I was thinking of coming out seriously for quite a while and arguing about just when I should take the chance. [Then Hank decided to go out too so we planned to leage together. [He had a brother out here and we were invited to come live with him until we got settled.] I told my folks that I was going and they didn't kick at all. They wanted me to stay until they were sent to Tule Lake but nobody knew when

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they were going and I didn't want to stick around that long. My folks just asked me to send some stuff back to them. My mother gave me a last talk and she told me to work steady and save my money for later on and not to get into any trouble. I told her that I wasn't going to get into trouble any more because I had learned my lesson and I said I would be working too hard to be playing around anyway.

"When I went to the leave office I told the WRA man that I would come out and look for my own job so they gave me my indefinite leave and transportation money. I got a \$25 grant besides that. I had a little less than \$75 of my own that my cousin and my parents held me to get together. I hadn't been able to save up any money for resettlement when I had gone out to seasonal work. I figured that I had enough money to get started on and that I would soon be rolling in dough when those big pay checks came in. I didn't worry a bit about getting stranded out in Chicago because it looked pretty easy to me. All the other guys had gone out and none of them had any trouble. Later on they began to drift back to camp because they were disgusted with their jobs but they never stayed too long so I figured things couldn't be too bad out in Chicago.

"My friend and I left Rohwer in January and it was still winter time. When I saw Chicago for the first time, the wind was blowing very hard and it was really dirty. I had the idea that Chicago was a pretty sharp looking city and nothing like what I had expected. The Loop looked kind of small to me and it was nothing compared to the business district of Los Angeles. We got on the subway right away and it was the first time that I ever

rode in one.

"We went out to my friend's brother's place on the south side near Drexel and 45rd and we stayed there for a while. We got a room in that building and my friend's brother told me that we could get a job at H.B. Smith's as soon as we anted to go to work. Right around then, I thought that I would go see some friends first, but Chicago was all twisted for me and so big that I didn't get to see very many of them. We didn't have any wor-ries about getting a job as Hank's brother was a foreman at the plant and he told the big boss so that we went to work after a couple of days.

"I was put on the graveyard shift from 12 to 8:00 right away. The work was really easy. We started off at 65c an hour. We had to wrap paper rolls to be shipped out. We also had to put wax into a vat, but I don't know what that was for. In 2 weeks we got raised to 75c an hour. When we learned how to run the machine, we got paid more. I started out with a little machine and I worked up. All this time, I worked steady and I didn't play around a single time. I really had a resolution to myself that I was going to make good. I thought resettlement was a serious business and I had to forget about fun because it was up to me to make a success. I never missed a single night at the plant and I finally got raise dto 80c an hour. I was clearing about \$40 a week and I managed to save at least \$100 a month because I didn't spend money for hardly anything. I worked seven nights a week and I just slept and ate the rest of the time. Once in a while I would go to a show, but that was about all. I didn't visit anybody because it took too much time. I really was

steady in my work.

"After living at 43rd and Drexel for a while, I decided to move. That house was full of boochies. There must have been at least 30 of them and there were only 15 hakujin living in the apartment building. I only knew Hank's brother and the 6 other boochies who worked at the same place. I never saw the rest of the boochies in that house at they worked in different places. It took us about 3 hours a day to go back and forth to work. I worked 10 hours a day so I only had time to sleep. We ate with Hank's brother and we paid him \$7 a week for the food. Rent was only \$3 each a week for us]so that I was able to save most of my salary as I didn't get a chance to spend any of it even if I wanted to.

"I met Barry (CH-46) at H.B. Smith's as I noticed him around the place all the time. I talked to him once in a while as we came to the same camp. Pretty soon we decided to go the shows together. Barry told me to come over to ~~xxxxx~~ his apartment and eat and sleep once in a while. It was close to work so I began to think of moving down there. Hank was going to move to the north side as he had friends out there so he quit his job and that left me alone in the room. I asked Barry and his room mate if I could move in with them. They agreed to it and ever since I have been staying in this apartment.

"I didn't stick as long in my work. After 3 months of hard work, I went back to camp as my folks were leaving for Tule and I wanted to see them for the last time. I wanted to go see them off as that was the least I could do for them. I spent all of my money to buy things for them. I must have spent \$300 or \$400 on

that trip as I spent time buying suit cases, clothes, candy, etc. for them.

"When I got back to camp I found that my folks were leaving for Tule Lake in 2 days. My younger sister wasn't going as it was finally arranged after some arguments that she would stay with my older married sister. Jane didn't want to leave her friends in camp to go to another strange place. My folks told me to stay in camp and rest up and take care of my sister for a while but I said that I was only there for a visit. My folks didn't have any money left so they said that they would like me to send them a little at Tule Lake after I started to work again. They are waiting to go to Japan now but I didn't know when the exchange ship will be arranged. When I talked to my older brother when I saw him, he said that he was sure he would be able to support my folks in Japan. My mother has a cousin in Japan who will look after them for a little while until they get settled. I don't know when they will ever get to Japan though because it looks like the government isn't arranging for an exchange ship for a long time.

"When my family left camp, I felt very badly to think that I was now practically alone in the world and that our family would never get together in one place for many years, if ever. I didn't want my folks to go to Tule but they seemed to be happier about it so maybe it is for the best. I figured I would stay in camp for a little while and then go back to H.B. Smith's and start working again. I guess it must have been a little hard on my folks as they figured they wouldn't see their children anymore either. It was pretty hard on June as she was used to the folks

and she didn't want to go to Japan and she had to make a decision. She pleaded so hard that my folks finally let her stay with my married sister. I guess my dad figured that it would be too hard to support a big family over there in Japan anyway. Now my old man figures that they may be in Tule Lake until after the war.

"I don't know what's going to happen to my younger sister as I don't have any plans for her and I couldn't take care of her at all. She is 17 years old and still has to go to high school for another year. I don't know what she will do after that although she will be old enough to come out and get her own job. Maybe she will get married altho she isn't going steady right now. She can stay with my older sister so I don't have to worry about her at all.

"After my folks left camp I moved over to some Stockton boys' apartment and I met some more Stockton boys through Barry's introduction. We used to rush around camp on a truck and I just loafed around and went to the dances. I was waiting to go out with another friend who had to graduate from high school first. We started to look around for job possibilities as I wasn't sure if I could get back with H.B. Smith's as I left there without giving them any notice. I wasn't too worried about a job as I figured that the company would take me back and I could make money by working 7 nights a week again.

"After about 3 weeks we got all set to leave. I told my friend that he could get a job easily so he came out with me and depended on me quite a bit as he was a greenhorn. We decided to go to St. Louis first to stop over for a couple of days in order to visit some friends who had resettled out there. We were even

resettling there ourselves but we found that it was too dead there so we came up to Chicago about June 1. St. Louis wasn't a very lively town and there weren't too many boochies down there.

"As soon as we arrived in Chicago we came up to this apartment. My friend had never been out of camp before and it was the first time he was in such a large city so I took him around to see some of the sights. We went to a few shows, visited friends and ate good food. We took it easy for about a week and I spent the rest of the money that I had. I still had a reserve bank account which I didn't care to touch at that time.

"Then I took my friend to H.B. Smith's and we got a job right away. They didn't even say anything about my walking out without giving a notice. We worked for about a week and my friend decided that he wanted a change because he didn't like the job. The company then made a new policy to let us work for only 6 nights a week and I didn't think that I would be able to make enough money so we took a week off to look for another job. I figured that I would be able to get over 90c an hour in a new job after the experience I had at Smith's.

"We went to the free employment agency and they told us about a lot of jobs. We started out to go to one steel plant but we decided that the work was too hard there even if it did pay 90c an hour. Then my friend found a job at a precision manufacturing company but I didn't feel like going there. Barry (CH-46) had quit the job with me so we just decided to take things easy for a while. That's what we've been doing ever since. We haven't started to think seriously about going to work but we will pretty soon.

"We were loafing around just enjoying ourselves when one night some fellows who worked at H.B. Smith with us told us of a friendly poker game that they had with some boochie fellows up at the Kinkaid apartment every week-end. We got interested right away because we felt that it would be a good way of having fun and we thought we might be able to pick up some loose change. I didn't play at all the first time because the game looked a little big to me but Barry (CH-46) got right into it. He won about \$80 right off the crack so I thought it would be a good way to make a living. It was all clear profit so the next night Barry and I really went to town to enjoy spending it. We took some girls out the next night and we went out dancing and to eat. And then we went around to bowling alleys and shows for the next few nights. We enjoyed ourselves the whole week on that money and it didn't cost us nothing to live.

"When the next week-end came around we decided to back to play poker again and see if we could win some more. We figured that we could take out all the girls we wanted to and have fun if our luck kept up. The second time we played Barry won a lot of money again and I got into the game and I won. While we were playing the fellows began to talk about going to see the horse races all the time and we got a little interested. They told us that some of their friends made a living betting on the horses. We thought we would just go out there to pass the time since it was a good sport but we didn't plan on betting on the horses at all. We met a couple of fellows who said that they would take us out to Washington Park.

"When we got out there the excitement of the horse racing

got us and we decided to take a shot at a couple of the long-shots. To our surprise we won about \$120 between us. I won about 45 bucks and Barry won \$75. That seemed to be very good profit to us and it was much better than working so we decided to go back again and try our luck. We decided definitely not to work for a while if we could make money this easily. When we got back from the races we called up some girls and we went out to celebrate. They didn't want to stay out all night with us as they said they had to go to work the next day. A couple of days later we went out to the racetracks again and believe it or not, but we won \$115 this time. It was such easy profit that Sus (CH-45) got curious so we began to take him with us. We made him take some days off from work. He didn't like his job anyway so he didn't need much coaxing. The first time he went out he won some money too. I guess we had beginner's luck. We didn't have any science at all to our betting because we just picked the long shots.

"At the racetracks we saw a lot of boochies out there every time we went. Some of them looked like rugged guys and they were really in the dough. They would go to the window and place \$40 and \$50 down on a bet every time. All we did was play conservatively and we never placed more than \$10. None of those guys at the racetracks worked, I don't think. I knew a few of them from Los Angeles and they had been pretty rugged from before the war. I guess they were all waiting for the draft too.

"After we went out to the racetracks for a few weeks we all began to lose a little money and our luck wasn't so good any more. However, we were still way ahead in our winnings so it

didn't worry us too much. We had been going regularly two or three times a week during the past five weeks and we are still ahead. I didn't go very far in the hole on the poker games and Barry is still ahead. We have just loafed around all this time and I don't regret it because I had a lot of fun.

"I guess I might as well tell you of some of the other things I did too. I met a Nisei girl at the place where I played poker with and she looked like pretty hot stuff so I started to take her out on dates. I got pretty friendly with her and one night I took her out to the park and we were mugging around. She acted very interested in me so I just took her under the bushes and laid her. She didn't seem to care at all. Then I met her friend and I liked her even better so I am sort of going around with her right now. Recently I have been taking out another Nisei girl, Louise, but she don't count very much because she is too conservative.

"The girl we have the most fun with is Susie. We saw her a long time ago at one of the Nisei dances and she was really getting around with all the rugged guys. She wasn't much to look at so we wondered why. Then we found out that she lived right near us so one night we just went over there and visited. We didn't even know her but she asked us to come right in. We had heard that she was really rugged and that proved to be true. Last week (first week of August) we brought her over to our apartment. We got a bottle of rum and we were dancing around to the radio and she got drunk as hell. She was only 19 years old but pretty experienced so we didn't worry. Pretty soon she said that she was tired so she laid down on the couch. I started to play around

as I had heard that she was a no good girl. She made off that she was passed out but I knew damn well that she was awake because she kept urging me on. I slept with her most of the night and about 4:00 o'clock I went and woke Barry up. I told him that Susie was laying over there and she wouldn't know nothing if he had an affair with her. Barry just carried her into the other room that we had and he slept with her for the rest of the night. Early the next morning she went home. I know that we can get her any time that we want because she is more than willing. I plan to bring her up some time but I don't want her to get ideas. Gad, I would never marry a dame like that. If she had a baby, I would make a bee-line for New York. Barry wants to bring her up here tonight (August 8) and he went over to see her.

"Yes, we have really had a lot of fun since we have been loafing around. This is the first chance that we have had to see all of our old friends that we haven't had time to look up before. We can go call on girls and other friends almost every night because we don't have to get up early to go to work. Every day we are doing something. We go to play pool or bowling. Sometimes we just go out to the beach in the afternoon and swim. We go to a lot of shows and I think I have seen almost all of them. In the evenings we just go to visit our friends and have bull sessions about girls if we are not playing poker.

"There are 7 of my friends who are not working right now and we go to see them once in a while. They saved up their money after working for a few months and they are enjoying the easy life just like we are. They play poker almost every night though. Some of the guys went broke so that they go around and eat off of

their friends and borrow money off of them. They are all waiting to be drafted but one of them is a 4-F. He said that he plan to go to work after his friends are all drafted.

"I haven't had such good luck in poker the last couple of weeks so that I am pretty much in debt right now to my room mate. I owe Barry about \$75 and Sus \$40. I've been living pretty good even though I've lost quite a bit in gambling now. It only cost me \$4 a week for rent and \$5 for my food because we cook in. Carfare is only \$2 or so a week and laundry about a dollar. I can live fairly easily on \$20 a week and I know that my luck is going to change at the poker game so I'll be able to make it easy. Lately I've been spending more than \$20 a week because I step out so much.

"I don't know when I'll go back to work again but I expect it will have to be in a few weeks as I have no money left and I just gotta work. I've been loafing for over six weeks now and it sure feels good to take it easy after working so hard. When I do go back to work I'll look for a job that's clean and not too hard. I don't like this heavy manual labor stuff. I didn't like the job at H.B. Smith as it was too hot in the plant. I didn't like the boochies working there either as they are a bunch of sour faces and very unfriendly. I just couldn't get along with them very good because they tried to look down on me. Anyway, I'll just take it kinda easy for a while longer. If I hear of a good job I'll take it though.

"Maybe I'll even start to look for a job at the end of this week. I don't feel like working hard anymore because it doesn't get me any place. I'm too disgusted these days at being in a hole

and I really don't care about nothing. But if I do go to work, I think that I'll be able to save a little money. The way I look at things is that you are only young once and I want to have my fun while I have my chance.

"I don't expect to be around any place after the war. If Germany can hold out a little longer, I know that I'll get drafted and I'll be shot sure as hell. I'll be sent overseas right away and what chance will I have? I never think of the future now as it's no use. The Nisei haven't got a chance if they go into the Army. I heard that they are all sent up to the front lines in Italy and they don't have a chance because they are killed off like flies. I heard that they put all of the crocks (Negroes) up there along with the boochies so they'll get shot up too. They just want to get rid of us so they are going to put us in the most dangerous places. That's why I'm not so happy about going into the Army but I'll go when I'm drafted.

"I expect to get married before very long altho I don't have any definite girl picked out right now. I don't want to go into the Army without having someone that will miss me. I'm just looking around for a girl right now. I want to have my sex life at least before I go get killed. Hell, you haven't got a chance if you get sent to Italy with the 100th battalion. What's the use of working hard and saving money when you know that you won't get back to enjoy it.

"I really don't know what I will do if I am not drafted. It will depend on what happens to me and I have to wait until then to decide. I'm a 4-C right now and I haven't even been reclassified yet. I'll probably not get called into the Army for 3 or 4 months

yet. I'm not too anxious to go into the Army as I don't like the idea of dying so quick. I haven't even lived yet. I know that all the boochies in the Army are sent up to be the spearhead and they are being knocked off left and right. Ten times as many Nisei are killed in proportion to the hakujin. My friends all tell me that so it must be the truth. I know that I can't get out of it because the war won't be over right away. Once I do get drafted, I guess I will be okay as I can take orders when I have to. I haven't got any real reason for going in right now but I have no say about that. We just have to go in there and fight with the rest of them. My friend in the Army tells me to stay out if I can because it is a tough life. Of course, I might be better off now because if I had been sent back to Japan when my old man wanted me to go, I'll probably would have been in the Japanese Army and killed by now. At least I might have had a chance to fly one of those Zero planes over there. In the American Army I won't have any choice at all. But you can't kick against the Army.

"I never think very much of the war and it don't bother me much. I don't exactly think that we are fighting for democracy. It doesn't look like it to me. They kick us around a lot and that's not supposed to be democracy but they don't care as long as you are not a white person. I really never think about what they are fighting for because I don't believe all of this propaganda. I don't know nothing about Germany and maybe they think they are fighting for the right thing too. I know that Japan has pretty good soldiers and they have a lot of guts so it will take a long time to beat them. I don't know if they are right or wrong. Some-

times when I see these movies the German and Japanese soldiers remind me of that jailer down in Arkansas and I really get mad and I want to do something about it. I guess if I had to fight against them I would shoot them ^(Japanese soldiers) just as much as a German as it is my life or theirs. Hell, who's going to stop to think about having the same kind of blood as a Japanese soldier when they are shooting bullets all around you. I know that those Japanese soldiers would be just as anxious to shoot me as they would think that we are treacherous for fighting for the American army.

"To tell the truth, I don't feel like fighting for this country as we have always been kicked around so much. They tell us that they are going to give us a chance to get killed off and then we will be considered loyal, but what good will that do if we are six feet under the ground. My heart wouldn't be in the fighting because I know that they are being hypocrites, but I would go and fight if I were drafted as I would be put in jail if I tried to get out of it. But I sure hate to be put into that spearhead in Italy. There would only be small write-ups in the paper even if we all got killed off and I don't know if it would do any good because a lot of people still would want to kick the boochies around and blame them for everything. I just don't think it's any use and I'd rather have my fun if I could.

"I think that the boochies in this country will be kicked around worse than they were before. There's alot of discrimination against us already and it will get worse after the war. Everyone of those boochies working so hard out here right now will lose their jobs and I bet there will be a lot of boochie gangsters around here. The way I figure is this: If I have to take too

much of a beating I'll be right out there kicking back. All of the boochies are going to get knocked around after the war and a guy can stand just so much and then he'll fight back. That's why there will be a lot of boochie gangsters around here because there won't be too many decent jobs and they'll have to fight for what they want. I take a lot of stuff right now that I wouldn't have taken before the war. Sometimes I walk by some hakujin and they mutter something about 'dirty Japs' under their breath. I don't want any trouble right now but I feel like hitting them. I get so mad that I would like to knock them down and grind my heels in their dirty faces. This feeling goes all over me and sometimes I might even lose control of myself. I don't want to let those hakujin know that they get me down because of my pride and there is no use of looking cheap and small. I'll just save it up until after the war and let them try something then. If I do come back from the Army, then they can't say nothing about my loyalty and I'll be able to stand up as an equal to any hakujin and take a sock at him if he passes any of these remarks. If I did such a thing now the newspapers would say that I insulted the American flag or something like that and I would always be made to be in the wrong. I just wouldn't have a chance.

"There are a lot of hakujin out here that are okay. And they treat us square and as human beings. The only trouble is that I don't meet too many of them. When I got to a subway or on the I.C. the hakujin look at me like I really am an inferior person and of a lower class. They figure that I'm up to no good and they give me a bad look. I never say nothing, but a lot of times I feel funny and if I am riding with another boochie friend I never talk

to him. I feel all tense and full of anger and I'm ready to explode and then I get cold and I feel like a cornered rat and I just want to sink into the seat and not be seen at all. It kinda worries me because if somebody happens to say something right at that moment I might blow up and then it would be too bad for all of the boochies out here because they would get the blame for anything I do. I think more of these things than I do of the war and I don't know if it's going to be any better afterwards even though they tell us that we are fighting for democracy.

"If I had gone to Tule Lake and then to Japan with my folks, it wouldn't have been so bad as I would look like the people over there and I wouldn't take such a beating. They wouldn't stare at me all the time like the hakujin do. But I don't want to go there as Japan don't seem to be a country that I would like. I don't speak Japanese hardly at all and I couldn't write it. They would think I was pretty dumb and I wouldn't like that. In boochie-land they have different ideas and I wouldn't be able to agree with them so well.

"I think that I would like to go to Hawaii after the war if I am not drafted into the Army as I would have a better shone out there. There's quite a few boochie in Hawaii and they hold the upper hand so that the hakujin don't try to push them in the dirt like they do out here. We are nothing in this country because there are so few boochies and people can't press us down and nobody would notice it. In Hawaii there are so many boochies that they wouldn't stand for it.

"I really don't know what's going to happen to me. I guess I'll just have to stick around in this country as there is no

choice for me. I could ask to be deported to Japan but that's not my country and it would be an even worst thing for me to go there than to stay here. I guess I sort of belong here just like all of the Negroes and those people who live in slums. There are certain groups in this country that don't get the democracy which they talk about in the schools. However, there are some good things about living here and I guess I won't mind too much. I can go to all of the shows I want to and eat all of the ice cream that I desire without anyone trying to stop me. I could eat as good as my salary if I worked and that would be up to me. I could wear any kind of clothes that I want to. The Nisei girls out here are better looking than those girls of boochie-land. I don't think I would like the girls in Japan because they are backward and they don't know how to mug and wear make-up.

"Another thing is that if I had the money, I could buy a car and travel all I want. In boochie-land I hear that you can't do anything without permission from the government. It would be a lot better for me if the hakujin wouldn't be so suspicious of us. Everything would have been okay if they had left us in California. In that case I would have felt more like fighting in the Army and I really would have believed all the stuff about democracy. I don't believe all of it now because I know it isn't ~~EM~~ true. They evacuated us, didn't that? And that isn't democracy. They didn't move the Germans and Italians out so it was racial discrimination. They were just scared that we were going to sabotage something. I guess there might have been other reasons for evacuation, but it looks like they just kicked us out of California because they didn't trust us back there on account of the faces we had. They

sure don't want us back there now.

"I'm pretty well split from my family now and I am on my own so I don't have any responsibility to think about. It's really going to be tough for the boochie after the war because when the soldiers come back, they will get the boot. The soldiers will get the pick of all the jobs and there might not be enough left for the boochies and the crocks. I think the crocks will have more of a chance than boochies because there are more of them. I don't know what the boochies could do now to avoid this. I don't think there is much of a choice even if they did work hard and make a good reputation. Maybe they will have to get ^{together} ~~tegher~~ and make a living helping each other out because the hakujin don't care what happens to them.

"In Los Angeles all of the boochies lived together before the war but I hardly saw them. Everything seemed to get along smoothly enough. For myself I don't care if I meet more of them, except girls, as I have my own friends now. When I first came out here they had a lot of boochie socials but I never went to any of them as I didn't care about it. I only went to a few of the dances. I could have my fun without seeing a lot of boochies. All I need is the money. I don't care for the boochies too much because they are all such sour faces and they don't want to be friendly with anyone except the people they knew before. My room-mates go in for the boochie stuff more and they like boochie company better than I do. I can take it or leave it.

"I don't know if the other Nisei can get along without big groups of boochies organizing for themselves. A lot of the Nisei are okay I guess but I don't know them. I know a few of the L.A.

fellas and they stand up for their rights. They don't take anything from nobody and they tell a hakujin guy off and have it out right then and there if they are pushed around. But some of those quiet boochies out here are afraid of their own shadows and they have to hang on to the other Nisei. Sometimes when I walk past them in the street they always hang their eyes down and they won't look me in the eye. That's why I feel that I can take them or leave ~~em~~ them and it doesn't make any difference to me. I hate a guy who haven't got guts in his belly and who would crawl to the hakujin. A lot of the Nisei out here are getting raises out here because they got book locking the bosses. I be the bosses don't have respect for them when they do that.

"I'd really like to have some hakujin friends but it's not that important to me. I know a few hakujin girls out here and they accept me good enough. I never try to lay them or take them out in public because the other hakujin will get mad at me if they see me walking down the street with a hakujin dame. That's why I try to leave them alone. I guess that will be the reason why the boochies will get together like they always do. They know where their friends are so they move near them. Pretty soon more comes in and the first thing you know, the whole district is full of them. That's what happened down on 43rd and Drexel and it is almost like a boochie town down there now. When I first lived out there there were very few. If a lot of boochies moved into this block and tried to get into all of the apartments here, the hakujin people might get mad about it. Already there are a lot of places where they won't allow the boochies to move in. That's why it might be better if they kept scattered out right now.

"I've been out here in Chicago about seven or eight months now but I still don't feel settled or nothing. I don't have too many close friends and the city is still new to me. I guess Chicago is okay, but I'd rather be in L.A. as I know my way around out there. The only thing I like here is the subway and the I.C. because it takes you to the Loop pretty quick. This apartment that I live in is okay but they have too many bedbugs out here. I'd rather live in a house like I did before. We never had any bed-bugs in L.A. and all of the houses were much better. Everything is dusty out here and the buildings are too dirty.

"I'm not happy all the time but I try to act that way because I don't want to get into any deep moods. But I have my serious moods once in a while. If I had a real reason for it, I could go out and be full of ambition. Right now I have an inferiority feeling. I just feel kinda small when I go into a restaurant and the hakujin look at me. I feel it more if I went in with a group of boochies. I don't feel so good when I get into a street car either. I hate to have to walk to the back of the car as the people stare. A lot of times I get on the streetcar and I just stand in the back so I won't have to walk through it. I feel the funniest when I have to sit in a seat facing another person. I know that they are thinking things in their minds when they look at me so I just stare out of the window and I avoid looking at them.

"I know that I feel resentful toward hakujin even when I think they may not have anything against me. It's the older hakujin who give me those funny look and then I get those strange feelings. If it was like the old days before the war, we could

get together and tear into those guys, but we can't do that now because we are already under too much suspicion. Before the war I never felt this way at all and I could talk to anybody. But something has happened to me and I feel all tied up inside when I go out in public. If I have a few drinks I don't feel that way so much. Mww

"Now I don't feel so much at ease when I meet a stranger. I try to be polite to them. I can meet boochies a lot easier and I don't get those funny feelings towards them at all. I know that they are unfriendly too. I always was able to talk easily and it looks like I'm cocky sometimes when I talk to a hakujin, but actually I feel very uneasy inside of me and I want to hurry up and get the conversation over with.

"I'm very satisfied with my few friends and I am not anxious to go out and meet a bunch of other boochies and hakujin altho I would like to know more girls. I try not to be so sensitive and I have a way of twisting things up and talking back so that they won't talk about me. That's why a lot of people think I'm pretty cocky and I know my way around pretty good. I think I know my way around better than a lot of those Nisei out here because they are really timid and I don't think I'm that way. I never show that I feel things inside of me when I am out in public and I'm not scared to take a crack at a guy if he rides me too much.

"In spite of that, I am more uncertain and restless about myself than I ever was before in my life. I suppose I'll just go along in the way I am and wait and see what happens. I don't know how to figure my future as it is too deep for me and I don't know exactly how to go about and find all of the answers to the

things that are so twisted up in my mind. I just go along from one thing to another and that's the best that I can do. My big worry is money right now so I have been thinking of going back to work pretty soon. But if Barry wins big at the races this week, then I can have a good time for a while longer and forget about working. But sooner or later, I guess I'll have to go back to work because I don't have the money to loaf around too much longer. I don't think I'll get drafted before then since my money has already run out."

Jobs.

Buster, 19, arrived in Chicago in January 1944 without a job, but he did not worry much about it as his friend's brother "told me that I could get a job at S---Company as soon as we wanted to go to work" (p.36) Within a few days, Buster ~~did go~~ ^{went} to work on the "graveyard shift" ~~between 12:00midnight and 8:00 amx~~ as a paper wrapper at .65 cents an hour. After two weeks of steady work, the foreman promoted him to a machine operator with a ~~xxxx~~ ^{was determined to} increase in wage of .10 cents an hour. Buster ~~had started his work experiences in Chicago with the intention of making~~ ^e a good record so,

copy p 36 marked.

It took Buster an additional three hours a day to commute ~~xx~~ back and forth to work ~~xxxx~~ in between the 16 hours of work he put in.

~~Buster~~ ^{He} followed this routine steadily for three months until he ~~suddenly went back~~ ^{decided to go} to the Rowher Relocation Center to see "my folks who were leaving for Tule and I wanted to see them for the last time...as that was the least I could do for them." (p37) He spent between \$300 and \$400 of his savings on this trip, for his family needs and ~~upon~~ ^{for himself} himself for clothing. This experience apparently contributed to his ~~intense~~ disorganization when he returned to Chicago as he was most restless after that.

Buster stayed in the Rowher Center for three extra weeks after his family left for Tule while waiting around for a friend "who had to graduate from high school first." (p39) He had left his job/^{in Chicago} without any notice so that ~~Buster~~ ^{he} and his friend went to St. Louis first to "look around and visit some friends." They returned to Chicago "when we found it was too dead there." (p40)

~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ copy p 40 ~~xxxxxx~~(1) marked.

Buster ~~xxx~~ and his friend ~~xx~~ ^{then} applied at a private employment agency but they did not take the job offered as "we decided that the

Buster's pessimism was so great that he could not see any hope for the future,

"I don't think there is much of a choice even if they did work hard etc. p 52 and make a good reputation. Maybe the ~~united house~~ ~~together~~

At the time of the interviews (Aug. 1944), Buster still was very restless and disorganized ~~and~~ he did not like Chicago.

p 55-56

In Nov. 1945 Buster did return to work. He was drafted in Feb 1945. (This has to be checked.)

Buster's work dissatisfactions ~~first~~ started when he was a young boy. He had to help his father from the age of 12 "when the other kids played around." He believed that he never did get enough sleep so that his school work ~~was~~ suffered. Buster went to work full time for his father after failing the 10th grade.

p 14(1)

In May 1941, Buster became a mechanic's helper. He enjoyed this work as he had a great interest in automobiles, but his father decided that it was better for him to go to work in Guadalupe in a nursery. Buster found this a boring experience, as "I sure did miss L.A." The outbreak of the war on Dec 7 did not affect him ~~very much~~ *immediately*.

p 18

Buster was unemployed until evacuation. He worked briefly in the camouflage net project at Santa Anita ~~but then~~ ^{at \$8 a month but he} he was fired after an argument with the project director about overtime pay.

At Rowher, Buster received a job as a cook "right away as I said that I had some experience as one in a LA restaurant and they believed me. They were a bunch of dumb clucks in the employment office anyway and the only way to get a job was to tell a lot of lies.." (p24)

"He was fired within three weeks ^{when I began} to take stuff home and they discovered it. The cooks didn't like that very much and they got me fired." (p25)

Buster and his "Zoot suit" friends ^{work for camp} went to work as lumberjacks for the next two months, but they became restless with this sort of life "so ~~we~~ began to talk about going out of camp on a seasonal leave." (p26)

~~copy page 26 marked.~~

and signed up for seasonal work in the Montana beet fields, ~~and on the railroad~~

Buster and his group remained out on seasonal work for the next seven or eight months (until ~~Aug~~ Oct. 1943), but they encountered all sorts of difficulties ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~

p. 27-28 marked.

When their money ran out, Buster went to work on the railroad at .55 cents an hour with an "A" work gang. ~~Some of the disatisfactions developed out of the hostile reception he received in the surrounding~~ Montana towns ^{of the Jayama works} ~~was~~ ^{was exceedingly hostile}

~~p 28 marked.~~

After several disagreeable experiences,

~~Buster~~ ^{stayed} stayed away from the towns ~~after that~~ and "I worked hard all this time and I didn't miss a day (at work) so I saved over \$200" p29 ^{for substitute} All of this money was spent while waiting for the sugar beet company to pay the transportation back ~~to~~ to camp as specified in the original contract.

copy p. 29-30 l 2

Buster ~~decided to remain in~~ Rowher after these ~~disatisfying work experiences~~ so he took a job as an refrigeration assistant, ^{copy p 30 marked} but, ~~it~~ he soon found the restricted camp life ^{intolerable} even more uncomfortable, so ~~copy p 33-34~~

He became enthusiastic about resettlement in a city when

copy p 34 marked ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ (1)

And,

copy p 35 marked.