

Interviewer's code

Yiku Tomita
Kimi Toyama

Evacuation and Resettlement Study,
February, 1944 (Revised)

SCHEDULE FOR INDIVIDUAL RESETTLERS

Date of interview June 13, 1945 Interviewer C.K.

1. Case number #63 2. Sex, M (F) 3. Marital stat. M (S) D W O

4. Present address 4857 N. Winthrop Ave. Entered Jan. '44 Left --

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

6. Birthplace Washington 7. Birthdate 1924

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

10. Addresses between Dec. 1, 1941 and evacuation

	Date	Entered	Left
(a) <u>Seattle, Washington</u>	"	<u>1924</u>	<u>1942</u>
(b) _____	"	_____	_____
(c) _____	"	_____	_____
(d) _____	"	_____	_____
(e) _____	"	_____	_____

11. Assembly Center Enrollment *Pinedale* Date 4-'42 5-'42

12. Relocation Center Tule Lake Date 6-'42 9-'42
Heart Mt. " 9-'43 1-'44

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

	Entered	Left
(a) <u>Hotel in Chicago</u>	<u>1-'44</u>	<u>2-'44</u>
(b) _____	_____	_____
(c) _____	_____	_____
(d) _____	_____	_____
(e) _____	_____	_____
(f) _____	_____	_____
(g) _____	_____	_____

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

Relationship to Resettler	Age	Sex	Birthplace	Occupation	Religion
(a) <u>Father</u>	<u>55</u>	<u>M</u>	<u>Japan</u>	<u>Farmer</u>	<u>Buddhist</u>
(b) <u>Mother</u>	<u>47</u>	<u>F</u>	<u>"</u>	<u>Housewife</u>	<u>"</u>
(c) <u>Self</u>	<u>21</u>	<u>F</u>	<u>U.S.</u>	<u>Clerk</u>	<u>Christian</u>
(d) <u>Brother</u>	<u>18</u>	<u>M</u>	<u>"</u>	<u>Student</u>	<u>"</u>
(e) <u>Sister</u>	<u>16</u>	<u>F</u>	<u>"</u>	<u>"</u>	<u>"</u>
(f) _____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
(g) _____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
(h) _____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
(i) _____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
(j) _____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

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)				
(b)				
(c)				
(d)				
(e)				
(f)				

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

Give symbols #14

What other related persons?

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

17. Family members living together in Chicago

Address symbol (see 13)	Entered	Left	Relationship to Resettler	Age	Sex	Birthplace	Occupation (at date of interview)
(a) Self	1944						
(b) Sister	"						
(c)							
(d)							
(e)							
(f)							
(g)							
(h)							

18. Educational history of resettler

Grammar schools (name and location)	Dates	Grade completed	
High schools (name and location)	Dates	Grade completed	
Highline		12th	
Colleges, universities and vocational schools, (name and location)	Dates	Grade completed	Degree
U. of Chicago, part-time	1945		
Attendance at Japanese language school, location	Dates		
Washington	8 yrs.		

2. Tule Lake 7/18/42
3. Pinedale 5/13/42
4. Rt. 9, Box 491 W., Seattle, Wash.
5. Tomita, Masakazu Japan
Matsui, Tei Japan
- 5a. U.S. Nursery
7. Grammar school, Sunnyside, Seattle, Wash. 9/29 to 6/37
High school, Highline, Seattle, 9/37 to 6/41
Sunnyside Japanese language, Seattle, Wash. from 9/29 to 6/39
- 7a. Major: Home econ. Minor: commercial. Life member of torch honor society and member of Quill-Scroll during senior year
8. Vancouver, B.C. 1/37 to 1/37
12. 62 125 lbs.
13. No major defects
18. Single
19. Daughter
20. 9/16/23
23. No
24. High 4
25. Speaks Japanese
27. Clerk Gen. off.
- 27a. Musician
28. 4/42 to 5/42 Taking P.G. course at Highline High (Spanish and geometry and advanced bookkeeping)
- 3/42 to 4/42 NYA (Miss Ruth Sears) Office secretarial asst. 30¢ hr. Seattle, Wash.
- 9/41 to 3/42 West Queen Anne Elementary Typing and filing; office School and others (Seattle clerk (typing, stenography, answering telephone, cutting Public School System) stencils, operating mimeograph, filing, etc.
29. Skills: Shorthand, typing, music appreciation, piano, sewing, collecting stamps and old coins, dancing
30. Presbyterian

Kiku's mother, Tei Tomita

2. same
3. same
4. same
5. Matsui, Eitaro Japan
Terahara, Taka Japan
- 5a. Abroad rice farmer
7. Grammar school, Shinagahara, Osaka, Japan 4/03 to 3/07
Junior high, Daigatsu Ka, Osaka, Japan 4/07 to 3/11
High school, Sakurai, Nara, Japan 4/11 to 3/15
- 7a. ---
12. 61 105 lbs.
13. No major defects
18. Married
19. Wife
20. 12/1/96

Kiku's mother, Tei Tomita, continued

- 23. No
- 24. 12 yrs.
- 25. No English
- 27. ---
- 27a. Knitter
- 28. Housewife
- 29. Knitting; Music appreciation
- 30. Presbyterian

Kiku's brother, Jun Tomita

- 2. same
- 3. same
- 4. same
- 5. Tomita, Masakazu Japan
Matsui, Tei Japan
- 5a. U.S. Nursery
- 7. Grammar school, Sunnyside, Seattle, Wash. 9/32 to 6/40
High school, Highline, Seattle, 9/40 to 5/42
Sunnyside Japanese Language, Seattle, 9/33 to 6/39
- 7a. ---
- 8. None
- 12. 66 150 lbs.
- 13. No major defects
- 18. Single
- 19. Son
- 20. 4/26/26
- 23. Yes
- 24. High 2
- 25. Speaks Japanese
- 27. ---
- 27a. Angler
- 28. ---
- 29. Athletes, fishing, reading
- 30. Presbyterian

Kiku's sister, Kay Tomita

- 2. same
- 3. same
- 4. same
- 5. same
- 5a. same
- 7. Sunnyside, Seattle, Wash. (Grammar) 9/34 to 5/42
Sunnyside Japanese Language, Seattle, 9/35 to 12/41
- 7a. ---
- 8. None
- 12. 61 106 lbs.
- 13. No major defects
- 18. Single
- 19. Daughter

Kiku's sister, Kay Tomita, continued

- 20. 8/26/28
- 23. Yes
- 24. 8
- 25. Speaks Japanese
- 27. ---
- 27a. ---
- 28. ---
- 29. Reading
- 30. Presbyterian

Kiku's brother, Joe Tomita

- 2. same
- 3. same
- 4. same
- 5. same
- 5a. same
- 7. Grammar school, Sunnydale, Seattle, Wash. 9/41 to 5/42
- 7a. ---
- 8. None
- 12. 48 58 lbs.
- 13. No major defects
- 18. Single
- 19. Son
- 20. 3/10/35
- 23. Yes
- 24. 1
- 25. ---
- 27. ---
- 27a. ---
- 28. ---
- 29. Singing, harmonica, music appreciation
- 30. Presbyterian

This is the diary of a young girl who talks about herself and family without disclosing ~~any~~ important relationships. (?) For example a child is lost (disappears) the father has appendicitis, and loves to go to baseball games.

The girl is 21 years old and in the accounting division of the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago. She is not precisely egotistic, but her narrative turns on herself and her views and movements. The family is little involved.

Evacuation & Resettlement Study
Chicago, Illinois
Charles Kikuchi
June 14, 1945

CH-63 Kimi Tayama (psued.)

This case is an autobiography written by Kimi. She is a 21 year old girl working as a secretary in the accounting division of Edgewater Beach Hotel. She has held this job since her resettlement. Kimi is very much interested in Nisei adjustments and there is a possibility that she may write some more things later on if encouraged.

The following are excerpts from C.K. Diary:

September 15, 1944

Went way out to the North Side to interview Kimi Tayama, but I think that the evening was not very fruitful. She had written Dorothy saying that she was interested in research work and that she had an autobiography prepared for the Study. I discovered that she only had it in mind so I did encourage her to write it. Kimi is a bright girl, but she was trying to show off too much. She made a great fuss about being so secretive with her writings so I wondered why she had wanted me to come up and look it over in the first place. Most of the evening she was trying to tell me how the Study should be made. Youthful enthusiasm I guess. I let her talk on. I encouraged her to make some spot observations of Nisei adjustments, but she ~~doesn't think~~ is more interested in "conclusions." She does not think the raw material is necessary as she hopes to be objective without it. I didn't try to argue with her as that seemed to be what she wants. I have noticed that many Nisei are like that. They want to argue instead of discuss in order to show off their superior insight on things. Must be an attempt to cover up feelings of inadequacies which they do not want to admit.

I did encourage her to write her own autobiography, but I don't know how far she will get as she seems to be quite busy. I saw many evidences of Jimmy Sakoda's training on her as she wants to psychoanalyze people and peg hole them into some preconceived picture. I did my best to explain WI's belief that it was not necessary to be full of theory, but to collect the facts objectively so that some analysis could be made of it later on. Kimi seems to feel that "conclusions must come out of everything right away.

The girl is bright and if encouraged she may be able to gather

some useful data for the Study so I praised her abilities all evening long like a true hypocrit. She is quite capable of writing from the little bit I did see. She is only about 20 or 21 from what I gathered. She graduated from the Highline high school in the suburb of Seattle. She believes that the Japanese family has qualities that no other racial groups possess and therefore she is very proud of her Japanese blood. I asked her if she meant she was proud of every individual Japanese and she began to back down and admit that there was a wide difference in the Japanese families just as in any other racial group and that they did not possess all of the human virtues. She feels that the Seattle Japanese are superior to the California ones, etc., etc. Rash generalizations of youth I would say. She plans to go to college eventually. Right now she would like to get her parents out of camp. Her younger sister is living with her now. Kimi pays \$9 a week rent and supports her sister on her salary as a secretary at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. She has a lot of possibilities so it might pay to encourage her along. At least she does a lot of thinking about things even though her views are too dogmatic for such a young girl....."

Later.

Right after my last class, I ran over to the "L" and took the train way up to the North Side. I had to go about 125 blocks to reach Kiku's house so I did a lot of traveling today. When I got there, I couldn't locate her apartment on No. Winthrop St. so I had to phone her only to discover that I was only one-eighth of a block from her. Fortunately she had not finished cooking dinner so that I did not delay her. Evidently Kiku spend a lot of time cooking because she served a very delicious chow mein dinner with chocolate eclairs for dessert and I forgot all about my pounding headache and sniffing nose from the head cold. It was so humid but I finally got brave enough to take my coat off.

Kiku (CH-63) gave me her autobiography at last. I have been after her for this during the last 8 months. Kiku kept putting it off but she finally completed it recently. I guess that my promise to help her with her term paper on the Future of the Nisei was one of the reasons why she came through at this time. She had also a some kind of journal, but she said she hadn't been keeping it up recently because she had too many other activities. I believe that she did let the Study have the journal she wrote in camp. Kiku is very much interested in writing but she feels that she hasn't got the vocabulary or style to be very effective. I encouraged her and said that it wasn't necessary to write with a lot of big words. She has several boxes of material laying about her room and she said that she writes things every now and then.

Kiku is a very intelligent girl and I've changed my opinion of her a little from before. I thought that she was too conceited but she seems a little more mature now. She just likes to let people know that she is an intellectual. She knows that she is bright but I didn't think that it was so offensive. She tried to be most

friendly and she was a very good hostess. Her younger sister was very quiet and I doubt if she said 50 words all evening. While Kiku was busy ~~kakk~~ cooking, I talked to her sister for a while. She is going to Senn high school where she is a junior. She said that there were about 25 Nisei students there but they didn't congregate too much. She definitely doesn't want a Nisei student club to be organized, "because everyone accepts us so well." She went on to say that very few of the Nisei in her school took part in any of the school activities altho there were a couple of boys who went out for the athletic teams. She belongs to the International Relations Club which is composed mostly of Caucasian students and they discuss peace problems. She seems to be rather intelligent altho introvertly inclined.

During dinner Kiku thawed out perceptively. She became much freer in her conversation and she wasn't as timid as when I first went in. I gathered that she doesn't act too much at ease in a social circle even tho she mentioned that she liked to have many friends about her. She wanted to talk politics and the relation of the Nisei problem to the coming peace but I didn't debate with her on anything as I was too busy eating her chow mein. Kiku had some very good observations to make and I certainly got a better impression of her than when I first met her.

During dinner she told me of some of her activities and I got the impression that she is fairly well adjusted to her resettlement life. She is most ambitious and she stated that she figured that she might as well make constructive use of the next 3 or 4 years in her life. She still has not decided whether to take 4 years off in order to pursue a liberal arts degree, "because it might not be of any value to me afterwards." But everybody almost has to have an A.B. these days. I am taking some anthropology courses at the Uni-

versity of Chicago night school. The reason I don't want to take a regular university course is that I can't take what I want. In my class I am with a lot of teachers and I feel pretty dumb at times. But I have some of the term papers they have written and I think that mine is just as good as theirs. I'm also taking an accounting course because I thought I might as well be prepared to do secretarial work as long as I am in it now. I've always had an ambition to play the piano but I never got to realize it. But I am taking some voice lessons now. My life is pretty rushed because I work overtime at the Edgewater Beach Hotel a lot of times because I need the money to help support my younger sister. I provide all of her living costs. I don't get the time to see all of my friends because my evening are limited. I go to the YW once a week and I attend church regularly. There aren't any Nisei in the church that I go to. The people in the church seem very friendly and they have taken me in completely. I don't feel any racial difference at all.

"However, I do feel a racial distinction at times. I see all of those Issei working at Edgewater Beach Hotel and they have all the menial jobs. A lot of them had good education too. Before the evacuation I used to be so polite to the Issei but now I hardly ever notice them. The Edgewater Beach took over the hotel which the Brethrens were operating as a hostel and all the Issei were given rooming places there. Now, they have to find another place for them. I guess I feel a racial consciousness the strongest when I hear of incidents which affect the Nisei. Not too long ago, one of the transient hotels around here gave eviction notices to 20 Nisei and it was pure discrimination.

"I don't believe in the segregation of the Japanese, but they have to have places to live. This house has almost all Nisei in it now. There are a large number of them living on this St. and on

Leland Ave. and around Wilson Ave. Quite a few of the Nihonjin seem to be moving into this area. This street used to have a lower class of white people living here, and I think the Nihonjin actually made it a better neighborhood. There are a few Japanese businesses opening up in this general area but I don't know too much about them. There is a Fred's Restaurant which seems to be doing very well. They get about 75% Caucasian trade there. I don't like a segregated area to develop around here, but I don't think it's going to happen.

"There's been quite a turn-over in this building alone. I've been here the longest, but that's because I'm sort of immune to the snoopy landlady. She is just curious about everything and she doesn't seem to want us to get friendly with one another. She goes around and tells a few lies to different people so that we will distrust each other. Maybe it's in her nature to be that way. She hasn't got any racial prejudice against us, but she is just snoopy. The other day, I was washing some of my stockings in the bathroom and there was a little dirt left in it so the next day she puts a sign up, 'Keep Bowl Clean or Move out.' She knows that we have a hard time in housing so we can't talk back to her at all.

"I'm not too worried about the closing of the camps because my parents are out. I don't think that the WRA can get them all out. I went down to the WRA office a couple of weeks ago to get some pamphlets for my term paper and I talked to one of the Caucasian interviewers there about what would happen to the people at the end of the year. He said, 'Well, they'll just have to move out. On January 1, 1946, there won't be any meals served in the mess halls.' I just can't understand an attitude like that. It's inhumane. What are all of those old people going to do when even the WRA can't even find housing for them out here? I think that a lot of the WRA plans for the closing up of camp are most impractical.

"My parents are working on a small farm near Minneapolis and my sister may go up there after this summer. I might eventually go up to Minneapolis if I decide to go to the university there. I don't like any of the colleges here in Chicago. I think that the University of Chicago is over-rated. It is supposed to be such a liberal school and yet I read in the paper that the Faculty Club won't allow Negro members into the Quadrangle. That's why they are picketing the Faculty Club now."

After dinner I read over her term paper on "The Future of the Nisei" and it was written fairly well. Kiku was stumped as to what the solution was and I couldn't help her too much. I suggested that she point out several alternatives. In her term paper she had the tendency of putting all the blame on the evacuation and I suggested that she tone that down a little bit and point out that the Nisei were human too, and they had their weaknesses. Kiku said that she wanted her paper to be educational so that she was pointing out the best aspects of Nisei adjustment. The thing that she couldn't understand was the fatalism of the Nisei. She said that they were all so discouraged and they didn't look at the future like the Caucasian kids did. "All the young Caucasian individuals that I know are most optimistic about the future and they plan for this and that. They look forward with eagerness and expectation. The Nisei don't seem to do that. They look at the goomy side of everything and they are ultra-pessimistic. I realize that the Nisei are faced with a most difficult situation, but they will never get any place if they admit defeat right off the bat. I don't see what many of them don't take this as an opportunity and make something out of themselves. It is a challenge to them. Before the war the Nisei had high expectations in careers but the reality of the situation always disillusioned them because they were reaching too high. Now there isn't such a

gap between their expectations and the realities. A lot of them have come down to earth and I don't see why they can't enter trades and the business world. They don't all have to be doctors and professors. I guess the Nisei are similar to the Jewish people. The Nisei feel that they can only achieve equality through intellectual pursuits so they emphasize that. It is unfortunate that so many of them have become disillusioned with education but I still think that their educational level is much higher than the population at large. I don't believe in education just for the sake of getting a job out of it. I think that the Nisei could develop their individualism if they develop some spiritual values to go along with it. The trouble with modern civilization is that too much emphasis is placed upon material things. I'm religiously inclined, but not the orthodox type. I believe that one's life is elevated if certain spiritual ideas are developed. It certainly gives one more of a feeling that there is a purpose in life. I certainly would hate to live a life of daily drab existence. I don't know why the Nisei cannot penetrate more into the greater life in which they are situated now.

"I suppose there is natural tendencies for segregation but I am very much opposed to these Nisei individuals who want to organize everything for the sake of personal prestige. I know at the YW some of the girls were telling me that there was a movement to organize definite Nisei clubs. I really don't think that this is a popular movement because none of my Nisei friends seem to want just Nisei clubs. A friend of mine has been trying to get me to join the JACL chapter here but I can't see the sense of paying those dues and not getting a thing out of it. I don't know whether we are going to move toward greater segregation or assimilation, but I hope for the sake of the Nisei that it will be assimilation. That is the only way that progress can be made, and the Nisei can't afford to go

backwards. Maybe I am being too idealistic. When I look at the thing realistically, I am very confused. I think that there is a certain value in the Nihonjin having a community solidarity. If the hakujin don't accept them, then they have to unit in some way. But I am not sure that the statement "in unity there is strength" applies to them. It seems to me that the future salvation of the Nisei is to have a unity with American principles, and not to cut themselves off as a racial group.

"The difficulty about this is that they have Japanese faces which stand out, and not all Caucasians are willing to lift the barriers. There is something that makes us feel some identify with one another. I have always felt that it is very wrong for the Nisei to ever say anything against the Issei, especially against their own parents, that's why I objected to your life story in Adams's book 'From Many Lands' so much. I thought it was terrible for a Nisei to speak against their parents even if it were true. What good does it do? It only creates a bad impression. I guess I feel a little more closer to the Issei than you do because you didn't grow up among them. I see them more as individual human beings and I don't try desperately to escape from them. I put the blame on Caucasians for making us such a limited group. The suspicious nature of the Issei and the pettiness of the Nisei as a whole is a direct result of all this prejudice. They are limited in their opportunities so that there is a greater emphasis placed on prestige. Now the Nisei have broken the bonds to a certain extent and I think that they should be able to go forward from now on. But I do have some reservation because I don't think that all the Caucasians will accept us completely. That will take a long process of education. Out here in Chicago, I don't feel different from anyone else and people don't come around asking me what I am. It's mostly in the small towns in

the states where the relocation centers are located that prejudice is the strongest. I don't believe in adding to their arguments by attacking the Issei."

I pointed out to Kiku that this was not the object at all. "In discussing the limitations of the Issei and bringing them out, I think that we point out more clearly than anything that it is an environmental frustration which causes a lot of their reactions. It is more of a process of education and we might help to eliminate it. For example, I don't believe that the statistics on the Negro crime rate and the high rate of illegitimacy should be suppressed. These things are brought out in order to acquaint the wider public with the problems of the Negro group and to show that it isn't a racial matter. We do it to help the group and not because we dislike them. The same thing is true when we talk about the Issei and Nisei limitations. We show how environment has restricted their thinking, and how the elimination of such thing can make good Americans out of them. We do it because we want to help the group and not because we are ashamed of them or that we want to belittle them."

Kiku saw this point but she still felt that any skeletons in the closet which would put the Issei and Nisei in an unfavorable light would be interpreted falsely and used against them so that it was no use to bring out all of the weaknesses of the group. "I feel that we should constantly stress the strong point and more will be achieved in a constructive way by that. It will give the Nisei more confidence and gradually they will overcome their weaker points so that it isn't necessary to stress their weaknesses at all." Kiku is a bright girl and she reminds me a lot of Setsuko only she doesn't have the aggressive personality. I do think that she should stress some of her physical attractiveness more than her intellectual capacity or else she won't get very far with a lot of Nisei fellows, in case she ever wants to start thinking of getting married! I think that she is doing okay though and she will work out an equal balance soon.

ESSENCE OF BEING

Prologue

Being reluctant to head this bluntly as an autobiography, I have, on the spur of the moment, affixed the above philosophical title to this article which is spontaneous and utterly unplanned, the outcome of which is at present totally unknown. Fully aware that usually the subject of an autobiography tends to magnify his good characteristics and conceal vulnerable spots, I shall endeavor to steer free of this course and present an objective over-all picture, although naturally minor irrelevant points will be omitted for the sake of brevity.

At this point I think it apropos to insert the warning that the sequences may not be well organized since I have an aversion to making a rough draft or anything of that sort and am just typing words as they come into my mind. Thus, being handicapped by the lack of time in the mad pace which I have set for myself, I nevertheless proceed to begin on this insignificant chef-d'oeuvre(?)

Childhood Days

If I told anyone that I have an inferiority complex now, the chances are that people would think I were bluffing. However, I'm sure that I must have been born under the wrong sign in astrology or something. I have often wondered whether environment or heredity played the larger part in determining the child's personality. Coming from the same family and growing up in the same environment, one child may be a model baby while another is extremely shy or a problem child.

The events of that distant past linger only faintly in my memory but my hazy recollection and my parents tell me that I was a problem child. Looking at it psychologically now it is all understandable but my parents must have had quite a time of it then.

The eldest child, especially of isseis who know little about the modern methods of child rearing, is usually the guinea pig and I suspect that's what I was. My parents' firstborn was still-born, probably due to the unskilled attending physician so that made me the one with which to experiment, ~~with~~.

Let me assert that I am in no way condemning my parents for my infant maladjustment for nobody could ask for better parents and they were probably as perplexed as I was then. However, my shyness resulted from our constant moving around and living in isolated parts of the country. Dad was working for a concern which had warehouses in various parts of Washington and Oregon and the location depended on the season so usually we were moving two or three times a year. In the majority of instances there were no children of my age to play with. Mother didn't have much to do in those days so she coddled and spoiled me. She was teaching school in Japan before she got married and is an exceptionally intelligent woman, but here she was in a strange country and didn't know all the scientific techniques of raising a child. With the misconception that a baby is more comfortable flat on its back than on its side she always laid me on my back, thus getting my head out of shape. Then due to improper diet I was frequently constipated and they were always making me take disagreeable medicine, such as castor oil.

The big blow came when my brother was born. Up until then I had gotten all the attention, but the first son, particularly in a Japanese family is a big event so I was pushed into the background. To gain attention I threw temper tantrums and later when my brother was able to walk I used to make him cry sometimes, although it wasn't always my fault even if I did get the blame.

So it was that my brother claimed the center of the stage until the others were born and took over. Thank goodness there weren't half a dozen or more. I suppose I wasn't any worse off than the other nisei children and probably better off than some but I certainly felt mistreated at times.

Until I was about ten years of age I would be scared to death when Dad raised his voice and he would do that when I wouldn't do what he thought I should. Later I learned the technique of handling men (?) and could get my way sometimes. Looking back on the scene now I can understand all the problems Dad had on his mind that made him irritable sometimes but at that time I was hurt when he wouldn't pay any attention to me except to scold. Those were the depression days and we had just expended all our money for some property and were still spending a lot to develop the land. As a result, I understand that they had to exhaust all the insurance money and the savings accounts they had for us children. I remember that one day I even had to lend Dad money out of my piggy bank to get gasoline for his car. I vaguely remember Dad and Mother discussing financial affairs frequently but wasn't unduly worried because an occasional nickel or penny for candy was all I desired.

While financial problems were non-existent for me in the days of depression I had plenty of adjustment problems, although I didn't consider them as problems then. I have mentioned before that our frequent moving gave me no opportunity to get acquainted with children my own age. When I was going on six we moved to the outskirts of Seattle which was to be our permanent abode until evacuation. We moved there the last week in August, 1929, as I recall and a few days later I was beginning school. There were quite a few children around there and they went out of their way to be nice

to me but I'm afraid I wasn't too sociable. In the first place I couldn't speak English decently and was confused because I had never seen so many children before. To make it worse, we had a crabby teacher who didn't understand children. I remember that she spanked me couple of times because I didn't understand what she was saying and thus ignored her command.

So I went along just doing enough to get by with until around the sixth grade when I finally got settled and buckled down. When subjects came easily to me I got good grades but otherwise I put forth no effort. Spelling was always the easiest subject and arithmetic was a lulu in the second grade but in the third grade I got the measles and was out during the three weeks that the class learned multiplication tables and fractions so had quite a time catching on to it. Because of some bad luck I happened to flunk arithmetic one quarter in the fourth grade. Dad made as much fuss as if a cadet had gotten kicked out of West Point and in no uncertain terms made it known that he expected better than that from a child of his. Mother was a little more understanding but still she harped on the fact that she used to study hard when she was going to school and got good grades. With this prodding, I managed to get A the next quarter. However, in the fifth grade we had another lousy teacher and this time it was history and geography that I had trouble with.

The trouble with some parents is that they place too much emphasis on grades and not enough on more important things. For that matter, schools have the same weakness, but modern educational research is divulging the fact that emotional adjustment is more important than mere grades, which after all are only a teacher's opinion of the pupil and not accurate to the nth degree.

There are various factors which play a part in molding a child's personality and character but I believe the most important are a sense of security and a feeling of being loved and wanted. I guess my portion of those things was just an average amount of what other children get but it seems to me that it was misdirected in certain respects. For instance, I was given all the candy I wanted and more and other things such as toys within a reasonable amount. But not until I was 13 years old and demanded a reasonable allowance was I given any spending money which I could use as I pleased. I was given nickels and dimes, yes, but was told that it was not to be spent but to be put in the bank. Of course, if there were any school expenses I was always given money willingly. Every week I had to put a quarter in the school bank so I learned my ^{on} less in thrift well.

So far so good. There is nothing wrong in teaching a child thrift, I agree. But the biggest mistake my parents made was ~~at~~ refusing to let me take music lessons when I was a child, and they admit it now when it's too late. It burns me up when I think of the numerous children who had no interest in music who were forced to take lessons, and I who wanted that above all else when I was a child was not given the opportunity. But then I have since learned that such is life. Ever since I was 8 years old I would constantly plead with my folks to let me take piano lessons but Dad had no inclination for music and Mother was musically inclined but not assertive enough in demanding that it was the best thing for me. Their excuse was lack of financial resources and I grant that those were tough depression years. But I still think that if a person wanted something badly enough a mere \$10.00 a month wouldn't have stopped him. Why we could have saved that much on food alone if

necessary if we had cut down on the amount of imported Japanese foods consumed. Maybe it was necessary to keep a dozen men on the place while the land was being developed and during harvest but I wonder if a harder more selfish man couldn't have tactfully gotten rid of some of the soakers who stayed on later.

Dad was the youngest in his family and his oldest brother was practically old enough to be his father. With the adventure bug in him he came to this country when he was 19 and then went back and forth a couple of time between the next 10-14 years until he finally got married and settled down. In his younger days he worked at various places such as sawmills and although he wasn't influenced by some of the bad company they did take advantage of him, even years later. Dad is a man without any vices, unless smoking could be called one, and he is too honest and unselfish to be a shrewd business man. When men tag him for a loan he naturally can't refuse and when depression came around and times got hard some of these batchelor drifters who used to work with him two decades earlier would come around with the sob story that they didn't have any place to go and could we put them up. Selfish people with more than we had would have refused but I admire the generous spirit in Dad but even generosity can go too far. The place of Japanese women is definitely a subordinate one and Mother's wasn't unusually so but at least average. Dad would consult her about the matter just as a routine thing but it was obvious that what she said wouldn't influence him much and she knew it too. Having to cook and wash for some of those insolent men and keeping them supplied with drinks is no holiday and if I had been older I would have told them to find lodgings elsewhere or show more proper behavior. But even then while they irritated me I felt

sorry for them when I thought of the lonely desolate life they led. Regardless of what men may say about the freedom of staying single, especially under adverse conditions celibacy can be a wistful life at best. Numerous men have bad habits but marriage brings responsibility and the necessity of doing better when there are a lot of little ones to provide for. There is also more motivation to work hard and improve one's status. The issei met many frustrations no doubt but for the migrant batchelor it was a continuous process. There isn't much possibility of improving when drinking and gambling are the only pleasures with nothing better to look forward to. If it weren't for evacuation they would probably be still with us but now we'll probably never see them again. The most constant soaker is in the segregation center with plans of returning to the Old Country where I daresay he couldn't be much happier.

Coming back to my life, I guess I've lived what one might call a sheltered life. Of course, I've never had anything handed to me on a silver platter and I've known what hard work is since early childhood. However, there hasn't been much tragedy in our family and I've never observed the ugly side of life. Mother and Dad as most other issei are not amorous, at least outwardly, but I'm sure they have been strictly faithful to each other. Anyway those things were never discussed in our family so I grew up in complete ignorance. When I read of some poorer class children who know all about those things at 8, they must be more alert than I was.

Perhaps the worst tragedy that struck our family was in 1933 when my little 2½ year old sister mysteriously disappeared. That was most peculiar and to this day we don't know the cause or the

outcome. Needless to say, all possible means were exhausted in a search. Two theories were advanced--kidnapping and a panicky hit-and-run driver hiding her body. The former was little short of ridiculous because anyone who thought we had enough money to make such a venture worthwhile must have been crazy and this was confirmed by the fact that we received no threatening notes. The second theory was quite plausible and Boy Scouts and bloodhounds were engaged in a search for miles around the vicinity in the woods and undeveloped places. This was in December and the rain seemed to have wiped out the scent so the bloodhounds were ineffective. Everyday there would be cars parked around our house for miles and many people voluntarily offered to help. The sheriff thought someone might have done it ⁱⁿ vengeance but the loop-hole there was that Dad didn't have any enemies who would do such a thing. In order to leave no stone unturned various mediums and spiritualists were consulted but all their leads turned out to be false ones. So to this day this remains one of the unsolved mysteries.

Maybe the sheriff and the police were doing all they could under the circumstances but in all the experience we had ^{with} them they certainly did not live up to the noble works portrayed of them in detective magazines. Prior to that we had various thefts but reporting them didn't do much good and the only advice they could offer was that we should use better locks. At first we were too trusting but with each theft we got more and more lock conscious. It started with little items such as a pound of butter or meat, case of condensed milk and ended up with several hundred ^{dollars} worth of jewelry and money. There was a motor for their irrigating system located some distance from the house and the thing was screwed down and must have weighed over a ton, but nevertheless that didn't

stop the thieves from bringing a truck in the middle of the night and carting it off. That was absolutely the last straw and from then on we were so cautious that the culprit didn't have any more opportunities.

The year following my sister's disappearance, Dad had an appendectomy which barely spared his life. He was in bed a week with a cold prior to that and Mother unknowingly made him take castor oil and put a hot water bag on him so that when the attack came, it was so acute that the appendix had already burst by the time the surgeon operated, which was just three or four hours after he got his first attack. The doctors didn't have much faith in his surviving but miraculously he pulled through in fine fashion and was ready to come home in three weeks and within a year was as fit as he ever was. Dad has quite a fine build for an issei man, being about 5 ft. 7 in. tall and weighing over 150 lb. (He claims he used to weigh 180 lb. in his youth but is getting thin now. Unlike other issei, he prefers bread to rice and sweets to drinking. That suited us kids fine because he would always buy patry and candy and things like that. When I was small I could always expect an ice cream cone when I went on a ride with him. The only persistent habits which he had were smoking and going to league baseball games. Mother and I tried to cure him of the former habit once and we were successful for one month but then one of his friends spoiled it by offering him a cigarette and insisting that "one wouldn't do any harm" and "your wife won't know" etc. So we decided the attempt was futile because the poor man has to have some enjoyment in life. As for ball games, sometimes Mother would protest when she wanted him to do something else on Sundays but even before I started school I used to go along with him and

have a grand time eating ice cream, pop corn, peanuts, red hots, etc. Then my brother got old enough to go along so I was given the brush-off. (These men.)

Childhood is an important molding period of future life so a few more sidelights of my insignificant childhood. The school I attended was a rural suburban one and most of the children were from homes of small businessmen, with a small number of professionals and Italian truck farmers. There were on the average two or three nisei children in each grade. Now that I have studied the inadequacies of many public school systems, I realize that my teachers were probably no worse than average and my stupidity was responsible for the bad grades I got. Throughout school we were the only racial minority and there wasn't much friction. In grade some of the tough lower class boys would call us Japs just to start a fight so we had a fight with them. Sometimes they threw rocks at us and were pretty mean but I didn't feel very much insulted in a racial sense because after all they were just ignorant brats and it was a childish fight. The other girls insisted on telling the teacher and all that kind of stuff but I couldn't see the sense in that. There were only 20-30 Japanese families in our community for a radius of about 7 miles so it wasn't such a great concentration. I shall leave the discussion of these families until later on in my life when I got to understand them better.

Religion is one of the perplexities of life to me and I shall elaborate on it later. However, I might say here that my childhood introduction to religion was through the usual channel of proselytes but I didn't take it seriously until tragedy struck and then I earnestly prayed that I would make any sacrifice if my sister could only come back. The following year when Dad was

in the hospital and Mother went to see him every/day, I knew the loneliness of a motherless home and got some comfort from playing the organ.

One of the errors in child psychology made in my case was the folly of pointing out the good characteristics of other children and telling me to ^{be} like them. It would be little short of miraculous if any child meekly did that without developing some antagonism. Other isseis probably did the same thing because some of them who were close enough friends of my parents to speak to me like their child said the same thing to me. These comparisons would run something like follows: So and so is so polite and well-mannered, another one gets good grades in school, still another works so hard at home; why can't ^l be like them. A maladjusted child who is constantly being reminded of the fact that he isn't as good as another child isn't very likely to get good grades in school nor be poised and well-mannered. There has to be a motivation for working hard other than knowing that someone else whom you don't know very well and don't admire does that. Once in a while when I was especially hard up for a dime or quarter I would slave and Dad would reward me with a coin. Besides I'm sure the percentage of children who at the age of 8 knows how to change a baby's diaper and has experienced the back ache of picking strawberries isn't very large. (Whose baby? Why my sister's and brother's of course.)

Fighting in the family between children is quite a natural thing and I did my share of it until I was 6 or 7. But after that I decided that it wasn't a very profitable thing to do. In the first place, I being the oldest would be most likely to get the blame regardless of whose fault it was. Then my brother was get-

ting tougher and could probably beat me if it came to a fight to the finish. When it gets to ~~that~~stage there is loss of temper and rage involved and those are signs of weakness. Of course I didn't rationalize it in those terms then. When my sister and brother would fight Mother would tell them to be like me and quit fighting and I wished she wouldn't set me up as an example.

I might have led a secluded life but I'm sure I was as mature at 16 as Mother was at 25 when she came to this country. From what she's told me I would surmise that she was one of these people who concentrated on academic things and escaped the crudities of life. She stayed with relatives while she was going to high school and was so homesick that she cried all during class for the first few weeks. But she was a good student and won many prizes, so she would tell me when I wasn't doing well in school. She was teaching school after going to normal school and didn't get married until around 25. When she came to this country she didn't know the first thing about housekeeping, both because of the strange surroundings and the scholastic life to which she had been accustomed. But it didn't take her long to catch on because she had a teacher an older married woman who had been in this country for a number of years and who was the "go-getter" type that would argue with her husband as to who wore the pants in their family. Even years later I can remember sometimes she would act childish like being scared to read mystery stories at night and I would have to give her some sisterly advice. (The last sounds like purely bragging on my part and can be ignored.) I'll always hold a tender spot in my heart for her because she couldn't have been a better mother under the circumstances. The family tie and maternal care among Japanese have been good in most cases in this country.

Adolescence and High School Days

This period of my life might be called one of a certain degree of liberation. I was granted more privileges and learned to assert myself to get my way more. Of course there were the usual problems of adolescence to face but they aren't as bad as they are made out to be.

To begin with, I was a small thin child and was getting discouraged because we got weighed in school every month and every month I would be the same. Then bingo, pre-adolescence and I gained 20 pounds in half a year and 10 in another half a year so I passed Mother up and considered myself an adult who should have some rights. Size seemed important to me because most of the children of the friends of my parents were older than I was and my folks were always complimenting them on how tall they had grown, etc. Many people thought I was about three years older than I was then and I felt flattered. Five years later my brother had surpassed me in size and people thought I was his younger sister and three years younger than I *really* was and I felt flattered then. Some people even thought Mother was my brother's sister and what a flattery that was for her.

School life also underwent an almost complete change and I began to get along with my teachers. That system works in circles. If a pupil does good work he gets praise from the teacher and is thus motivated to do better and so gets more praise and so on. And the system also works in reverse in case when a pupil does poor work. In the fifth grade I had been rated just average but now the teachers seemed to think that I showed some promise and advised me to take academic subjects in high school and go on to college. Mother wanted me to take home economics and Dad thought I should take commercial subjects so I could take care of his correspondence

so I ended up by taking a combination of all three. A teacher's pet in grade school is an unpopular child but in high school there aren't supposed to ^{be} such things. In high school as well as in the grades there were all kinds of teachers--friendly ones, impersonal ones and neurotics. Teachers are only human beings trying to make ~~ing~~ a living against the odds of poor salary and certain occupational hazards and if students understood that and treated teachers accordingly they would probably get along a lot better. I didn't think about that then ^{but} ~~did~~ little things for some of the nicer teachers and the folks no longer nagged me about grades so school was quite enjoyable, to the extent that I spent some extra time there.

The Japanese as ~~a~~ grace have a lot of pride and ambition and some of them were bragging about their children, how helpful they were, how ~~talented~~ and intelligent but my folks weren't that kind. Instead when other people praised us they discreetly said that we didn't amount to much in the Oriental manner. I preferred it that way because ostentation is bad taste.

There was a little one room Japanese language school in our community and I put in my time there along with the others for a ~~period~~ of some nine years, once a week. For the first eight years we had an issei woman for a teacher and I thought she stressed the historical aspect too much. Anyway "tip school" as we called it was a place of confinement for us while the others had Saturday to play so we made the best of it under the circumstances which meant that we barely did enough to get by. Now it seems regretful that I wasted all that time and don't even know as much as servicemen who are training for intelligence and must learn 50-60 words each night. It's a job every time I have to write to my folks now.

Motivation is a great factor in learning and I learned more during the last year than I did in all the previous years combined. That's when we got the kibeï teacher who was working his way through college. In the first place, he was much more Americanized and made the material more interesting. Then he used the equipment of praise much more. He was progressive and made me feel that it was worthwhile to accomplish things. Rather than learn a lot of words which are used in ordinary conversation and spend much time studying Oriental culture, I thought it was more practical to practice translation so he let me do as I wished. In that one-room schoolroom there was another girl who was four years older than I was who was in the same class I was. Well, the teacher told my mother that he thought I was brighter than she was so that was very pleasing to my ego. I would ask him all sorts of questions and get pleasure out of stumping him. That was okay because he liked that kind of spirit. But I knew some of the fellows whom he used to pal with at college and treated him just like one of them so he had to put me in my place. Those were pretty good days. I didn't take advantage of it very much but that man taught me some things in decency and etiquette and since then I have had the utmost respect for Americanized kibeïs. I think a few years spent in Japan does much to improve a person's character, always with the condition of course that it is spent in favorable environment.

According to Japanese etiquette tearing one's elders apart is not nice and thus far I have committed many faux pas so I might as well go one step further and criticize some of the isseis who lived in our community. Friction and conflict among people ~~is~~ are not restricted to isseis but they seem to cop the prize. There always seemed to be some petty arguments going on until I thought

everyone must be crazy except Dad among those isseis. The trouble probably was that there was a diversity of personalities and a minimum of compromise. There was one hot-tempered man who had to be pampered, another liked to show off his pretentious wealth, another insisted on being the "lion" of the lot, another was formal with little sense of humor and took everything literally. There were others who made a mountain out of a molehill and had nothing better to do than be the grapevine to spread gossip. There was one man who was always borrowing money but he had enough to dress his daughter in finery and send his wife on a trip. The majority of those people were non-Christians and one so-called Christian man professed that he was better than "those atheists." All this criticism which is not constructive sounds very catty but the point I am raising is why did these men act the way they did. Is such behavior common in all societies? The desire for power and prestige is universal and there are apt to be conflicts when many men strive for one goal and only a selected few can ^{attain} ~~acquire~~ it. This was further heighten~~ed~~ in the above case by the fact that many of these men were frustrated. They were mostly small farmers or horticulturists. They wanted something more but there were too many barriers. Fortunately, Dad is not the ambitious kind so he wasn't influenced much. He was usually the arbiter and little pictures have big eyes and ~~y~~ears, that's how come I happen to know so much.

The adverse effects of adolescence were that I hated housework and avoided it as much as I could. Then on Saturdays and Sundays I wouldn't get up until noon so I wasn't much use around the house. Mother and Dad were always complaining that I was a bad influence on my sister. I couldn't stand working out in the fields either. It wasn't so bad when we had a lot of hands and

we could more or less just supervise them but when we had just one or two men we had to do most of the work ourselves. The majority of the Filipinos, isseis and kibeis that worked for us weren't experienced in farm work that was plain because they were afraid of horses and couldn't even drive a car. So I decided that I wasn't cut out for farm work and hated it but the flowering cherries, rose bushes and all the various other shrubs and evergreens we had presented a very beautiful sight when they were in bloom. Another advantage was that we usually raised a small quantity of vegetables for our own use so could always have fresh vegetables. How I miss it now when we have to pay a fantastic price for old vegetables that don't taste like anything.

At any rate, when I was 16 and summer vacation came around I decided that it would be good experience and self-discipline if I worked out for the summer. So through an advertisement I got into a good Jewish home. Although I had heard some adverse comments on Jews I had never had any personal experience with Jews before and these people weren't so bad. Of course, the woman was a slave driver if there ever was one. She expected me to keep a 12 room house clean and do all the laundry and ironing, including her husband's white shirts. Of course I didn't know anything about housework and hated the work but stuck it out for the summer for self-discipline and to retain my self-respect in finishing what I started. By the way the woman kept criticizing me it seemed that I wasn't doing anything right. But I guess I wasn't so bad because when summer vacation was over she asked me to stay and go to a school near there. I told her that when school started I wouldn't have any time to work and besides I would rather go to my own school. When next summer she called me up and wanted me to come work for

her again but I had other plans then. She was very particular and a hard driver but other than that she was a gracious hostess and quite respectable.

The following summer I went to summer school and stayed at another home. This place should have been infinitely worse because they had five small children ages 5 to 14 and the house was just as big. But the woman didn't seem to care what I did. If the house wasn't clean the husband would come home and clean it. The younger children were a pain in the neck sometime but the oldest boy especially was a lot of fun. We'd go swimming, play croquet, go to the park, etc. He'd help me make the beds, show me how to play his guitar, and when his folks went out at night we'd stay up reading jokes. This Mrs. M wasn't as grandiose as Mrs. G. whom I worked for before and she was more strict with her children, making them help me with the dishes, etc.

School was very easy and work wasn't hard either ~~and~~ but the eight weeks of summer school was over and the crucial task of getting out into the world came at last. My high school teachers had urged me to go on to college and thought I would benefit by such training. I considered it but first of all there was the financial angle to cope with. I had looked forward to being independent for so long that it seemed a supreme sacrifice to have to go through another four years of being a struggling student. Asking Dad for financial aid was absolutely out because I was determined to be independent. There was the alternative of working my way through but the uncertainty ahead of the four years' work didn't look that enticing to me. I looked at the other niseis around me. Most college graduates were back at their father's shop or farm where they would have been even if they hadn't gotten a B. A. degree. Yet ambitious parents were sending their children to college and the

boys were going up to Alaska every summer to work in the salmon canneries. The nisei in our community were usually doing one of three things. The especially brilliant and ambitious were going on to college. The average person was just staying home and helping with the work. A few went to the city and worked in homes or small Japanese shops.

If I had it to do over I would go straight to college but then I thought the most important thing to do would be to explore the labor market. I detested menial jobs and for nisei to have to restrict themselves to Japanese shops and offices didn't offer enough opportunities. I had heard plenty about prejudice and discrimination and in the Northwest there is no colored problem to speak of so we were the main targets. There was no great shortage of labor in those pre-Pearl Harbor days which made the task doubly hard.

There wasn't as strong a discrimination in the Northwest as in California of course because there weren't as many of us and the Japanese didn't control any industries, whereas in California they almost had a monopoly on the orchards in Placer County and other parts of the state. The people were tolerant, that is, they put up with a minority race but they wanted them to stay in an inferior position. These people who preach tolerance and are so condescending make me sick. The attitude of the people on the Pacific Coast in regard to minority races is similar to a Southerner's attitude toward Negroes only in a much smaller degree. Unlike the South, there is no legal segregation, at least not until evacuation, and there are no foolish rituals of flaunting the white man's supremacy by acts of rudeness.

In commercial classes at school training for employment was stressed but the point was too delicate for teachers to counsel us about the handicaps of prejudice. There were only two or three

nisei students in our classes and almost all above average in ability. The consensus of opinion in the Japanese community was that there was a strong discrimination in industry and it was almost impossible for a minority group to get any place. That was true but things always look easier from far off and if there was really a disillusionment to face I figured it would be better to face the music immediately rather than live in an academic world another four years.

The employment situation wasn't much worse than I had imagined but it certainly wasn't any better either. The labor shortage wasn't acute yet so my difficulty probably wasn't entirely due to discrimination. However, it's a tough nut to crack when there's no precedent of any person with a "foreign" look ever being admitted to department stores, investment and banking houses as workers. At that time the only cases of nisei being in white-collar jobs were in Japanese-operated firms and a few cases of civil service jobs. The majority of employers thought it better not to mention the racial angle and merely told me there were no vacancies at the time. A few seemed to be flabbergasted that I should have the nerve to even apply for a job but were very embarrassed when I asked them if they were prejudiced point blank. A few others were sympathetic of our handicap and tried to explain to me just what caused people to be prejudiced against anybody who didn't look ^{like} the majority. I was just 17 then but this was very good experience for me in race relations and this whole problem of American minority groups. All the things I had been hearing about the difficulties encountered by minority groups was striking home for the first time because at school the theory was that a person's progress was governed by his own ability and effort and nothing else.

I was doing this exploring all on my own and didn't even tell

my parents or friends about it because I didn't want anyone to be discouraging me. It was quite discouraging anyway when I heard about various classmates who had only been of mediocre ability in school getting jobs in various defense plants at good salaries. I sometimes wonder if discrimination will be minimized when the kids of our generation grow up to control industry. Of course competing for grades and honors in school is quite another matter from competing in business and the number of Caucasian students who have had pleasant associations with nisei students in school is only a small minority so it probably won't make a great deal of difference on account of that factor.

Perhaps it's just the innocence and naivete of youth that's so touching but some of my classmates unlike the employers were encouraging. One day while I was on my job hunting excursion I met one of the fellows who had been our class orator in the employment office of one of the better department stores. He said he had been working as salesman during the summer and thought it should be a cinch for me to get a job. Another fellow who had been our student body president thought I was the type who would get places. There was no racial problem at our school so such an idea probably wasn't in their realm of thinking.

Finally, as a last resort I went to the USES office and they offered me a ^{clerical} job in the public school system. The salary wasn't so good and they told me frankly that if it weren't for the racial handicap I should be able to get a much better job. By this time I was in no mood to argue and agreed to take anything they offered. Three months later I received a telegram offering me a civil service job in Washington, D. C. I considered that but some people told my parents that they didn't think it was a good idea to let a young girl go off alone. There was another nisei girl who had gone to

Washington some years before and her father was always bragging about how good she was. Nevertheless, I heard about the crowded housing conditions and finally decided that I should be able to find a comparable job in my hometown without going across the continent. So that was that.

Then came Pearl Harbor. The plight of the nisei had been difficult all along but now it was multiplied at least tenfold. People seemed to be more concerned about whether I was a Japanese or Chinese so I told them I was an American. The average person seemed to be quite ignorant about the Japanese anyway. One boy who was pianissimo in school studies but the suave and good dancer type asked me if we had clans and sponsored dances, etc. I overheard two women saying that they knew a Japanese cleaner woman who had a son going to the university and they looked like such nice people "but you never can tell about these Japanese."

Business went on as usual in most places but the Japanese community was on edge because men were constantly being picked up by the FBI for no apparent reason. Some people were reputed to be informers and were despised by everyone. The executive secretary of the JAACL was one of them and I would look at him and wonder if he was really as bad as they said he was. There were absolutely no grounds for interning most of these issei men for such impertinent reasons as simply subscribing to a certain magazine or being prominent in their community. A few nisei did offer their services to the FBI and Federal Communications Commission but I don't know just what part they played in the internment of the issei and if they were motivated purely by patriotism or if monetary remuneration had anything to do with it. Finally the situation got to the point where any issei man who wasn't picked up was considered not important and worth ~~too~~ much.

very

The internment part didn't concern me very much because Dad wasn't interned and the only thing was that I felt sorry for the men who had been. However, the war brought me plenty of my own troubles too. One of them was my piano. I had always wanted one so when I got to earning my own money I decided to buy one. I told the folks about it and they merely said I could look around but to tell them before I bought it. I said all right but one day at a piano shop I saw one that I simply couldn't pass up and I was convinced that I would never find another one like it so I gave the salesman 50¢ which was all I could spare at the time and told him to hold it for me. The next day I went to the bank and got out enough to pay the balance. Then I went home and told the family that I had bought a piano and it would be delivered in a few days. When I first mentioned my plan of buying it before Dad hadn't paid much attention to me but now he was furious. This was shortly after Pearl Harbor ~~but~~ and the cry of evacuation was already sounding in the distance but to me it seemed that such a thing could never actually happen. Well, anyway Dad told me in no uncertain terms that this was a fine time to be spending money on such a thing and why didn't I ask him before I bought it. I had already made up my mind about the matter and wasn't going to be pushed around so I said that just because there was a remote possibility of evacuation that didn't mean that we should all sit around waiting for it to come. Besides I wasn't asking him to pay for it but he said that wasn't the point. However, I got him around to my way of thinking and I heard him telling Mother that he admired my spunk and he should really have gotten it for me earlier. So I got it but evacuation did become a reality a few months later so I had to sell it at a tremendous loss but I made a profit on the organ. Everyone was having to sell their equipment at a loss to extortioners so my loss was mild

compared to some others. In fact, some of the wealthier people whose assets were frozen were almost going out of their minds. For the first time, it was almost better to be poor.

I also had my experience with a hysterical group of women whose kind are always trouble makers. After I had gotten into the Seattle Public School system, several other nisei girls had been placed in similar positions. When war broke out a bunch of women in a certain neighborhood where a nisei girl was employed in the school concocted the idea that the nisei girls were potentially dangerous. For instance, during air raid drills they might attempt acts of sabotage. The idea was fantastic but these idle women went around getting a petition signed and the thing was publicized in the newspapers. If I had been involved in it alone I was of a mind to fight it out. If we had fought it out the school board would have been placed in the embarrassing position of having to fire us because some of the women were prominent in P.-T. A. and it was important to maintain their goodwill. The issue was being kicked around like a political football with wide publicity in the papers every day. Therefore, the JACL stepped in and advised us that the best thing was to resign before it got any further. Some of the girls were business college graduates and contributing to the support of their family so this was a tough deal but there was no other alternative. The women who had been active in the petition thanked us for our cooperation and being their kind probably thought this was another victory won.

The future looked dark and uncertain to me then. The talk of evacuation was getting louder but hadn't become a certainty yet. I didn't want to sit at home idle so I got a part time NYA office job and volunteered my services at the JACL where most of the talk was about evacuation which was getting to be more and more a reality.

The 8 o'clock curfew order went into effect about a month later.

There was a clause in that curfew order which also prohibited traveling more than five miles. This wasn't published clearly as to whether it was permissible in going to and from work, etc. At this time I was staying in the city with one of my former ~~s~~ teachers and had been going home on weekends. I wasn't sure whether that could be construed as going to and from work so called up the FBI to ask them. The FBI has done some good work in bringing criminals to justice but the man who answered the phone when I called was so ignorant he couldn't answer any of my questions satisfactorily. That irritated me so much that I told him if he couldn't explain the law to me any better than that what did they intend doing to me if I broke the law. Then he changed his tone and asked me what my name was and I said that was beside the point because I was just asking for information and hadn't broken any law. After I hung up they traced my call and wanted to speak to Mr. R. the man of the house. He wasn't home and ER the teacher I was staying with discreetly told the man that I was just a frightened child and didn't mean any harm. Regardless of who was right or wrong this was no time to be foaling with the FBI and I didn't want to get my friends into trouble so decided to come home right away. Evacuation was an actuality now but still there was another month and since I couldn't go into the city I thought the only thing to do was to take PG work at school. So I took a month of geometry and got a semester's credit which is required for college entrance. I also took Spanish and bookkeeping but didn't bother to get credits in those.

Evacuation and Relocation

The first group to be evacuated from the Northwest area were the people from Bainbridge Island where I used to go camping. Strawberries were the main crop there and the Japanese were gotten out there in a hurry because there was an important radio base there.

They were sent to Manzanar to be a small minority among the Californians with whom "it was so hard to get along" and we felt sorry for them. The populus of Seattle proper were sent to Puyallup where the annual state fair was held. We being just out of the city limits were shipped to that God-forsaken hot~~l~~ belt called Pinedale near the city of Fresno, California, along with the people from the White River Valley and Tacoma. A small number from the outlying districts of Sacramento later joined us and we didn't get along so well together although I got to know a few who I thought were nice.

The two months spent at Pinedale were little short of a nightmare. Some well meaning friends in Seattle told me that I should take advantage of this unique experience and write a book but I was in no mood for such an undertaking. To begin with, the heat was terrific. When the thermometer jumped to 120 and 125° F. it was hard to be energetic enough for anything because it was a full-time job just keeping your face dry. Many people fainted while standing in mess line. Meeting people and making new friends was one good point but I probably made enemies too. I'm certain I made one--a conceited hypocrite who thought his past with the Sumitomo Bank made him a ~~Y~~ somebody who could boss people around. He and I had more run-ins until finally even his wife wouldn't speak to me. I used to think it might be my fault but nobody else got along with him either so it's understandable why people from his hometown should campaign against him although I thought they were unfair when he first told me about it before we got to be enemies.

All in all those two months kept me quite busy and I wasn't too miserable but didn't regret leaving the place either. I was secretary to the supervisor who controlled most of the policies about who got what, etc. and when/^{people}wanted things ~~they~~ they'd come to me and expect me to pull the strings for them and others called

me a privileged character behind my back. One old issei woman asked me to do something which was a little unreasonable so I told her that in a place like this one shouldn't expect to get everything and be prepared to put up with a little inconvenience. She didn't say anything to me directly but plenty was said behind my back I understand. The kids wanted a dance hall and thought I could talk the boss into giving them one. One unfortunate fellow had been separated from his wife who was ⁱⁿ another camp and every day he'd come in begging to be transferred so he could be with her.

Much has been written about relocation centers and because of the time element I will be brief about this phase of camp life. There was the usual trouble about sectionalism at first but after a while everyone got along well together. They had to because we were to stay there a year. During registration Tule was notorious for its outbreaks for various reasons and there were various other factors in human relations which I intend to take up in detail in another paper so will omit them here.

Our first impression of the assembly center was a depressing one and we were surprised at first at the hugeness of the relocation center. There was an opportunity to make more friends but the size of the place made it quite a task going from one end to another but it was done. In a situation where many people were developing bad work habits the recreation center was conspicuous for lax hours and carefree behavior. This section which I was connected with for seven months was usually a knitting center for girls where refreshments were served every afternoon. But there was no denying that the recreational program was good. At the end of seven months I thought it would be advantageous to develop better work habits although this was fun and decided teaching would be good practice even if I wouldn't choose that as a profession. However, one week

of coping with junior high school students was too much so I transferred to adult education which was much more fun. There was no discipline problem to deal with and the students came of their own free will and were really anxious to learn. I kept at that job for five months which was just long enough to complete an accelerated shorthand and typing course. In my advanced classes there were some who had been to business college and knew more about it than I did so I told them that if they didn't agree me they could say so any time and we would discuss it. The only fly in the ointment was the supervisor of the department who seemed to be more concerned about how many hours we put into teaching rather than what effective methods we used and how well the students learned. I didn't care for that so didn't go out of my way to try to please her so in one of the references she wrote about me, which incidentally I wasn't supposed to see, she said I had considerable ability in organizing the teaching material and was prepossessing in manner but stubborn and too sure of myself.

Then Tule was declared to be the segregation center so we were transferred to Heart Mountain where I only stayed about three weeks. During the course of segregation there were hardly any activities going on and Heart Mountain seemed to be a "dead" place. Tule probably had it over all the other centers when it came to social activities anyway. I worked in the Fire Department but "worked" is misstating the facts a little, I was just connected with that department and the boss had a preconceived notion that I had ability and didn't insist on my proving it. Hearings for questionable cases were being held and I was asked to record ~~z~~ some of them. I thought if I stayed there long enough I would like to do some community analysis but the supervisor of that department left for a university in Canada and I also left for Chicago. My coming to Chicago was just

one of those things that happened by chance and I could just as well have landed in Kansas City or Toledo. I had been feeding the relocation idea to my folks all along but they had been keeping me back with the argument that it wasn't safe for young girls to be out alone, etc. By segregation time I was so fed up with camp life that I was willing to take the first chance out. I had investigated various employment possibilities before but in most cases the salary wasn't quite what I thought it should be. Although I wasn't really serious about joining the Wacs, when the recruiters came in I took their aptitude test and came out with a rating of eligible for officer candidate. But I got out of that one by saying that I wasn't old enough and my parents might not approve, as indeed they didn't. I had also investigated college possibilities and had been offered a scholarship but just wasn't in a scholarly mood then.

But at Heart Mountain I was set on leaving that desolate place and the first reply I got to the various employment inquiries turned out to be from EBH. They sent me a special delivery letter quoting the salary range so I wired collect that I would go for the maximum quoted and guaranteed living accommodations. They wired back that accommodations were available and wanted me to come immediately so I decided that this time there would be no more stalling around.

Chicago is no better or worse than what I had imagined it would be. Like any large city especially in war time it is crowded, noisy, and dirty. Unlike the friendly small town the people tend to be much more impersonal and you seldom get to know all the people who live in the same apartment building even. But a large city has the advantage of being more convenient. Educational, recreational, religious, transportation, and shopping facilities are very good.

In Chicago I experienced several weeks of hotel life and then moved into an apartment with another girl. Unfortunately, being

the type that can't travel without bringing over ten pieces of luggage I had considerable trouble in moving around but one of my friends had a car and helped me.

Living in a two-room apartment together with someone whom you have known for only a few weeks is not too easy and I realized the possible implications but like many other things I went into it because it would be good discipline. I might have the tendency to try to have my way too much and it would be beneficial to have to give in once in a while. There were good and bad moments but all in all those eight months weren't too bad. She had a personality that was practically the opposite of mine. She was more like my dad and had lived an even more sheltered life than I had so although older than I she was much more innocent and confiding.

Having to live in an apartment is not like living in your own home. If anyone should have had the idea that because their parents weren't here they could come and go as they please, they just didn't take a scrutinizing landlady into consideration. There are good and not so good ones and there are ways of handling them, which I seem to be quite adept at doing since I'm the only one that has lasted a year and a half. Many of the people have ~~to~~ come to blows ~~to~~ after several months and I have witnessed their eviction but usually stayed on the neutral side of the argument. There is something to the idea that this is ^{the} ~~the~~ hayday of the landlords and they are taking undue advantage of it and a tenant has to maneuver and give in to keep a roof over his head. As for me, I have found it worthwhile to stay on the good side of her because the apartment is clean and accommodations good compared to the places some people have.

The Present and the Future

The past was such a simple life compared to the status quo of the present and the uncertainty of the future. Years ago I

thought there was no problem that I couldn't figure out and had the usual grand illusion of youth that I knew a lot. Now when I should have acquired a great deal of additional knowledge I find myself stumbling around in the dark, bucking my head against a stone wall and in general being confused.

Life is a mystery and I can only accept the answer in "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life" as a partial answer. One of the deeper questions I'm concerned with is pertaining to the mortality and weakness of mankind. Are men mere mortals or is there more to life than just the flesh? Christian Science, Spiritualism, and various other faiths are just things I have heard of and even ^{if} I knew more about them chances are I wouldn't accept it whole-heartedly. Yet I believe in the omnipotence of God and am reasonably certain that most human suffering can be abolished by rightful thinking. If civilization advances spiritually as well as scientifically and mechanically the world would be a much more sane place.

"Accept Christ as your Saviour" the churches cry. Various people give testimony to the fact that they were unhappy and miserable until they were saved and now they are happy. I go to church and sit confused with the implication of the sermon and thinking sinful thoughts of wordly pleasures while the pastor condemns taverns and juvenile delinquency. Am I a hopeless sinner because I am unable to give such testimony of being saved and would indeed feel like a hypocrite if I had to? I believe the only way to attain happiness in this world is by renouncing material things and still there would be problems of ~~of~~ helping these around you. In this highly competitive world where values are largely measured by monetary worth I do not find myself up to the par of renouncing wordly things and do not even desire to. Even if it is possible such a phenomenon is too far advanced for this generation and many generations to come

yet and a person runs into trouble if he tries to get too far ahead of his generation.

There is some good in every person and if anyone is hopeless of being saved from degradation he is more to be pitied for the unfavorable influences and innate weakness that made him that way than despised. Together with the good, mankind has various weaknesses in varying degrees and no man is free from a degree of selfishness and self-interest. That's probably as it should be as things are now.

Granted that I am striving for the same things that the majority are, namely success, power, prestige, etc. Now the problem is how to go about acquiring it. The only way is through hard work and concentrating in the right place. That's my downfall because I don't know where to concentrate and tend to be too broad in my undertakings. Even as a child, I remember my parents telling me to do one thing at a time and not attempt to do too much at once because that was always my weakness.

Although it's sad that money should be so important in life, it's almost synonymous with power so I must spend a great deal of my time earning enough to survive even if I don't particularly care for a superfluous amount. Having a kid sister to support doubles my expenses and I could do as people say and put her to work but I hate bossy people so don't want to tell her what to do. So I just let her do as she pleases and provide her with room and board. Of course I don't pretend to take Mother's place and am not home enough to provide a really good home for anyone but take it for granted that she can distinguish between right and wrong.

After being out of school for several years it seems to be a big sacrifice to go back to school. So although the advantages of a college degree are obvious I am still debating on staking four

years on the future. Right now I'm a little cramped for time working to make ends meet, the college courses, accounting course, and vocal lessons. Church affairs take some of my time but I enjoy that because the kids are so friendly although I'm the only nisei. Then I go to the Y about once a week for exercise or club meetings and maybe manage to get in a movie once a week or so. This leaves me little time for social life which is rather neglected. The situation is aggravated by the manpower shortage and the food shortage which makes it difficult to cook a decent dinner. The other night when I invited half a dozen people to dinner I had to order Chinese food because the meat which I had ordered wasn't available. Then with my classes several nights a week I have to turn down a number of invitations. ~~Anteerk~~ Another factor is the size of the city which makes it impractical to spend hours visiting friends on the other end of town. As a rule I like parties, think people are the most interesting thing in life, and would rather be with others than alone. But I have found that being alone is the only way to concentrate and accomplish things.

Now to turn to the psychological side and try a little psychoanalysis on myself. I have taken a number of inventory, intelligence, and aptitude tests and the results have all been favorable, 85 to 95 percentile, which would seem to indicate that I should be better placed than the majority of the people. But I have many faults and weaknesses and these are what I am primarily concerned with.

Some of these characteristics may not be unfavorable depending on the degree and way of thinking, but to begin with I am cold and calculating rather than warm and sentimental. I realize that it is easier to make friends if one is warm but at this stage I know that only my efforts and striving alone will get me the things I want.

Gone are the days when I could depend on my parents to supply me with my needs and wants. Now it is all up to me what I want to make out of life. Many parents are ambitious for their children and goad them on to success but mine seem to be content to let me go on as I please now. They harped about my grades when I was in school but that was the extent of it. If I had insisted on going on to college they probably wouldn't have stopped me but they seemed to hold the idea that a college education isn't absolutely necessary especially for girls. They aren't even insisting on it for my brother but that's probably because there's the draft.

I read the Bible every day that I have time and have been for the last ten years and go to church quite regularly although there may be other reasons for that than the purely religious one. Yet I feel lost spiritually. Under polytheism proselytism plays an integral part and I don't want to have anything to do with that because I've seen some lip Christians and they aren't a pretty sight.

So although I may appear placid there is really an internal turmoil going on in my mind. There are many things I want to do and there are only 24 hours a day, a third of which must be spent in sleeping and eating. I know that it would be more beneficial to be carefree and just let things go but I tend to be too precise and under high tension most of the time. Emotionalism tends to be an outlet for pent up feelings and more beneficial than repression but I'm not emotional and am independent. I have wondered many times what makes some people aggressive and others withdrawing. As for me I got off to a bad start on my personality, being bashful, withdrawing, and anti-social. It was my natural tendency to be that way until I was old enough to realize that getting along with others is the most important thing in life so I'd better change if

I expected to get along. I still have many bad habits but what I have now is mostly acquired.

Another bad characteristic of mine is not being able to put on an act. Honestly some people can flatter their worst enemies but I'm poor at hiding my feelings. Someone told me that I could be read like an open book and that's no lie. But I'm sincere though, that's one on the plus side. I don't know if I'm especially good at adjusting myself to the surroundings but there seems to be a wide diversity among the various groups I come in contact. At school most of the people in my classes are teachers or working for their master's degree so I feel like the dumbest one. But when the people among the working class see the books I'm reading just because I have to they think I'm intellectual and kid me about being too smart for them, etc. The group at church is mostly talented--singers, pianists, organists.

It's getting close to midnight now, a thunderstorm is raging outside, and I've got a tummy ache from eating an unbalanced budget meal at odd hours so better be hitting the hay. This lack of sleep and irregular meals has taken a few pounds off me and the mad pace of life in the city is a little nerve wracking but if I keep my constitution up I won't get sick, I hope.

This is a heck of a way to close but I write finish to this rough draft standing on the threshold of life and thunder rolling outside. What does the future hold? Will the thunder soon end and eternal joy and peace lie ahead. I pray that it will be so but faith without works is dead so my strivings must be in that direction. I hope tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow I will be able to say that I have the true answer to life.

Thursday, December 28, 1944

The Beginning of a New Era

Here I thought I was cured of this writing bug but here I go again after a lapse of over a year with intermittent insignificant items. And of all times to begin it would have to be at 11:00 P. M. after just having finished 12 hours of work. I meant to start yesterday and had the typewriter out and everything all ready but was side-tracked when SI stayed until practically midnight mooning over his love affair and which girl he should marry, on which I didn't venture to give him much of an advice.

Each time I vow that I will make it purely scientific and avoid personalities but people are too interesting to leave out altogether and I am too egotistic to leave out altogether the first person pronoun.

This introduction is rather silly because it doesn't say anything important but it's supposed to set the scene for what's to come. So having squandered my time on this preamble I am forced to forego any further writing until the dawn of another day by virtue of the fact that the hour is fast approaching midnight and I have to get my usual 5-6 hours' sleep. Goodnight dear heart!

Friday, December 29

If the above introduction sounds crazy it must be because I was half asleep when I wrote it last night and I doubt if tonight will be much better because it's quarter to ten and I just got home from work. This is just the second time recently that I have worked overtime, due to the end of the year rush and Evelyn hasn't been there since they got word that her brother Danny was killed in action in France Tuesday night, which brings up the following topic:

So Proudly We Hail

"The war to end wars"--it's hard to believe how the people in 1914 could have been naive enough to really believe that. Maybe it's being pessimistic but from what little I've studied of international relations I've reached the conclusion that war is inevitable as long as there is greed and jealousy among nations and the powers are unbalanced. Nations are made up of men and perhaps it's expecting too much from mere mortals to say that they should be exactly what the Bible says they should be. As for the balance of powers, only a set of super leaders can keep it in perfect balance and even with such leaders it is easier said than done.

Another angle of the picture is that in spite of all the obvious grim horrors of war it does provide an opportunity for men to display their gallantry and heroism. Patriotism and nationalism reach an all-time high and statistics show that periods of war are accompanied by an economic boom while peace and depression are almost synonymous. I dare say that most high-spirited people when confronted with the problem of choosing between dull security and risky adventure would choose the latter.

It's too bad that the ones responsible for creating the war are not the ones who actually suffer the most but the innocent citizens who don't have much of a voice in the affairs of government. I mean

these 18-20 year old boys. From their easy home life they are scooted off to some army camp which is either too hot or too cold and put through several months of rigid discipline and training which either makes or breaks them. Then after a brief furlough they are sent overseas and after seeing their first action they are pushing up daisies so to speak. Oh sure, that's fate. Everyone has to go sometime and it might as well be this way fighting for their country. I understand that in Japan it is an honor to die in battle and the proper thing to do is to congratulate a mother who has lost a son in action. With this thought in mind I am rather hesitant about whether to congratulate or condole friends who have lost their kin in the European theater but usually decide on the latter course. I still think a human life is more precious than the State.

The pity of it all is that these boys, most of them, have not yet experienced life and fired with the glorious fervent spirit of youth they march proudly to battle, although deep down in their hearts they must sense that their chances of coming back are slight. They have plenty of courage but unchecked courage alone does not make a victorious battle. Strategy is important and not only the art of handling the various weapons and machines but mental, moral, and spiritual strength.

Sunday, December 31

The above article wasn't considered finished but this is another day and having lost the thread of thought I've decided to let it go for now. Today being the 365th, or rather the 366th day and the last one in 1944 I have to clean up most of the old business but omit the resolutions which are seldom kept anyway.

At church the pastor's sermon was based on the necessity of acting now instead of waiting for when. As usual he condemned the liquor industry and he's right in his way but I think as long as a person isn't a dipsomaniac and doesn't let drink interfere with his daily affairs, it isn't a sin to have an occasional champagne cocktail for social purposes. I'm a Presbyterian but I go to the Baptist Church because the pastor puts life into his sermons, the people are friendly, and we don't have to stand to sing every hymn. Those are poor reasons but that's a nice church and gives you a glorious feeling to be in it and not just because the building is magnificent either. This question of why people go to church has been misconstrued much too much anyway just like the reason why some boys evade the draft like the Fair Play Committee. Maybe there is a small percentage who attend church for social reasons and evade the draft because they're cowards and afraid to die but such hypocrites and cowards deserve to die although I wouldn't go so far as to condemn them.

The Return to the West Coast and other Current Matter

The lifting of the blanket exclusion orders by the Western Defense Command may be the most significant event since evacuation to the WRA but the announcement doesn't seem to be causing much excitement. I don't ^{know} how the situation is in camp but doubt if it's raising even as much talk as the registration and segregation did because my folks don't even mention it in their letters. The people don't seem to be taking seriously the announcement that the relocation

centers will be closed. When the actual time becomes imminent they make take more serious action. However, it's impossible to close all the centers and force the people out. In all probability some sort of cooperative system with a loan of some thousands of dollars from the Government will have to be instituted.

As far as the return to the West Coast is concerned, theoretically it's possible but not feasible. In the first place, things have ~~changed~~ changed a great deal in 2½ years and with all the migrant workers the place just isn't the same. Farming will probably be the easiest occupation to resume but still you have to count on these agitation groups like the American Legion, Grange, Native Sons, etc., especially in California. As for the former small shop owners who catered mostly among their own group, it will be well nigh impossible to build up a clientele unless the others go back also. But for the many who do not own property there is nothing to go back to. It is much better for them to come East where the people aren't so prejudiced.

There will be a few (I hope it's only a few) who will be too beaten to do anything. These will probably be the aged who started from scratch in a strange country and through 30-40 years of diligent toil finally built up quite a thriving enterprise which they could pass on to their posterity, only to see it all taken away from them. It is comparatively easy when you are young or even middle-aged to look tragedy in the eye and start anew but what hope is there for old people. The situation isn't exactly hopeless even at 50 or 60 but only the superior stock will be able to survive and there are too many just average or below average in proportion to the superior.

Another problem is just how much have the minds of children been warped by three years of confinement. The very young will not have very good memories and if future life is pleasant camp life will not have a lasting marked influence. Things will not be quite as easy for adolescents. To begin with the transition to a regular school life will be somewhat difficult for some pupils who have just been haphazardly getting by in camp. Standards are higher on the outside and their camp slang and wishy-washy manner will not go in a city.

But I know the people will come through in fine fashion and since most of my statements are unverified opinions I should use the verbs "seems to be" or "may" instead of the more positive "will" or "is."

The Housing Situation in Chicago

Considering the fact that housing is acutely short, the evacuees in Chicago haven't been doing too badly. True they haven't found mansions and there are restricted areas, resulting in concentration in certain sections. However, a large number of tenants are friendly and some apartment buildings are almost exclusively monopolized by Japanese who seem to be cleaner and more orderly than the ordinary run of people. There have been evictions before but they have been individual cases but a nearby northside hotel has now issued eviction orders to some 30 Japanese who have been staying there, some of them on a permanent basis, that they have to move out by the end of the year, which is today, the reason being change in management. The OPA claims that they have no recourse because the tenants were paying weekly which places them theoretically on a transient basis.

There have been discussions about calling the matter to the attention of the Civil Liberties Union, Attorney-General's office, and the Mayor's Committee, since the eviction is evidently based on nothing but racial discrimination. EBH has been trying to find new places for its employees with little emphasis on the fact that in a way this incident is a good lesson that all places do not treat the people the way they do.

Sunday, May 27, 1945

After a lapse of several months I'm back where I started from and planning my agenda for the summer. I might as well take it easy for the hot season but will probably end up by taking at least one course at U. of Chicago or Northwestern. If time will permit, or rather I'm going to find time to get some exercise too, maybe golf, tennis, camping, hiking, etc. If I ever expect to resume my piano lessons I'd better start now or never but that will certainly take a lot of practice and some finances too.

My immediate problem is to get started on my term paper on the future of the Nisei. I haven't read Carey McWilliams book on Prejudice yet but it seems that he has said practically everything there is to be said so it's going to be difficult being original. I'll save my ideas for the paper and not worry about them now.