

Tanaka 8/26/43

Tazuko Fukami is 21, single, out on relocation from Gila River alone, originally from Central California. She was born in Kingsburg, Calif. Her family is still at Gila. (Tazuko Fukami is a pseudonym).

The first interview with Tazuko took place 8/<sup>12</sup>~~21~~/43. Tazuko had been in Chicago <sup>two</sup> ~~three~~ weeks then. Invited by the Brethren hostel, she arrived here, she says, with high hopes of "getting a good office job" and enjoying her freedom on the outside.

On the day of the first interview, 8/12/43, she was in an extremely depressed mood. She walked into the office, sat down. One could easily see that she was tense, unrelaxed, apparently worried.

Tazuko is five feet 3½ inches tall; she weighs 118 pounds; she has small regular features. Her makeup was inexpertly applied on this date, a conspicuous splotch of powder on her left cheek; but she could be called fairly attractive perhaps under less strained circumstances. She fidgeted around considerably on this day; she seemed incapable of expressing what apparently was on her mind.

Her English has noticeable traces of speech peculiarities common to Nisei from Japanese communities. "Th" becomes "d", there is a tendency to slur over syllables and to include an occasional Nihongo (Japanese language) expression such as "neh?" (huh? n'est-ce pas?).

Tazuko attended the Clay elementary school in Kingsburg, later graduated Kingsbur high school and completed 2½

years in a commerce course at Reedley (Calif.) Junior College. At school, she held a National Youth Administration job as office worker from 1940 up to the time of evacuation. Her extra-curricular activities seem to have been centered around the Buddhist church of which she is a member. She was active in the Kingsburg Y.W.B.A. (Young Women's Buddhist Association). She was also in the Japanese American Citizens League chapter. She listed several Caucasian references in her application for relocation.

At the Gila River camp she worked as a stenographer in the office of the community enterprises.

Apparently, Tazuko came to Chicago with some confidence in her ability to land a good job. Her expectations were high. During the two weeks between her arrival and the time she called at our office for her first interview with us, that confidence had fled. She found it a little difficult to know where to begin. She had to be made to feel at ease and gradually questioned. How did she like Chicago? Terrible. Did she miss her family? Certainly. Had people been friendly to her? She didn't know. The conversation went as follows:

"Have you been here very long?"

"Two weeks."

"How do you like Chicago?"

"I don't like it at all."

"Where are you staying?"

"Brethern (stet.) hostel. The Brethern want us to get out quick to make room for other people. I've had to walk around all this morning to look for an apartment. Gee, it's

hard."

"Have you had any luck house-hunting?"

"Yeah, me and my girl friend, I think we found a place. It's on the southside in a good neighborhood near the University of Chicago."

"You have that problem solved then, don't you?"

"I don't know. But I sure don't like Chicago."

"Is there anything in particular that you don't like?"

"Oh, I don't know. I just don't like it. It's so dirty."

"Have you written to the folks back home?"

"Oh, yes."

"Have you heard from them?"

"Yes."

"Are you happy to be out of camp?"

"I don't know."

"You're homesick at times?"

"Sure am."

"You've been job-hunting?"

"Yeah."

"Any luck?"

"No. I've had to go house-hunting. This takes up time. They're kicking us out of the hostel."

"You don't mean you're being kicked out--actually."

"Oh, no I guess not. But I've got to get out and make room for others. This morning I found an apartment. It's on south Blackstone."

Tazuko related that she had been to half a dozen places to seek her stenographer's job. The W.R.A. had given her one lead. She didn't get the job; someone else had been there first. She called back at the W.R.A. office, she said, but was told that she was on her own now. "Gee, they didn't help me much after that." She then looked in the newspaper want ads. She said she felt "there are plenty of jobs in the city. I thought it would be pretty easy to get a job with so many want ads in the newspaper. But some places just let me fill out an application blank and said to me 'we'll call you.' Well, none of them did."

One of her friends whom she met at the Brethren hostel told her about a job opening at the Goldman Company near the loop. That was last Thursday. She related her experience: "Harry Goldman is the boss at this place. It's on South Jefferson. He was nice and everything when he interviewed me. He told me I was okay and could I come to work the next day. I said no not until next Monday. I didn't tell him but I wanted to be sure and be settled in an apartment and knew I would have to look around. It looked like a good job. Pay was \$27.50 a week. So I went back to the hostel and told everybody I had a job and I was going to work on Monday. I felt good. Then on Friday, that's the next day, he calls up and says he doesn't want me. He says Japanese girls are not dependable. He says he's fed up with them, that I better look for another one. So I am where I started. A friend told me about the Friends office, so I came up here."

Tazuko's account of her experiences with the Goldman Company was checked. It was found to be substantially correct. Harry Goldman is head of a garment business. He has a small office staff of four persons. He is a merchant who has been keenly interested in helping the evacuees and was among the first to employ a Nisei girl as a secretary last April. He is a man of liberal ideas with a social conscience and has a record of employing persons who, because of their race, face discrimination. He has a Negro girl with whom he says he is highly satisfied. His first evacuee secretary was also a girl whose ability he commended. However, she left him in July to return to Denver, Colorado, to join her family. This left Mr. Goldman shorthanded, apparently, at a time when he was sorely pressed for help. While this nisei girl's work was satisfactory, she took certain liberties, such as taking a day off without adequate notice, and finally she left him, without sufficient advance notice. Mr. Goldman's subsequent experiences with evacuee applicants have been on the unhappy side. His patience evidently had been tried once too often. One young lady (a Nisei) made an appointment with him. She never showed up. Another showed up, was interviewed, found satisfactory, said she would come to work the next day. He never heard from her again; still another took the job but phoned up a day after she was due to report for work, to tell him that she had, in the interim, found another better-paying position. In desperation, Mr. Goldman concluded, "they shop around too much; I can't wait." Then one day, Tazuko showed up. He interviewed her and was

asked if she could come to work "tomorrow". She said no, but she could come next Monday. Her manners failed to overcome the feeling of skepticism that had grown in his mind regarding evacuee applicants. "How do I know she won't be like the rest and not show up at all?" he kept asking himself after she had left. Tazuko is not outspoken and direct; she tends to be indirect. This feeling grew in Mr. Goldman's mind and was still percolating in his thoughts when another applicant, a Caucasian young woman, walked into his office and asked about the job. He asked her if she could go to work right away; she said yes. Mr. Goldman right then and there decided to hire her. He called Tazuko at the hostel and told her that the job had been taken. He felt he had done Tazuko an injustice but felt too that his experiences of the previous weeks had more or less warranted his action.

Tazuko was chagrined and puzzled. This seems to have been the beginning of a series of hard luck encounters.

She says she was about to start out job-hunting again when she was told that she must move out of the hostel as soon as possible.

"Gee, I'm tired; wish I could forget the whole thing," she said.

A job lead was found for her at the moment with the U.S. Chain Company.

She said she wasn't interested.

"I'm just tired out. Too much house-hunting," she said, drawing her mouth tight in a nervous gesture. "I think

I'll go home and rest. Thank you just the same."

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Word reached us indirectly several days later that Tazuko had found a job and was going to go to work at Cuneo Press in the office as a secretary.

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On 8/21/43 Tazuko telephoned. She said:

"I've been working at Cuneo Press. The job is all right, I mean the pay is okay and things seem all right, but I really don't like this job at all."

"What's the matter with it?" she was asked.

"I don't like the surroundings. I want a job downtown in the loop. Can you help me find another one?"

"How much are you earning now?"

"I get 25 dollars a week. It's a five day week."

"That's a pretty fair job. Is there anything in particular about it you don't like? I mean is there something that can be remedied?"

"This place. It's on Cermak Road near Chinatown. I don't like it."

"You don't like Chinatown?"

"No. I mean I don't like this district. It's so dirty and kinda away from downtown."

"Are the people you work with unfriendly at all?"

"No. I don't think so. There are other Japanese girls working here."

"Do you know them?"

"No."

"How's your boss?"

"Oh, he's all right, I mean I guess he's a fussy old man. No he's not so nice."

"Don't you like him?"

"I don't know."

"Is your work satisfactory to him."

"Yeah. I think so, sure."

"What kind of work has been assigned to you?"

"I take dictation. I type and do general office work."

"Don't you enjoy doing this kind of work?"

"Uh huh, but I don't like this job. It's no good for me. I wanna change. This district isn't very good. It takes me an hour to get to work on a street car. I have to be here at 8:30. I get up at 6 o'clock."

"Are you sure it's your job that's the problem and not something else?"

"Oh yes. I don't like this job."

"What do you do on your day off?"

"I haven't had any yet. I haven't worked long enough."

"Have you had any recreation at all?"

"Oh sure, that parts okay. I get around and out enough. It's the job."

"Are you certain you'd be happier in another job and not be bothered by the same feeling of unrest?"

"Yes. I'm sure I need a different job."

"You're not homesick for camp, are you?"

"Yes, I'm very homesick for my family. I have to admit that."

"Don't you think that you ought to give yourself a little longer trial on this job? You might find out that you like it very much."

"No. I think I should quit."

"How long have you been working there at Cuneo?"

"Three days. I know it's not very long, but it's long enough to know you don't like a place."

"There might be the chance you'll change your mind. Besides, it isn't fair to your employer for you to w quit in so short a time. Will you give it a little longer try?"

"Yes, I suppose I will, but will you be able to help me get another job? I'll be there on Saturday."

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8/23/43

Tazuko's next interview was on 8/23/43. She came into the office wearing a gay red sweater with a large "K" (apparently an athletic award from Kingsburg High School). Her apparel hardly fitted her mood. She was depressed, though she made a visible effort to be friendly and a little more alert than on her first call. She kept looking down at the floor. She was asked, by way of opening:

"How 's work?"

She replied:

"I quit it."

"Why?"

"Couldn't stand it; beside the pay wasn't so good; it was kinda bad, as a matter of fact."

"But didn't you say that the pay was one of the good

things about that job?"

"The pay was \$25 a week all right, but after they took taxes and everything, there was only about \$22 left."

"That's true of a job any place at that salary. We have to pay taxes, you know."

"Yes, I know that; I guess I didn't figure on so much. I think it would be better if I got a better paying job."

"Are you going to look for another one now?"

"Yes, this time I'm going to get a factory job. I can earn more. Get time and a half for overtime. I'll put in a lot of overtime."

"We might have a few leads here, though I am sure you should first avail yourself of the leads at the United States Employment Service."

"But getting a job isn't my real problem right now."

"What is it?"

"We gotta move. Getting kicked out."

She look dismayed and swallowed rather hard.

She was asked:

"You mean both you and your roommate? I thought you just moved into a nice apartment on south Blackstone?"

"Yeah. We've been there only a week. The landlady was nice and all, especially to us, at first. But our neighbors have been complaining to her and she says things like not having any outsiders in to see us or come and visit. We had a girl friend, just one girl, come and eat dinner with us, and

the landlady told us not to do it anymore. A lot of little things like that have been happening, and it's so unpleasant. I don't wanna stay there anymore. The landlady says that the neighbors have even got a lawyer and he says he'll tell the F.B.I. about us. I don't wanna have nuthin' to do with the F.B.I. I went over to the W.R.A. this afternoon to ask for housing leads and to tell them about this. Mr. Olson wasn't in, so they sent me over here. Do you have any housing leads?"

"We work under an arrangement with the W.R.A. whereby we turn in all of the leads that four staff members go out and secure to Mr. Olson; he is the clearing house for housing leads. However, are you sure that you want to move out? Won't it be simpler if some effort is made to straighten out affairs with your neighbors and the landlady?"

"Oh sure, but I wanna move. I don't wanna stay there ~~take~~ any longer at all."

"Do other evacuees live there too?"

"Oh yes, there are several single fellows, some girls, a married couple too. I think she's the only landlady around there ~~where~~ where Japanese have been allowed to stay. I think that's why she has been getting complaints. It's a good neighborhood and a nice apartment. But me and my roommate we have been trying to get another girl to come inwith us for a month now, even before we found this apartment. We been to the hostels and everything, but it's pretty hard to find a congenial girl to come in with us. You know, everything has to be congenial."

"How much rent do you pay?"

"Fifty-five dollars a month. That's why we need a third

girl."

"What about the other Nisei in the same apartment?"

"I don't know. Nobody does anything to help me. I don't care about nobody else."

She looked a little sheepish after she finished making this statement, as if she didn't really mean it. She had more or less blurted it out. She was asked:

"Do you think it would do any good if we called in the pastor of the Church in your neighborhood and asked him to talk with your landlady and neighbors and have him explain the situation so you will have better understanding? That could help you and your roommate, you know."

"But I'm not a Christian."

"I'm sure that would make no difference. He might even assist you in finding another apartment in that neighborhood, if you decided to move."

"But I don't want to stay in that neighborhood. There's too much race discrimination. I want to get away from there."

Tazuko was told that this particular area she referred to had been one of the most receptive in Chicago, that over 400 evacuees had found housing in that district, scattered over several square miles. Individual experiences, all favorable, of relocatees in that district were told to her. She was not visibly impressed.

She said:

"Gee, it's sure hard to get things right out here.

Why does the W.R.A. stress relocation so much in the camps when

they know it's this hard on the outside? I'd rather be back in camp right now. If I don't find an apartment, I'm going back."

Tazuko has also not found everything to her likes and expectations in her relations with her roommate, she intimated. This may have something to do with either her restlessness or her desire to move out of the neighborhood, though her moving plans seem to be based on including her roommate too. She said:

"You know, my roommate, she is a very fine person. I didn't know her before coming to Chicago. She is from the northwest and never had much to do with Japanese people. She don't like them. She don't want them around. Now, me, I'm Japanese and I don't hate them. After all, I'm one too."

She smiled a little forlornly.

Tazuko was encouraged to follow up on several housing leads previously suggested; she was advised to go over to see Mr. Olson that same afternoon and told that if she found no satisfaction nor success, to come back and have a member of the office staff of the Friends go with her personally on her house-hunting.

She said as she left:

"Thanks a lot anyway for your help. I still feel like going back to camp. I'll be back to see you. Thanks."

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8/26/43

This is a cloudy, stormy day. It has been raining

hard all day, almost without let-up. It is one of those days on which evacuees find it hard to keep their appointments; it's hard to get around for the newcomer. Currently Chicago's worst infantile paralysis epidemic in its history (the newspapers have been front-paging it, latest report today being that 276 cases since July 1, with 23 deaths and 34 new suspected cases yesterday headlined).

Tazuko called by telephone this afternoon.

She said:

"Hello, I'm sorry to bother you again. I feel awful. Worse than ever. No I'm still at this apartment on south Blackstone. I'm still looking for another apartment. I also need a job."

"Have you had any luck in getting your apartment?"

"No. I went to W.R.A. like you said and Mr. Olson gave me a whole lot of leads. I didn't feel like going so I been home."

"Have you followed up on any of them."

"No. I been staying in my apartment all day long. Don't feel like going out at all. I need a job too. I thought I had one on the night shift at a factory. But gee, this house-hunting has kept me so busy I don't know what to do. Another girl got the job so I don't have any more. Do you have any job leads? I got to go to work pretty soon. I can't afford it because I'm going in the red."

"We have a job lead for light table work at the Edwin Allen Company; that's a bindery."

"My girl friend works there. The pay isn't so good. Do you have any office work?"

"There are two or three leads for which you might qualify. Come down this afternoon, and we'll see how you can be helped."

"I don't feel like it today. Can I come down tomorrow?"

"Yes, you do that, we'll be expecting you."

Tazuko will probably be in on 8/27/43.

(To be continued)

This is an account of an evacuee's version of her "greatest problem" in Chicago since her relocation. No attempt to do a case history was made at the first interview for reasons that will be obvious. This evacuee called at the interviewer's home, late one evening, asking for "advice". The interviewer had never met her before, and the call, made without previous appointment, was unexpected. She began thusly:

"My name is Carol Ando (psuedonym). I live here in the southside neighborhood, on the 5700 block on Dorchester. I am in the same apartment with three grand persons, all of them social workers. I've been in Chicago since January. I relocated here from the Tule Lake Center; you see my family was among the very very first to be resettled outside of camp. My parents are now living in Montana. I have a brother in the United States Army. All of my relatives are now outside of relocation center life.

"I arrived in Chicago in January and got a job working in the International House of the University here, in the mess hall as a table girl. In the meantime I've also been attending the Vague School of Design downtown in the loop.

"Everything has been going along very well until just recently. I have liked Chicago and all the people I met. The work was all right with me until on September 2 I was discharged. I couldn't understand it at first because my immediate superior, a woman who has been soe good and kind to me, told me that the supervisor and the commanding officer of the Army had received orders that I must be released. Of course, I asked why. They told me three reasons, claiming that some man

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from S-2, I don't know what that is, had called at the International House and said that Washington had ordered my dismissal. The reasons given were that I had been employed by the Japanese Consulate before war, that I was a dual citizen, and that my parents had tried to conceal my employment at the Consulate. Now, if I had been employed by the Consul, there would be something to such charges, but it is absolutely false. I have never been inside a Consulate; when I went to San Francisco for the World's Fair, I was in the Japanese Pavilion once but that is as close as I have ever been to the Consulate. I am also not a dual citizen. Of course, I did make a visit to Japan, it lasted for about 18 months; I returned just before war broke out; but I had some difficulty in making travel arrangements because I am not a dual citizen, I am only a citizen of the United States. As for my parents trying to conceal my whereabouts, that is silly and absurd. I was in Los Angeles attending school at one time and away from our home in Hood River, Oregon.

"When I realized that the charges being made against me were not a crude joke of some kind, I didn't know what to say. It all sounds so mysterious and exciting, me being some kind of a spy. My immediate superior is a woman who has shown great kindness to me. She even offered to pay my way through school, she has been very satisfied with my work; and she has refused right along to believe these accusations. She went with me to see the Major who is commanding officer of the Army soldiers who stay at the International House; and we also met with the supervisor of the House. The Major said that he was only acting on orders that had come down from Washington and there wasn't anything that <sup>he</sup> ~~I~~ could do about it. The supervisor said that it was the result of

a visit from some official who had come and said I must be released. My immediate superior felt so bad she even cried.

"I asked if there were anything in writing from Washington accusing me of all these things because I knew they were false and not true. They said no. I asked my immediate superior if she trusted and believed me, and she said she did and wanted me to come back to work. Of course, I have been officially discharged since September 2 but I am still on the payroll. I feel I ought to get the job back as the best and quickest way of showing that the whole thing is a falsehood and the charges are nothing more than rumors.

"The Major at the International House has been very understanding and sympathetic too. He says that he would be glad to give me letters of reference and recommendation for any other job that I might look for; the supervisor has been good too. I just can't understand it, because it seems to me that everything about my dismissal has been done on hearsay.

"I went right away to the F.B.I. office here in Chicago. The agent was very kind to me and spent about two hours trying to look up the records which would bear on my dismissal. He couldn't find it at all. The F.B.I. didn't know anything about it. The agent then called the Army intelligence office of the Sixth Service Command for me. This is G-2. I think when they said S-2 to me, it was meant to be G-2. I went this afternoon to see Major Middelsted of G-2 and he was also very good to me. He looked into the matter but came out with the same answer as the F.B.I. They had no record of any such order for my dismissal. They didn't know anything about it. Tomorrow I am going to tell that to the Major at the

International House.

"You see, I am terribly upset about this. It has shocked me to think that my reputation has been so damaged. Of all things, this should happen to me. Now if I were a Kibei, that would be different. But I have never had any Japanese education. Never has there been any question at all up to this time about me. My brother is in the Army; he was in long before the war broke out. My parents were among the first people to be cleared to return to outside living from a relocation camp. I have been so upset about all this that I even quit school. I want to get to the bottom of this and right away.

"I went to the W.R.A. office today too. Mr. Shirrell was away from the city but they said he would be back tomorrow. I was told that they could find out for me whether this has been an official order from Washington. That is, they could establish the fact that such charges actually have been made against me in my dismissal. You see, otherwise, everything to date is really only hearsay. There is no evidence at all that such accusations have come down from Washington, ordering my dismissal except the word of the supervisor who told the major who told my immediate superior. I don't know if that is exactly the procedure by which the order came through.

"The Army people I have seen about this matter all have told me that a civilian agency can't do anything in cases like this so I should not try to get representation. The W.R.A. feels the same way but they are willing to find out for me that much--whether it is really an official order from Washington. If it is, then I must make every effort at once to clear myself. I know Mr. Shirrell, so I plan to see him about it tomorrow. The W.R.A. people say that two or three other evacuees have had almost similar experiences where they have been accused of being this

and being that; none of the accusations were true, investigation proved.

"Major Middelsted at G-2 was very helpful and gave me good advice. I am going to write to the Industrial Relations Board in Washington, D.C. and ask why they have dismissed me from my job; this will then decide whether or not the charges I have heard against me are really the reason for my dismissal. Do you think I should write such a letter, and if so, what should I write in it?"

Carol Ando is a young lady of striking appearance and personality. She is undoubtedly pretty; she has fair complexion, regular features, attractive make-up. Her wearing apparel is senior collegiate. She is about five feet one inch in height, weighs around 105 pounds. Her hair dress is smart. She carries herself with reassuring poise and grace. Her legs, which could be slightly straighter, are the least flattering part of her presence. But she dresses well and neatly. She speaks English with no trace of the accent peculiar to the Nisei; her diction is almost perfect; her voice is clear and pleasant. She has fine white teeth and jet black hair. She smiles easily and is a fairly interesting conversationalist. She has, in the parlance of the vernacular, oomph. She appears to be intelligent, alert, and capable. These attributes tend to make her vulnerable to the accusations which have been troubling her.

For a Nisei born in Hood River, Oregon, of Issei parents, Carol has remarkably few Oriental traits. In appearance she could pass almost for French or Spanish. Her eyes are large, her nose high and straight. Her manners are distinctly American. If she speaks any Japanese at all, she did not show it during the interview lasting over two and a

half hours. Considering the subject of conversation, with repeated references to accusations implying her Japanese contacts, this unconscious abstinence from the use of some Japanese words or phrases was, in the interviewer's opinion, unusual. It was indicative of the girl's completely American educational background, it seemed. It did not appear deliberate. Carol Ando simply does not mix Japanese terms and words into her English conversation.

The nature of the interview did not permit extensive questioning. The girl was seemingly disturbed about the matter and wanted advice on how "to go about clearing my name."

I would judge her age to be around 21; this is only a guess. She was asked, after her account of her dismissal:

"Have you had any friction or unfriendly encounters with any body at the International House?"

Her answer was spontaneous, confirmed with expressive gestures of her hands and face:

"Why, no, absolutely none at all. There isn't a soul who would think of doing such a thing to me. They've all been so good and friendly."

"You've been dismissed, you're sure of that?"

"Oh, yes, since September 2."

"Then you're no longer being paid?"

"No, I'm still getting paid; but I suppose pretty soon that will stop too."

"From what you say, one would gather that you've been discharged on the basis of hearsay and rumor. There is no official paper or document from this so-called Washington office which formally states

that you are accused of these charges. Is that right?"

"Yes, that's correct. You know I am interested in getting this straightened out and my name cleared not only for myself alone but because there are over a dozen other people working there who could have the same thing happen to them. Some of the employees there are first generation older people; the others are citizens. You see I was working there in January, and that was even before the Army came in and took over. At that time, it was necessary for all of us who were already employed to fill out certain forms and a check-up was made. Now that meant that we were all more or less certified by the Army. If I can be discharged in this manner, without any more explanation than this, then the same thing can happen to any of the others. I think this concerns more than just me."

Carol was asked if she was in any great need for another job. She replied:

"I'll need another job, yes. But it's more important for me to get this thing cleared up about my name. I don't want suspicion like this on my record. They say it's on the records in Washington."

"You are interested primarily in what you say 'clearing your name?'"

"Why yes, certainly. Nothing like this has ever happened to me before."

"But where are you going to clear your name?"

"In Washington."

"But you have nothing to show that your name is not already clear in Washington."

"That's right; but the W.R.A. is going to find out if

it isn't, for me."

"Isn't that looking for trouble?"

"No. I've been fired because they accuse me of having been employed by the Japanese government."

"That accusation so far is only hearsay; nothing is down in writing. Wouldn't it be advisable for you to clear with the local people and definitely establish that accusation, if it is true that even Washington made it, was the reason for your dismissal?"

The conversation seemed to be confusing Carol. She felt, however, that the steps she had taken were justified and she should go ahead. Her primary concern, she repeated, was "to clear my name."

She was asked:

"How many people know about these accusations?"

"My immediate superior, the Major and the supervisor; but I think they're already beginning to talk about me in that way."

"Who do you mean by they?"

"Some of the soldiers I think."

"Very many?"

"No, I think only a couple, maybe not even that many."

"You say your immediate superior, the Major and the supervisor believe you and don't believe the accusations but feel compelled not to question anything coming from above?"

"Yes, that's right."

"Then, your name is clear as far as they are concerned?"

"Oh, yes, they believe in me."

"Then with whom do you have to clear your name?"

"Washington."

"But you're not sure of that, are you?"

"Not yet, no."

"Then it is possible you are making a mountain out of a mole hill?"

"Well, I can't possibly think who could be making such accusations against me except just one person back home. He was the kind of person in our home town (hood River, Oregon) that nobody took seriously anyway. He would have a reason for spreading any such malicious lies and rumors anyway; he wanted to buy something which our family refused to sell him. He's the only one. Do you think I should expose him?"

"Why? You don't know for a fact that he is responsible, do you?"

"No, I don't. I guess I would be doing exactly what seems to be happening to me."

Carol has decided in her mind, more or less, that she will follow through with her letter to the Board in Washington to appeal her dismissal; she is keeping in close contact with her immediate superior at the International House and the Major; she is enlisting the aid of the W.R.A. She will do everything to clear her name, she says. She left with a few words of thanks, saying, "I'll probably be back again to let you know how I come out. Thanks ever so much."