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* Walter Hayashi (pseud.) Evacuation and Resettlement Study,
(Student) June 3, 1943. DST.

SCHEDULE FOR INDIVIDUAL RESETTLERS

9 interviews

Date of interview First on 4/8/43 Ninth on 9/18/43 Interviewer Togo W. Tanaka

1. Name Walter Hayashi 2. Sex, (M) F 3. Married stat. M (S) D W O
4. Present address YMCA Hotel 826 So. Wabash Chicago Illinois
5. Later addresses 40 Dr. Paul Pfeutze, Uni- Date
versity of Connecticut, Storrs, Connecticut " 9/20/43

6. Birthplace Stockton, Calif. 7. Birthdate March 28, 1922
8. Alien or citizen CITIZEN 9. Nisei, Kibei or Issei

10. Addresses between Dec. 1, 1941 and evacuation
(a) Home at '6th + Jackson' Oakland, Calif. Date Several years
(b) Basement of Oakland Japanese Methodist Church " up to January, 1942
(c) House in Mennonite section of Reedley, Calif. " Jan-Mar 28, 1942
(d) Poston Camp No. 3 Poston, Arizona " Mar-Aug. 1942
(e) " Aug 42 - Jan '43

11. Assembly Center _____ Date _____

12. Relocation Center Poston Camp No. 3 Date Aug 42 - Jan '43

13. Addresses between time of leaving Relocation Center and present
(a) Provo, Utah (Brigham Young University) Date Jan - April '43
(b) YMCA Hotel 826 S. Wabash - Chicago " April - Sept. 43 with
(c) 11 day interval at Wisconsin summer camp.

14. Persons living in household on Dec. 1, 1941. Relationship to Re-settler

(a)		
(b)	<u>Mr. S. Hayashi</u>	<u>59</u>
(c)	<u>Mrs. S. Hayashi</u>	<u>49</u>
(d)	<u>Martha Hayashi</u>	<u>24</u>
(e)	<u>Walter</u>	<u>20</u>
(f)	<u>John Hayashi</u>	<u>16</u>
(g)		
(h)		
(i)		
(j)		
(k)		
(l)		
(m)		

Father
Mother
Sister
Brother

15. Persons living in household on evac. day
(If same as 14, enter symbol, e.g. 14(a).) Relationship to Re-settler

(a)	<u>E.g. 14(a)</u>	
(b)		
(c)		
(d)		
(e)		
(f)		
(g)		
(h)		
(i)		
(j)		
(k)		
(l)		
(m)		

* William Hayakawa (real name)

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*Produce

still in camp 9/18/43

15. continued	Age	Sex	M.S.	Birthplace	Grade compl. Amer. school	Educ. in Japan	Occupation Dec. 1, 1941	Relig. Affil.
(a)	60	M	M	Tokyo, Japan			*Prod. Merchant	None
(b)	50	F	M	Hiroshima "			Housewife	Methodist
(c)	25	F	S			None	Secretary	Methodist
(d)	21	M	S	Stockton Calif	3rd yr. Univ.ers.	None	Student	Methodist
(e)	17	M	S	Oakland	Sr. in high sch.	None	"	Methodist
(f)								
(g)								
(h)								
(i)								
(j)								
(k)								
(l)								
(m)								

16. If immediate family (parents, siblings, children or spouse) were not included in household group in 15, because of different residence or because deceased, give details regarding them)

	Name	Relationship to resettler	Residence (if deceased write "dec.")	Age (if dec. age at death)	Sex	Mar. Stat.
(a)						
(b)						
(c)						
(d)						
(e)						
(f)						

16, continued -

	Birthplace	Grade compl. Amer. school	Educ. in Japan	Occupation Dec. 1, 1941 (for dec. last occupation)	Religion
(a)					
(b)					
(c)					
(d)					
(e)					
(f)					

17. What members of household and immediate family evacuated together to Assembly Center or Free Zone (give symbols used in 15 and 16). abcde - whole family

18. Composition of household in Assembly Center or Free Zone (Give symbols from 15 and 16; if others, give sex, age, relationship) Upon arrival: abcde

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18. continued -

Just before departure to Assembly Center or Free Zone _____

a b c d e

19. Composition of household in Relocation Project (Give symbols; if others, give sex, age, relationship).

Upon arrival: *a b c d e*

Just before leaving Project: *a b c e*

(d left first, followed by e, followed by a-b expected to come out soon)

20. Composition of household in Chicago at date of interview: (Give symbols; if others, give details) *Single relocatee*

	Name	Relationship to resettler	Residence (if deceased write "dec.")	Age (if dec. age at death)	Sex	Mar. Stat.
(a)						
(b)						
(c)						
(d)	<i>Walter Hayski</i>					
(e)						
(f)						

20. continued -

	Birthplace	Grade completed American school	Educ. in Japan	Occupation Dec. 1, 1941 (for dec. last occupation)	Religion
(a)					
(b)					
(c)					
(d)	<i>Walter Hayski</i>	<i>3rd yr. University</i>	<i>none</i>	<i>student</i>	<i>Methodist</i>
(e)					
(f)					

21. Changes in composition of Household in Chicago: Note departures by symbol and dates. Give details for new households or entries:

	Date	Name	Relationship to resettler	Residence (if deceased write "dec.")	Age (if dec. age at death)	Sex	Mar. Stat.
(a)							
(b)							
(c)							
(d)							
(e)							
(f)							

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21. continued -

Date	Name	Relation- ship to resettler	Residence (if deceased write "dec."	Age (if dec. age at death)	Sex	Mar. Stat.
(g)						
(h)						
(i)						
(j)						
(k)						
(l)						
(m)						

21. continued -

Birthplace	Grade compl. Amer.school	Educ. in Japan	Occupation Dec. 1, 1941 (for dec. last occupation)	Religion
(a)				
(b)				
(c)				
(d)				
(e)				
(f)				
(g)				
(h)				
(i)				
(j)				
(k)				
(l)				
(m)				

22. Educational history of resettler

Elementary schools (name and location)	Dates	Grade completed
Grammar schools (name and location)	Dates	Grade completed
Oakland		
High schools (name and location)	Dates	Grade completed
University High School		12th year
Colleges, universities and vocational schools (name and location)	Dates	Grade completed Degree
University of California at Berkeley	'39 - 42	2½ years
Attendance at Japanese language school, location	Dates	

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

Dates		Nature of job	Type of industry	Location	Av. mo. wages	Reason
From	To					for termination
3/39	6/41	Produce truck driving	Wholesale market	Oakland	\$38.00	School - worked for father
9/41	3/42	General help	" (father)	"	\$21.00	Evacuation
1/42	3/42	Domestic	School boy job	Berkeley	\$30 mo. plus mtd.	Evacuation
3/42	8/42	Truck driver	Produce Buying	Reedley	\$50 mo.	2nd Evacuation
9/42	1/43	Civics Teacher	WRA Center	Pastor	\$16 mo.	Relocation (School)
1/43	3/43	Unemp. attending school	Brigham Young U. at Provo Utah			Bored - See (A219)
4/43	5/43	Unskilled factory	Agar's mfg. Co.	Chicago	\$125	Bored - See (A219)
5/43	6/43	Unemp. - looking for job				
6-11/43	8/43	Gardener - Mrs. Hall	Summer Camp	Winston	\$50 per m.	Friend got fired
6-11/43	9/43	Unskilled - shipping room	Cumco Press Co.	Chicago	\$140	School

23. Religious connections (begin with first, include assembly center and Relocation project and status after resettlement)

Dates	Attended what church	Where attended	What Sunday sch.
8/43 - 1/43	Christian (interdenominational)	Poston	
4/43 - 9/43	Fourth Presbyterian	Chicago (occasionally)	

24. Political activities

Dates	Voted in what elections	For what party
Turned 21	on 3/23/43	has not yet voted

Tanaka 9/18/43

Walter Hayashi (pseudonym) was a student before evacuation. He was a junior majoring in agricultural economics at the University of California at Berkeley, living with his family in Oakland.

Walter has been in Chicago since April; he is leaving by train on Monday (9/20/43) for Storrs, Connecticut, to enroll in the University of Connecticut for the fall term.

This case record is the result of a series of nine interviews with Walter since April 8, tracing largely the highlights of his relocation experiences in the midwest.

Walter Hayashi is 21 years old; he is an "average Nisei" in a number of respects. He speaks good English, with some noticeable traces of slurring "th" into "d" and occasionally confusing a subject in the singular with predicate in the plural. Walter is five feet four inches in height, weighs about 130 pounds. He is fairly light complexioned, has no blemishes, but wears heavy rimless glasses. He says: "My eyes are very bad, so bad that they probably make me 4-F for the Army. I had them examined recently and was told one of my eyes is 20-300, the other is 20-220." He has a pronounced lantern jaw, and the expression of his face tends to give the impression of a slightly cynical person. He seems by nature to be somewhat

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retiring. He says ~~is~~ he is equally comfortable or uncomfortable, as the case may be, with Caucasian or Nisei company. He grew up in a Japanese community but attended schools where he was either the only Nisei or one of a very few students of Japanese ancestry.

Walter was born in Stockton, California on March 23, 1922. His father, then 39, was engaged in farming. When Walter was four years old, and his sister Martha was eight, the family moved to Oakland; there a younger brother, John, was born.

The family was close-knit and fairly harmonious. On March 28, 1942, when the Hayashis voluntarily evacuated from Oakland to the "free zone" in Reedley, California, the following members composed the family which had always lived together:

Father Hayashi	59
Mother Hayashi	49
Sister Martha	24
W a l t e r	20
Brother John	16

Walter does not dwell very much on his early life, except to insist that it was "average". There seems to have been a strong religious influence in his home. His mother is an active member of the Oakland Methodist Church, a Japanese congregation. All the children were baptized at an early age and became members of the Church in Oakland. Walter's father was not a Methodist or a professing Christian. Regarding him, Walter says: "My dad really is a better Christian than any of us. He is always doing things for

people. He is very unselfish about the things he does. No strings tied like a lot of us Church members. You might say he has no religion if it is a matter of belonging to a Church but I think he's really more Christian than any of the others of us."

Walter's father went into the commission merchant business at the Oakland wholesale produce terminal, founding the River Produce Company. He was just fairly successful, according to Walter. He was in this business for over 15 years when war and subsequent evacuation forced him to close down completely. In March, 1942, when the books were shut on the business, the River Produce firm had seven people on its staff and "handled most of the strawberries for the Japanese growers of Central California." Walter and his sister Martha assisted on Saturdays, sometimes after school hours, and during summer vacations in the business. Mrs. Hayashi was also active in the company. The Hayashis never realized any large profits from the business but enjoyed a sufficient income to satisfy their necessities and some added comforts, according to Walter's description. They lived in a large frame house on Jackson near sixth, in the Japanese section of Oakland, "right across from the Bukkyo-kai (Buddhist Church)", Walter says.

At the University high school in Oakland, Walter recalls that he was the only Nisei in his class. He did "fair" in school, went out for sports. His outside-school activities were centered around the Oakland Methodist Church.

When Walter was nine, his sister Martha thirteen, and his brother John five, his mother took them for a vacation trip to Japan. It lasted three months, "just long enough for me to remember some of the places and people we met." Walter's father is from Tokyo, but most of his relatives had died, so the visits were largely with the relations of his mother, who came from Hiroshima prefecture. Walter's parents were married in the United States. One of Walter's uncles, on his mother's side, is a faculty member of the Kwanto college in Japan where a Baptist missionary, Royal Fisher, was also teaching. Rev. Fisher, who has since returned to the United States and is now the Denver, Colorado, representative of the American Baptist Home Mission Society on evacuee relocation, has been especially helpful in Walter's efforts to complete his college education, he says.

Following his graduation from University high school in Oakland, Walter enrolled at the University of California at Berkeley, commuting the five miles from home daily. He had plans of being able to follow his father in his commission merchant business, believing that he could supplement the practical knowledge gained in the business during school attendance with studies in the buying field. He chose agricultural economics as his major. He devoted a good deal of his time to studies and averaged a B plus in his major, he says. Apparently, there were few distractions for him. At 21, Walter is somewhat backward and

undeveloped, socially. He has what church-going people would call "a nice healthy" attitude toward the feminine sex; he is no wolf. He is a little clumsy and awkward in discussions about girls and women. He is a firm and staunch believer in chastity before marriage. His interests are centered around his family, his father who is now 60, his mother who is now 50, his older sister and his younger brother.

Walter likes to read, but he enjoys even more, lengthy discussions with friends on varied topics. He is quiet in his conversation; though he is not brilliant particularly, ~~despite a first impression to the contrary.~~ he is alert and intelligent. He says that he has received his thirst for knowledge and an ambition to complete his education from his mother; but paradoxically enough, he thinks that his father, a non-professing Christian, has been the greatest religious influence in his life. To a certain extent, Walter says, he believes in the doctrine of "pre-destination." For instance, discussing his likelihood of "some day getting married," he observes:

"There's no worry about that for a long while, I think, besides I got enough to worry about for a while, don't you think? I'll get married one of these days sure. That's something God has already taken care of. Just like when a soldier tells you, and I've been told, when a bullet has been marked out with your name on it, that's for you; it's going to get you; and nothing you can do will stop it; I figure that I'll get married with whom and when God

has decided. So I'm not worrying."

Before war broke out, exclusive of the one trip to Japan in his childhood, Walter's world had been centered around the Oakland-Berkeley area. He had both Caucasian and Nisei friends. He says he had certain "set ideas" about the future, about how he would succeed his father, build up the business, eventually get married and settle down to raise a family of his own. War, of course, changed things even more than he dreamed.

On Sunday, morning, December 7, 1941, Walter says he went to the services at the Oakland Methodist Church, as was his habit. Most of the Saturday evening before, he had been studying for a final examination in jurisprudence that was coming up on Monday. Returning home from Church, he had lunch with the family, then sat down to review some of his examination notes, incidentally turning on the radio in the living room. Suddenly he heard the news announcement of the attack on Pearl Harbor. He recalls:

"I thought it was a play of some kind at first. I couldn't believe it. Then I thought maybe it was a big mistake and they would be making corrections right away. But after the same news came over two and three times, each time with new bulletins, I began to believe it."

Walter does not appear to be either excitable or emotional. He tends to be poker-faced in expression. Asked what were his reactions, he observed quietly:

"I sure didn't think very much of Japan

then. It was pretty lousey. Of course, I was upset all right."

That afternoon, the basketball team of the Oakland Methodist Church on which Walter played, had a scheduled game with a squad from the Army Camp at Fort Ord. Walter says:

"We played that game all right as if nothing had happened. The fellows from camp were swell; they were good sports in the game; nobody even mentioned or talked about the war. I got a stomach ache that evening, something I ate probably, and came home kinda sick that night."

At school on the Berkeley campus the next day, Walter says that he noticed no change in the attitudes of friends and acquaintances ~~en~~ in the classrooms. "Only I darn near flunked that final examination in jurisprudence. I was doing pretty good up to the final; I must have been made a little sick by the news of the war and maybe it did affect my studying. Anyway I somehow managed to pull through, though the vgrade was lower."

Walter registered again for the new semester, although the first signs of confusion and uncertainty over possible evacuation were beginning to creep into his family life. "I wanted to finish my junior year, and things weren't looking too good anywhere. My dad said it would be all right if I got a room and board job in Berkeley to help pay my expenses. I did this, returning home to Oakland over

the week-ends."

In March when the Western Defense Command announced that "all persons of Japanese lineage" must evacuate a designated area on the western fringe of the Pacific coast, Walter's father made a quick decision.

"One day suddenly and unexpectedly, I got a telephone call from my father. He said to pack up, make all necessary arrangements at school for leaving indefinitely, and come home. The family was going to voluntarily evacuate out of Oakland and go to Reedley because it was a free zone there. You see we had already evacuated once from our home on Jackson because it was ruled out in an early order. We had moved to a three-room apartment in the parsonage of the Methodist church which had been opened to us. But I had gone on to Berkeley to get this room and board job. When my dad called me and told this to me, of course, I had nothing else to do but come home at once.

"We sold most of our furniture. We put some of the better pieces into storage, but there wasn't much. Dad just closed down his business. People who owed us money, and people we owed money to just stayed put. They're mostly Japanese. Dad didn't have the heart to go around and try to collect anything that other people who were being evacuated owed him, and I guess those to whom he owed money must have felt the same way. That's how it is. Dad isn't one to kick about the losses he takes; he just ain't the crying kind. He never said anything, just said let's get

going, and we did.

"In Reedley, which incidentally has about 21 churches, and that's plenty for a little town, we found new friends there among some German mennonites. You see they were persecuted a lot in the last war and they could sympathize with our plight. We rented a house, kind of broken down, but it did okay, from a German Mennonite family. I still correspond with these people. They were swell to us, and we had quite a time, wrestling around with a leaking water tank in that house and having a lot of new experiences. Dad is a pretty energetic man in spite of his years, although he has been sick before and we've had in him hospitals recuperating from overwork. But at Reedley, he made enough connections to go into buying. He supplied farm produce, mostly strawberries again, for three firms at the Oakland market. He was doing all right. I helped him every day, going several times a week from Reedley to Lindsey, which is about 50 miles away. This lasted until August. That's when General De Witt issued his second order to clear the free zone.

"Boy, I guess I was just plain disgusted when this came out. Of course, when we evacuated once from Oakland to Reedley, we all had been under the impression that we would not be moved again. I remember that a representative from a Utah sugar beet company came down to try to recruit a lot of workers; one of the biggest arguments he ran into everywhere among evacuees was whether or not they would

be driven out again wherever they landed. The sugar beet company said that they certainly would never be excluded from Utah. But all of us sneered at him and said oh yeah. I guess we must have been sore all right. But my dad wanted all of us to go to Utah. He had great plans. He said that mother could stay home and keep house, that my ~~sister~~ Martha could go and work in an office, and me and my brother and him could go out and work in the sugar beet fields. He was all for it, being optimistic about our being able to earn more money than we ever did. Well, my sister and I were fed up with the uncertainty and the second evacuation. We ruled him down, with the help of my mother. We wanted to get it over with and into a camp. So on August 5, we landed in Poston camp no. 3.

"It didn't take long for me to discover I didn't like camp life. My dad became sick at Poston. He caught pneumonia, and we were all pretty much worried; he has recovered very well though. I never could get into the swing of things at the relocation camp. I did do some teaching in the high school, but not for long. In January, when there was a chance to go out, I took it, going to Salt Lake City, ^{and then Provo, Utah,} to enroll at Brigham Young University. I wanted to get my credits toward my degree. My mother encouraged me to go out; so did my dad."

Walter says he was not in the relocation camp long enough to have any observations about it other than

that it "disgusted" him. He was a sideline spectator to some of the Poston disturbances, he says. He was sympathetic to the sufferings of evacuees who were continuously ^{US} frustrated by administrative failures to keep promises. He thinks that evacuee sympathy inside the camps with the so-called agitators and trouble makers was the result of an accumulation of resentment and grievances. "That's probably why the J.A.C.L. was so unpopular. It had kind of become a symbol of collaboration with the administration, and people had something closer at hand to blame. They could get their hands on the J.A.C.L. people in camp."

In April, when the first interview with Walter took place, he seemed in a sense to ^{have} ~~show~~ an antipathy toward the J.A.C.L. In September, after the ninth interview, this feeling seems to have been dissipated. In the interim, Walter has visited frequently and at length with Dr. Yatabe, secretary of the J.A.C.L. Chicago office.

Walter's first visit to our office was a few days after his arrival from Provo, Utah where he had finished a quarter at Brigham Young in agricultural economics. He said he wished to get a job in order to earn enough money and save so he could re-enter some eastern school, preferably the University of New Hampshire. He was given a job lead with Al Howe's Free Employment Agency on the southwest industrial side. Walter secured a job at the Agar Manufacturing Company a few days later. He started out at 60 cents an hour, with time and a half overtime. He

said the job was not hard. "It's monotonous and mechanical, you know; mostly back work, no need for brains. It's sure dull, but it's a job."

On April 23, a fortnight later, Walter dropped up "for advice". He seemed worried and dissatisfied. He didn't like Chicago. He was a little reluctant to discuss his problem freely, and seemed ill at ease. His eyes were a little bloodshot. He was asked:

"Don't you get to sleep regularly?"

He replied:

"My job isn't at all satisfactory. It gets me down, this riding on a street car for three hours every day. Boy, these street cars are sure lousey, and Chicago is sure one dirty city."

Further questioning revealed that Walter was earning an average of ^{a little over} \$30 weekly at Agar's. He was living at the downtown YMCA hotel, 826 South Wabash, paying six dollars a week for his room and eating three meals out. These meals, he insisted, cost him anywhere from \$1.75 to \$2.50 a day and he was rapidly running into the red. He couldn't make expenses meet. He wanted to quit Agar's; oh yes, he had saved a little money, so there was no worry that he would starve. He was thinking about getting a room and board job where he could get maintenance plus a salary; he would save this salary so he could get back into school. He had the University of New Hampshire firmly in mind now.

At this time, Walter definitely gave every

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sign of being unhappy; he was not adjusted to his new job or life at all. He seemed resentful of people generally and said he felt that people were always staring at him on the streets. He was asked:

"Have you had any unpleasant experiences in particular since coming to Chicago?"

He replied at once:

"On the day I arrived here at the Chicago and Northwestern Station, I was coming through the gate and into the lobby when a drunken soldier comes up to me and grabs me by the neck collar. He says: 'Are you a Jap?' and makes a gesture as if he were going to haul away at me. This got me excited. I didn't know what to do, but some people nearby came along and grabbed the soldier and told him to let me alone. I was pretty nervous after that. That was my welcome to Chicago."

Since then Walter had been leery of soldiers; he consciously avoided them. He appeared over-conscious of his race. He was counselled at length during this second interview and given a detailed account of the experiences and difficulties encountered by other evacuees and how they were overcoming them. An effort was made to modify his growing bitterness; but this concern on the part of the interviewer, as subsequent meetings proved, was unwarranted.

With nearly one hundred dollars saved up, including the amount he had brought with him from Utah, Walter decided to quit Agar's. In his decision, he was accompanied by a friend George Sagawa (pseudonym), a pre-

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medical student of Walter's age with whom he had been living at the ^{YH} ~~YH~~ hotel and with whom he had secured his job at Agar's. For the next several months, these two were to be almost inseparable companions in relocation.

On May 1, the two came together to the office for an interview. George, it developed, was a year older than Walter; he obviously dominated his younger friend. Where Walter was slow and cautious in making up his mind about anything, George was quick and decisive. Walter's sense of humor was inclined to be a little dull; he was always trying to "catch on", whereas George was sharp and penetrating. Where Walter was naive and simple, George was smart and sophisticated. It was an interesting combination, though somewhat difficult to counsel as a single case.

George seemed to have taken over the role of spokesman for the two. Walter brought him along to introduce. "I wanted my friend to meet you," he said. After that, it was George who did the bulk of the talking for the pair. He said, with Walter nodding his head in agreement:

"We quit Agar's. It was a nuts of a job anyway. We both want a room and board job that will pay us maybe sixty-five or seventy-five dollars a month plus maintenance. That way we'll be able to save enough to get back into school. Got any ideas?"

The interviewer had addressed a chapel service of the Eleanor Association (a women's dormitory)

Number 1 on the Midway of the University of Chicago a few Sundays earlier; the managing director of the residence, a Miss Dudgeon, had expressed her need for two men to do custodians' work around the residence. A telephone call was made for George and Walter. Miss Dudgeon was anxious to interview the applicants but wanted to make sure that they would remain in their jobs if employed. George said:

"You'd better tell her that we don't want to stay there forever. We're not professional janitors or anything like that. We just want to get enough money saved up to get back to school."

They did not go out for the interview.

* * *

A few days earlier, the interviewer had received among the daily callers at the office, a Reverend F. L. Breen, Director of the East Bay Camp in Bloomington, Illinois. Rev. Breen, it developed, had heard about and read articles on relocation. He said his Christian conscience had motivated a desire to be of help. He felt that if several evacuees were able to go to the East Bay Camp in Bloomington and work there for the summer months, it would be a real opportunity to educate young men and women from all over the state because the camp was a center of Christian interdenominational activity for churches throughout Illinois. He not only felt that evacuees could work as employees around the camp, but it could also serve as a temporary staying place for new arrivals much in the same sense that the

Friends and Brethrens' hostels were serving in Chicago. A detailed description of East Bay Camp was given to the interviewer. Rev. Breen had said that his immediate need was for two or three young men who would do general clean-up work around the camp; they would be paid fifty or fifty-five dollars a month plus room and board. He pointed out that working hours would not be long, there would be ample time for relaxation, for fishing, for boating, for swimming, for playing tennis and other sports, and especially for meeting people.

This opportunity was discussed with George and Walter. Rev. Breen was still in Chicago, staying at the hotel Sherman. As a matter of fact, he was visiting the Friends hostel that very afternoon.

George and Walter were at once interested. George said:

"That's right up our alley. Where we can we meet this old Joe?"

"Reverend F. L. Breen is his name," he was corrected.

"Yeah. Rev. Breen."

Walter was questioned directly. He nodded his head in approval. Then he said:

"Sure, I'm all for it. Can we get an appointment to be interviewed by him?"

Arrangements were made for the boys to meet Rev. Breen at the Friends hostel that afternoon. For

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the better part of an hour, the two discussed the prospect of their going to East Bay with the Rev. Breen. He said he was satisfied with their application; they agreed to go down to East Bay and work for \$50 a month plus room and board with access to all the recreational facilities of the camp. Rev. Breen said he would return to East Bay and make final arrangements for their coming. His parting words were, according to the boys:

"I'll have to get final approval from my board of directors. I'm pretty sure there'll be no objections at all, but just to make absolutely certain, I'll go back first. Then I'll send word to you both when to come. "

The boys were ready to entrain for the camp that afternoon.

On May 8, the pair came up to the office together again. Said George:

"Say, we've been waiting around a whole week for that old duck to come through with his wire. Do you know how come we haven't even heard a word from him. Both of us have sent him wires, and letters on top of them, but no word at all?"

Walter, however, felt less impatient. He said he was more certain of the job, even if it did take a little while. George was inclined to mark that job off as a probability, saying:

"I'm no sucker to be hanging around for a dead beat. I'm looking for another one."

There was considerable discussion about East Bay Camp, about Rev. Breen, about racial discrimination in relocation, about chances of being drafted for the Army.

Walter, at this interview said:

"I know I'd probably be 4-F, but I've been thinking about going back to Pos^{ton} and volunteering for the Army."

George felt less inclined to enlist, commenting:

"Jeeze, they'll be around when they want us. Me I'm going to get more education under my belt. The draft'll be along plenty quick."

The pair requested that a letter be written from our office to Rev. Breen, both feeling that immediate reply would come if such correspondence were followed through.

Walter added, with a slight emphasis on the period he had already been waiting:

"It's been over a week now, and it costs money, you know. We're not working or anything, and I'm counting on Rev. Breen to come through."

George was more terse:

"I ain't countin' on any dead ducks."

As a result of this visit, the following letter was sent, after another week's delay, during which the two had received word from Rev. Breen's secretary that he had unexpectedly been called out of town.

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c o p y

ADVISORY COMMITTEE FOR EVACUEES
189 West Madison Street
Chicago 2, Illinois
CENTral 2664-65

May 18, 1943

The Reverend F. L. Breen, Director
East Bay Camp
1302 W. Locust Street
Bloomington, Illinois

Dear Mr. Breen:

At your convenience will you please let us know if we may continue to refer applicants for the jobs which you described as being open at the East Bay Camp during your recent visit here?

Since your return there, you are probably in a good position to describe the conditions of community sentiment which you discussed with us.

Both George Sagawa (pseudonym) and Walter Hayashi (pseudonym), the two young men whom you interviewed at the Friends Hostel are awaiting word from you.

With very best wishes,

Very truly yours,

s i g n e d

Togo Tanaka

TT:B

An immediate reply was written in his own handwriting by Rev. Breen, on the bottom of the above letter. It was dated 5/19/43 and said:

"My dear Mr. Tanaka:--

"With regret I share the conviction that our community is not sufficiently sympathetic at the present

time.-- to the Relocation Program. I wanted to bring George S. and Walter H. here--but it would not be too wise now. Please tell them for me.-- I have run into ~~4~~ unexpected difficulties. I may be able to help some later.

Sincerely
Frank L. Breen"

* * *

This letter was received on May 20, and a telephone call was placed at the YMCA hotel and a message left for George and Walter. The two appeared at the office that afternoon. The message was conveyed to them. Their reactions were different.

George said:

"That's no surprise. The only thing that kind of gripes me is that the old duck couldn't write us directly and break the news to us himself instead of having some in-betweeners do the dirty work. Heck, I wonder if he really was out of town as he said. This delay hasn't been any picnic for us. But I'm not kicking. He wanted to help but ran into some unexpected ~~4~~ difficulties."

Walter was inclined to whine:

"Gee, that's tough. And I was sure counting on it. If I had only known a little earlier; it's cost me money, and it is going to make things harder. Gee, why didn't he let us know right away? Gosh, that's sure a tough break." He wiped his brow as if he was sweating.

George got up with a breezy "thanks" and

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stepped out, saying: "I've got an appointment for a job at the Illinois Medical College, researchist or something, ~~leads~~ sounds pretty good, got it over at USES (United States Employment Service)."

Walter stayed on to discuss his woes and problems in general. He was interested to know what the possibilities of getting a church scholarship to help him enroll at the University of New Hampshire were. He said:

"I've been writing to Rev. Royal Fisher in Denver and he said that they are going to have a Baptist conference here in Chicago soon. He says I should see some of the Baptist leaders and discuss the possibility of my getting a scholarship. He has offered to do everything possible to help. He's writing to John Thomas who is head of the Department of cities for the American Baptist Home Mission Society."

Walter was encouraged to explore this possibility. At the same time he was given additional job leads, but he found something unsatisfactory with each of them. He was now interested, he said, in getting a domestic room and board job, but was withholding any job-hunting until George found out about the medical researchist job at Illinois Medical College.

On May 25, the two reported back.

George spoke first:

"That Medical researchist job is a swell one; it's a honey of a job for the right man; pays \$200 monthly

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to start. I haven't got the training or qualifications for it yet. If you know anybody, send him down." He had jotted down the name of the person to see, the telephone number and address on a slip of paper which he handed to the interviewer.

The two were now definitely in the field for a good domestic job.

"You know, one of these pretty soft ones where you get good rooms, good food, and not too much work," George said jokingly.

They were asked:

"You both want to work together?"

"Oh sure, if we can," Walter said.

George wasn't as emphatic.

* * *

That particular morning, a Mrs. F. Fox, wife of a practising M.D., living in the South Shore section of Chicago, had telephoned to the interviewer with this message in a rather frantic voice:

"Can you please find me a couple who will stay? If you can't get a couple, two men will do, providing one of them knows a little about cooking; at least enough to be able to help me do the cooking. Pete and Ruth (~~the~~ the evacuee Nisei couple working there at the time) are going to leave in a couple of weeks. I don't know what's the matter with these people. Ruth is all right and has fit into the

job, but Pete is so restless; he wants to quit. We have been very good to them, helping them get out of camp and everything. We want them to stay, but Pete the husband is determined to quit. We even let Ruth's brother stay overnight with us; he's a soldier and was on furlough from the Army. But they don't seem a bit grateful for all we've done for them. We've been ~~we~~ paying them \$125 a month plus room and board. There are only four of us in the family; my husband and myself and my son and daughter; they're ^Weight and fourteen. Please help me find somebody else."

* * *

This particular situation was discussed with the two. George commented at once:

"She sounds like a tough one. If they're quitting already, there must be a reason."

Walter was more favor^aably inclined:

"Maybe we ought to go out there and talk to her. \$125 a month is pretty good."

George cut in:

"That's spread out between two of us, remember. I'll take sixty five and you take sixty," he said this latter jokingly, then added:

"By the way, who's gonna do the wife's job and who's gonna be the husband? I guess I'll be the husband part. Jeeze, ~~George~~ - Walter, you do the cookin'. I never touched a pot and pan. You been a houseboy or school ~~boy~~ boy haven't you?"

At Walter's apparent insistence, the two decided to visit Mrs. Fox that evening for an interview. An appointment was arranged.

The next afternoon, the pair reappeared at the interviewer's desk.

"How was Mrs. Fox?" they were asked.

"No soap," George said.

"She wasn't sure she wanted us. I think she has been disappointed with her present employees and doesn't want anybody else walking out on her. We couldn't give her enough assurances about being permanent domestics. When we told her about wanting to get back into school, she said she would have to think it over. Got any more leads?"

* * *

For the next week, with Walter becoming increasingly desperate about his diminishing finances and George cracking puns and jokes at each visit, the two engaged in a hunt for a job through the want-ads.

Early in June, George heard of a job as summer camp workers in Wisconsin. The two applied and, surprisingly, landed the jobs. They were to work in the mess hall of a beautiful summer girls' camp, operated by a Jewish social service agency, they said, on the ~~lakes~~ shores of Lake Michigan in Wisconsin. They were enthusiastic in their description of their new job and came to the office to say farewell. "Boy, this is just the thing we've been looking for," George said. Walter indicated that now he would have a chance to save some money.

The next day they were on their way. Less than two weeks later, they were back in Chicago, with an interesting account of their experiences. George was uncommunicative about the whole affair. It was Walter who said:

"George didn't get the hang of the job; it wasn't everything it was cracked up to be, although it certainly was a beautiful place. Right by the lake, high class accommodations and everything. We were doing work like gardeners around the place, mowing lawns, cutting hedges, trimming trees and things. I had a lot of time to go fishing; I like fishing, but George he doesn't. I caught some good fish and we had it cooked in the mess hall. George just stayed in during the evenings, writing letters. I guess he was getting a little bored; and beside that there were more duties than we had been told. The manager of the place was Jewish, and I know I shouldn't have any prejudice against Jews, but this experience makes me wonder. He certainly could pile on the work; there never was any end. He was always on our tail, seeing to it that we did our work, as if he didn't trust us. I didn't mind that, but George he doesn't stand for any of that stuff. So he gets madder and madder each day; finally he goes up to the boss and says he wants seventy-five dollars a month plus room and board instead of the fifty we were supposed to be getting. Boy, did the boss blow up. He just yelled his head off at George. I didn't care particularly to leave, but when George said we ought to be pulling out, I figured since I went

in together with him, I ought to come out with him too. We were there actually eleven days. The night we were going to leave and had our few things packed, the boss wouldn't even drive us into town, he was so mad. We made it alright back to Chicago."

* * *

Walter's bank account was admittedly now pretty low, and he felt he was no nearer getting back into school. His sister Martha had come to Chicago from camp, taking a job in the office of the Edgewater Beach hotel. "My sis has all of the family money, and there is something there for me to help me get started at school."

In August, Walter's younger brother John relocated from Poston to attend high school in Evanston. He has secured a room and board job to help pay his expenses. The three Hayashis have been living apart, although in close enough proximity to each other to get together several times during the week. Walter says: "My sister Martha cooks a meal for us three or four times a week and we talk a lot about getting the folks out as soon as possible. Recently my parents wrote and said they would be relocating very soon in Boston. That's where a missionary friend who has returned from Japan and who knows about my folks has invited them. My sister and brother then would probably go further east to be nearer them or with them. My sister Martha recently was sent to the Arkansas relocation centers to try to

recruit more workers. She went with Johnson Kebo who is from Arkansas, but it wasn't a very successful trip. Workers must be getting scarce for that kind of employment, even in the relocation camps. They need lots of maids, cooks helpers, dishwashers and such."

* * *

Shortly after Walter returned with George to Chicago from the Wisconsin camp experience, the two secured a job as unskilled workers in the shipping department of Cuneo Press where approximately 50 or 60 other evacuees were employed.

Walter worked steadily at Cuneo's through June, July and August. He describes this period:

"I cut out fooling around, because by now I knew that I wanted more than anything else to hurry up and get back into school. I didn't go out much. Either did George. Although we lived at the Y hotel, I managed to save. The pay was 62 cents an hour plus time and a half overtime. My weekly pay check was a forty-two dollars gross, but after the new tax came in, that took about seven dollars off, so it averaged around thirty-five. That wasn't bad. In the meantime I heard favorably from Rev. Royal Fisher and from Rev. John Thomas in New York about my getting a scholarship for enrollment in school. My application for entry at the University of New Hampshire fell through because their

quota on men students was filled up. I followed through the suggestion that I try the University of Connecticut. I corresponded with a Dr. Paul Pfeutze in the Social Philosophy department; me and another fellow are going to room at Dr. Pfeutze's home. I have been admitted to the University of Connecticut and am leaving Chicago for Storrs, Connecticut on Monday." ((9/20/43)

* * *

Walter Hayashi's "resettlement" in Chicago, intended to be temporary by the principal from the outset, lasted a little over five months. During that period, using the first interview with Walter on April 8 and the latest one on Sept. 18 as contrasting measures, not much change occurred outwardly in Walter's appearance. He still wore that poker-face expression with a downward curve of his mouth, accented by a jutting jaw. He was still a little untidy in his grooming; he seemed to alternate between wearing a neck-tie and wearing a comfortable, sloppy sweater. His hair was combed on his first interview and on his last, but there were numerous visits in between when his appearance could have been more neat if it had been combed.

But it was an almost different person one discovered in talking at any length to him. Whereas on April 8 Walter had been a discouraged, bewildered, and even somewhat bitter young man whom the world had treated badly, who found complaint after complaint to make of every

Recent experience, on September 18, he was hopeful, even optimistic, happy in anticipation of his re-entry into school. His attitude toward people, his outlook in life generally seemed lifted of the depressing burdens that he had apparently brought with him to Chicago. Even when he referred to his "worries", it was done so lightly, without that twisted expression of his mouth which is indeed depressing to behold.

Walter is non-committal in his opinions about the government and private agencies set up to assist evacuees in Chicago. His relocation here was largely an independent venture, he having come directly from Provo, Utah without either W.R.A. or church-group sponsorship. He does not have any kind words for the War Relocation Authority, although he does not volunteer as many derogatory statements as does his friend George. It may well be, as is the case with many evacuees, that equally numerous derogatory statements may be levelled at our office when they are elsewhere to air their opinions.

Walter is quite aware of the fact that "if it weren't for evacuation, I wouldn't ever have seen so much of the country. At least there's some compensation there."

Evacuation and his subsequent experiences have tended to throw Walter closer to his family. There has been no tendency for him to break away, even though there has been physical separation. He seems to be closely attached, not only to his mother and father, but to his

sister and brother as well.

According to his own recollections, his "feeling of loyalty" to the United States underwent fluctuations from December 7, 1941 to September 18, 1943. He says: "I know I am loyal to America but I don't believe it's something you go around talking about. Maybe that's what I haven't been able to see eye-to-eye about maybe the J.A.C.L. As a Christian, I have certain beliefs and I know that when you've been born and bred in certain beliefs you always stand by them. I only been to Japan once, when my mother took all of us there when I was nine. On December 7, 1941, of course, I was certainly disappointed in Japan. And during the months after that until we moved, I could see what was happening all around; people were fearful, things were uncertain; it was pretty bad. I think the time when I was the very lowest and wondered whether or not it wasn't true what some of the Japanese were saying, that it didn't matter whether we were loyal or not we are all going to be treated like enemies, was when that second exclusion order to kick us out of Reedley came through. Boy, was that a shock. But I'm glad in a way that things have turned out like this. I thought recently that I'd go back to Poston and volunteer for the Army. I know my eyes are so bad I probably wouldn't be taken. But if the draft comes and they accept me, I'll go." e

Walter's plans for the future are about as definite as any evacuee's, if not a little more so. He is almost sure that he would be classified 4-F in any draft reinstatement for Americans of Japanese ancestry. He has not given any thought to volunteering for the Military Intelligence Service at Camp Savage because his Japanese language knowledge, in his own words, is "lousey." He hopes to get his degree in agricultural economics, although he also has the feeling that this may be the wrong major for him as war has changed his former plans of taking over his father's business. There isn't any more such business to take over. He still has a desire to someday go back to California and to Oakland but he doesn't know now exactly what he would do even if he did. He thinks occasionally in terms of a Japanese community again, though he also is aware that "we never will probably have any communities like there were before war."