

CH-305A and 305B  
Miyamoto  
July 13, 1943

"Gene Arai" is about 25 years old, 5 ft. six in. tall, 125 lbs. in weight, and generally small in features. He has a rather sallow skin, a very thin and finely featured face, wears glasses and is unimpressive on first acquaintance. He graduated from the University of Washington in business administration about 1940. Was born in Portland, and was in the Tule Lake Relocation Center before coming here.

"Beth Arai" is about 23 years old, 5 ft. 2 in. tall, 120 lbs in weight, and is fairly large for a nisei girl. She has an attractive complexion and face, and strikes one as being a very friendly sincere sort of person. She graduated from Garfield High School in Seattle, but did not attend the university. She comes of a large family of grown up children, and was with them in both the Puyallup and Tule Lake centers. She became well acquainted with Gene at Tule Lake and married him last December. Is now pregnant and expects the child in November.

Gene and Beth have a place on the West Side near Garfield Park. The apartment is in an old building that looks out on a street which is generally crowded with noisy youngsters. They have a combination bedroom-living room and a kind of kitchen that has apparently been made over from the wing of the larger room. One would speak of this as a one-and-a-half room apartment. The furniture is old and ill-matched, the wallpaper is not particularly attractive, and, in general, the room has the appearance of a somewhat antiquated rooming house place, except for the touches of gaiety which Beth has added herself. The landlady, an Irish woman, is apparently quite decent to them, but the apartment has definite shortcomings and neither Beth nor Gene are satisfied with it.

After leaving Tule Lake in the middle of April, they visited the Minidoka Project for a few days to see Gene's mother who was transferred there from Tule Lake. They came on directly from there, and went to the Bretheren's Hostel for a temporary stay until they could find a more permanent place to live. Before the couple left Tule Lake, Mr. Shirrell, who knows Gene well from his contacts with Gene there, wired to say that there was an opening for both Beth and he at a chemical plant that produced notions for Sears Roebuck and other companies. The offer seemed a good one, although the pay was not particularly good, and both Gene and Beth left for Chicago with some high anticipation of settling down to something that would lead to better things. While at Tule Lake, Gene inquired around of some Nisei who had been in Chicago before as to the kind of place they were going to and the nature of the area in which the factory address was. He had been forewarned that the city would be dirty and that the factory area was not a very attractive place.

Soon after arrival, Gene went to see Mr. Shirrell about the job that had been offered the Arais by wire, and it was arranged that they should go out to the factory. Despite the warning that they had received from their friends, about the dirtiness of the South Halstead St. area, they hadn't quite expected it to be as bad

"Katsuo Yasubuchi" was born and brought up in Dalles, Oregon, an orchard farming region on the Columbia River near Mt. Hood in Oregon. He is now 29 years old, about 5 ft. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. tall, probably about 140 lbs. in weight, and probably rather muscular. Although he is unquestionably Oriental in appearance, yet his facial contour formed by low cheek bones and concave lines plus his rather thin curly hair gives him a somewhat Caucasian facial appearance. He often walks with a rather odd loping gait. He often falls into periods of long silence in which he seems caught up in his own stream of thought, but on other social occasions he will talk at great length upon his ideas. His discussions tend to be filled with generalities rather than concretion of ideas, and because he talks ponderously on his views, people are sometimes inclined to think him somewhat ~~ponderous~~ <sup>bombous</sup> and as one who thinks well of himself. His thinking is strongly JACL. He is not an especially intelligent person, but he is unafraid to offer his views and has assumed leadership in various organizations. Despite the fact that he grew up in a Caucasian community, there are peculiarities in pronunciation, and there is frequent misuse and mispronunciation of words. One suspects a stronger degree of Japanese influence in his life than he admits.

"Kats" now lives in the University district in an apartment on Maryland St. He was trying to find someone to live with him, but he is at present living by himself. He is working as a machine operator ( filling machine ) in a small chemical factory on the South Side that produces notions for merchandise stores. I managed to get in touch with him by leaving a note for him, and when he called, he agreed willingly to the interview. He suggested that he would visit us rather than have me go to his place, and explained that since he doesn't get in from work until about 8:00 in the evening, it would be better if he came over right after he'd had his supper.

When I brought up the subject of the interview on his visit this evening, he replied, "I don't know if I can be of any help to you. I'll be glad to answer any questions that I can." He agreed that it would be an excellent idea to make a study of this kind. All through this interview, however, I felt some resistance on his part about answering questions that were personal. I was almost led to believe that his customary tendency to talk in generalities is a habit that forms a shield against revealing his personal feelings and inner thoughts.

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I was born in The Dalles, Oregon, on June 30, 1913. We had a farm out there. At the Dalles, at no time was there more than thirty Japanese families, and the fact that we had that many until 1925 was that the railroad companies were using Japanese section hands in that area and there was another project on which Japanese were being used. This project failed, and after 1925 there were no more than fifteen or sixteen families there. About the time

I was in the grade schools , there were only thirteen Japanese families there. I was one of the oldest Nisei in that area; there was only one other fellow who was three years older than myself. I have a sister  $1\frac{1}{2}$  years younger than myself and a brother  $3\frac{1}{2}$  years younger, but none of us had very many Japanese contacts. There just weren't that many Japanese around, and we generally went around with Caucasian kids. I'd say that about 95% of all the contacts of the kids were with Caucasians. During the four years I was in high school, there were seven nisei in the school and six of them held elective offices. There was a lot of competition among the parents to have their children named to offices, they considered it quite an honor. I was athletically inclined, and you know in high school the kids look up to athletes, so I held various offices during my high school years.

My associations with the Caucasians were pretty free. All the kids I knew were from the upper crust of people around there, sons and daughters of merchants, lawyers, doctors, and so on in town. I think it's an advantage to live in a small town because everyone treats you as an individual and not as a member of any race. It was what I was as an individual that counted with those kids and it didn't matter whether I was Japanese or Caucasian or what. No, I didn't feel any discrimination until I graduated high school, and then I began to be aware of prejudices. Before that there wasn't any discrimination. Of, there was a time in grammar school when I felt some discrimination. Some of the kids used to say, "Chink, Chink, Chinaman," when they saw me, and that kind of thing. I'm the type that hates to lose; I'm pugnacious and I prefer to fight back than to take anything like that. I used to fight those kids, and they got so they respected me. When they got to know me, I didn't have any trouble at all.

In my sophomore year at high school, I was playing in the backfield on the first team, and we'd scrimmage with the second and third team. There was a great big fellow, he was just a freshman then, who played center on the third team and he seemed to have it in for me from the beginning. He did everything he could to make it tough for me, and I gave it right back to him with all I had. Finally, towards the end of the season he came up to me one day, patted me on the back and said, "Kats, let's not fight any more. We're playing on the same team, and we ought to work together instead of fighting each other." I said, "Okay, Darryl, that's all right by me," and we shook hands on it. We became the best of friends after that. Sometime later, when I got to know Darryl well enough so that I knew he wouldn't mind my asking, I questioned him as to why he had it in for me from the beginning. He said his parents brought him up to believe that all Japs were the scum of the earth, but after playing against me and finding out that I wasn't afraid to give him back everything he gave, he said he felt that anyone who knew how to fight was all right by him.

I feel that the only way to get anywhere in this world is

to demand your rights. If you don't fight people get the idea that they can do anything to you and get away with it. There's too much defeatist attitude among the Nisei. You take the matter of housing, for example, in which a lot of Nisei are getting kicked out of their apartments here simply because they don't put up a squawk about it. And like these Yasui and Hirabayashi cases, all the Nisei ought to get right behind them and support them, but a lot of Nisei don't even give a damn what happens to the cases. I think the Issei are even worse. In past years they've faced a lot of discrimination but although they may be boiling inside themselves, they just keep on smiling and saying, "Yes, yes" to everything. Rather than fighting back they just sit back and take it. I think if the Issei and Nisei had learned to fight back a long time ago instead of taking the "Yes, yes" attitude, the evacuation might have been avoided. The reason for the label against Japanese, that they're untrustworthy, is because the Japanese never express what they really think and feel, even if they're boiling mad inside, so it's no wonder that the Caucasians say they can't tell what a Japanese is really thinking.

In my earlier years I felt that I was an American; I believed in all the things that were taught me in school. I never questioned the fact that I was an American. I still feel that I'm American, but the more knowledge you gain the more you become confused. I only had about two years of Japanese language training. I can speak the language, but I can't read or write it. I spoke to my folks in Japanese. I used to squabble with them over the language. They wanted me to study the language because they said as a Japanese I should know something about it, but I'd tell them that as an American there was no need for it, and, in fact, since they were living in America they should learn to speak English rather than our learning Japanese. I used to argue with a lot of the older folks, not only my own parents, and I still feel the same way about the question. My folks used to talk about learning "Yamato Damashii" and that sort of thing, but I think there's no conflict in those ideals and the ideals that you'd find anywhere else. For example, I think that the code of the Bushido about which Dr. Nitobe wrote could be acceptable anywhere.

The time I really faced discrimination was in 1937 in Portland when I tried to get a job in some of the better produce houses there, and some other business firms. I'd look through the newspapers and find a job that I thought I'd like to apply for, and then I'd go to inquire about it. I tried about twelve different places and I corresponded by letter with another half a dozen or so. They'd all hem and haw around, and tell me that just at the moment there weren't any openings but that they'd take my application and let me know if anything turned up. You know, the same old run around. I saw Caucasian fellows getting jobs whom I felt weren't any better than I. Of course, it made me indignant.

I was attending the Oregon Institute of Technology from 1934 to 1935, but I quit because I felt that I was wasting time. I was taking up auto mechanics, it was a kind of pastime with me, something I'd been interested in. Between 1935 and 1937 I attended the

University of Washington. I was taking pre-law. I didn't know what I was going to the university for. I was probably like most Nisei who go to the university; go because it raises one's social prestige.

I've had quite a bit of contact with Nisei, but I've always felt maladjusted among them. I still feel uncomfortable among most Nisei. Right there you get the difference in the psychological attitude of Caucasian-Americans and the Nisei. I find that I get along with Nisei who come from a background similar to mine, from small towns where they've had a lot of contacts with Caucasians. The Nisei in Portland tend to lean a little more towards their own group than those who come from small towns, but they still have about half their contacts with the Caucasians. But some of the Nisei in ~~Portland, and places like~~ Seattle, and places like San Francisco and Los Angeles, have hardly ever had any contact with Caucasians, and I find it pretty hard to understand them. At Tule Lake, for example, Perry Saito was criticized by a lot of people simply because they didn't understand him. His contacts have been mostly with Caucasians, and he acts like a Caucasian. He's direct, he kids around a lot, and in general he's like the Caucasian kids I've known, but Perry's really a very nice fellow when you get to know him. Yet a lot of Nisei thought he was conceited and snooty, but that wasn't it at all. He was just acting natural. I've always felt myself something of a misfit among Nisei.

I used to know the Nisei from playing on ball teams. We travelled to Portland and up to Seattle. I found that you can't razz Nisei on the ball field, the way you can Caucasians, because they take it offensively. Among Caucasians, when you're playing ball or you're on the same team, you spend half your time razzing and ribbing the other guy but it doesn't mean anything. You just razz em and then they give it back to you. But among Nisei you can't do that.

Personally, as a youngster I thought I was an American and I thought that I'd always be treated as one. When I was younger I had the idea that I'd like to become an electrical engineer because engineering is a highly respected occupation, and I thought I'd be able to make \$10,000 or a \$100,000, own a nice big car, and have a nice home. I never paid much attention to the older folks when they said that we'd face discrimination. But as I grew older I began to wonder because I found discrimination, and I saw that a lot of opportunities weren't open to me because of my racial background. I began to feel that maybe the older Issei were perhaps right in what they said. I've become less certain since growing up.

When I was in high school, I used to go around with a Caucasian girl friend. She was from the better class Caucasians in town; her father was a merchant in town. We planned on getting married, but when I thought of the disadvantages she'd have to undergo being married to me, I didn't think it was very wise to go through

with it. She was the daughter of the mayor of The Dalles, and she came of an old pioneer family of that region. I was just a poor farmer's son, and I didn't want to marry her unless I could give her the kind of life she was used to. (This whole discussion about his Caucasian girl friend requires further probing. It may be doubted if their plans ever went as far as to include the notion of marriage, or that if it did, that the girl seriously considered the matter. In any case, one suspects that Kats has built up something of a dream about this early romance, and he gratifies himself with the notion that he might have had a very desirable person for his wife.)

I never felt self conscious about going around with a Caucasian girl. In fact, everybody accepted the fact and they never thought there was anything queer about it. When I went out with the team to play in some town, the fellows would know girls in town and they'd suggest that we all go out for a good time. They'd call up the girls, and they'd never forget to get a girl for me too. The fellows took it as a matter of course that I should go with them.

All the Nisei kids around there were like that. You know Suma Tsuboi, don't you. She's very Americanized, and an attractive girl. She used to go around with the Dick boys. They used to call on her and take her out to dances and things. Noone thought anything of it.

I moved from The Dalles in 1935 when I went to the university and when I returned to Oregon, I went to Hood River instead of the Dalles. Hood River is about thirty miles from The Dalles, and there are about 500 Japanese in that area. Of course, you understand they're not all in one place because the Valley runs up towards Mt. Hood quite a distance and the farms are scattered all over that area. From 1937 to the time of evacuation, I was working for Art Kiyokawa and Yasui on a fruit farm.

Mr. Yasui is the biggest farmer in that region, and Kiyokawa is the second biggest. I think Yasui has control of about 600 acres of farm, and I don't know how many other acres he's got interest in. Anyway, he's gone into the business of financing other men who haven't enough money themselves to buy an orchard farm. He always buys less than 50% interest, never more, and that way he never has to bear the loss if the farm doesn't go right, but he makes something if the farms do all right. He may take as little as one-fifth interest, but it's generally more than one-fourth interest. I don't know how many Japanese he's helped out that way. Orchard farms sell for between \$1500 and \$2500 an acre and when fruits are selling for a high price it's pretty hard to get anything for less than \$2500. Most of the farmers in that area own their farms. Mr. Yasui was one of the oldest men in that area and he was a very far-sighted individual. Long time ago he began to tell the Japanese moving into that region that they ought to make up their mind to stay in this country, and

because of his advice most of the people bought out their farms. That was before the Anti-Allen Land Laws came in, so that many Issei own the farms in their own names. Mr. Yasui is a most unusual person. He's always told the Nisei that they should become entirely American, and he himself has joined the Kiwanis, Rotarians and become a thoroughly respected person by everyone around there. He was invited to Japan and given a medal by the Emperor at the time all the pioneers were honored in that way. I guess that's why he was picked up, and anyway the F.B.I. picked up all the leaders of the Japanese without regard for their loyalty.

My plans were to save up enough working for Mr. Kiyokawa and then buy an orchard of my own. I'd been planning on starting something in '42, but the war just came along then. No, I didn't have any definite plans, but I had the idea that I'd buy an orchard. I was married in 1939, and my son was born in '40.

I got into the JACL in 1935, although I was interested in the organization since 1933. I went to the National JACL Conference in '33; it was held in Portland that year. We had a young people's organization in Hood River before, but it wasn't until 1935 that we took out a charter under the JACL. The Dalles group was too small to start anything by itself, so we joined in with the Hood River chapter. That group took in all the Nisei in that whole area, including the Washington side of the Columbia River. Hood River is about twenty five miles from The Dalles, but we could drive down there very easily. Of course, we didn't know all the Japanese down in the Hood River Valley, they were so scattered. For instance, when we went to the assembly center, I found out that there were some Japanese in our group whom I didn't even know about. With some people, we didn't have very much contact.

(In this early part of the interview, I was particularly concerned with learning the kind of family life Kats had lived, for I had a suspicion that despite his professed Americanized background, that his family life had neither been very happy nor one that was far from being clearly American. I also wanted to get a clearer picture of his personal life. But in all this, Kats showed some resistance to telling about himself. In part, ~~xx~~ it may have been the consequence of his tendency to think in general terms rather than in concrete connections. I shifted the discussion to the affairs after December 7, and his recollections seemed to be much more pointed from that time on. However, his discussion was disconnected, that is, not chronological, at any part of the whole discussion.)

On December 7th, I think I was working out on the orchard. During the fall days, the farmers around there work on Sundays too, and I recall that we were pruning that day. I came home about 4:30 in the afternoon. My wife says to me, "Japan's attacked the United States," or something like that. Anyway she inferred that Japan and the United States were at war, and she was pretty excited and disturbed. I couldn't believe it. I told her

it was impossible. I thought she must have been listening to one of Orson Welles's "Invasion from Mars" or something like that. She said, "It's the truth, I'll prove it to you," so she went to the radio and turned it on. Sure enough, there were all kinds of reports coming over; I couldn't believe it, but there wasn't any doubt about the radio reports.

I sat down to think what this was going to mean to the Japanese. I finally decided I'd better go over to Mark Satow's to talk it over with him, and see about offering the services of the JACL to all the civilian defense organizations and peace officers. I went over about seven o'clock in the evening, but Mark wasn't in. I guess he'd gone out to talk about it to some of the other firefights. I sat around waiting for him and talking to his folks. They were pretty frightened and excited about it all. We sat around talking about all the fantastic things that might happen to us. Mark came home a little after nine, and we talked over the situation. We thought that being American citizens, nothing would happen to us. We decided to go to the city next morning and offer our services to the city and county officials. I was upset, but my wife was a lot more disturbed than I. However, I thought there was nothing to fear since they wouldn't do anything to the American citizens.

Next morning, Mark and I went downtown. There wasn't any disturbance around town; things were very calm and it wasn't any different than usual. People didn't seem to think any differently of us, in fact, several of our Caucasian friends stopped us and assured us there was nothing to fear. The first place we went to was the city hall where we called on Peace Officer Hollingbeck to offer our services to him. We told him that our organization would be willing to help in any way that we could, and he told us that he was happy we'd come out ourselves to offer our services. Then we went down to the Office of County Defense, but he made us discouraged. He told us we ought to stay inside so that we wouldn't get into any trouble. He got me sore, and I boiled over. I argued with him that we were American citizens with all the rights of any other citizens, and that we were as loyal Americans as anyone else. He wasn't unkind to us, but he insisted that for our own protection we ought to stay at home as much as possible. He thought that some people might get the wrong idea of us and make trouble for us. Next we went to the County Sheriff, and he was glad that we came in. We told him the JACL wanted to offer its services to the Sheriff's office for anything that we might do for them. He then turned to us and said that if he could be of any help to us in any way, that we should not hesitate to call on him. As we sat in his office, I saw one of those big burly fellows, a heavy set man, that you think of as a typical G-Man looking in through the window from the outside. When we got up to go, and walked out the swinging door in front, this fellow came up to us and he says, "Sheriff, I want to talk to these boys." I thought we were in for it. I guess Mark thought the same thing.

This F.B.I. man talked to us and asked a lot of questions. After a while he turned to the phone and called up Swenson, the F.B.I. head in Portland, and he says, "I've got two Jap boys here in the office," and he told Swenson what he'd been asking us. He then turned to us and wanted to know if we knew the Owanas. Yes, we knew him, and we told him he'd gone back on the last boat to Japan. He talked to Swenson telling him what we'd told him, and then hung up. The G-Man asked us whether we knew the Owana place. We told him we did, and then he asked us to take him up there. We agreed to do so. The sheriff came back and asked the fellow if everything was all right, and then when the G-Man told him we were taking him up to Owanas, the sheriff said he knew the place and offered to take him himself. The G-Man said that was all right, so he let us go and said, "Okay, boys, don't linger around town too long." Mr. Owana used to make a trip to Japan almost every year, and I guess that's why the F.B.I. wanted him.

We went to about three places after leaving the sheriff's office, and everytime this G-Man would be there too. He'd be just ahead of us, or he'd come around after us. Anyway, he'd turn up everywhere we went. We went over to the telegraph office to send a wire to Governor Sprague telling him of our desire to help, and there was this guy right outside the office when we left. I guess he went in to find out what we'd telegraphed. A couple of days later, he closed down Yasui's grocery store, and parked there twenty-four hours a day.

A little later another F.B.I. man came up to Hood River, and he joined this other guy at the Yasui store. He was a typical salesman, or an actor, or.....well, he was anything but an F.B.I. man. He was captain of the secret service, and I've noticed that all the men who have good positions in the F.B.I. are fellows you'd least expect were G-Men. Choppie Yasui is a pretty smooth guy too, and he's very friendly, so about the time these fellows were around their store a couple of days, Choppie had won them over. We used to drop in to talk to these guys, and they were as different as you could make em. The first guy was the typical G-Man that you see in the movies, but this second fellow was really a smooth worker. He told us a lot of stories about his experiences; it seemed he'd been in all kinds of situations.

About that time, immigration officers were sent up from Portland and they were going to all the farms checking up on the Japanese in the Valley. I told my wife that if these guys came around, not to let them in. These fellows only carried a Presidential warrant, but I was an American citizen and noone was going to get into my place without a regular search warrant. I stayed around expecting these fellows, but they came one afternoon while I was out on the farm working. I'd had a couple of guns around the house, but I turned them in because I thought it'd be better not to have anything around that might cause suspicion, and I didn't have any use for them just then. When these fellows

came to our house, my wife told them what I'd told ~~her~~ her to tell them. They didn't have ~~xxxxxx~~ a search warrant, but they explained that they just wanted to look around and ask a few questions. Since they put it that way, my wife let them in. I had a camera that I hadn't turned in because we weren't required to do so. There weren't any aliens living with us where they'd have access to it, and we were American citizens, so I felt justified in keeping it. These officers wanted to know how come we'd kept the camera. My wife explained, but they said that was wrong, that we were suppose to have turned in all cameras. She told them they'd have to argue with me about that, but that I wouldn't be in until later. They said they had to go up to Kay Yumibe's, but that they'd be back later in the evening.

They came back that evening. They'd been up to Kay's place which is way back in the hills. They were splattered with mud all over, I guess their car got stuck and they had to push the thing. Anyway, they came back and demanded to know what was the idea of my keeping the camera. I was mad when my wife told me that they'd taken the camera. I told them the regulations didn't require citizens to turn in their cameras or anything else. They said I was wrong, that we were supposed to have turned it in at the regular time with all the other Japanese. I argued with them but they insisted I was wrong. Well, I'd kept clippings of the newspapers during that period on all the regulations that came out, so I went and got it out and showed them the one that referred to the turning ~~in~~ in of contraband goods. He finally admitted he'd been wrong. These guys had been acting a little tough until then, but after that they kind of loosened up and we sat there talking for a while.

I told the captain down at Yasui's store about this incident later, and he told me that was the trouble with a lot of these young fellows getting into the service now. They want to assert their authority without knowing very much about what's going on.

I don't know, it must have been about the first part of February when the newspapers began to play up stories about the Japanese saboteurs and the raids on Japanese that things began to be a little strained around Hood River. Until then, I hadn't felt anything. You know how those newspapers would print wild stories about the amount of contraband they'd picked up in some Japanese home, when actually they were merely showing pictures of the stuff the Japanese had turned into the police officers when they were required to do so by the Presidential proclamation. They'd write it up so that it seemed the Japs were all organized to commit some real acts of sabotage. After that I began to notice that people would stare at us kind of funny when we walked along the streets in town, and we'd notice little groups of people gathered on the street corners talking something about "Japs".

Ever since December 7th, I spent a lot of time with the JACL because there was plenty to do there to clear up all the business that the Government regulations required. When the Presidential Proclamation came out freezing all the funds of enemy aliens, many families were left practically without funds on which to operate from day to day. Our chapter interceded and we went to the grocery stores (Caucasian) and asked these grocers to carry the regular customers on a credit basis for a while. We knew that most of these families don't carry much cash on hand. All of the grocers were willing to carry these people for varying periods. We didn't have any money, but a good many Caucasians offered money to help out. Like the County Civilian Defense head ---the man who told us to stay inside for our protection---, he'd known the Japanese for a long time and was on very close terms with Mr. Yasui. He gave us his bankbook in which there was \$500 credited and he said to take it and use it for the Japanese. A lot of the good friends of Mr. Yasui offered personal assistance to help out.

Although the frozen assets were gradually relaxed, by that time aliens were restricted from travelling beyond the five mile limit, and the JACL interceded in their behalf. I practically became a messenger boy for the Issei who couldn't take out more than \$100 at a time. I'd travel to the bank for them and then bring their cash back. Mark Satow did it for his district. Then the Government required that all the aliens register their assets. We had to help the Issei fill out the forms TFR-300 in the case of those with less than \$5000 asset, and TFBE-1 for those with over \$5,000. Most of the people had over \$5,000. We hired Choppie's wife as secretary of our office and got a couple of girls in as typists. We hired a Caucasian lawyer at \$200 a month, and then arranged for the people to have their forms fixed up at \$7.50 per form. Where the person required special attention on some problem, of course, he had to pay the extra price for it although we'd arrange for him to see the lawyer. After that was cleared up, it was by then clear that evacuation was coming, so we retained the lawyer to help out in fixing up the leases and contracts. Some of the people hadn't ever bothered to have these leases done properly and there were mix-ups that required straightening out. We helped out in all that.

When the war broke out, we had only \$33,00 in our treasury, but people donated money to keep the JACL office open during this period, and at one time we had \$3,800 in the bank. I guess the average family must have donated anywhere from \$50 to \$100. But I guess most families were pretty well satisfied because we arranged for the lessee and lessor to get together and a lot of other work that the people themselves couldn't arrange. They had a WCCA office in Hood River with about seven members on its personnel, but we were doing all that they were supposed to do because they didn't know a damn thing. Our JACL office in Frisco was wiring us information direct, whereas the WCCA office were getting it from Portland and they lost a lot of time in between. Lots of time the WCCA was calling us for information. That was how it went most of

the time.

Mark Satow, I and a couple of others went down to San Francisco the time the National JACL held its conference in March 5, 6, and 7. I heard that Ted Nak and the fellows who drove down with him were stopped at Dunsmuir and they were in jail for a couple of hours. They stopped at a gas station, and pretty soon one of the attendants began to stare at <sup>them</sup> and then he talked to the other fellow and they both stared at Ted Naks car. Pretty soon, Ted says, one of the fellows beat it down the street, and the other attendant kept taking his time about wiping the wind shield and taking his time about everything. They thought there was something wrong, and sure enough before long the other service man came back with the sheriff and the sheriff wanted to know what Ted and the other fellows were doing travelling. He wanted to see their travel permits. Ted told the sheriff they didn't need a travel permit because they were American citizens and the travel restriction applied only to aliens. The sheriff insisted they should have one and told them to drive ahead to the courthouse, so they went along.

Because the interview with Kats Yasubuchi last Thursday was incomplete, I asked Kats for a further interview and he agreed willingly. We made an appointment for this evening and invited him to dinner at the same time. He works overtime several hours in the late afternoon, and doesn't get home until about 8:00 in the evening after which he has his supper. Today he came over shortly after 8:00 o'clock, and although Michi wasn't around since her brother arrived in Chicago today and they decided to go out for the evening, she'd fixed up a cold supper and we sat around talking and eating.

Kats and I talked of the segregation program that's to be carried out in the centers, and other topics such as his visit to the Platt's home two Sundays ago, at which Shirrell and Father Dai were present, and about the Town Hall of the Air at which Costello, McWilliams and others spoke from Santa Barbara not so long ago. Kats is quite concerned about what will happen as a consequence of segregation at Tule Lake. His opinion is that segregation is necessary and, in fact, that it should have been carried out before the people were removed to the relocation centers. "There was plenty of time for hearing boards to be established and to determine the loyalty of the Japanese in the assembly centers," he remarked. "If they'd started the hearings as soon as the people got to the assembly center, in about six months they should have been able to clear up all the cases. Anyone determined loyal should have been released to go wherever he wanted. That way, a lot of the problems that now arise over this segregation could have been avoided."

Kats has been hearing from his friends in Tule Lake about the progress of events. From what he hears from Harry Mayeda, Art Morimitsu, and others, there is an underlying tension but no one seems able to determine in what direction sentiments are moving. Kats is fearful that a similar reaction to that of the registration issue may again develop in Tule Lake, but he also believes that those who failed to register and those who repatriated must take the consequence of their decision at the time. He doesn't explicitly state this view, nor is he certain of the justification of the view, but the inference from what he said this evening is clearly that he thinks the people must accept the practical consequences of their decision of that time. Kats's philosophy is typically that an individual must make clear-cut decisions about his political loyalties and then to defend it for all he's worth; this is the ideal which he tries to follow, although in his own thinking there is more confusion than he's willing to admit. If he makes clear-cut decisions, it is more a tour de force as if he were trying to convince himself of the justification of his view than a sincere and convincing argument of his position. There is more self consciousness about the presentation of his views, than one would expect in a person who has thoroughly convinced himself of the rightness of his position.

He also mentioned that he'd heard most of the Town Hall discussion that I'd previously heard Charlie mention. Charlie gave a rather vivid account of this discussion, and I've heard others re-

act violently to the prejudiced statements made by Costello and the booing of McWilliams, but Kats's presentation was almost unmotional by contrast. I asked him what had been discussed, but after thinking and attempting to recall the broadcast, all he could say of it was that McWilliams had been booed and that Costello had presented the usual sort of argument against the evacuees. None of the specific arguments or questions raised were recalled. However, Kats declared that he intends to send for several copies of the minutes of that discussion, and offered me one in the event that he received anything.

Kats was very favorably impressed by the broad-mindedness and kindness of Professor and Mrs. Platt. He and the Abes had visited on the Sunday when Father Dai was in town. The Platts, according to Kats, have several homes in various parts of the country,---he recalled the one in Florida in particular,---and their estate on the south side of town is a large if somewhat old one that they've owned for a long time. Presumably they've profited by selling the property piece by piece to the home builders who have expanded out into this desirable residential area. Kats seems impressed by those who combine economic success with a real and broad interest in social good. He's spoken highly of Mr. Yasui, who was such a man, and of the Platts. There may not be anything unusual in this, for evidently these are people who might command the favorable opinion of most people.

From this kind of transitory discussion, I went on to a more systematic interview following up from the point where we left off last Thursday. We cleared off the supper table, and settled down in the cool half-light of the back porch. I questioned him specifically, to begin with, about his Caucasian girlfriend that he'd previously mentioned. His remarks follow.

.....

"I first started going around with this girl about my junior year in high school. When I first started grammar school, the country school to which I was supposed to go was a little out of the way so I went to the school in town instead. She must have been in the same class with me during those early years in public school, some of the pictures of the classes would indicate that she was there, but I didn't know her then. After the fourth grade, they built a new school in the country so I transferred to that school and didn't have any <sup>further</sup> contact with the original class until I entered high school.

"In my junior year, this girl was in several of my classes, and she was also in my roll class. I was playing right halfback on the team, and my best friend was playing in the backfield too. There was another fellow who played right end, right in front of me, and we were pretty chummy. This best friend of mine wasn't in the same classes then, but the fellow who was playing right end sat about two seats away from me in the roll class and the girl sat right in front of him. The fellow who played end was a good fellow, and he liked to tease a lot so he'd tease the girl about

me all the time. We got to know each other pretty well that way. When it came ~~for~~ time for the Hi-Y to have a dance, I thought I'd ask this girl if she'd go with me, so I did and she accepted. That was the first date I had with her, and after that I took her out on several other dates and we got to going steady. I went around with her for about two years. I never thought anything of going with a Caucasian girl because I'd taken Caucasian girls out on dates before. I didn't feel self conscious about it, and no one paid any special attention to us. I suppose if we'd gone around where people didn't know us, it might have been different, but in The Dalles everyone knew us. I was playing on the football team, and in my senior year I was president of the student body, so I guess people thought I was all right and I guess it was all right for a Caucasian girl to go out with a popular fellow in school. I don't want to brag about myself, or sound as if I were bragging, but I held a lot of offices in school activities and was pretty well accepted."

"This best friend of mine was a relative of this girl. Blanche's aunt was the mother of my best friend, or something like that; anyway it was a pretty closely knit group they had. When I'd visit to Taylor's, she'd be over there a lot of times. The Taylors accepted me and they didn't seem to think anything of my taking Blanche out. Her parents didn't object either. I don't know, maybe they thought it was only a case of puppy love in high school and wasn't worried that it would lead to anything serious. Anyway, they never raised any question about my going out with her."

(Kats had previously told of his reasons for not marrying the girl. I questioned him further on this point.) You mean the reason I didn't marry her? Well, I don't know. After I finished high school, I went out to work for a year and I began to be more conscious of the problems of discrimination. A person can mature a lot in a year after finishing high school; I began to realize more clearly the problems that would be involved in intermarriage. Another thing, there was a fellow down in Hood River who'd been going around with a Caucasian girl too, and he married the girl. There was a lot of gossip among the Japanese in that area about that marriage; everyone was pretty much opposed to it. He was a kind of arrogant fellow, very much an extrovert; anyway, the marriage wasn't successful and they were divorced in about a year and a half. They had a child, I believe. All that made me think that it would be pretty difficult to have a successful case of intermarriage in a place like that."

"Besides, ~~the~~ I went away to school at the Oregon Institute of Technology and didn't see her as much after graduating high school. She left for some college too. During that time, my best friend started going around with Blanche and she paid less attention to me. Since it was my best friend who was taking her out, I didn't feel that it was right for me to try to break it up. I suppose if I really wanted to marry Blanche, I would have pursued her even if my best friend was taking her out."

(I pursued this question a little further. I wanted to know what Kats's opinion of intermarriage is now. Would it be more successful here in Chicago where the influence of the Japanese community is minimal?) "Oh, I think here it's different. I think if there were intermarriages here, they'd have a lot better chance of success. There isn't the prejudice against intermarriage that was true on the West Coast. I think it's inevitable too. A lot of em are going to take place. Ralph Smeltzer raised that question during one of the discussions at the hostel. He wanted to know if the nisei would be willing to intermarry, and whether they didn't think that was going to be the final answer to the problem of assimilation. Most of the nisei seemed indifferent on the question, they didn't seem to have an answer. But I thought that it would have to come sooner or later. It may not take place in the second generation Japanese, for they're too much under the influence of the issei yet, but the third and fourth generation will be quite different. Personally, if I weren't married now and I were thinking of getting married here, I'd seriously consider looking around for a Caucasian girl."

(Kats still retains something of a nostalgia about his romance with Blanche, I suspect. His present marriage doesn't seem an especially happy one, and I suppose he thinks rather frequently of the chance he missed in not marrying Blanche. He seems to place a rather high valuation on the thought of getting a white girl for a wife. Kats strikes me as a fellow who dreams much of all that he wants out of life, and his enthusiasm for life isn't so much in the present affairs of life but in the future.)

(I continued the interview at the point where he left off previously. I was interested in his activities immediately following the outbreak of war.)

"I didn't exactly quit my job under Art Kiyokawa, but I told him that being an advisor of the JACL I'd have to spend some time in their office, and I took a leave of absence. Anyway, after that there wasn't much work to do around the farm. Most issei weren't particularly anxious to work; they spent their time doing only what had to be done around the orchards. As an ex-president of the local JACL chapter, I served on the Board of Directors--all ex-presidents were serving on the Board. Mark Satow was also on the Board. We ordinarily held our annual election of officers in December, but that year it wasn't until January that we had our election, and at that time I was again elected president of the organization. Hood River Valley takes in quite a bit of territory, and it was feasible and desirable that that Valley be divided up into various districts such as Parkdale, The Dalles, Dee, and so on. This organization was completed in the latter part of February, and I was the representative from Dee. I was also the president of the whole chapter which controlled the various districts."

"I recall that I was positive by the time of the San Francisco meetings (on March 5, 6, and 7) that evacuation would take place, and that the nisei along with the isse would be evacuated. But be-

fore going to San Francisco, I still thought that the United States had too much faith in the Constitution to cause anything like the evacuation of the citizens of Japanese ancestry. The news that nisei would be evacuated naturally made me very indignant. It was embittering to think that we possessed citizenship in this country but that we weren't guaranteed our constitutional rights."

"I'm sure it wasn't until about the San Francisco meetings that I realized the evacuation of nisei would take place. We went up to Seattle about the 22nd of February, and I don't think I knew it then. I recall something to the effect that nisei would be evacuated was announced over the Richfield News about February 26 or 27, and that was the first inkling I had that nisei were to be evacuated. Another thing that burned me up was that the Fourth Army had already announced evacuation of issei and nisei even before the Tolan Hearings were over, whereas the Tolan Investigation was set up for the express purpose of determining whether it was necessary or desirable to carry out evacuation. I thought they were the ones who were to decide on the question. I was at the Tolan Hearings in Portland, and I thought it degrading to the nisei's constitutional rights the manner in which the hearings were conducted. As far as I was concerned, the constitutional rights of any citizen wasn't a matter for questioning. As far as I was concerned, it isn't an arbitrary thing that any committee can decide upon right then and there. I've always thought of constitutional rights as something sacred that can't be taken away from a citizen."

"Shortly after curfew and travel restrictions were imposed (March 24, 1942), I was still making trips to Dee from Hood River. The restriction was that no person of Japanese ancestry would be permitted travel beyond a limit of five miles beyond his residence. The JACL and WCCA offices were twelve miles from Dee, and people could go to the WCCA office if they received permits to travel there, but no one was to go elsewhere without a permit of travel. Of course, I got permits regularly to be at the JACL office. Well, one day the Chief of Police told me that I shouldn't be around town. He said that he'd heard from street corner discussions that I was being seen around too much, and for my own safety that I should stay at home. I got mad at him. I told him that as long as I'm an American citizen, I shouldn't have to regard a regulation that applied only to aliens. (The regulation applied to citizens as well as aliens of Japanese ancestry, but Kats probably decided for himself that the regulation was unconstitutional as applied to citizens.) The Chief of Police replied, 'Well, as long as your Japanese, you'd better observe the restrictions.' Then I told him that as long as you're an American citizen, and I'm an American citizen and you know I'm a citizen, and you're a police officer whose business is to look after the rights of citizens, you should recognize my rights or turn in your uniform. He didn't like what I said one bit. But he began to plead that he couldn't help it if the regulations required that persons of Japanese ancestry weren't to travel beyond the five mile limit. I continued going to Hood River anyway." q

"I also used to get home rather late every evening, about ten

o'clock or even later. We were supposed to be in by eight o'clock according to the curfew regulations. Some people must have been watching my activities because the F.B.I. asked me once when I got in. They said some people reported to them that my lights were on at one or two in the morning. I told them what I was doing, and the FBI didn't do anything about it. The captain of the FBI, the fellow I was telling you about, told me because he thought I might be interested to know what others were doing and saying about me. He'd call up every once in a while, and I'd ask him, "Now, what have I been doing?" It must have been some of the Civilian Defense people around that Valley, self appointed vigilantes, who were going around checking up on us. In the mornings I'd go out on the highway, and in the snow I could see the tire tracks where a car had parked a little way down the road where they could watch our house."

"The farms out there are pretty well spread out and our neighbors lived quite a ways down the road. We had a little place near Art Kiyokawa's house, but our houses were the only ones right in that neighborhood. There was a woodshed about half way between our places, and every so often at night we'd hear someone out there. We'd hear footsteps outside, and sometimes it seemed they were just outside our window. I told the sheriff that practically every night someone was sneaking up to the windows probably to hear what we had to say. I told him that if these fellows who were watching us were peace officers, that they ought to be man enough to come out in the open and tell us what he wanted. The sheriff said these fellows weren't any of his boys, and said he'd keep his eyes out to find out if any of the town people were disturbing us. He thought they were probably self-appointed vigilantes, and told us to let him know if there was any trouble. I had a good friend of mine on the state police force---I went to school with this fellow---, so I told him the story and he promised to take a look around when he drove by our way. He told me later that he took a look around our place on two or three successive nights, but that he didn't see anything wrong."

"About that time, too, they were having blackouts down in the Valley. We were supposed to keep our lights off after a certain hour, but we had a baby that needed looking after. One night the baby awoke and we turned on the light to feed it. We heard someone outside, and then this fellow banged on the door and said, "Lights out, blackout." I reported this to the sheriff and to the FBI capt. and explained to them why I had to get up at night on account of our baby. I used to keep them informed of my activities so that there wouldn't be any trouble about them afterwards. They'd tell us in turn all they got from the people. We heard some fantastic stories from the sheriff of reports that the Japs were keeping rendezvous in the orchards at night, probably plotting some kind of sabotage. I wouldn't be surprised if the Japanese were cutting across the orchard fields to visit their friends at night to talk over their problems."

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"I never observed the regulations about curfew or the five mile limit. I felt that as long as I was an American citizen, that stuff didn't hold with me. I guess I was like Min. (Kats refers to Min Yasui who comes from Hood River, but who went to Portland to break the curfew and start one of the test cases that went up to the Supreme Court.) He was around occasionally about that time. He left Chicago almost immediately after the Chicago Consulate closed after the outbreak of war, and came out to Hood River. He spent most of his time down in Portland, though. He told us before he was taken in by the police that he'd break curfew the first day it was imposed. No, Min didn't work with the JACL very much; in fact, he opposed it right along. He was down in Portland most of the time anyway."

"We evacuated from Hood River on May 13; I think we had our notice of evacuation about ten days before on May 3rd. No, I didn't have any worries about evacuation itself. There was a little property down ~~in the~~ the valley that I owned, but it wasn't much. I let my wife do most of the packing. My worries were mostly for other families and their problems."

"About a month before evacuation, the people heard talk that they could take their cars and trucks to the assembly center so a lot of people began buying up several sacks of rice, canned stuff, and so on, to take to the centers. They thought they'd take a lot of Japanese food that they couldn't get in the camps. About that time Yasui's grocery and others were allowed to open again, so these people bought sacks of rice at \$8 or \$9 a sack. Then it later turned out that they couldn't take their cars to the assembly center, and everyone was worried as to how to dispose of what food they'd stored up. The JACL made the contacts for these families and arranged for some of the Caucasian stores to buy up the stuff. The people had to sell at about \$4 a sack, but they were probably glad to get rid of it even at that loss."

"No, I didn't have any personal worries; all my worries were for other people. A lot of people didn't have their property leased even shortly before the evacuation, and there were all kinds of other problems, and we were working in the JACL office right up until the time the train left. Most people leased their property. Some sold out their property. One party I knew sold his place for \$12,000 to a friend of mine; I know the price that was paid because I helped to arrange the transaction. But down in Tule Lake, this same family registered for repatriation, and they don't seem to realize that they may get all their assets frozen in the event that they are sent to Japan. Maybe money doesn't matter to them any longer, maybe they have some funds deposited in Japan, but most of these people who repatriate aren't taking into consideration all that they're giving up when they repatriate."

"Right up until the moment I boarded the train, I was so busy with other people's problem that I didn't have time to think about myself. But as soon as I boarded the train, I suddenly felt, 'Is this the way a citizen is treated?' I wondered if this were the way

convicts ~~was~~ felt this way. I was sick to the stomach. Other young kids were playing card and they all seemed to take this in stride, but I couldn't feel that way about it. Personally, by the second day I began thinking that this is no country for any person of Japanese ancestry to stay in. But I found that the soldiers who were acting as guards on the train were okay."

"But the day we reached the way station near Fresno where we were to disembark for the bus to the assembly center, boy, oh, boy, that was a sickening feeling. It was about 10 p.m. when we got on this siding about seven miles from Fresno. I was on the last car and I could see the people in the cars ahead as they were taken off in the dark and being marched out between armed guards. They were being taken off two cars at a time. It was really saddening to see the issei drying their eyes with handkerchiefs. Then again, I felt that this couldn't possibly be a picture that could be seen in the United States."

"On the bus as we rode along in the dark to the assembly center, it was saddening to think this was the last day outside before spending the duration in a concentration camp. But people were already beginning to look ahead wondering what they were getting into, and we kept straining our eyes to see what was ahead. Pretty soon the bus drew up towards a large square plot of land with floodlights that lit up an area near the gate. We noticed the barbed wire fences as we went through the gates. Our bus stopped for a moment at the M.P.'s guardhouse, and then drove up ahead to some building where the other buses had stopped to unload their passengers. We could hear a lot of nisei shouting, "This is the way, this is the way," directing the people to the reception center. As I was looking around, there was one fellow I thought I recognized, and sure enough it was Jim Watanabe from Kent, Washington. It was good to see someone I knew. We registered at the reception center, then to the medical hospital for a quick casual examination, and then to the police officers who frisked us for weapons. It was maddening to think that we were being treated like criminals. I felt like taking a punch at the police. There were guides to direct us to our assigned barracks. As we stumbled along in the dark, it was sickening to notice our ankles sinking into the dust. When we got to our barracks, it was disgusting to find that the floors were concrete and that the rooms were filled throughout with dust.

"It was about 12:30 the same evening when we went after our luggage to the place where they were being inspected for contraband. It was rather maddening to me to see the way they inspected our baggage because I kept thinking that I'm an American citizen and yet they treat us like criminals. The inspectors were just taking our baggage all apart, and I was thinking why they didn't close my baggage properly. But the thing that really made me mad was that some nisei punk tried to tell that I couldn't go back to the pile of baggage to look for mine. I told him I was train captain on our way down, and if some of us who ~~didn't~~ knew who the people were didn't help, that we'd be there all night waiting for them to get our baggage straightened out. He said I'd have to see the chief of

~~internatl~~ internal security. That burned me up, but I went ahead and got my baggage. The thing that burned me up most about the whole evacuation were these young nisei punks who were evacuees themselves but who tried to assert their authority over other nisei evacuees when they were suddenly given some power or authority. The same thing happened when we first got to Tule Lake. We were being taken off the train just at the gate of the project, and the people were being taken up to the reception center in taxis. There was a nisei fellow who was dispatching the taxis and he was trying to hurry the people onto the taxis and trucks. He yelled at our group as we were getting into our taxi, so I told him, "What's the hurry, there's plenty of time. We're going to be here a long time."

"I lost my resentment rather readily once we got into Pinedale. If I didn't know anyone there, I might have had difficulty making adjustments, but when I discovered that most of the people were from the Northwest and that I knew a lot of the fellows there, I didn't lose much time getting adjusted. There were fellows like Ed Natori, Ted Nakamura, Kaz Yamane and all the other fellows I've known up in the Northwest. I suppose the fact that everybody got along well, and we lived like one big family, made it pretty easy to take Pinedale. The only California group was the bunch from Perkins, a little place outside of Sacramento. We were down there first, and when the Perkins people came in, I guess they felt themselves a little bit on the outside. There was some feeling at first and there were a couple of fights. Some of the Perkins kids wore zoot suits and long hair cuts, and the Northwest kids weren't used to that. But that period didn't last long, and in three or four weeks they were regular associates with the Northwesterners. The defensive attitude of the Perkins people melted away pretty rapidly. When it came time for the people of Pinedale to go to the relocation center, and it was learned that all the Northwest people were being sent to Tule Lake while the Perkins people were being sent elsewhere, we wanted the Perkins people to go with us so we wrote Col. Bendetsen that we be sent together. He replied that he couldn't promise anything with reference to the movements of people. When it came time for the Northwesterners to leave Pinedale, you could see women from both sides with tears in their eyes as they took their departure."

"There were a couple of times when something really burnt me up. One time when I felt resentment was when some kids were playing softball, and when one of them missed, the ball rolled about six feet outside the fence. The kid wanted to retrieve the ball and he started to go under the fence. A guard saw him and shouted at the kid, but the kid continued going toward the ball, and the guard raised his gun and pointed it at the kid. That really made me sore. What harm could it do for a kid to go after the ball. He wasn't trying to escape or anything, and the guard knew it."

"Another thing that burnt me up was when the Army decided to put in another strand of wire on the fence. I guess they thought that it was too easy for people to get in and out with the fence as it. I went up to the administration office and asked them what was

the idea. The Army said the fence was for our own protection to keep out possible marauders. I told them, 'Our protection, hell, if the fence is for our protection it would have to be a lot higher than it is.' Anybody could have easily vaulted over the thing if he wanted to. Another thing that burnt me up was the daily check-ups, the roll call."

(We paused for a bit of refreshment, and Kats remarked during this time, "I don't react very emotionally to anything. I guess you can get better interviews from other fellows. I tend to be optimistic, and I don't react very strongly to anything! I've always been that way. The evacuation didn't disturb me the way it did some fellows." It is true that all through these remarks in which he was telling me of his resentments and antagonism to the evacuation, he told his story with a minimum of emotionalism. The narration went on in a matter of fact way. If he told of resentments, it came as a result of conscious effort to recall them probably with the thought that I might be especially interested in them. Kats's tendency is to see all sides of the argument, to take account of the other fellow's view as well as his own, and thus his own convictions are accordingly weakened. Kats strikes me as a person who constantly inhibits his emotional feelings. Certainly, it is difficult to get a true evaluation of what he feels merely from a direct interpretation of what he tells the interviewer.)

"I was director of the senior boys' recreation group in Pinedale. I was also a councilman down there. There were five blocks and each block of barracks elected its councilman to the central council. This group conferred with the Center Manager regarding the administration of the center, and we got along very well together. I was councilman for Block B, and the other councilmen were G. T. Watanabe, George Yasumura, Ted Nakamura, Sat Nakanishi. The Center Manager was a big fellow weighing well over 200 pounds and when we first met him we thought he was a pretty tough man. As we got to know, however, we found out that he was a pretty good guy, and when we were leaving for Tule Lake, the thing that surprised everybody was that he went to see every trainload off and he had tears streaming from his eyes. Gee, it was the most surprising thing to see this great big tough looking man with tears streaming down his cheeks."

"The council knew on July 3rd that we were going to Tule Lake, and the public knew on the 4th of July. It made us happy to know that we were going to Tule Lake, that we were going north instead of south because we'd expected right along that they might send us somewhere down towards Arizona. We'd been worried that because they'd sent us down to a hot place like Pinedale, that the WCCA expected to send us further south. I wrote on behalf of the Mid-Columbia group to Milton Eisenhower asking that we be sent north into a group that we were familiar with and told him we'd like to go into a more temperate climate since we were accustomed to that type of climate. We didn't hear from Eisenhower, but Bendetsen replied that no group could be given special consideration as to where they would go. That's why we were so happy to learn we were going north instead of south."

It was a rather jubilant day on the Fourth when it was learned that we were going north beginning the 15th."

"The Council felt that some councilman should be sent with the first contingent to Tule Lake so that he could make negotiations with the Tule Lake administration for the people left in Pinedale who would arrive late. Most of the leaders of the community were working in the administration office, transportation, and food supplies division; they had to stay behind in order to keep this going until the last. It would have been unfair to these key men if they stayed behind for the sake of the people, and then found themselves without a decent job when they got to Tule Lake just because they stayed behind. We wrote to Gerry Wakayama asking that all jobs be frozen until the whole Pinedale group were in, but nothing ever came of it. It had originally been decided that Jobu Yasumura should go as the representative of Pinedale in the first contingent, but since Jobu isn't a citizen and it was decided that he couldn't be a councilman although he was the leader of the community, we selected his brother, George, instead."

"When we first got there, I think there was some resentment among the Pinedale people because it seemed that all the best jobs had already been taken by those who had gone to Tule Lake first. We were the last group to arrive. But it wasn't so bad. Like myself, I looked around for a job that I'd enjoy working at. I wasn't interested so much in the work so much as in doing something to keep the morale of the people. I felt that was the most important thing. I was particularly interested in the recreation department, but you remember Ted Waller was pretty sad. He had the notion that there should be a centralized system of recreational organization, that recreation should be carried on on a project wide basis. I felt that such an organization wouldn't reach most of the people, that it had to function in smaller units where everyone could participate in it. I gave him my ideas about organizing on a ward basis, and told him what I'd do about reorganizing the recreational organization. Waller wanted me to work as a volunteer for a while and he said later on he'd try to put me on in the regular staff. I told him nothing doing. About that time there was another opening as a block manager that I was considering, and when the recreational department work didn't seem to work out, I just about decided to take the block manager's position. Just when I had decided to take the block manager's job, Waller sent me a notice saying for me to show up at the rec. department to take the job as planning specialist."

"When the train pulled in at Tule Lake, the vastness of the place swamped me for a time. Everywhere we went, it seemed we were among strangers. Moreover, when we got there we found that the Pinedale group had been split into Wards 6 and 7 at the opposite ends of the camp. The Pinedale people had been happy down at the assembly center, and we would just as soon have stayed there. We felt ourselves belonging to one group, and we didn't like the idea of being separated. It was the bigness of the place that swamped me. It seemed quite big for at least a month."