

CAMP WHEELER
GEORGIA

February 11, 1945

Dear Dorothy,

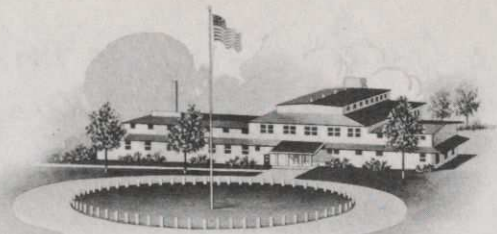
Just a brief note to thank you for your letter & to let you know that I have received the retirement fund check & the income tax statement. In his last letter Frank told me how well the study was coming along. It's certainly swell to know that what started under such hectic circumstances is now shaping up so well.

Army life is so remote from anything we used to do that I've lost complete touch with anything other than our 4th platoon. Some of the fellows get the P.C. regularly but I don't find sufficient interest to look at them. The Nisei here have by now worked themselves into their units & there are very few things now that are exclusively Nisei. The one thing that is bothering about 3/4 of the fellows (actual count by headquarters of the 10th Battalion) is the resettlement of their parents before going overseas. Some fellows asked for emergency furloughs & a special meeting of Nisei soldiers was held to discuss the matter.

The Colonel thought that most of us couldn't understand English & acted accordingly so the meeting turned out to be a farce. There is a genuine concern, however, & the Colonel announced that he might get some extra time for men who wanted to help parents move during their furlough.

There's nothing much to report that would be of interest to the Study except that one Nisii fellow was almost killed by a hand grenade. He lost a leg & was lucky to get out alive. I'm sure that rumors must have started by now in areas like Chicago. Incidentally, did you notice a sudden rush toward Snelling as the Germans advanced & the 442nd casualty lists mounted? It was especially noticeable here.

Army life is quite different from what I had pictured it to be. Now that we're almost through with our basic, I can look back a few months & appreciate what they did for us. This is a damn good camp & they take damn good care of us. We're going to finish our training on March 10 & I'm going to be sorry to part from the swell fellows I've gone through hell with up here. By the way, our furloughs are only 7 days & travel time may be cut too. I don't know how I can get to Berkeley in that time since I'm going to help my parents move out of Granada. You haven't said anything about it since I came in the Army; so I've been wondering if you were expecting me.



CAMP WHEELER
GEORGIA

- 3 -

Is there something in particular that you wanted to discuss before I went overseas? As I said before, I'll be glad to pitch in in any way, although by now I'm so much out of touch that there isn't much I could do.

Please let me know how you feel about this. We may go to the South Pacific - then I'll be seeing you in Berkeley.

There is some possibility that I might be sent somewhere for advanced training. I'm being investigated by G-2 again - same old junk we've all gone through before. I haven't the slightest idea what the job is, but I was told that my master's degree stopped my card in the Classification Office. That degree may save my life yet. I'm not too optimistic because it's almost impossible to transfer out of the infantry.

Well, 4 more weeks of training. 6 weeks from now I'm going to be seasick. Time flies, doesn't it?

Have to sign off to do some washing. Can you imagine me doing that? Please give my very best wishes to W.I. I've been wanting to write Mrs. Wilson but we've been too occupied to do what we want. I've gone several days without even

brushing my teeth. We go on business
next week so that letter writing is out
of the question. Please tell him that I'll
write as soon as I can.

Hope I'll be able to see all of you
next month.

Sincerely,

Tom



CAMP WHEELER
GEORGIA

Xmas, 1944

Dear Dorothy & W. I.,

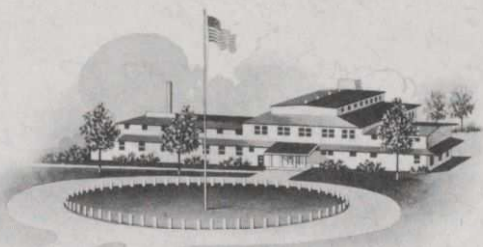
Just opened your very thoughtful gift, & needless to say, the cookies have all disappeared. There are 35 of us down here & when they saw the Danish pastries they all dived in. They were delicious. Being away from home at a time like Xmas makes one blue & sentimental & gifts & letters are sure welcome. It's hard for me to express my appreciation to you. It's a kind of feeling that's hard to express in words. All I can say is: thanks ever so much.

Frank wrote & said that the conference was a big success. This of course was no surprise to me, but it is encouraging to know that the study is taking more definitive form. I'm already looking forward to the publications.

The news of California's being opened hit us a few weeks late.

we rarely read newspapers or hear radios out here. The Nisei fellows were only mildly interested. Almost uniformly, the concern centered on the closing date of the camps since most of the fellows have parents in centers. I asked around a little & these fellows replied that it (the order) didn't affect them anyway since soldiers could go back anyway. There is a definite recognition on the part of these fellows that their status has changed since induction. These fellows conceive of themselves as being in a position to make demands of Caucasians; therefore, "they can't keep us out of California."

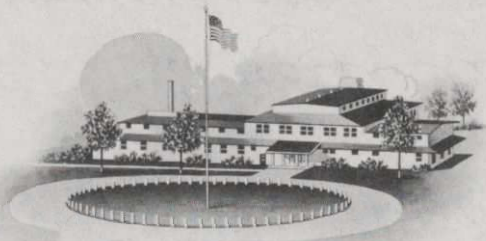
A lot of interesting things are happening out here, but we have very little time because they are speeding up our training cycle. The Nisei are getting adjusted to keto life but there are still many evidences of obvious resentment & prejudice (on the part of Nisei). The Caucasians show no preferences whatsoever on a racial basis. They no longer refer to us as "you fellows" & have accepted us on



CAMP WHEELER
GEORGIA

an equal basis. So far as I can see there is equality here of the kind the idealists dream about. Furthermore, we are well treated as individuals — not because the regimental commander threatened to court martial anyone picking on us. In small & simple situations this picture becomes clear. There are many situations, such as, bayonet drill, jiu jitsu practice, setting mines & bobby traps, where we must work together as a team & the slightest error on the part of one person could seriously injure the others. It is taken for granted that accidents will happen & they eat guys over to the hospital every week. There is a necessity for complete cooperation & the existence of even a slight antagonism or resentment could lead to one fellow doing his job too fast or too slow — & lead to an accident. The Nisei & the Caucasians all work in teams (mixed) & there has never

been any thing that even resembled an accident. Nisei are respected both by the Cadres & men & many Caucasians openly declare that they prefer Nisei for buddies. The Caucasians identify themselves in terms of memberships in platoons & this is spreading to Nisei. Nisei are more & more beginning to identify themselves by platoons. The only barrier comes from the Nisei - unnoticed by Caucasians because they naturally can't understand Japanese. Nisei express their feelings in Japanese. When we line up for chow one man in line gets the dishes for the next 2, 3, or 4 men. Then, the next man gets dishes for the next 3 or 4 men. There is no rule as to the number of dishes to be taken. Caucasians don't bother to count. They grab whatever number their hands happen to touch. They may pick up 5 when their best friend is 6th. This is not the case with Nisei, however. If there are 4 Nisei, the fellow will probably take only 4 dishes; if 2, only 2.



CAMP WHEELER
GEORGIA

This is but a minor thing, but it gives you some idea of the bitterness in the minds of these fellows. The feeling is more racial than national. There is no lack of desire to serve. The fellows want to show up the hets & "get even" for the evacuation by being better soldiers! Curious, but true. They want to show the hets. It is common among Nisei to hear things like: "Hell, we're restricted for the weekend because our barracks are too dirty. It's the god damn hets. This wouldn't happen if we were all together. Boochies would keep their own homes clean anyway." This, unfortunately, is true.

The major excitement here has to do with the German counter attack. Ever since it began they have worked us from 6 or 7 in the morning to 8 or 9 at night. Believe me, it's tough to work nights after a full day of hard labor — & to think I

used to get tired working 8 hours a day or less! We go on the rifle range next week (5th for us) when on ordinary cycles the firing comes in the 7th week. We marched 14 miles last Friday (or Saturday) with a full pack (over 40 lbs.). We only expected to march 20 miles when we finish. There have been rumors & speculations as to how long we'll be here. We know that the 18th battalion was sent to Fort Mead after only a 5-day furlough & another battalion was pulled out of bivouac & sent on furloughs without completing their 17th week. All this means that I'll probably see action in Europe unless the Nazis just fold up.

I'm sort of pessimistic about California for a furlough. I'll certainly come if I can get travel time & can raise the funds, but since I was inducted in Chicago I may get travel time only to Chicago. Since I get only 10 days before going overseas, I couldn't come to Berkeley under those circumstances. I registered

- 7 -



CAMP WHEELER
GEORGIA

in Berkeley, though, so we may have a chance. Certainly would like to see my old stamping grounds in Berkeley & Stockton again. It may be the last time for me.

It must make you chuckle to think of me getting up at 5:30 in the morning & working 13 to 16 hours with only a half hour off for 3 meals. Boy, it's tough. Now & then, you just get desperately tired & you don't know whether you're conscious or just dreaming. 5 fellows in our company have gone A W O L already & most fellows sympathize with them. Our platoon (4th) has excellent morale, but the 1st & 2nd are all shot. The 3rd platoon is so sad that they have been restricted to quarters every single weekend. The 4th has been fortunate — (1) large number of older & married men, (2) fellows with nice personalities who can joke & laugh in the jaws of hell, (3) good

cadres & a swell officer, & (4) now, a reputation to maintain as the best platoon. When the 4th sets the pace in marches, the others complain about speed. When the 4th marches last, we are always halted, waiting for the others to get going. Very few men fall out of ranks in the 4th; they drop out in droves in the 3rd. Funny what morale does, isn't it. Needless to say, I'm happy to be in the 4th.

Well, I started to say "thank you" & have belled on & on. If you need cigarettes, please give me fair warning. We are allowed 4 packs per person & I can get 6 or 7 fellows to buy 4 apiece. But it takes time to mail stuff. The P.O. is closed on Sunday & that's the only time we get off. I'll send them, though, because I know what they mean to you (DST). Forgive me if I've been too windy. Thanks again for everything.

Please give my very best regards to Morton & Mrs. Wilson.

Sincerely,

Ron

8 MILES TO DOWNTOWN MINNEAPOLIS
7 MILES TO DOWNTOWN ST. PAUL



AN ACTIVE U.S. ARMY POST
SINCE 1819

FORT SNELLING
MINNESOTA

Co. B. School Bn
W. Snelling II, Minn.
17 Nov. 1944

Dear Dorothy & W. I.

Long ago I promised to write you more fully, but I have delayed it - for no reason at all.

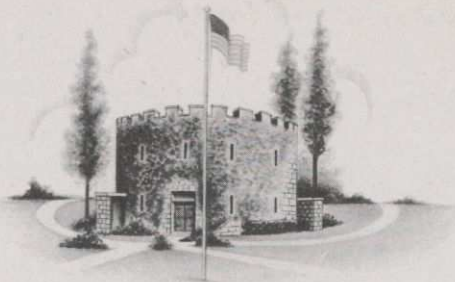
For the past few weeks I have stuck in the Station Hospital because of a very 'unpleasant' scourge - doc insists I've got ulcers. And I don't seem to eat too much - not very often. Today the Medical Board convened and asked a few questions. At the end of the hearing no decision was given but one of two things will happen - either a medical discharge from the Army or placed in Limited Service for domestic duty. My hunch is that I will be in Limited Service. I am somewhat disappointed because I wanted to go overseas, but now I will just have to stick around.

Half of our study has been completed and in another three months schooling will be complete as far as 'academic' training is concerned.

Altho I've not seen them yet, I understand that Miss Wags are here and more coming in. Naturally the wolves are licking their chops. The 'war widows' and Miss women who have become rather numerous in Mpls and St. Paul will now get some competition.

You've heard and know of 'Warehouse Baby'
of Lake Lake thru Shibi's reports. She is now
a 'war widow', her husband being overseas
but being ^{'widow'} doesn't hinder her. The soldiers here
have very interesting story to tell about her.
Quite juicy. There is another vice female
around whom the soldiers call 'Texas Mary'.
Have heard of her from soldiers formerly in Salt
Lake, and also from Charley - but I don't know
whether she is the same person or not. The
gal is sorta 'mashed out' looking the apparently
attractive to certain type of 'nigger' soldiers. And
off one or one hears of the "hot babies" formerly
of L.A., Bay Region, Seattle or Portland and
vicinities. Niggers in uniform are as different
from other soldiers. Especially Hawaiian fellows
have hakejin girl friends in town - some nice
others more of gold digger (etc) type. With these
hakejin girls niggers usually don't have too much
luck, because the Hawaiian boys are gold miners,
and they spend their money pretty similar to
some of the Filipinos boys on the Coast. Since
these girls are usually picked up in bars and
public dance halls money talks. More than money
niggers on the whole are very timid (even in
uniform) when it comes to talking to hakejin
girls.

Mr. Stabler is dropping into San Francisco
during the latter part of November on his tour

8 MILES TO DOWNTOWN MINNEAPOLIS
7 MILES TO DOWNTOWN ST. PAULAN ACTIVE U. S. ARMY POST
SINCE 1819FORT SNELLING
MINNESOTA

of some of the Centers. If you should meet him, my regards to him please.

Chief medical officer has granted me ~~the~~^{his} permission to take advantage of a 6 days furlough so I'm heading for Washington. I suspect that when I get there I will find Bob B. a proud father or at least in a way waiting for the birth of his offspring. I just can't imagine Bob as a father nor Henry, a mother. It's screwy.

I may get a chance to drop in to see the Shiks and Mupinotos but I'm not certain because I plan to swing thru via N.Y.C. and Detroit from W.D.C. to Chicago and back to Naples and I have only 6 days. I find myself in a 'world' similar to that of Suez. I find myself in a nisei world and my interests often do not coincide with my buddies. There are a few, to be sure, but the bulk of them are somewhat different. It is relatively difficult to become acquainted with Officer Candidate School Students (Hakejins only), and even there interests are different. At least the interesting ones

keepⁱⁿ their mouths shut - seems I, because
the Army does not want individuals interested
in politics too much - particularly outside
of good old Republicanism. Further, being
associating freely with niseis are in a spot.
On that score being having more fun in the
hospital ward where I can show the rag with
non-niseis and not worry about feeling being
hurt (as might be the case with niseis) or on
all sort of junk in which niseis are not interested.

That doesn't mean that I don't enjoy nisei
company but at times it is sorta wearing.
'Variety is a spice of life' so the trite saying
goes.

Regards to all.

Sincerely
Ray

P.S. Could you tell me what it cost you to
send me the camera?

February 23, 1945

Dear Tom:

I was certainly glad to get your letter of February 11. I am glad that Frank feels the study is going well. I, too, have a high opinion of the progress we are making at present. In the first place, I understand that Frank is going to meet his deadline with the Tule Lake report, and what I have seen of it it is certainly a high-grade performance. In the second place, Charlie is making an excellent organization of the data from his case histories for a report on Nisei resettler adjustment. Later that will be extended to take in data from all other sources that are available to us. In the third place, Togo is proceeding nobly with his two reports, in spite of the fact that he has recently changed his job and also has bought a house and moved. In the fourth place, Morton is just back from Washington with a great mass of documentation on the recent WRA policies, and he will be able to finish up his work for us in the next six weeks. In the fifth place, Dick has worked up excellent material from the standpoint of the evacuees who are in camp, and Jimmy too is busy regarding all sorts of reactions. Jimmy will arrive here in about ten days and work for us for a few months before going on with his graduate studies. We are really very busy and happy, even though we haven't yet got any assurance that we will have further financing.

You asked whether there is anything special that I want to talk to you about. The answer is "no" but, naturally, we are all most anxious to see you and I believe we would benefit mutually with a contact if you find it possible to come to Berkeley. I certainly do hope that you get a chance for the advanced training which you spoke of. Do keep me informed about your plans.

Sincerely yours,

Dorothy Swaine Thomas

March 20, 1945 - *Granada Project*

Dear Dorothy,

Just a brief note to thank you for your kind letter and to send my regrets for not being able to come down to Berkeley to see you. I really wanted to get to Berkeley, but when I got to Chicago and figured out the expenses it became obvious that we couldn't afford it. The furlough they gave me was long enough, but we weren't quite thrifty enough. I certainly hope that I shall be able to see you again sometime in the near future, but it seems out of the question now.

We finished our training on March 10 and I was in Chicago on the 12th. As you might have anticipated I made myself at home in room 12. Please don't be too harsh on Frank if he gets a little behind schedule because I did bother him. His report on Tule Lake looks superb. I expected to see a damn good report, but what he showed me surpassed my expectations. He's really putting everything into it. If all the reports of the study match his calibre, it'll really be something. Judging from what he told me, I gather that the Study is running along quite smoothly. It was swell to learn that. While I'm no longer connected with the study, I still get a warm feeling of pride when I see or hear anything good about it.

How are Jimmy and Hattie? I understand that Charlie is now on route to the Windy City, while the Sakodas are going to have a short (not too short) stay in paradise. It certainly would have been swell to see them again. Please give them my regrets and my regards.

Jim must have a lot of work to do. I've been visiting my parents in Granada for the past few days, and I'm beginning to appreciate the character of his work. Life here seems awfully sleepy and boring and nothing seems to be going on at first glance, but I detect signs of considerable unrest. The people seem to have nothing to do but visit, but the character of their conversation suggests that the people are in a state of deep anxiety. A WRA man told me the place was settled down, but the number of rumors (all about conditions outside) spreading around here seems to indicate that nothing of the kind is happening here. People are unsettled. The major preoccupation of the people seems to be the obvious subject--relocation and the deadline. The rumors (my attention was naturally focussed on them), however, seem to indicate that there is considerable opposition to resettlement. I guess this is nothing new to you. Most of them are about acts of violence and discrimination that took place outside; and the fact that such unverified reports receive such a ready audience and the fact that such reports color the perspective of the potential resettlers, I think, are of some significance. I think there are two kinds of Issei around here: (1) those who want to leave or who realize that they ought to leave sooner or later but who for financial or other reasons find it difficult to do so, and (2) those who feel that resettling would aid the war effort of the United States and who are consequently opposed to leaving camp. I've listened to "latrine philosophers" (to use Jimmy's terminology) and to the old fogies who visit here, and I sort of feel homesick for old Tule days. This is certainly an interesting place, although I don't think I'd particularly care to hang around--even for the sake of science. I feel for Jim and particularly Hattie. If you hadn't let them come to Berkeley, I'm afraid we'd have accused you of being another Simon Legree. Can't say that I've enjoyed myself here, although it hasn't been too bad; but Tomi's having a tough time.

Basic training wasn't so bad after all. I have a sort of proud feeling since I made it in 15 weeks. The casualty rates were terrific. Our platoon started out with 78 men and only 40 of the original group finished. I think pneumonia, poison ivy, bullet wounds, and infections got most of the others. I came through with a few minor scratches and bruises and minus my pouch (haven't lost a bit of weight though).

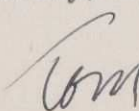
I don't think anyone enjoyed getting a solid dose on the subject of the art of murdering people, but the training was so tough that you do feel some pride in being an infantryman. I'm not quite an expert butcher yet, but it seems that I'll have my chance in a few weeks. I report to Fort Meade on the 28th and will probably be there for a short while. Some of the fellows at Camp Wheeler were on the front lines 3½ weeks after they left for their furlough. Now that the 7th Army is in action in Germany I guess I'll be seeing some excitement soon. I can't say that I look forward to combat (I haven't completely lost my mind), but I don't think I have the same outlook toward it that I had three months ago. They did take pretty good care of us at Wheeler and they did give us damn good training. We used ball ammunition virtually all the way through our training so that by now we have considerably more confidence in our ability to take care of ourselves. I guess the whole thing is that you get pretty fatalistic in the Army. There's no use worrying or moaning because you have to do what you have to do anyway. You have a choice between learning to like what you have to do or doing what you don't like. I preferred the first alternative and while I sometimes had to stand on my head I think I had a lot easier time than a lot of other fellows.

Another thing that kept me going was my study of rumors. It was good to have something to keep you in touch with your former work. Here in camp I started to write up some of the material and found that I had gathered considerably more material than I thought I would be able to. The study was far more satisfying than the one I wrote up for my master's thesis because it was a case study of a small group (one platoon) and the material is far more intimate and human. There were hundreds of rumors, and in most cases I have fairly detailed data on the circumstances in which they started and spread. The major achievement, to my mind, is that this data enabled me to examine more critically some of the hypotheses that I had advanced in my thesis and to reject about half of them. When you start tossing out hypotheses, I think you're starting out in the right direction. The theoretical end of my rumor study is in the air again, but I'm not too worried because I have some fairly good data. W.I. was right about getting away from theory. At Wheeler I had no alternative because I didn't have time to worry about theoretical writings. I hope to be able to get my bearings again in some fashion before going overseas so that I can make more fruitful observations over there. Combat should be interesting, but I doubt if I'll be in any state of mind to take notes. I'll try, though. If we're stuck in the Army of occupation, however, I think I should be in the midst of an ideal situation for the further study of rumors. If everything goes well and I get back in one piece and if I'm able to continue gathering data, I think I should be ready to dig into the question of rumors by the time I get back. The exploratory stage of any study is tough (as if I have to mention it to you), but you gain a perspective which is indispensable. If this study ever amounts to anything I have you to thank. If it weren't for the experience I gained in Tanforan and Tule Lake I don't think I would have been able to take notes in the trying circumstances of basic training. Besides, you were the one who first interested me in the subject of rumors.

I'll keep you informed on the whereabouts and the doings of this doughboy. Here's hoping for the continued success of the study and for the speedy setting up of a sociology department at Cal.

Please give my best to W.I., Mrs. Wilson, Georges Sabagh, the Sakodas, and Morton (if he's still there). Tomi says hello too.

Sincerely,





FORT GEORGE G. MEADE
MARYLAND

April 27, 1945

Dear Dorothy,

Greetings from Fort Meade. Yes, I'm still here marking time & wishing to hell they'd hurry up & decide what they're going to do with us. This is my 5th week here & others have been here a month longer. Boochies are pulling in daily from dozens of different training centers, but the shipments have been very slow. I was alerted once & then taken off orders again. Guess they're having a tough time deciding what to do with us & in the meantime boochies are piling up here by the hundreds. I think we could replace the whole 442nd to the last man.

I gather that the study is now steaming into its final phase. I had a chance to see Frank, Louise, & Charlie during my second stop in Chicago. They looked well. I feel sorry for Charlie, though. He has a horrible misconception of the character of Army life & seems not too reluctant to go. He doesn't know what he's in for. If he has to go, I hope he can finish up his work because you don't have much opportunity to do anything of your own in the Army.

Are you still sticking to your original plan of publishing after the war or do you think some volumes may appear after V-E day? If I'm stuck on occupation duty I intend to do some studying & I hope I shall be able to read your material.

Life here hasn't been bad - mainly because Tomie is in D.C. She's a swell scout. I've gone out to see her every night I've been here except 3. Otherwise, this is a hell of a place. The camp is organized for processing & issuing equipment. They have a training program for men who stay longer than 3 or 4 days but they have only enough to last about 2 weeks because only a few men stay any longer. We've done almost everything here, & the whole thing is quite boring. This week we've marched over 50 miles - through mud on 2 days - because there isn't much else to do. They have to keep us occupied & I guess it's tough on them. We're getting pretty rugged here, not so much because of tough training but because we have poor officers who don't have sense enough to order us to put on raincoats when it's raining. I guess it can't be helped & we can always rationalize & say we are getting stronger.

Our unit is made up almost entirely of Nisei & Hawaiians. There was some tension at first but we all get along pretty well now. I don't mind it so much as I did at first. It was a



FORT GEORGE G. MEADE, MARYLAND

-3-
bit difficult at first to live with such sensitive
fellows — especially after Wheeler — but
I've gotten used to it now. No doubt you
are amazed, but I have no real liches.
In fact, I'm lucky because I have Tomie
nearby.

I'll be writing you from time to
time. I won't be able to say much
in subsequent letters, but at least
I can let you know that I'm still
alive. We're heading for a 20 mile
hike in a few minutes so I'm
cutting this off.

My best regards to W.I. & Mrs. Wilson.

Sincerely,

Tom

April 27, 1945

Dear Tom:

I have been hearing all sorts of things about you from the grapevine, including the fact that you were in wonderful condition and have impressed everyone who has seen you. I understand that Tomi is now in Washington.

I regret to say that I threw away the envelope that had your address on it and since you, in common with most people I know, have the habit of putting your address on the outside and not on the inside of a letter, I am sending this along to Chicago.

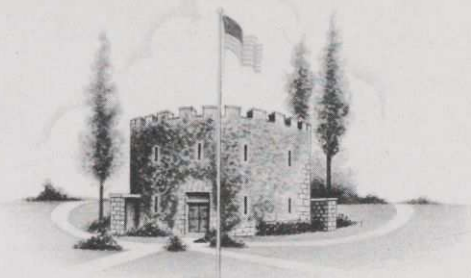
We certainly enjoyed having Charlie here for a month. As you may have heard, he has been reclassified I-A, and we find ourselves in the same position that we did with respect to you. That is, that at present no one up to age 30 can get an occupational deferment unless they are working in direct war production. Nevertheless, the draft board has been very kind and has agreed that the University may appeal their decision, so we are crossing our fingers.

I understand that Frank is suffering in the way we all do when we are faced with composition. But I believe that I will soon have his Tule Lake report in, and I know it will be a distinguished performance.

Do let me hear from you soon again. All here send regards.

Sincerely yours,

8 MILES TO DOWNTOWN MINNEAPOLIS
7 MILES TO DOWNTOWN ST. PAUL



AN ACTIVE U. S. ARMY POST
SINCE 1819

FORT SNELLING
MINNESOTA

July 12, 1945

Dear Dorothy,

Since our correspondence is no longer of the regular nature it used to be (fortunately for you), I don't know quite where to begin. Frankly, I've forgotten where we left off. I haven't heard anything about the study lately, even though I did get to see Frank when I was in Chicago a few weeks ago. What's going on now? Are you folding up the field work and concentrating on the writing? Are you preparing anything for publication now? What's coming out, and when?

I got a brief glance at Frank's work. Wow! He's really putting his heart and soul into that report, isn't he? Michi was telling me that she's a "sociology widow" again, and he had papers littered all over his new apartment. He had everything out there--even the little scraps of notes I used to keep. The report certainly looks complete, and in spite of the modest manner in which he describes it, I can well imagine what it must be like. Charlie wasn't around the last two times I was in Chicago, but I got some news of him from Tamie Tsuchiyama, who is up here (as neurotic as ever). Tomi says she sees Morton quite frequently, but I didn't have time to drop in last time. The passes they give around here are too short. I'll make it a point to see him next time.

When I was at Fort Meade, I imposed quite freely on the Billigmeiers. They are certainly swell people. I don't see how they put up with it, but they made my stay at Meade more than pleasant. Bob was working as conscientiously as usual--between his gripes about the inefficiency of the government--and Hanny was looking after her soon--between groans about the terrific heat. They have a third floor apartment,

and the temperature up there is about 15 degrees hotter than it is outside. Poor Hanny can't leave because of the baby. Tomi and I sometimes took turns watching him, but it was only temporary relief for them. Now that the real summer is coming, I really feel for them.

You have probably heard already from some source or other that I was sent up here. I learned recently that I was on orders to come here from Wheeler and that I was sent to Meade only by mistake. I'm slated for some kind of duty in civil affairs or combat intelligence, but I don't know what. They're very interested in my training, past work experience, and the amount of infantry training I've had. Can you make any sense out of that? I can't. Anyway, while waiting for school to start I was assigned to one of the companies as a clerk and they recommended me for a permanent cadreman to stay here--as a typist. When the application went to headquarters, I got the bad news. The sgt/major said he'd do his best, but he thought it was a hopeless case to get me out of school. So, it seems that I'll study Japanese for 3, 6, or 9 months and then go over. I guess for my experience going over would be swell, since I could get older faster that way. However, Tomi has been taking quite a beating, and I was thinking ~~xxxxxx~~ of her when I applied for this dull job of typing all day. Frankly, it doesn't make any difference to me at all; in fact, I'd personally like to go over to see what it's all about. But it is tough on her. She's been so swell about everything that I feel very guilty about a lot of things.

One thing that I wanted to ask you about was: would you care to have a copy of a brief report that I drew up on the Nisei at Fort Meade? Realizing that you're very busy, I don't want to push this on you. That's why I'm asking rather than sending. I don't think there's anything in it that would give you anything concrete to add to the Study, but I thought there might be some material in it that might give some insight into the way Nisei think and behave. My best material along this line is the stuff I collected at Wheeler, but that unfortunately won't be available for some time. There are some other difficulties too: (1) This stuff hasn't been cleared by the Army censors so that you'd have to be careful what you do with it. Spencer used to razz me about that "Confidential" stuff, but ~~h~~his time I'm on the

level; I'm in a G-2 organization now, and if they trip me up on anything like that it can be plenty tough. I'm not submitting it to them because these uniformed paranoids might take the whole thing away from me and some of it might be valuable to me later. (2) I've quoted soldiers verbatim--for effect. The language is horrible. Even hardened veterans at swearing and sex terminology will be shocked by the manuscript. I really hesitate to send it to a lady. Anyway, this report started out as a systematic study of rumors--a continuation of my master's thesis. I found that this was impossible in the Army because I simply could not sit down to think. In a few months I gave up that idea and decided simply to collect material and to present it in a narrative form. That's all this amounts to--a story of the Nisei at Meade with some emphasis on rumors. I have additional material on the rumors in letters to Tomi and later on I hope to make a thorough systematic study. Perhaps the chapter headings will give you an idea of what it's like:

1. Introduction, 2. Initial Adjustment to Life at Fort Meade, 3. The Development of Unrest, 4. The Crisis and the Transfer, 5. Jungle Fighting on A.P. Hill, 6. Shipping Orders, and 7. Summary and Spot Analysis.

You probably know by now that we had a near-riot at Meade and that an organized protest among the men almost took place. Things like that don't happen much in the Army, and I just happened to be in the platoon where it happened. Now don't go thinking of the time that W.I. was accused of creating delinquents in order to study them. As much as I admire W.I. and his work, I didn't follow the example of the practice of which he was accused by the Tribune. I was just there and it happened--and I had my red notebook and pen.

Here's some gossip: Tamie is griped again. She claims the Commandant double-crossed her. She was told she could go to AMG in Europe if she could be accepted. Then, when she was accepted, the old boy refused to release her. So, she's griped. I don't doubt at all that there is some truth in what she says but judging from the way she acts I wouldn't be too surprised if she came around saying the old boy made love to her too! I feel sorry for her because I think I can appreciate how she feels, perhaps better than most others do. It's no secret to you that I was/am a pretty queer duck myself, but you didn't know me

when I was in the most frightful stage--1st two years of college. Friends and especially Tomi started to cure me by the time we came into contact. Anyway, I went through that stage of neurotic dreaming and wishing, and I know how frustrating a life it is. She could have a brilliant career if she'd get a hold of herself, but she can't. She has to keep kidding herself like I used to. It's a dog's life but I don't know what can be done about it. I just listen to her gripes and agree with her because there's no sense in getting her mad. Then, too, I'llk have to watch out. She's spiteful toward almost everyone and yet she's very sensitive to and responsive to sympathy. It's really worse than I had thought.

Well, so much for the dirt. I wish I could hear from you sometime when you're not too busy (whenever that is). Could you let me know whether you want the report or not? Please don't ask for it to make me feel good, because I know how much stuff you already have in your office and don't want to load you down. I've only got four copies and about 10 people who want to see one; so I can dispose of them O.K. Just wanted to give you first crack at it.

Please give my very best wishes to Mrs. Wilson and to W.I. I think of you people quite a bit now that we have hours to sit around thinking. I wonder about how things are going, and I hope they are going as well as my daydreams sometimes make them out to be. I'll be looking forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,

Tomi

July 20, 1945

Dear Tom:

It was good to hear from you. I am, of course delighted at the news that you received the highest award for your master's thesis, and I can imagine it was gratifying to you in more ways than one!

I certainly would like to have a copy of your report on the Nisei at Fort Meade and look forward very much to seeing it.

Frank arrives on Monday and you can imagine how busy I am.

Sincerely yours,

Dorothy Swaine Thomas

Pvt. Tamotsu Shibutani, 36912134
Company E, School Battalion
Fort Snelling 11, Minnesota

8 MILES TO DOWNTOWN MINNEAPOLIS
7 MILES TO DOWNTOWN ST. PAUL



AN ACTIVE U. S. ARMY POST
SINCE 1819

FORT SNELLING
MINNESOTA

August 7, 1945

Dear Dorothy,

Thanks for the encouraging letter. It was swell of you to write in the midst of all your activities. You must be even busier now. How's Frank getting along? Does he agree that Berkeley is nicer than Seattle? Is Jimmy still there? I heard rumors that he might come up here.

The manuscript is now completed & I am mailing it to you next week — registered. Some of it is still uncorrected & grammatical errors appear all over it. The Army has ruined what little English I knew. Anyway, I thought I'd better rush the thing along. You're used to getting slipshod work from me anyway. As I said before, the work is unsystematic & is a narrative account of what happened. While it is a sloppy 1st draft of a mass of notes I took, I should appreciate your being severely critical because (1) I have more data in my daily letters to Tomi (which I didn't have access to while typing, & (2) this is an exploratory study yet & I have to make many changes before I settle down to thoroughly digest the material. I'd really appreciate your help.

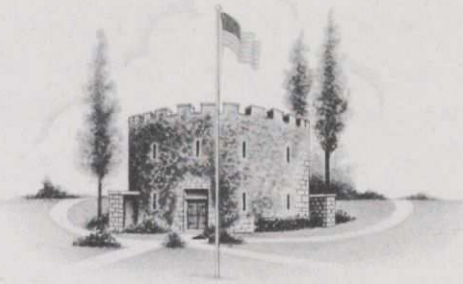
Events at Snelling has gripped me no end, & I think my prejudice against Nisei is reappearing again. However, the whole thing unexpectedly gave me an insight which has given the whole study the 1st real shot in the

arm since I wrote my thesis. I've been in a rut in spite of the fact that I had abundant case materials; I was just stuck. There were plenty of tough problems, but I had no way of checking my hypotheses empirically in such a manner that I could come out with a definite cleared "yes" or "no" answer. One night here I was lying awake about 2 or 3 in the morning, pouting over the hypocrisy of the guys here, & it hit me like a stroke of lightning. Here, right under my nose, was the perfect situation to test one of my key hypotheses. It turned out to be wrong; I had taken it for granted. I couldn't move ahead because I was on the wrong track! I ran to the latrine & wrote it up, shivering in my underwear; & now I'm on my way again.

Tomi is now in St. Paul & I have a pretty good set-up again. She's got a deumpy place, but it's only a 15 minute ride from camp. She says she can stand it for 3 months. My status here is still uncertain. If things go according to schedule, I'll be overseas before Xmas, but we may be sent to the longer, more thorough course. One of the cademen told me I was on the list for O.C.S. I hope not, but we don't have too much opportunity to make our choices - especially here. I hope I get out of here quickly, & Tomi shares my hopes. It'll be better for both of us in a long run if I get overseas sooner & come home sooner. I'd rather take my chances on the front lines & come home rather than rot away the best years of my life in the occupation of Japan. The chances of getting killed are so small that I'd hardly consider it a risk. You can never tell, but a guy's got to gamble sometime.

queer things happen. I'm learning booch! I've gotten so I can write the simple alphabet. Brace Frank for the shock if you tell him.

8 MILES TO DOWNTOWN MINNEAPOLIS
7 MILES TO DOWNTOWN ST. PAUL



AN ACTIVE U. S. ARMY POST
SINCE 1819

FORT SNELLING
MINNESOTA

- 3 -

Here's one for you. I wake up the other guys every morning — that is almost every morning! I've been promoted to squad leader & am responsible for seeing that my men are up for reveille! Isn't that a joke? God! My mother would fall on her face if I told her. It's at 5:30 too!

I saw Charlie on my last 3-day pass. He's all set for the Army, poor guy. He gets all hot up when I tell him to get a war job. He seems to think I'm trying to talk him out of a great, enchanting experience — because I don't seem to mind. He thinks I'm implying that he can't take it. I feel sorry for him. There's no question in my mind that he'll make the grade. He'll make it — just like 10,000,000 other men did. But, the price he'd have to pay is too great — & it's not worth anything he might gain. You can't imagine what hell & agony basic training is until you go through it. It's not fit for any intelligent human being. I didn't mind so much because it was doing me a lot of good & because I was getting a series of damn good studies out of the deal — studies such as I've always wanted to make & never could. In July Lake, we weren't participant observers in the sense that I was at Wheeler or Meade. We just talked to a lot of big shots, friends & acquaintances there & we

missed a lot of the common ordinary people—except for what we overheard. We got good stuff, but I don't think we got what we might have if we really felt as the people felt. In the Army you're just lost in the masses; you're one of the boys & they really pour out. I'm glad I learned to interview without asking questions. Anyway, I don't mean to be critical of our work in Sule. That's not it. For me, personally, the experience of being in the gang I was studying has been gratifying & educational. I've learned a lot about people & about field work. I only hope Charlie finds some equally gratifying experience — if he must go through hell anyway.

There is a favor I'd like to ask of you — sometime perhaps several years from now. Thinking over the rumors in Sule & in Chicago, I came over a few that are extremely valuable for my purposes. I'd like to work over that data some day. Tomi wants to go to Bulbulay sometime too; so I wonder if we could barge in sometime & go through the raw materials again. I think, if everything turns out well, that we can come some summer or winter when Chicago is unbearable. Will save money for it, if it's O.K. with you. Do you suppose it can be arranged? How do you propose to dispose of all your material when you're through. Will it be somewhere that I can get at it easily?

The ms will be coming in a week or so; I hope you can stand it. Please give my fondest regards to W.I. I want to say "hello" to Mrs. Wilson & to Fraule. Tomi sends her regards to all of you. Hope to be seeing you on the way to Tokyo.

Sincerely,

Toni

September 26, 1945

Dear Tom:

I want to thank you so much for sending me your manuscript. Due to the fact that I am pressed to make a publication deadline, believe it or not, I have not yet had time to give it more than a cursory examination. It seems to me to be well organized and well written and to have a great deal of pertinent data. I will send you my more detailed comments after I meet the aforementioned deadline.

You have doubtless heard through the grapevine by this time that Frank has been appointed assistant professor in the University of Washington with a very good salary. We are all delighted at this good fortune which he richly deserves.

I suppose you will soon be occupying Tokyo and will have a rich field for further research, in spite of the headaches you are likely to meet up with.

Give my best regards to Tomi, and all here send regards.

Sincerely yours,

Dorothy Swaine Thomas

Thursday 1 May 46

Dear Dorothy,

There's really no adequate excuse for the dwindling of my once irritatingly frequent correspondence. The fact of the matter is that I haven't written much to anyone lately except Tomi. I've been keeping myself pretty busy lately, even though — believe it or not — I'm not engaged in making any systematic study.

How is the study coming along? Heard from Naj recently & he said he thought one volume was ready for publication. Which volume is it? Needless to say, I'm looking forward to seeing it. How is the series coming? I was under the impression that Morton finished his portion. Incidentally, we now live right across the street from Morton — that is, Tomi does.

You will probably be interested in knowing what happened to some of the Tule Lake people when they got here. One lives next door to my cousin, & there are several others around here. They seem to be having a pretty rough time of it. Japan has been reduced to shambles; there are no jobs; there isn't much to eat; sanitation is horrible; they can't speak well enough (that is, the Missi can't); they are too slow & don't work hard enough to compete with Japanese. I have noticed recently too that there are some Tule Lake girls among the

street walkers of Sateuragicho. One girl told me that she was robbed of all her belongings on a train. She had her bag in a baggage room. When she got to Hiroshima she couldn't find her relatives so she stood in line for 2 days to get a return ticket here. She is working for the Army now — because she can type in English. There are some young kids working as labor gang foremen too. You can spot State-side Nisei immediately — by their glasses, their clothes, their language, & their walking gait. They wear things that Japanese have been unable to buy for years. I feel sorry for them. They get no sympathy from the Japanese, who are so short of food that they scorn their own returning veterans. Nisei hate the G.I.'s, needless to say, & "Take bastards", as they are called, & occasionally beat them up. The tale people ask for it too though. They try to identify themselves with the conquering Army; some try to pass for civil service workers. Some try to ride "G.I. trains", which are empty, to avoid the packed, lice-infested regular coaches. They disobey police & railroad employees & are usually booted out by soldiers.

All this, of course, is just a superficial glance. I haven't any idea what happened to most of them. I could find out more, but for the moment I have plenty to do. I don't know whether you'd want the data anyway.

At present I'm attached to 8th Army Headquarters as an interpreter for the war crimes trials here. So far I've worked in 2 cases. The job is pretty rough & really calls for a far greater knowledge of Japanese than I will probably ever learn. It is interesting work & requires only 20 to 25 hours a week; so I have quite a bit of time to myself. I've been using this time to find out whatever I can about the Japanese people. I ride around on cars & talk to anyone standing nearby. I visit friends & relatives & just talk & ask questions. Part of this data I intend to use in the study of Nisei G.I.'s which is just about done, & the rest is just for my own information & experience. It's damned interesting. Right now I'm making a black market price analysis & checking cost of living. All this gives a nice background for an understanding of the attitudes which are apparently developing toward America, democracy, the Japanese race, etc.

I don't know whether I told you or not but I have conceded defeat in that tremendous argument we had just before my induction into the Army. As you know, I've had things pretty rough & have done field work for the past year & a half under the most adverse conditions. Having gone through hell & high water with the men I tried to study, I began to understand them better. Reading superficial articles on Army life was the thing that threw cold water on "theory" as far as I was concerned. I saw immediately the folly of trying to explain some unknown event through some theory, especially because I happened to be in a position to see more of the event than the writer. I don't mean to say all theory is out; but I do feel that a hell of a lot more caution has to be exercised & empirical work has to be done more carefully, in more minute detail, day by day. You'll probably raise your eyebrows because of my former addiction to theories; the proof of the pudding is in the eating. I'd like to show you some of the work I've done since I got in the Army.

Frankly, Dorothy, I think the Army has done me a lot of good — more good than any other single experience has done for me. Many of my friends feel that I've been gipped because I was never assigned in

a position where I could use what little skills I may have. However, that turned out to be my blessing. As you know, I had always lived a pretty isolated life, doing as I pleased. In the Army I've lived day after day, through thick & thin, with men I would never have met in academic life. I think I have a far better & far more sympathetic understanding of Nisei now. Also, for the first time in my life I've learned what it was to be an underdog, to have to work & fight for things we wanted. I've had to learn to work with people, to give as well as receive, to share things of which there were not enough. It's been a grand experience, & I'm really thankful for everything. I'm far more thankful for this than I am for the fact that I have been able to gather excellent data at the same time.

You're probably aware of the fact that I finished my orals for a Ph. D. during my last furlough in the States. That leaves me with one short written exam, a thesis, & another oral. I plan to finish my thesis first & then write up in final draft all the case materials that I am offering in evidence & illustration. I have so much data that I can't possibly put it all

in my thesis. When that time comes, I hope to come to Berkeley to check over once again the pre-evacuation data. I doubt if I shall see you before that time as we shall probably return home — in a few months — via Seattle.

I sent out today, under separate cover, some silk handkerchiefs which I hope you will like. Didn't know how rare silk actually was until I sent some home & got a cry of joy from Joni. We have plenty of it here. I'll try to get a silk muffler & scarf to match.

Please give my very best wishes to W. L. & to Mrs. Wilson. Will write again presently. Please let me know if there is anything special that you need that I can get for you — data or goods. I'll try my best. Trusting that this finds you well & in excellent spirit. I am

Very sincerely yours,

Lou