

Happy New Year! Slept most of the day as we were all up rather late last night. <It's freezing cold outside; the radio said that it would be 8 degrees below zero tonight. Nice way to start the new year!> We started to get up around 2:30 this afternoon when Davy came over. He had been out all night with some of his friends. He said that he went to a small nightclub in the Loop which he frequents quite often to listen to R'd Allen and his band. <"I only had \$10.00 and it cost me 70 cents a coke. The beer and drinks were a dollar. I still have not broken my resolution. But last night was kind of sad. I didn't feel gay and happy. I went over to take Sunny out, but she wouldn't go out with me as she said that she had to work. I tried to get her to take the evening off from work, but she thinks more of money. She says that she is saving up to go into Cadet Nursing. That dame is just stringing me along. I don't care because I have met some other nice girls out here now. Dames are a waste of time anyway." Davey was feeling a little blue so we tried to cheer him up. He was soon back to his gay self.

Davy didn't move on Saturday as he planned, but he went down to pay the deposit on the room today. "Matshshita is not going to marry that white dame after all. He is just going to live with her so I will take over his room. He might get drafted pretty soon, that's why he went back to camp to visit his folks. If he gets drafted, I'm going to try and take over his job as a bartender. I heard that a guy by the name of Ken Morioka is opening up a restaurant and a bar, but I heard that he was a rat to work for. Endo told me. I have to quit my job at the produce plant pretty soon because it is too cold. I just can't stand it any more. I wear the long Johns you gave me, a wool shirt, two sweat shirts, a jacket and two pair of pants and I'm still freezing. It's too damn cold out there. I'll try to get a job with a

stencil company. It pays about \$1 an hour, but I won't be making as much as the job I have now. I don't care about that because it will be indoors and I won't freeze to death." > Davy < then went on to say ^{said} that he was planning to go back to camp in February as his indefinite trial leave period would be up by then and he would get his fare paid back to camp. Jack and I thought that he would be going back in defeat, but Davy felt that he could have more fun with the girls in camp and he would not have to work so hard. He knew that it would be dull back there, but he said that he had another reason for going. "My father wants me to come back sometime so that we can talk over family resettlement. I know that he will have to go back to California when the camp closes as he can't practice any other place."

< We didn't do anything today. Emiko did not have too much to say about the Nisei party she went too. "There was one Nisei soldier there and he was feeling so sorry for himself. I felt a little disgusted with him because he was trying to get everybody to pity him. The party lasted until about 4 : 00." Emiko had to go back to ward duty at the hospital early so that we had an early dinner. I cooked! Jack said that the Nisei party he went to was very quiet. "It was mostly people from the Northwest; about 8 couples. I was chasing the girls all over the place and giving them a big line, but they seemed to like it. None of them drank so that a soldier and I killed a rum bottle between us. I kissed one girl at midnight and she was so embarrassed. It was just a nice quiet party and none of the girls would go into the other rooms; they all stuck together in a bunch. Anyway, I can go to California with a clear conscience." >

Jack and I spent the evening talking. He wanted to know if

Mom felt like going back to California. I didn't think so as I thought that she would prefer to be near her children when she resettled. We didn't talk about definite plans for resettlement as Jack does not know what is going to happen to him, and he didn't want to get involved until he was in a better position. He thought that the solution might be for Mom and Miyako ~~xxxxMx~~ to go live with Alice as proposed, but I didn't think that this would be such a wise plan because (1) Alice should not be the one to get stuck since she has her own married life to live, and (2) I didn't want Mom to be a maid. On the other hand, there is really nothing definite that I can do. I will be able to take care of Tom, but I don't want to take a positive step until my draft status is cleared. I don't think I could support all three of them besides send Bette to school. Jack thinks I should make Bette go out and work so that she will have a better appreciation of money, but I would prefer to let her have a good college life even at the risk of spoiling her. I did promise to see her through school. We would also have a terrific housing problem if more members of the family came out. Tom's coming won't make any difference since Jack is leaving and I can stay at the same place. I would like to get a flat on the South Side, but that is rather hard. I told Jack that I would send Tom out to him if I got drafted as I didn't want him to live with Mariko, since we are not going to count her in on anything. She is willing, but too undependable. Further she has her own adjustments to make with George yet--which will take quite a while yet.

Jack thought that he would leave on Friday. He wants to finish up some cabinets and overnight boxes he is making for Emiko and Bette. I have to pick up the tools from George tomorrow. We planned to go and shop for my suit tomorrow as there will not be

another chance for this. Jack has to wash all of his clothes and pack yet. He wants to get into S.F. by the 20th of the month. He would leave earlier but he is going to wait out this week in the hopes that the WRA transportation money comes through. He has already quit his job. "None of the Nisei fellows at work are thinking of going back to California. But I think that they are interested because they have all asked me to write and tell them about the conditions out there. I will build it up for them because they only hear the bad side of it now. They all think that there will be a bunch of men at the border waiting to beat up any Nisei who tries to come back. I guess they have heard this from other Nisei and from some of the California newspapers. "

"I might try to get a job with the Kaiser shipyards. They want workers for the Oregon yards and they will pay the transportation back. I haven't seen any notices about bringing workers to SF on this same plan. I will be in camp for about a week and then I plan to take a couple of weeks off when I get back to S.F. so that I will not work again until well in Feb. I don't think I will have a hard time getting a job though. "

Jack shellaced some of the cabinets this evening and it stunk the apartment out. He threw open the windows and I almost froze. I had to jump into bed to keep warm. It's okay now as the room is aired out.

Pette phoned to say she was having a grand time and that she wanted to stay one more day. She will be home sometime tomorrow.

Jack and I went downtown early this morning to go shopping for my suit and some other things that Jack needed. We spent about 5 hours in Marshall Fields alone because we didn't know our way around and we practically got lost. The store had a post-Xmas sale so that all of the prices were marked down. We got into the men's clothing department and Jack suddenly discovered an overcoat which was cut down about one-third in price. I hadn't planned on getting a coat but it looked so good that I decided to take it. The floor manager came around and introduced himself. He said he knew quite a few Nisei boys on the South Side and he often had them over to his house to listen to recordings. He told us that the coat I had in mind was a very good bargain and the only one in the lot. I decided to take it before I changed my mind.

Then we started to look around for a suit on sale price. The floor manager sent a couple of his salesmen over to take care of us. There was a mob of customers in the store and we got service over all of them. I couldn't pick out a suit that I liked so we just hunted and hunted around the row of suits. Finally we found one which I liked very much. The salesman didn't think I should take that one because the coat was a little too long. We couldn't find a suit like that so the floor manager came over and suggested that I ask the tailor to take up the coat a little for an additional charge. He said that the store usually did not do that for the suits which were on sale. The overcoat and suit originally cost \$45 each and the manager said that they had just brought the stock down from the main room upstairs.

The rest of the day we walked around the different stores to buy some things that Jack wanted to take back to camp. He wanted to get a luggage piece so we went around and bargained for one.

Finally we ended up at Marshall Field again and a Jewish saleslady waited on us. We looked around in the \$26 luggage and Jack found one with a little scratch on the side so he took it to the saleslady and asked if there would be a reduction on the damaged goods. We bargained for a while with the lady and finally she called the floor manager and asked if she could reduce the suitcase. Jack told him that they would ruin the reputation of the store if they sold damaged goods at full price. The floor manager agreed with him and the net result was that Jack got a very fine piece of luggage for \$18.

Jack felt that since he made quite a savings, he would go around and shop for some things to take back to camp with him so I decided to purchase a few things also. We put all of the things in the suitcase and I was carrying it around. It got heavier and heavier. About 4 o'clock we finally got everything that we needed and I was practically exhausted and I told him to take the suitcase as I was going to see George about the tools. I got to thinking that Bette would want a ~~xxix~~ coat because she has been saying for some months now that she needed one. Bette has been quite good about it and she won't buy it unless I tell her it's okay. I didn't want her to be spending her money up unless absolutely necessary. I suggested to Jack that perhaps we could go in together and buy a coat for her for around \$40 or \$45 since Bette has been keeping house pretty efficiently. Our apartment got quite messy during the past few days while Bette was gone. Jack said that he would be willing to contribute half of the price for the coat so he thought he would go to work this evening. He still doesn't know for sure when he is leaving altho he thought it might be Monday now. He figured that if he worked 3 evenings this week, he could make

enough to pay for his share of the coat. I don't know whether I will be able to put out any extra money this month but I'll try to cut down on some of the other things. I spent over \$320 before my paycheck arrived and that isn't so good since it's twice as much as my regular income. But Xmas and other things made it necessary. We figure that we might as well buy the best quality of things since we don't do it very often. It's no use to buy cheap and inferior goods because it will soon be replaced. Jack thinks that he might go over to see Mariko before he leaves and suggest that she finish Bette's suit in time for Easter. Mariko will probably have some excuse for not working on it if I know her. >

I went over to pick up the tools about 4:30 this afternoon. George had just come back from looking for a job. He said that he still did not have any definite leads but he thought that a civil service opening might come through. The apartment over there looked a little messier since Eileen has not been around to keep house for them, but I may be prejudiced. < George could not return all of the tools to me since he had loaned Bob Takami the drill. Jack wanted the drill most of all because he needs it to finish the cabinets. George said that he would try to get it before the end of the week. We felt that we had been fair enough about the tools since we had loaned them for over 4 months now. I told George that I would let him have them back as soon as Jack was finished building. I also asked George if he still wanted to give me the suit which was too small for him. He was glad to do this when I told him that I was going to have George take it back to camp so that it could be refitted for Tom. The suit is of very good material and Tom will be needing a suit soon. I guess George gained quite a bit of weight since coming to Chicago because he said he had bought the suit just before the war and he had never worn it much.

George said that he had gone to the New Year's dance at the Kenwood Club and there were many drunk Nisei around celebrating the occasion. They stayed home yesterday to rest up. > I went over to see Toshi after leaving George in order to pick up my carton of cigarettes which Alice had sent down via Jack ~~xxx~~ Satow. Toshi said that she had sent some sheets to Alice because Alice was telling how hard it was to get on. I asked Toshi point-blank if Mark and Alice really were broke. Toshi felt sure that Alice had some reserve in the bank and that Alice was very thrifty and that's why she made a point of her financial condition all the time. "Actually Alice just means that she is having a difficult time with the allotment which she has on hand. < After this month she will be getting \$80 a month and she should be able to get on because there is a girl sharing the apartment with her. > A lot of the Nisei soldiers come over with my brother (Jack S.) and they always bring food. I understand Alice so that I knew she will get on. It's a habit for her to be very careful with her pennies."

< I told Toshi that I had sent word up to Alice for her to buy a bathinette because I didn't think the card table was strong enough for her to bathe her coming offspring on. > Toshi then went on to say that she plans to write to Alice and suggest in some way that it didn't look so good to have those Nisei soldier boys bringing things to her by giving out a sob story. She said that Mariko had done the same thing on Superior St. and that's the main reason why Albert never wanted to go over there. Toshi is very correct in what she says because I know just how it feels and I don't think that it is so good to ask guests to bring things with them when they are invited. I don't know why Mariko and Alice do that because it only reflects on them and people will think that they are cheapskates. If Alice hasn't the means to feed 8 and 10 people

dinners, then she shouldn't invite them over and expect them to bring the food. I think that Toshi will be able to hint about these things to Alice because I certainly don't want to be the one to write the letter as it would only cause resentment. It really isn't selfishness because Mariko and Alice are quite generous but sometimes they are a little forgetful and they impose on people. Mariko doesn't do it anymore except with us but that is understandable if it doesn't occur too frequently.

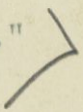
Toshi seems to be very well adjusted to life out here and she is very happy now that she has Albert William, Jr. to carry on the family name. "I hardly realize that I've been out here almost 2 years now. Lucy is beginning to talk like anything and Otto even taught her to say dammit. Mrs. Ikeda was quite shocked at this because she is a nice Christian woman. I'm getting \$100 a month Army allotment now so that I'm able to get along quite well. Albert will not be going overseas with his group yet because he has been kept behind to train new recruits. ~~The~~ Seventh Army is getting attacked by the Germans and some of my friends are greatly worried about this because they have relatives in the Nisei battalion. I wish that this war would hurry up and end so that Albert can come back to me. I'll never feel settled until he does. I'm quite worried about my parents in camp and I don't know how I could bring them out. ~~They~~ get an allotment through Mark but that wouldn't be enough for them to live on. None of my friends know what they are going to do when the camp closes up. I hear rumors that the camps will be closed up this spring but I won't listen to them. I'll just phone and ask if it's true or not because it will worry me too much if I believe every rumor that I hear."

Mrs. Ikeda spoke Japanese to me most of the time while I was there so I didn't know what she was saying. I know that she can

spēak very good English but she has fallen into the habit of speaking Japanese. <Toshi is the one who takes the trouble to speak to her in Japanese. Otto, Teddy and Dorothy speak only English. Lucy is learning Japanese through Mrs. Ikeda.> Mrs. Ikeda gave me some fruit cake that she had made over the holidays. Every time any visitors go over there, she invariably serves tea and cookies, which is some sort of a Japanese custom, I guess. <Mrs. Ikeda thinks that I am such a nice person because I take care of my sisters and she is always telling Otto to be like ~~him~~ me, that's why Otto gets on the defensive and he is always trying to find out my weak points in order to argue with his mother. The poor guy must take an awful beating!>

I arrived home just after Bette did. She said that she and Olga had taken the train down from Crystal Lake. ~~ax~~ Bette was very enthusiastic but tired after her 3-day visit up there. She said that she had so much fun. <She had a bandage on her shin because she fell off the sled and skinned it.> On New Year's Eve she went out dancing with some of the country boys. They went into a small town, McHenry, and all of the high school boys went around kissing the girls. Bette said they had never seen an oriental girl before so they all crowded around and wanted to kiss her so she let them. She said that Olga's father paid all of the expenses for the evening and Olga paid the train fare up. <"Olga's parents are going to open the Villa Club resort next week and it is such a nice place. I can hardly wait until next summer because I have been invited up there again. They seem to be well off because they have plenty of money to spend. Olga's mother is a wonderful cook and we were eating turkey and other big dinners every day. Olga's sister gained 20 pounds up there in one month. On New Year's Eve there were 23 people for dinner and I helped Olga and her sister do all of the

dishes. Her mother is very nice and I think that she likes me. The reason we stayed up there an extra day was that we planned to go into town for a show. The partner in the resort was going to take us but he double-crossed us so we all went upstairs and pouted. They sent me down to ask him but he said he was too tired. It was so much fun sitting around the fireplace. Olga and I read *Madam Bovary* to each other but we didn't get too far, so I guess we'll have to study hard to catch up with our homework. Olga isn't going to live on the campus this quarter since her father is all alone at home now. Her mother and the rest of the family will be up at the resort all winter. Olga wants me to go up some other week-end with her so we can go sledding and ice skating. Bea wrote down from Wisconsin and she wants me to stay with her during the first week of school but I think I'll be too busy. Betty Jean wants me to stay with her after she returns to college. I guess I'll have plenty of company after you and Jack are gone because I can have them come over with me and stay too."



It was a rather long day for me in the office and in the field, 14 hours. I dictated at the office most of the day and then went home to eat a hasty dinner before going out to interview Irene (CH-56). On the way home I stopped by to see Davey since he had left an urgent phone message for me yesterday. As soon as I entered, he announced the fact that he had been reclassified to 1-A. He was quite excited about this and he felt sure that he would be in the Army before long. He said he didn't care too much because all of the fellows were going in now. <Davey (CH-50) quite his job at the produce company yesterday. He said that his reclassification had nothing to do with it. The main reason why he quit, he said was that it was so cold that he couldn't stand it. He is flat broke now but he doesn't seem concerned about it. He was tooting away with his saxophone when I entered. He said he would get a job with Oscar Mayer, meat packing company, because he said that the wages for Nisei were between \$45 and \$60 a week there. He also mentioned that he might try to get in with some silk screen company similar to the type of job he held at Cuneo Press.>

Davey said that <he had no immediate plans for returning to camp. He feels that> he will go back ^{to camp} early next month as he has to wait until his trial indefinite period runs out before the WRA will pay his transportation back to camp. He felt that as long as he was going to get drafted soon anyway, he might as well go back and join his family. He said that he had to talk over family resettlement plans with his father eventually but he was in no position to do anything now as he was subject to selective service. Davey has been quietly moving some of his things from his room as he is moving over to North Clark St. where he has taken over Matsushita's room at \$3.50 a week. He hasn't told Mrs. Reynolds that he is moving out because he still comes back to pick up his mix mail. He

believes that he will have all of his belongings out of the room in a day or so and then he will disappear from sight. I thought that he should pay his back rent and suggested it to him but Davey said that he didn't have \$40 in the first place, and secondly, he felt justified in walking out because Mrs. Reynolds had over-charged him. He said that when he left the room for the last time, he planned to leave all the water running in the house and he would turn the electricity on in all the closets, wash room and other rooms. I told him that they don't pay the water bill here so he said he might stop ^{up} ~~over~~ the bathtub and let it overflow to get revenge. I don't think he will really do this but he is pretty sore as he feels that the landlady has taken advantage of him. I think that he has a good case because the landlady knows that the Nisei are having a hard housing problem so that she tries to get as much as possible. She recently raised the rent for the fellows \$2 a week. There is a Sato family living there now, 4 members, and they are paying \$124 a month rent just to sleep there. That certainly is exhorbitant. The Sato family has not been able to find any housing since their arrival here over a month ago. Mrs. Watanabe and her husband are still there too. Mrs. Watanabe mentioned that she might go to California for a visit in order to escape the cold winter months out here. She did not plan to go back there permanently since her husband felt that the economic opportunity would be limited. Mrs. Watanabe recently quit her job because her employer was going through the menopause stage and therefore she was extremely unstable emotionally. Mrs. Watanabe does not seem to be too worried about getting another job because she has several offers lined up. She is worried that she might get pneumonia out here so she is being very careful about protecting her health.

Louise mentioned earlier today that Mrs. Izumi of the WRA had

informed her that no money grants would be given for transportation out to California until after the 15th of this month. When Jack heard this news he decided to change his plans accordingly. He definitely will not wait until mid-January before leaving. Last night some fellow at the plant told him about a car for sale. Jack decided that perhaps he should buy a car and drive out because he would save money in the long run. ["] A fellow by the name of Kaz Unoki, who used to be an automobile salesman out in Los Angeles wants to sell his car for \$400. One of the Nisei fellows at the plant told me about it. Unoki recently bought a house out here so that he feels that he can't afford to keep up the car too. He bought the car for \$400 but he spent quite a bit of money to get it fixed up. ["] I'm going out there to look at it tomorrow. Even if I can't get anyone to come out with me and share the expenses, I'll still be saving money. ^{thru 6689} I think I'll be able to sell the car for \$600 after I get out to San Francisco. I'll be able to drive Dolores around in it too. Even if I get into a medical school, I'll still be able to sell the car and get my money back. Mr. Ingojo has 2 cars now and I think he plans to give us one of them. Another reason is that I'll be able to take all of my belongings with me and I can take the kids to Phoenix for a day or so when I go to camp. I'll have to seek if I can get special gas coupons in order to make the trip. I think that I'll be able to get them when I tell of my plans to change residence. I want to get out of Chicago by the 10th of this month at the very latest."

Jack wanted to know if I cared to make the trip with him but I decided against it since it wouldn't be much of a savings for me as I still would have to buy a return ticket on the train. I wouldn't be able to finish up my work by the 10th of this month either. I still have a couple of cases to complete and dictation

on 3 cases in all. I had thought that I would have plenty of time to read up on my cases but something tells me that I am going to be a little rushed this month. I feel very uneasy if I don't keep busy because I took so much time off last month, not entirely my fault because of cancellation of interviews due to Xmas holidays.

This evening I spent about 6 hours over Irene's place. She was very talkative this time. Apparently she misses her husband very much because he has just returned to the Army camp from his last furlough and will be going overseas in a few days with the Nisei battalion group. Irene said that they had spent quite a bit of money during his last stay here because the future was so unpredictable. Now she is beginning to worry about finances and she hopes to be able to start saving from this month on. She used up all of her savings during her husband's recent furlough. Irene (CH-56) said she had to use her allotment money in order to pay for her rent, \$42.50. She feels that she can't take another girl in because the place is so crowded now. It takes her \$120 a month salary at McClurg's Company as a stenographer to pay for her other living expenses. She has a very good Caucasian girl friend down there the same age whose husband is in the South Pacific. The girl has been with McClurg for 7 years and she is the manager of Irene's department. The two of them go together every place.

Irene said that there were still about 300 Nisei working at the company. She was a little disappointed because the Nisei workers didn't seem to mix very much and she felt that this was the reason some of the Caucasians felt that the Nisei outnumbered the white workers. Irene claims that the company had a policy of not hiring Negroes and Jews. Some Jewish workers had been hired recently but there still are no Negroes in the plant according to Irene. She feels that the post-war period will be most disastrous

for the Nisei workers as most of them will lose their jobs. Irene knows the president of the company fairly well and she almost became an assistant secretary to his office so that she feels that her job is more permanent. However, Irene has indefinite plans for the future because everything depends upon whether her husband comes back or not. I met Bill last month and he seems to be a very sensitive type of person who doesn't exactly look like a soldier type. Bill finished his university work at Loyola but he was unable to get into medical school before he was drafted. His younger brother, George, with whom I worked up in the country in 1941, is now finishing his first year at the medical school in Washington University. Bill feels that he will be able to get his medical education through the Army bill of rights.

Irene said that she would go wherever her husband wants to go. She seems to be a rather independent individual and she has more self-confidence than her husband. She has been on her own since coming from Hawaii so that she is not as timid as many of the Nisei wives whose husbands have been drafted out here. Irene said that she would like to go back to Hawaii as her sister recently got a job for \$200 a month. The inflated wages seem to attract Irene very much and she does not consider the higher living costs on the islands. Irene definitely wants to break away from her in-laws. She had a continuous conflict with her in-laws throughout her camp experiences so that she was most anxious to get away.

Her in-laws were both Japanese school teachers in Los Angeles and rather prominent in the community. The father-in-law was a member of the board of the Japanese hospital in Los Angeles. Irene felt that her in-laws were most conservative and they made her life very difficult. She had been married only a few weeks before evacuation so that it was rather hard for them to be crowded in with 4

other members of the family in a 20 by 20 barrack. On top of that Mrs. S. resented Irene very much because she was so possessive about her son. The conflict was intensified when the whole family went to Gila and Irene and Bill were unable to get an apartment of their own due to the intense housing shortage. They only had a sheet to separate them from the rest of the family. Mrs. S. thought it was indecent for them to have marital relations so that they had to sleep apart during the first few months at Tulare. Mrs. S. also resented Irene because she did not feel that her daughter-in-law knew enough about the Japanese traditions and customs. She was ashamed of Irene in front of her Issei friends. The whole Block 49 people were against her because she wore shorts. She didn't dare to smoke at all because that would have indicated that she was an unmoral woman! Even when Irene and Bill held hands while walking to the mess hall the block people disapproved of this because they felt that it was too brazen. On top of that Irene doesn't speak Japanese so that she didn't get along with the Issei. She had a continual conflict with her mother-in-law because Bill helped her with the housework. Mrs. S. thought it was a disgrace for any man to be doing wife's duties. It mortified her when Bill went right out in public to help Irene with the laundry.

The final blow-off to this conflict came during the registration period in early February, 1943. Bill and Irene still had not been able to get separate quarters. The parents wanted Bill to answer 'no' to the questionnaire because they felt that the Nisei should not be asked to serve in the Army after being evacuated and citizenship rights stripped away. Irene felt he had no other choice but to answer 'yes' and she thought this was the only way she could get out of camp. She had become less bitter about evacuation when she found there was a chance to resettle. Bill was torn in between

and hardly knew what to do. He finally decided to answer 'yes' because he was desperate about finishing college. They left camp in March before registration was completed for all the people. Irene was censured severely by Mrs. S. and the other Issei in the block as she felt that she was sending her husband out of camp to volunteer to the Army and therefore was being sent to a certain death. Irene doesn't write to her in-laws now and she never wants to see camp again. The family owns property in California under Bill's name but she doesn't want to live with them again. For a year she supported her husband while he completed his undergraduate work at Loyola.

Irene used to work in the next office to mine at Gila but I don't recall seeing her before. She said that she saw me many times going back and forth. She had heard that I was a marked man among the Kibei during the time I had gone around trying to get members into the JACL. She said that the Issei looked up to the Kibei because they knew Japanese well and that it was this group who did most of the agitating. She felt that the Nisei at Gila were very conservative because they came from the rural areas and they were afraid to stand up for themselves. She feels that the resettlement was the best thing that ever happened to the Nisei because they have to go on their own now. However, she is a little worried that they are segregating themselves right now. She wondered why they had to go to movies in bunches. She said that it was not a matter of being ashamed of their Japanese blood but for practical reasons the Nisei should attempt to make Caucasian contacts now because they would need these friends in the post-war period when jobs become scarcer. I will interview Irene next Wednesday and probably finish up. She told me quite a bit of her early days in Chicago this evening. >

The first bad news of 1945 in a personal way is that Bette got a grade of F in Humanities. She flunked utterly and completely. Bette was very discouraged with this and she tore her hair in remorse for a while after serving me a delicious dinner so I would not get sore. I should have been suspicious. Bette just can't understand how it happened. She thought that she would at least get a passing grade. Now she is convinced that she is dumb, that it was a waste of money to pay for her education, that she will never get her AB in two years <that her adviser will say "I told you so." > Bette hasn't received the rest of her grades yet, but she is sure that she failed all other courses. <She said that Olga called her into the room today, closed the door, and whispered that she had flunked Humanities. Bette said she did too so they wept on each other's shoulders and consoled each other. Olga graduated from High school with very high marks. >

Bette was feeling very blue this evening so I told her that this initial failure should be a challenge to her. Bette decided that she would just have to try harder this quarter so she gathered her books together immediately after dinner and she has been studying ever since. No radio, no bustling around, not a peep out of her all evening. There is one ray of hope. If she passes the comprehensive exams at the end of the term, that will be her grade for the whole year's work in the course. Bette is very pessimistic about it now, but I think she will bear down. <to 6692> She really was shocked when she got the news and now she is positive that she will flunk all her other courses so that she is a little afraid to pick up her grades.

I really am at a loss as to where the difficulty lies. It certainly could not be because Bette is dumb. I think that perhaps it may be due to not knowing the best methods of study.

It's quite a jump from the high school level to the U. of Chicago. The courses may be a little intensified so that Bette did not catch on during the first quarter. She was so busy doing all of the assigned reading that she did not have time to study her notes when the final came around. There is no use in my giving her a lecture because I am sure that she has learned her lesson and she will pick up in her grades from now on. Bette said that quite a few other classmates got F's. There is no need for her to cut down on her school activities as long as she learns to study efficiently. I do think that Bette made the mistake of neglecting her studies completely every weekend. I told her that she could not afford to do this very well in college because the courses were intensified and there was a lot to learn. The U. of Chicago tests are all on factual data, learning incidental dates and things like that, so I fail to see where the students have to use reasoning powers much. It's the same old weakness of our educational system and the U. of Chicago does not seem to be any different from the other colleges in this respect. The only difference is that the students have to learn a greater amount of material in a shorter period of time. Maybe it is poured on too fast to be thoroughly digested.

I dictated at the office all day long. Togo wants Louise to type up the JACL white paper for him so that I made plans to arrange the schedule so that this could be squeezed in. I had better hurry up and wind up my current cases so I can do a little review work on case reading before going west. I'm going to be more rushed than I suspected. I should finish well in time as I am not planning to take on a new case before the Berkeley trip. Frank is still at work on his magnificent

opus on "ule Lake. He is a thorough worker and he is redoing some of the writeup now as he is not completely satisfied with it yet. He will use the report for his Phd. thesis too. He gave me a copy of his MA thesis published by the U. of Washington in 1939, "Social Solidarity of the Japanese in Seattle." I am certainly glad that the Japanese solidarity has been broken down since, because it was based entirely upon Japanese traditions and not suited to American life. Perhaps it gave the Japanese communities on the coast a solidarity, but I think it acted more as a weight around the necks of the Nisei. And yet, there is such a movement over here to revive this sort of ghetto life. Some things I just can't understand! I fail to see how all of these Japanese institutions are going to make the adjustments any better. It will help some, but I think it will hinder more. The Japanese economic institutions have always been a frustrating sort of thing and it will be the same if revived out here. I think that the Nisei are lucky to have this opportunity to break away from the restrictive Japanese family institution with all of its holds of tradition. The Nisei are fortunate that they were weaned away from it by force. The Japanese family system was the greatest factor in preventing the Nisei from getting Americanized. I don't think that the group will become completely disorganized without the close Japanese family system such as existed on the Coast. The Japanese religious institutions, the Japanese Language schools, the Japanese clubs, the Japanese ken clubs and associations, and the Japanese newspapers all contributed to the community solidarity, but I think the Nisei are well rid of these things now. They will actually develop better personalities if they do not have the conflict of culture with the elders who still are not willing to give up control.

The one good thing the evacuation did do was to break up the old Japanese community and that was the best thing that ever happened to the Nisei. They were able to discover America as a result of it and their economic and social opportunities were infinitely broadened. Most of the Nisei do not realize this yet, but they will in time. But it gets me so damned gripped when there is a movement to revive the old ghetto type of segregated living., that's what it amounts to in the final analysis. The resettlers just can't revive some parts of the old Japanese community life and not expect the rest to follow or be forced upon them in time. I suppose there were some good aspects to the existence of a Japanese community solidarity in the past, but the oppressive intimacy of it far outweighed any good that it did.

All this triade just because Bette got an F in Humanities and disturbed my mind! Bette just went "shh" because I chewed a piece of candy loudly! >

Jack is out wolfing yet, but I think that he is definitely going to buy the car. He went over to pick up our drill from Bob Takame so that he could finish up the vanity chests he is making for Emiko and Bette. He must have bought 50 pounds of rice today because it was delivered to our apartment. There is a certain cultural level to our happy home which is lacking when Jack is not around making his furniture and things. His frequent remarks gives our home the dignity of a ~~labor~~ laboring man's apartment. Whenever Jack makes a slight mistake, he mutters the quaintest phrases, such as Dogbite my pecker; Oh.S---, oh dear!; and other choice assortments of gentle words. His poetic spirit really comes out when he hits his finger with a hammer. Bette acts like a lady on these occasions and she plays deaf. After all, she is a college lady now!

to 6700
Mariko phoned this evening to ask why we did not come over to visit her on New Year's day. I said that it was too cold to go out and nobody had given us the message anyway. Mariko went on to say that she was thinking of inviting us over to dinner before Jack left, with her paying all the expenses now that the Christmas holidays were over! She said that she rarely got to talk to any of us when we came over. That is because she is too busy entertaining other people whom she invites. Mariko added: "I haven't been able to get any rest this week yet because I am so busy doing the shopping and cooking after work. Today I had to wait in the cold while seven cars went by. I got to the store just about six and they usually let me in because they know that I don't have any other time to shop. George is still taking it easy and he doesn't do anything. He is like me when I loafed around. He says it takes him all morning to empty the garbage and do a few simple things around the house so that he does not start looking for a job until late afternoon. I think he goes to sleep after I leave for work. I want him to hurry up and get a job before he gets too lazy. He doesn't feel sleepy at night and he keeps me up so that I am practically a nervous wreck these days." I asked Mariko if she had thanked her friends for Christmas presents, but she said she just didn't have time to write any letters. She has not written to Mom in months.

Mariko let the secret out that Bob Takame and Helen Matsunaga were secretly married a couple of months ago. Bob has been working on the in-laws because they disapprove of him yet. He goes to the same church and acts like a model boy. That's why he borrowed our drill, so he could do some building in their apartment. The in-laws are almost ready to accept him now so the announcement of engagement will be made soon. They will go thru the marriage ceremony all over again for the benefit of the parents!

Later.

~~Bette~~ Jack decided not to buy the car after all. Kaz Unoki, the fellow who was supposed to sell it to him, decided that he would wait until spring to dispose of the car since it took an hour and a half to commute to work to the north side. He also has an invalid sister that requires transportation. Kaz told Jack that he didn't like to sell a defective car to a Nisei and he thought that the rear axle was shot and would not stand under a transcontinental trip. This changes Jack's plans so that he decided to leave Sunday night if he can get the train ticket. He went over to pick up the drill from Bob Takami this evening but it had been loaned to a girl on the South Side. Jack dropped in on Mariko and he said that we were invited over for dinner on Saturday night. Jack phoned the automobile dealers to find out if he could drive out a car to the coast, but the OPA has made a regulation that no gasoline for this purpose will be issued.

Jack said that George was still hunting for a job and Mariko was getting a little impatient. Mariko wants to quit work and takes it easy after George gets a job but he wishes her to continue working. Jack was amused when he heard George soliloquizing about all the housework he had to do before looking for a job. "Let's see now, I have to empty the garbage can, take the laundry out, put my clothes away, and wash the dishes. Then I'll go look for a job. This housework is getting me down."

Jack and I talked with Bette in regard to her courses. Bette was really feeling quite badly about it. Jack suggested that she give up all shows and other activities until she got adjusted to the school but I don't think it has to be that drastic.

Attached a letter from Warren.

27 December 44

Dear Chas,

Your Xmas card and letter were exactly 15 days in coming. Two days late for Xmas, but happily received nevertheless. Was pleasantly surprised, also, to find a V-mail from Bette. Hereafter, I'll have to keep my letters "as clean as driven snow".

Any day you want, Chas, I'll trade ruts with you. When I think that about a dozen of us shared two (2) cans of beer on Xmas Eve, then any kind of a rut but mine seems to pleasant to be true.

Actually I've no kick coming. As you so often like to say, I'm "adjusting" myself "psychologically" to field living in the Philippines. One rapidly becomes accustomed to monotonous diets and to doing without indispensable, civilized conveniences from hot water for shaving to sitting at a table and eating rather than squatting about on the ground and eating our swill like pigs.

Compared to the guys in the front lines, there being always someone worse off than we are, we're leading soft lives. Our bivouac area is cool, free from dust and mud and generally pleasant. We have electric lights, and tonight had our first movie, an Abbot and Costello "oldie". The Japanese do not bother us except for occasional air raids when the greatest danger is not from them but from our own falling flak.

The hours are still long, but have lost some of their monotony. We work smoothly now instead of disjointedly as before, and that may account for the difference. We can see the little pieces of information that we collect from documents and PW's fitting nicely together and becoming a part of the general picture. It's not thrilling work but at least interesting.

Thomas Ybarra used to write nasty poems (for a small coterie of privileged friends) which he later clean up and sold for the New York Times for sums ranging from three to five dollars. If you'll do the same, I'll send you some coconuts, the postage for which will come from the remuneration from the poems. Otherwise, you can still read them yourself and continue to blush. As for the Filipinos, they wouldn't appreciate anything like that, altho the GIs would. The GIs, who are naturally feeling frustrated, prolifically create them like one possessed. I don't know why the movies and Cosmopolitan portray us GIs as being noble in spirit and pure of heart when actually we are pretty brutish in our sentiments and feelings. I've tried to bring this out in a story I've been working on and think I've succeeded; however, it could never be printed while the war is going on. It'd be regarded as subversive.

I know very little about Nisei draftees and fatalistic attitudes. However I gather from letters and the Nisei press that this is generally true.

The guys with me are nearly all volunteers. You know, the guys who were laughed at as being suckers. We none of us went in with

fatalistic attitudes. We weren't grasping at the last straw. It was not a question of the "draft board has got you so there's nothing you can do".

However, if this is what you mean by "fatalistic attitude", I think it's generally true among draftees. In a way it's true of all draftees. But it's more marked among the Nisei. There's a one sentence anecdote I heard the other day about draftees. It seems this guy was very patriotic, willing to give his all for his country, and he was also trapped by the draft board.

My brother writes to me about the resignation with which Issei regard the draft. I read in the PC about the Nakadate case. It all seems to add up to your observation.

What the hell in Tom the Saint going to be, an infantryman? He probably made the adjustment from civilian to soldier with above-average ease since he seems to have led a well disciplined life while a civilian. When I think of Tom I always think of card catalogues. You remember that small, steel cabinet-file I bought in Berkeley? That was inspired by Tom. He'll probably end up at Savage with the rest of us typewriter commandos.

Even I could see you had a psychological block against Japanese, though "they" probably didn't say it but you did. What ever happened to your plan to become a psychiatrist-lieutenant? Brass comes in handy in the Army and of course carries great prestige value. I've heard a dozen EM give a dozen different reasons as to why they didn't accept commissions, and none of them was telling the truth. What the hell, you've got the stuff, and digging fox holes would be pure waste of time. Maybe you have your own reasons; I don't know. And then the Army have have its reasons.

Saint Doi seems to distress you. I guess some guys just have to bitch to keep in shape. In the meantime, send the Saint my best regards and tell him that I'll meet him in Tokyo with a legitimate bitch.

"They read the Trib, vote for Dewey and hate labor unions". I've interrogated PWs with more social consciousness than that. But in a way I guess it ~~was~~ almost inevitable. ~~But~~ It seems to me Nisei want most of all security; a middle class security, a home in the suburbs, a white collar job and Sundays off for a ride in the country. Why take chances with unknowns who might queer their dreams? It's best to be safe rather than take a chance.

I'll start blowing my top if I don't watch out--and on your time. So I'll cut this letter short right here. This took me all of last night and part of this morning to write since I've had to go on all sorts of errands from interrogating prisoners to raking the general's yard.

"Hello" to Louise. Of course I don't expect an immediate answer, if that will ease your conscience any.

Wang

It was snowing all day today. I felt quite tired as I went to the office early for a change and by the time I got home from my interview with George A., ch-58, it was after midnight. It makes me feel much better to be on the go though. I was quite surprised to receive a Christmas/^{gift} subscription from Mrs. Shuman for the third year now.

Our house is in a mess because Jack will not allow Bette to clean up while he is building things as he fears that she will hide the tools. He finished up the things tonight. Bette was busy with her reading all day. She wrote a letter to Wang. He told her that all the Japanese soldiers claimed they were "unconscious" when captured. It is amazing that they have more of a will to die than to live; what fanatics.

I dictated until about two this afternoon and then went down to the station to meet Eileen. George was there also to help carry the bags. I was glad to see Eileen as I sort of missed her. She had a wonderful time at home and she enjoyed her trip. She said that Alice was going to have her baby next Wednesday, but she was being quite calm about the whole thing. Mary is in Honolulu now, she thinks. Eileen talked over the proposed teaching job with her father and she decided not to take it. Her father wants her to continue on with her MA and he is willing to pay the expenses. Eileen is not definite about what she is going to do, but she thinks that she will get an afternoon job and really try to save money. She said that her father was quite upset because she was doing so much work at Mariko's. He told her that she did not want her to be a domestic worker and run herself down like that. Eileen had a nervous breakdown once when she was just starting college up in Minot.

George was very amusing as he was worried that we would make too much of a mess around the kitchen: "Doggone it, don't get

too many dishes dirty because I have to wash and dry them all by myself. I'm sure glad that you are back, Eileen. Mariko has been in a dither since you left. I guess I'd better take that laundry down today before she gets sore. Wait until after I get back to work, then I won't wear an apron anymore. Mari wants to quit work after she gets enough money to buy some clothes, but I would like her to keep on for a while."

Eileen mentioned that she is going to try and get the apartment on the north side because she just couldn't do all that work around Mariko's anymore. She said that she did not tell her family all about it and did not mention it to Alice at all. Alice sort of guessed and wondered how Eileen was able to manage Mariko. We ate her pot roast and I bet she gets mad at me. Her bark is worse than her bite though. Just because I gave George a haircut, Mariko said it looked lousy and she made George go to a barber this time. George said that if he had told her Jack cut his hair, Mariko would not have said anything! Mariko is just like a spoiled child sometimes.

This evening I went over and interviewed George A., ch 58, for several hours. He was rather tired from all of his activities so that we went along slower than usual. He is so anxious to cooperate with me. He left a meeting to get home for the interview. He is connected with some sort of a youth movement now and they are planning to hold some sort of a meeting soon. George feels that this sort of thing will make young people more labor conscious. He has dropped out of the Relocation Committee and he does not have any more contacts with Nisei groups. The Relocation Committee had Mayeda behind it and Shirrell was pulling the wires from behind the scenes. The group dissolved, or is inactive now, because nobody knew what to do. George decided that the

program of trying to help the Nisei to integrate as a group was not very practical so that he is going ahead to see what he can do as an individual. He is also active in church and other clubs. On top of that he has been helping to organize the employees at the War Labor Board into the Federal employees union. George is quite strong on the Union idea and he would like to have some connection with it. He is attending evening classes at the Y College in order to broaden himself and finish up his AB degree.

George believes that the Nisei will not have a serious economic problem right after the war, but that it will come about 3 or 4 years later. He isn't sure whether there will be segregation here or not as he views that present developments as in a state of flux and it could still go either way. He is a bit disappointed that the Nisei will not make more efforts to integrate, but he thinks that sex is at the root of it since the majority of the resettlers still have the attitude that integration means forced biological union with caucasians and they are opposed to that. I am finding this interview most satisfactory since George sees many things in the same way that I do. I will probably finish him up next Friday nite. His roommate, Kiyo, is leaving on monday for Manzanar to visit his folks for a while before he gets called from the Reserves. >

Jack is going to leave on Sunday. I have to go down and get the tickets for him tomorrow. He still has to do all of his packing tomorrow. He went out to wolf with some dame who had his drill. He never saw her before so he got all dressed up. When he got there, he found out that she was a married woman. < The girl told him that her brother was killed in action and her husband is in the So. Pacific. She was griped because most of the Nisei were so complacent about the war effort. (him 6703)

story: "My brother George is 20 now, but he registered in camp in December 1942. But he has no draft card so now they are saying that he never registered. When he was living in South Lyon, Michigan he wrote to the Detroit Wayne County Board to ask about it. That was in September 1944. They told him that they had received no record of his registration so that they advised him to register with the draft board in Chicago when he came here. My brother is a bit slow so that he let it go until Jan 15 and then he got worried so he went to find out about it. That is why he is in jail now.

"I'm pretty sure that he registered in December 1942 but the FBI has sent a lot of teletypes out and they can't find and record of it. Mr. Miller of the high school registered him; I am pretty sure of that because I was the timekeeper of the high school then. My brother never did get a card saying that he was drafted. He registered again in Feb. 1942 that time they were asking for army volunteers. I remember because I told him to say 'yes-yes'."

"In January 1944 my brother resettled to So. Lyon, Michigan and he had an indefinite leave. He was a little worried about his draft status because everyone began to say that the Nisei were going to get drafted. He didn't do anything about it until summer, and the Wayne Co. Draft Board did not answer him until September. By that time he was down here working at Cuneo press so he didn't take care of the matter. I told him to do it once in a while, but he didn't go to the WRA office to find out until last week. He was getting pretty worried about it by then. The attorney at the WRA, Mr. Joyce, told him to go see the FBI. They checked and found that there was no record of him so that they put him in jail. I didn't find out for a whole week

where he was. I phoned Cuneo press and they said that he had not been at work. I didn't know what to do so I went to the Police station and they sent out a call for missing persons. Then the day before yesterday, I found out where he was and I have been running around ever since then trying to do something for my brother. I don't want to let my folks in camp know because they will only worry. >

"I went to the hearing yesterday and they told me that it looked bad for my brother because they had checked with the Tulare, Phoenix, Florence, and Detroit draft boards and no record could be found. The U. S. District Attorney was very stern and harsh and he said that draft evasion was a serious charge. My brother was put on \$2000 bond, but I can't raise that kind of money to bail him out so that I guess he will have to stay in jail until his trial comes up. But I don't want him to get sent to prison so maybe he'd better volunteer into the Army if he gets a chance.

< "I didn't know what to do next so I went to see Mr. Joyce at the WRA and he only scolded me for letting my brother go for 18 months without getting a draft card. He said that nothing much could be done. I wrote to Mr Miller at Gila to see if he could remember about the missing records. I'm sure my brother did register. They will send him to prison if they do not find any definite proof of his record of registration. The trial comes up in a week or so and I don't know what I can do about getting a lawyer or anything. They will appoint a court lawyer but I don't think he would have much chance that way. I don't have any money to hire a lawyer by myself. >

I didn't exactly know what to do since the evidence looked against the brother. I thought that there was a slight chance that

the Civil Liberties committee might help out since there was the element that the boy had registered and therefore he is being held unjustly. I phoned Mr. Latimer but he was not home.

<His wife said that he was out investigating the anti-semitic riot which had broken out after one of the high school games.>

I told Mrs. Latimer the story and she did not think that there was much chance. <I wondered where bail could be raised and she suggested that the Friends had a fund for Co's. I didn't think this would do at all. Mrs. Latimer^{She} felt that the boy had been very negligent and the evidence was all against him. She wanted to know why he did not push the matter of getting a draft card since she should have known that it was a serious charge to be a draft ~~xxxxxxx~~ delinquent. <She said that the civil liberties could not buck the FBI very well and that the boy made it hard for other Nisei.>

I wasn't getting very far so I reminded her that ~~th~~ we were not trying the boy and that the brother was looking for help since it was too late to lock the doors after the horses were out. I thought that Mr. Latimer might be able to help him on the slight chance that he really did register in camp and the records were lost. She agreed that this was true so we made arrangements for Scotty to phone up Mr. Latimer in the morning for an appointment. I'm sure that he won't pass the buck but will try to trace down all the evidence. That is where it stands now.

<The thing which puzzles me is how the boy got out of camp with an indefinite leave if he did not register during Feb and March 1943? I've always understood that no person until recently could get out unless cleared by the Army. That leads me to the conclusion that he must have registered. Scotty's brother may have been ignorant about the law in regard to carrying

a draft card, which is no excuse, but there are certain ~~xxxxxxxx~~ tennatory circumstances in his favor. He showed good intentions when he tried to find out his status in Detroit. Scotty showed me the answer to that letter. Then, he did go to the FBI of his own free will to find out his status and he was picked up at that time. He must have registered in Feb. 1943 and that could count as an actual registration, if I am not mistaken. But if the court wants to be severe with the boy it could very well do so on the basis of the present evidence, which does look suspicious. Scotty excuses his brother on the basis that he is a little slow upstairs. It might be true since the boy sat in jail for a week before making an attempt to contact his brother, claiming that he did not know the phone number. On the other hand, he might have been very frightened and confused so that he didn't know what to do. It will be interesting to find out what does happen, but I will be on my way to the coast before then.) I hope that Latimer will be able to do something to help him out. If the boy deliberately tried to evade the draft, that is another question and he will have to pay the penalty. But that is for the jury to decide and he has to be presumed innocent until prooved otherwise. That is why I objected to Mrs. Latimer's remarks before she even knew all the facts in the case. Her husband is much more just in those things. A woman is likely to be too emotional. (generalization!)

Well, one more day until I leave for Berkeley. I had good intentions of reading some cases at the office, but my mind was wandering so I typed up my notes instead. < Frank is working away very diligently. Michie wouldn't even kiss me goodbye when she came in here. She just blushed furiously! Such is life. > Mariko phoned a short time ago and she was worried about Bette being alone all month. I didn't think that it was very practical for Bette to go stay with Mariko on the north side and I told her that Bette would be able to carry on alone since she had a lot of plans and she would be busy with her homework and school. I was wondering why Mariko phoned when she said that Helen Sumida, a girl from Gila, was attending the University now and she ~~was~~ was hunting for a place to stay on the south side. Mariko had told her that she might be able to stay with Bette for a month while I was gone. I told Mariko that this would not be possible since it would interfere with Bette's plans for having friends over. Mariko thought it would not be very practical for Bette to have boys over while staying there alone. I told her that I had full confidence in Bette and besides she would have BJ and some other girls over. I said that Bette would also be staying on the campus at times because of her two hour job. When I told Bette Mariko's suggestion, she got a little excited and said that she didn't want Mariko to try and control her life next month because she was too busy with school. < *thru 68 28* She said that it would be too much distraction anyway if Mariko tried to plan everything for her. I agreed on that, but I told her that Mariko meant well because she was concerned. I'm sure that Bette will do very nicely since she won't be alone at all.

Mariko also mentioned on the phone that she would like me to lend the carpenter tools to George again. I said that I would not mind if he did not keep them indefinitely like the last time. I should have said that I would lend them if she would finish Bette's suit, but she is very sensitive and on the defensive about it so I didn't want to disturb her. I don't see why she couldn't send the suit out to a dressmaker and get it finished if she is that busy, which she isn't. She won't allow Eileen or anyone else to touch it though so the suit hangs in the closet feeding moths. She claims that Bette got fatter since she first measured the suit so that it has to be taken apart and refitted. What an excuse! Bette hopes that she will be able to get it by Easter now and if not then, she would be most happy to get it for her birthday next July! I believe that it was last August that Mariko started on the suit and it was promised for the opening of School on September 17. It does seem to be a slightly long wait for a suit, but there are always excuses.

Mariko said that the reason she wanted to borrow the tools was to help George's morale; "He doesn't have a thing to do in the evenings so he gets restless. He has read most of the books you loaned us, but sometimes he just paces and that gets on my nerves. It makes me feel that he just wants to get away from me and go out and get drunk. I thought that if he had the tools, he would take more interest in our home and build some more of the things that have to be done. I won't criticize his carpentry skills either." Since it will be for a noble cause, I will not object to lending the tools again, but I shall demand them back when Tom comes out here next summer or fall. That should be enough time for George to finish his building. And he will have to come and get the tools this time.

Charles aikuchi
Insert:
Jack's letter

Diary

Jan 26, 1944

6826

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Jan. 14, 1945

Dear E, C, B:

What a commotion around here with all the kids working on the weenie bake preparations. Tom is having a hard time getting the kids to cooperate, but is doing pretty well as chairman, except he is doing most of the work. Tom isn't working any more as they now have an old man doing the job.

Mom says she is in no special hurry to leave here and plans to stay here another summer. The heat isn't so bad since we have the cooler. Tom says the cooler works much better than most of the hundred dollar coolers.

Mrs. Yamauchi, the optometrist, isn't working at the clinic as she says she can't get the welfare department to give her someone to take care of her girl. Yet she has plenty of time to leave her little girl locked up and then go play golf. She's making money on the side by fitting glasses. "I'm doing it on the sly so I can send some money to my brother in college. I have all of my machinery and I don't know how long I can get away with it, but I gotta make some money." In addition to the income on glasses, she gets clothing allowance, etc. She still imposes on everyone and mom says she demands all sorts of things including tools from nuts to saws from the welfare department. and she gets them. Her little daughter isn't permitted to speak a single word of English, and when she does, she is punished. None of the kids can understand the little girl's technical terms for common things.

Miyako says; "Tom is sure getting to be a wolf. He whistles at the girls now."

Tom: "Aw, that is not being a whistle. It's only a courtesy

whistle.'

Everyone contributes 7 cents a month donation for the hospital workers for their work. Doctors get \$60, nurses \$10, nurses aid \$5, etc. The man next door and Koseiki refused to be coerced into this voluntary donation, so that the whole block has branded them as cheap skates. The money is to entice the doctors to stay and not relocate.

....

Miko, I'm enclosing a dollar for one of those hospital watches. If you wish to supply the other one and Chas the third, you can send mom the watch. She works in the nursery and she has to take the clock with her or there is no way of telling the time. Mom got a permanent yesterday so Tom says he is going to tell pop that she has a new boy friend. He also says she looks fifty years younger.

Miyako's saddle shoes fits her roomy fine. Dom didn't like saddles because when G. W. had a pair, everyone said it looked like curombo shoes so he dyed them all brown.

Mom finally planted a couple of trees in front, but 74-1-A is still the barest looking place in camp. Last night we all went to the movies at the amphitheater. It wasn't cold at all in the open and I was thinking what a contrast it was to the weather in the east. I took Beverly to the show as she seemed quite bored with the dullness of camp. ...

Miyako: "Last summer we went to the Indian house to buy tamales and the man can't even count. We said how much and he said .10 cents each. So Masaye bought seven and I bought 5 and he said, okay .65 cents. Gee they sure are hot. You have to take one bite and then eat three or four pieces of bread."

Jack.

Jan 24, 1945

Dear family:

Just a few lines to let you know that all is well and both Mark Jr. and I are well and will soon be back home--where I can play with him to my heart's content.

So far, here's the low down --arrived at the hospital at 1:30am, after going to a special service at St. Mark's Episcopal Church right near our house--to hear Jack and all the kids sing in the 100 voice choir--they are so proud of it and although I hadn't seen them in person, I've heard them several times on the radio and they really sounded very good especially since the acoustics of the church were good. It was quite a crowded affair and after the service, we all trooped downstairs of the church for coffee and do-nuts. Everyone was so surprised to see me there as they knew the baby was due on the 10th and here it was the 17th. Jack & etc.. came home and ate sandwiches and co kes. We finally went to bed at 12--May and I--as the boys left at 11--and a few minutes later my labor pains started with a backache. I let May get into bed and just about fall asleep and then asked her if she would call the Doc and ask him what I should do--wait till morning or go to the hospital. He suggested coming right over, so we got dressed and walked over in the still of the night in the deep snow. I still felt fine and when the pains started at intervals of 10 minutes apart first and then 4 and 3, I thought I'd have it easy, but I was fooled, and had 18 agonizing hours with the pains coming 2 1/2 minutes apart the last few hours--they only last about 30 seconds, but they certainly felt. I was so exhausted from the pains that I was only half conscious by the time they took me to the delivery room, and out cold before the baby started its debut. The nurses said I was the quietest person about the pains ~~bbough~~ though--and no one in this room heard me, even though the labor room is next door and the head of the bed right next to our wall. Since I've been here, I hear women moan and scream and I am surprised no one heard me as I moaned a lot. The funny thing about it is that as soon as they showed me the baby, all the pain and discomforts of the past nine months vanished and made everything all right. Now, I can't recall anything previous to the delivery--and each time they bring the baby in, it makes me feel I could go through a lot more than I did with such a reward at the end of it.

(~~Gee~~ Bette's comment on this: "Gee, I'm not going to have any babies, I think. Poor Mom, think of the 144 hours of pain she spent in labor just to have us. It ain't worth it. Gosh, she had thousands of spasms on account of us.")

Mark Jr. looks just like his pappy, no mistaking the Satow look--but Yuri says there are parts that look like me although I can't see it yet because I see Mark's face so clearly in little Mark. He is the cutest thing, not puny, 21 inches long and weighed over 7 lbs--a good size. He doesn't look all wrinkled up nor like a monkey, nor is he all red or purple--has a nicely shaped head and nice healthy complexion.

I scoffed and said that it was impossible for Alice to see all those family characteristics in the baby, and Bette gave me hell and said I was too hard boiled about it. "Oh, Mush" I said, "it is biological impossible for a baby to exactly look like his father or mother." Bette says I ain't got any sentiments.

Charles Kikuchi
Insert:

Diary

Jan. 26, 1945

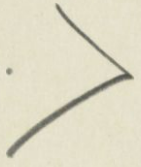
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W

Writing to Mark a letter a day takes time--don't think he knows what he is the father of as yet as he just moved to Oahu, Hawaii instead of the one I sent before--and thinks he may stay there awhile, as there is a PW camp there. Hope he is able to stay there as his letters take only 6 days to reach me and its so much safer. He says he would enjoy it were it not for the fact that he is away from all of us and can't see the baby.

....Best regards to everyone wish I could write letters to each, but don't get time. When the woman in the other bed went home, her husband came after her and I felt so sad and lonely that Mark or even one of you kids wouldn't be here to take me home. That is a big moment in every husband's life--and there's nothing like a first baby. But as soon as things are a little bit back to normal, I'll have another--and he can go through every step of the way with me.....

Love,
Alice.



Charles Kikuchi

Diary

Saturday
January 27, 1945

On my way now! In a couple of days I shall be in California once more. As soon as this train gets started, I shall go to sleep! I only had one hour of sleep last nite.

After I got finished typing last nite, I went down to Kunsholm's to pick Eileen up for our date. I told her that I would like to do something different so we decided to dine and dance. Eileen was so worried about me spending money on her because she said I couldn't afford to since I was taking care of Bette, etc. We had a little debate about it and I allowed her to treat me to an Italian dinner. I couldn't do a thing when she gave the waiter the money. God, I felt like a gigilo!! Eileen is always worrying about something for me and I rather suspect that Mariko has hinted that she gold digs and makes a fellow spend a lot of money on her for dates. That is very unfair on Eileen because she is such a considerate person. I don't like unjust things said about her since so many nasty rumors have already been passed by individuals who don't like her for one reason or another. I've found that she is an entirely different person than what is said about her even tho she may have some human faults. Too bad that she is so mixed up about social life. It's not really a Nisei society either as she rarely sees most of the Nisei group she used to know. Eileen and I are now what is known as Platonic Friends! She's a swell person tho and I like her better than any Nisei girl I have ever met. My secret thot is that I wish this were mutual. But I guess she is too popular for that. For this reason I haven't seen too much of her recently.

Anyway, we had a nice dinner at the Italian Restaurant. Eileen then presented me with argyle socks and tie to match for a going away

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Diary

January 27, 1945

present. What a sweet person! Chas. you cut that out! Well, it's okay to dream once in a while. I've played around with other Nisei girls out here (not recorded in this book naturally) but it was only superficial stuff - a biological function as it were. But with Eileen, it's a real friendship. Guess it's because she is different from most Nisei girls I have known. I think I am thinking these things now because I am on the train and going far away.

After our dinner, Eileen and I went to a nite club - Vine gardens - and I breathed in impure air and drank lousy liquor for the next few hours. But the company was most enjoyable. My dancing was ^{most} ~~not~~ rusty but I managed to navigate around fairly well - so Eileen said in her polite voice. I don't know what they do to the liquor, but I drank and drank and it didn't even affect me. I haven't touched the stuff for months and former cravings were not revived with that vile stuff.

The Chinese Follies were the feature attraction of the nite club and they performed creditably. <Caucasians are still amazed at the novelty of Chinese girls singing and dancing in an American way.> All those girls were born right in dear old S.F. They have exotic Oriental costumes and names. Eileen and Mariko know them from past visits. Eileen brought them over and they joined our table while the other wolves in the place envied me surrounded with such beauty. I acted as blase as possible as I was acting the "sophisticated" role expected of me. <Dorothy Sun, Soo-Mei-Sen, Sun Yat? - were their names.> We found that we had mutual friends in S.F. I told the girls that I was in a Seminary studying for the ministry and I made them promise not to tell anyone that they had seen me there. They were quite

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friendly as I guess they "long" to see Oriental faces once in awhile. They have been traveling all over the country and next month they are going overseas for a U.S.O. tour.

< The rest of the floor show stunk - at those prices anyway. We enjoyed the grotesque sight of a 45 yr. old and heavily painted lady trying to make a young Marine more than the stage show. I guess the dame felt that it was her patriotic duty to seduce as many young men as possible before her "youth" completely dissolved into wrinkles.

I was bored with the Nite Club on the whole, but I enjoyed Eileen's company. She can be gay and charming when she is in a good mood. >

We walked home and I decided to stay overnite (at M's previous invitation). First, we had coffee and sandwiches at 4:30 a.m. Then we talked for a while - chiefly about how to "cure" Mariko of her imposing habits and about Eileen's school plans. At 5:30 I retired for a sound sleep.

At 7:00, the honorable Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Takis began to arouse themselves with great noise and confusion so that further sleep was impossible. The Takis' snapped at each other in the usual way for a while. Mariko was bitching about her work, but she really likes it. She just wants Geo. to sympathize with her.

At any rate, I got up and joined them for coffee. I was bleary eyed and sleepy but the coffee (made like tea) revived me into a state of half consciousness. Mariko was practically cheerful by the time she made a sudden dash for work and dear Geo. departed soon afterwards.

< I couldn't get to sleep again and I didn't want to wake Eileen up so I got dressed and went downtown to buy Eileen a present in token

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of my appreciation for the present she gave me. It was still dark outside and practically nite. I'm not used to arising at such ungodly early hours. I got back to the apt. about 11 a.m. One of Eileen's friends from the Merchant Marine was visiting so we had lunch. Si is from Idaho and he went to the music college with Eileen. Nice looking guy. He has been taking Eileen nite clubbing recently. Said that they almost ran into a Jap sub on the last trip out to the Pacific. >

After lunch, Eileen went to work and I went on home in order to take my bag to the station to check it. Bette had gone to the trouble to make me a lot of sandwiches and she fussed over me so that I wouldn't forget a thing. She was so sweet today. Bette instructed me to look up some of her old friends in Vallejo. It took me the rest of the afternoon to get my bags checked and I was practically out on my feet since I haven't been getting the proper amount of sleep during the past few days.

< After I took a shower to refreshen myself, Bette fed me a steak dinner. It was delicious. Now Bette is on her own for a month or so and I'm sure she will manage quite efficiently. Emiko phoned to say goodbye. She was quite discouraged because it has been hard work at the hospital for the past couple of weeks. She is also worried about money and I couldn't help her much except to promise her the usual small allowance and any other sum if real need developed. She wants a new coat now! She said one of the girls got expelled for cheating.

After our dinner, Bette got dressed for her dance date at the College with Rod MacLeish. She looked quite strange in all her fancy

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clothes. Bette decided to come to the train station with me. We started out at 6:43 but due to the very slow transportation system it was wiser to take a cab.

I had to wait in a line to have my ticket checked. It was discovered that somebody else had my lower berth so I had to wait and wait until it was cleared up. The agent finally told me to take my berth and tell the conductor that the other party should be in the upper berth. I was quite relieved to get this news as there were so many mix-ups in berths tonite. Some of the mothers had to take upper berths with babies.

While I was waiting ^{at the station for the train.} Bette came up with Eileen. I was quite surprised because I had not expected her to come to the station. ^{Eileen} ~~she~~ had been waiting in the other room for 35 minutes before locating us. Bette went off to her dance date after saying goodbye and Eileen and I talked until the last possible minute. What a delicious kiss I got when we parted. I must make out of town trips more often! Eileen came down all by herself and she even broke a date. But it's still just friendship.

10:00 p.m. I have been on this train for exactly one hour now. We are out of the City limits and most of the people are already asleep. It's quite shaky here so I guess I had better stop writing. My back hurts. Besides I want to "meditate" for a while and then go to sleep. ~~We~~ are going thru the flat Illinois country now and I can see the farm houses out of my window. It's so peaceful. Wish the whole world were like this instead of in flames. Just before I got on the train, I saw headlines that Russia is only 90 miles from Berlin now.

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I don't have any fears of going into Calif. Rather excited about seeing the bridge and familiar sights once more but it isn't exactly nostalgia. Life moves along too fast to be wasting much time about dreaming of the past and getting all sentimental. Besides I am better off right now than I ever was before the war. I never dreamed of traveling across country in a pullman berth then - all expenses paid too. But there is work to be done at the other end and that worries me a lot now. No more playing around like the past few weeks.

12:00 I went to the men's lounge and I got acquainted with some Negro soldiers and Caucasian sailors. They gave me drinks and smokes so I gave them some of my sandwiches which Bette had made.

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The Negro soldiers envied my civilian status and wished that they could exchange places with me. They have been in for 4 years and ~~but~~ one of them just returned from 36 months overseas duty. We had quite a debate on whether Dewey might have made an earlier peace.

After the Caucasianx sailors left, the Negro soldiers began to express their real feelings. They said that they were fighting for their race so that there would be greater equality in the country in the post war period. They told of the Jim Crow system in the South. They felt that they would rather live with their own people anyway as long as they got jobs, "Dey will say after the war, sorry no jobs for you. You are colored." We just want the chance to make a decent living. I have \$4,000 saved up from the Army and I would like to get out now and open up some kind of a business. I don't want to be a laborer. I was right up in the front in France and it was no picnic. I want to get away from all dat and just live a peaceful life.

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Otherwise, we may have to take it."

It seems to be quite a common attitude for all servicemen to gripe and they certainly do not seem to be filled with idealism. All they want is to get out and back to the civilian life. In the meantime, they drink and seek women as an escape. It's a tough life and I can hardly blame them. They all seem to be so young, but old in experience. They have to grow up suddenly when they get into the Army.

Sunday, January 28, 1945.

11:00 a.m. I had a very good sleep last night. It's much more comfortable in a lower berth. The train is overcrowded (60 too many on it) so that a lot of the servicemen had to sleep in the men's lounge and club car last nite. I felt guilty being so comfortable. We get excellent service. I tried to get a hot breakfast but the diner was closed. I would like to get at least one hot meal a day. Bette's sandwiches are holding out fairly well. It is a good thing she made a lot as I can pass some of them out.

We just went through Omaha, Neb. about an hour ago. The train is already behind schedule. It's too shaky to do much of anything and almost impossible to write. Guess I will read for a while or else go play poker with those sailors I met. I also bumped into Dr. Yanaga who is on the way to S.F. He is on the same car, but with other friends.

I don't particularly care to discuss race problems for the next few days as I want to enjoy this trip. All I've seen so far is flat plains. We are going all the way across Nebraska. Then we hit Wyo.

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Utah, Nev. and finally California.

2:30 Lost 60¢ in a poker game at the clubroom. Shouldn't have had those two drinks as funny little things are jumping up and down my stomach. An old lady from Wis. is traveling in the upper berth and she is a talkative little thing so I have to wander around once in a while to get away from her. She is the one who took my berth by mistake, but that was because she has never traveled before. She went to Chicago once before in her life and this is her 1st trip west. An Xmas present from her daughter in Calif. She has some nice homemade cookies which she offers every now and then.

10:00 p.m. There's a very disagreeable old man on this train that nobody wants to talk to. He goes from one person to another just trying to get sympathy. I got stuck with him for a while because he said he spent 14 years in China and he was one of the few Americans who could really tell the difference between a Chinese and Japanese. The guy is a damned fascist. He orders the porter all around and makes him do a lot of extra things for him. Then he tells me that he hates niggers and they should be kicked in the teeth for strutting around on this train. I told him that these Negroes were in uniform and didn't that mean anything. "Not to me; they are still Niggers and they are lucky that they have a chance to live like human beings in this country." The old man is a damn liar because he says he is 57 years old. But during the course of the day when I couldn't avoid him, he said he was born in Texas and lived there 30 yrs., 14 yrs. in China; 30 years in California; 3 years in N.Y.; 5 yrs. in New Mexico. He doesn't look 82 years old to me. He also tells whopping

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lies about his work. Says he is a manufacturer; radio executive; shipyard consultant and a few other things. He's just drunk. All the people on our end of the car have developed a mutual dislike of the man so that gives us the freedom to talk to each other. There are a couple of young Army wives on the way to the coast and I have gotten acquainted with them a little. Took me all day to do that. Also talked with an old distinguished looking couple until they got off at Cheyenne. So far, not a single person has asked me what my race is, except the grumpy old man who assumes I am Chinese. I don't notice anyone staring at me or anything like that. I don't suppose it will be any different in California when we get there.

We crossed the entire width of Nebraska today and well into Wyo. It was snowing while we stopped in Cheyenne for 40 minutes. It felt quite refreshing tho and I didn't think it was too cold. (Grumpy just asked me to go to the men's lounge and drink with him, but I told him I was going to sleep and shut my lower berth up. What a pest! He even tried to make a play for the 63-year old lady who is in the upper berth! The 2 girls across from me just told him to scram.)

We are now going over the Continental Divide - up 8100 feet at the top. It makes the ears pop. I can see clearly outside as the ground is all white with snow. This is the second time over this route for me but after we leave Ogden, it will be new sights until we get to Reno. I've been in almost every state west of the Mississippi River now - except N. & S. Dakota and Minnesota. I would like to see the eastern U.S. now. Maybe I should be a traveling salesman.

Very tiring day but I shall read for a while before sleeping.

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Tuesday, January 29, 1945

11:00 a.m. Slept until 9 this morning and arose quite leisurely. We passed over the Continental Divide last night and I was able to see the snow covered mountains as there was a full moon. I read until late as my headache miraculously disappeared when I got into my berth. It got very cold during the night.

We are still in the Ogden station - for an hour now - so that I was able to get off and buy a hot meal. The diner service on this car is terrific - so many people. The group on our car are rather congenial and we exchange magazines, talk etc. I played rummy with the girls across from me for a while. The old lady has found some friends her age so that I have two whole seats to myself temporarily. Met a very young fellow this morning in the men's lounge. He is from N. Carolina and on the way to Mare Island to take a job in the ship-yards. He said that he was in the Army for 4 years before he received his medical discharge. He is only about 22-23 now. This is the 1st time he has been to Calif. but he is not enjoying the trip at all because he is feeling train illness. He has no family left so he decided to get a fresh start in Calif. with the Army money he has saved up. The poor fellow looks quite lonesome. He remarked: "The people don't care about any of us who aren't in uniform anymore. We are heroes until we come back. I did my time - 4 years - and I am going to try and get a new start for the future now. I'll get 90¢ an hour to begin with at Mare Island. Any place in the U.S. is good enough for me after living in the Army so long."

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January 29, 1945

6:00 p.m. Getting rather tired from the trip. We went over the bridge on the Salt Lake this afternoon. The girl across from me tried to take a picture of it, but the M.P. took her camera away. All we see now is snow covered desert. It's a high altitude so that it doesn't melt very easily. We will probably hit Reno, Nevada in about six hours. I lose track of the time as I have to keep setting my watch behind.

Talked to the boy from So. Carolina and another from Tenn. most of the afternoon. Later we might play cards. The shipyards seem to be recruiting quite a few fellows and paying their fares out. There are a number of them on this train. One boy is going to Hawaii to work at 89¢ an hour. That doesn't seem to be very much with the high cost of living over there. Also talked to the old lady and she told me how she canned meat for the winter in Wisconsin and how much better a country life was than city life. She wasn't so talkative today as the trip is tiring her out - she must be over 65 as she has deep wrinkles all over her face.

A lot of Nisei say that people stare at them on the train, but I am convinced that this is only a result of their fears. They get away from it after they have been out of the camps for a while. Seeing so many servicemen does make me feel a little self conscious about not being in myself. But I guess there are other ways in which to be useful. The trip has been so pleasant thus far and I haven't been bothered with a single worry - not even to get food. I haven't been bored at all since there are a number of people I can talk to. The poor porter certainly takes a beating as he keeps going from

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morning until night. He has been doing this since 1919.

It certainly is a strange sight to see the desert covered with snow! There are hills in the distance, but all bare. Once in a while, a cactus can be seen sticking above the ground. The state of Nevada is very sparsely settled so that we have passed thru very few towns today. Tomorrow, I shall see the green fields of Calif.!

9:30 p.m. Just a few more hours and we shall be in California. The last big stop before then is Reno, but I'll probably be asleep by then as the strain of traveling is getting me. I shall see Calif. the first thing in the morning, but I don't feel particularly excited right now. However, I am looking forward to seeing familiar sights once more.

I just witnessed a deal in high finance. Three soldiers and two sailors bought a \$5 bottle of Seagrams for \$10. They each put in their share. The sailor who sold it to them insisted that he should get a free swig. The fellows agreed and then the sailor wanted to give his wife a swig. They reluctantly allowed him to take the bottle. When he returned the bottle it was 1/3 empty. The fellows were sore as hell and they knew that the sailor had emptied it out into a coke bottle but they couldn't do anything as he was a petty officer. They sure made him feel cheap tho. They should have slugged him one for the raw deal he put over.

Tuesday, January 30, 1945.

3:40 a.m. This is California! <I woke up a few minutes ago with a stomach ache and the high altitude also bothered me.> We are crossing

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the Sierras and it is beautiful outside in the moonlight. The mountains are white with snow and I can see the tall pine or fir trees outlined against a hazy skyline. It's not cold at all. The train is shaking like hell because of all the twists and turns in the railroad. It's almost 7000 feet elevation here and we are starting to go down now. Probably near Lake Tahoe. In a couple of hours it will be daylight and then I will be able to recognize better where we are. <Stomach ache gone so I shall resume my slumbers!>

<7:30 a.m. Here is Sacramento, but I can't see a thing as it is still dark. I just woke up a few minutes ago. I feel very tired yet so I may sleep for another hour or else start getting up leisurely and getting my things together.

8:30 - At last green fields. We are coming down the Sacramento Valley and I recognize some of the old spots. It's hazy this morning and I am looking forward to a big meal just as soon as I get to Berkeley. The diner service is too crowded on this train. The porter certainly does get a workout. I don't know when he sleeps. The girls across split up - one got off at Sacramento and the other is going on to S.F.

Saw snow on ground at Davis. My goodness! The thing which is noticeable is the Spanish architecture. Looks like more life here after going thru the desert for a couple of days. No wonder they call it the "Promised Land."

The Sacto Union is still Jap baiting, but I think people will eventually get tired of it. The Vet. Foreign Wars Post are passing more resolutions to keep the "Japs" in camp for the duration and

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prevent a return to Calif. Ho hum! The paper reported that some evacuees' home was looted of all the furniture yesterday. Up in Hood River, the berry growers are afraid of competition from Jap farmers so they are doing everything possible to keep them out.

There is a beautiful lady with a 2 yr. child up front. She is so nice and pleasant. She says "good morning" to me every morning. She's a native San Franciscan - went East to see husband in the Air Corps. I haven't noticed anyone staring at me yet. A lot of evacuees are scared out by the newspaper stories. I think they could do very well for themselves if they came back - and if they could find housing. But they can't act so damned timid. All the former prejudices they complained about was 70% in their own mind, I bet.

Gosh, it certainly is nice to see all these green fields. There I go, getting provincial! Looks like rain tho. 35° warmer than in Chicago.

9:30 a.m. Well, well, well! There is Vallejo way in the distance! We are going thru Martinez now. There's an army camp here which is new. But that Bette and Emiko would like to see this sight with their own eyes. Crossing Carquinez Strait on the Bridge ... oil tanks and refineries . . . Martinez . . . (only a short distance from Vallejo . . . Crockett next . . . then Berkeley in about $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. Old ships in the Bay . . . familiar towns . . . after almost 3 years, I'm back from where I started from. It is such ancient history now and yet I cannot deny that a touch of nostalgia is present now that I am here. It's exciting to see the old place once more. I can even see Mare Island right now but I had better not mention a thing about it . .

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military secret!

10:00 a.m. Richmond now . . . Berkeley in 10 minutes. Just talked to Dr. Yanaga. He is on govt. work for a month. He will return to Washington, but expects to teach again at the U. of Calif. after the war. I'll probably be the 1st Nisei back in Berkeley, he says. Yanaga is working with O.W.I. now, I believe.

8:30 p.m. Phew! What a busy day! I feel like a wilted lily. It's been one thing after another for the whole day. It was amusing to watch Yanaga as the train pulled in this morning. He was so excited because he could hardly wait to get a whiff of the "good old Berkeley air." He thot it felt just like coming home. I tried my best to get real excited and I suppose there was a momentary thrill. But already, it feels like I have never left this city and almost everything is the same as I left it just about three years ago. <It's just my luck that the rainy season is starting, so they say. Like good Californians, everyone apologized for the bad weather. I thought that I had hit a heat wave blast. It was over 50° here and my ~~overcoat~~ overcoat was definitely not suited to this weather. And those hills - it seems that all I have done today is walk and walk. I haven't perspired so much since last summer. It will be good for me as I might lose a little weight. I just puffed and puffed going up those hills.>

Dorothy met me at the station and we went immediately up to the campus. She showed me around Giannini Hall and I met some of the office staff <Mrs. Wilson with her Scotch accent and all.> An office has been all cleared off for me with a paper airplane to play with on the desk - courtesy of Morton.

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My bag which I checked has not come in yet so I will have to pick it up tomorrow. Dorothy took me over to her house for lunch. I was almost famished, but I managed to control my appetite and I only ate three helpings of the salmon salad after a cocktail which almost knocked me on a loop. W.I. was looking as spry as ever. He never seems to age at all. The Thomas's have a very nice home - roomy and comfortable. Dorothy said that maid service was so hard to get that she had to pay \$1 an hour. In S.F., it is \$1.50. It might be a good idea for some Nisei students to come back and work their way through. We met Dr. Deutsch, the Vice Pres. of the University, at the coop. and he said that Nisei students who had not established residence by voting in some other states would be able to come back without paying a non-resident fee. A few have applied, according to him.

After relaxing in such a comfortable home, I felt the Calif. people were very lucky to have such good housing. W.I. has a big Study of his own. Then there are bedrooms, living rooms, kitchen, dining room. The dining room table was made from a door. It really feels like a home there. But Dorothy said that housing is just as bad out here. It will be a big problem for any Japanese to come back because the Negroes won't have any place to go. There are several groups interested in the problem and they are making some plans to make it easier. But the resistance in camp seems to be terrific and Dick reports from Poston that any person who considers returning is labeled an "Inu."

The WRA is planning to close the camps up in a year, but it is over optimistic. Morton sent a note from Washington saying that Ennis

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of the Dept. of Justice is opposed to a quick closing of the camps for fear of riots so that the Justice Dept. may take over a camp or two to permit those who don't want to leave to stay there. If that program goes thru, there will be few people coming back here. They are just scared to death to come, says Dorothy. >

I can truthfully say that I have not felt one person staring at me today; I feel very natural; and the people I have met are most friendly. Dorothy has me "roped" in to give a 10-minute talk with her for the Inter-racial "Y" meeting on Thursday to discuss the problem of the returning Japanese, especially about how to help the Nisei students who come to the campus. I think I will emphasize the point that they shouldn't be treated like foreigners and undue fuss made over them. Then I shall mention the point that it would not be advisable to organize any kind of a Jap group to integrate them as this will only lead to the same old segregation patterns. I might as well get my two cents worth in while I have the chance. Another important point to stress is that the best way to give the returning Nisei a good reception would be to find housing and jobs for them instead of a lot of sympathy from bleeding hearts. < 6849. The Fair Play Committee is very active, but too idealistic, and the JACL has already jumped in to proclaim the fact that it is the true leader of the Nisei group. Nuts! Sometimes I think that all of these well meaning groups actually force or contribute to the segregation pattern because they make the Nisei race conscious. The best thing to do would be to treat them like any other Americans. I still believe this is the best

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solution. I can't be convinced that the public opinion in Calif. is so hostile. There are hotheads here, but that is true any place. Of course, Berkeley is not a good place for comparison because it is a liberal university town and the Japanese here never competed economically with the local people. That's when a lot of the strife begins. It is rather difficult to judge the true temper of the California people but I don't think it is as harsh as assumed by most evacuees. I am not advocating a mass return because the problems of resettling back here would be just as difficult as in any other area. Dorothy believes that the Japanese farmers wouldn't have much of a chance to get started again because the WRA encouraged the farmers to sell all of their machinery and it is not replaceable now.

There would be even greater problems in returning to the cities. In the 1st place, no housing is available. The foreign trade people wouldn't be able to do much and the dry cleaners have lost all of their equipment. In other words, they would have to start out from scratch and this would be a little too much for family groups to do. They have been rotting in the camps for three years now and they have lost all sense of reality as far as the outside world is concerned. The rumors about resettlement have circulated in the ugliest forms so that a terrible picture has been built up in the minds of the people. They don't have much of the "pioneer" spirit left since they feel that they have been kicked around once too often. They don't trust any Caucasians - the WRA personnel least of all. I have lost all contact with the camps and I am just assuming that this is the general attitude - based upon comments heard in Chicago from Nisei who have

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letters from camp. I have gone under the assumption that I never will have anything more to do with the camp people since they live in a different world. Now the situation is changed because of the new WRA policy of closing the camps within a year. Such a mass closure means confusion and inevitable segregation. If that is going to be the final result, then the evacuation has been a failure. One of the main points in justifying it from a practical point of view was that it meant the elimination of Lil Tokyos for ever and ever. But, it now becomes a real threat of coming into existence once more, and fostered by the WRA which may push its present foolish program to disastrous results. If California is going to be the spot for this catastrophe, then I know I will never return here. However, I am a little afraid that Chicago will become the focal of greatest concentration and that doesn't make me very happy. Why do they have to do these things to me? (sic)

I really haven't talked with anyone about the return of the evacuees, but I'll be damned if I will proclaim the JACL line: "We insist upon organizations passing resolutions welcoming back 'our people'" and forever afterwards expecting a lot of sympathy while a Japanese ghetto develops here and there with a greater race consciousness and inferiority than ever before. God, they will become worse than 2nd class citizens if that ever comes to pass as the caste lines will be drawn so rigid that the group will never be able to break the bonds. I'd rather be some other place if that comes to pass. It would be a lot easier to prevent it in the first place. Why in the hell couldn't the Nisei feel and act like real Americans instead of being so

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damned timid and self conscious? They expect the worst and they will get it if they insist upon acting in this way. It's not their fault; but if bad precedents are set against them, they will have caused it. It would help matters immeasurably if they got tough skinned and acted more hard boiled like real Americans. They will gain more respect that way than being so submissive and expecting a kick in the teeth. What the hell!! Why am I getting so excited about it? I guess It's because I feel that a mass closing of the camps will be the biggest threat to any realization of the integration process. It will be completely drowned out by the waves of camp conditioned people who are extremely race conscious. Well, I don't intend to stand by and admit defeat right off the bat. I am terribly afraid that I will get in the hair of those WRA people in S.F. if I go see them. I don't expect to see much of them. Bill Tuttle is the relocation officer here. Maybe I can work on him. But then, maybe I'd better stick to my work at the office since I am not out here on a missionary expedition to convert the doubtful to the Fine Gospel of Integration.

How in the hell did I get this far off the track? I was eating a delicious and peaceful lunch at the Thomas's when these nasty thots first entered my mind. I haven't been feeling disturbed at all today; but rather enjoying my experiences. Dorothy took me up the hills and dales to the "I" house and I was puffing away strenuously by the time of my arrival. I'll be damned if I didn't feel thrilled in a way too. It is like coming home again altho I've never lived as comfortably as I am doing now. My room and board was all arranged and I was introduced to several people - all friendly. I appreciate

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it tho. I guess I'd better talk up Chicago a bit since the native California pride is enormous. No wonder other people from different states and countries get beaten down. The chamber of commerce pride is really noticeable - even the foreigners tell me all about the wonders of the Calif. climate as if I were a hick from the wilds of the Midwest - poor thing. They all apologized for the lousy weather and I thot it was wonderful. >

I walked ~~back~~ to the campus with Dorothy and I was overcome with local pride when I thot^{ugh} of what a beautiful campus it was in comparison to those of the Midwest that I have seen. There really is no comparison. < Everything is so fresh and green and the buildings are clean. One can breathe without choking the lungs with dust and smoke. But meat is a very scarce article here; streetcar service is slow; and cigarettes scarce. But those lady conductors are rather nice. >

w/ Dorothy outlined a list of my work to me, but she said that there was no ~~real~~ rush to get started since I will have to feel my way around a bit and think out what I am going to do. Those enormous files of data frightens me! But I still have the feeling that I am on a sort of vacation yet and it will take several days to settle down. After seeing all of those files, I really feel justified that I am contributing to something greater than if I were in the Army. It's not rationalization any more. I am convinced - not that I am doing so much myself; but I am contributing to the whole. < I am enthusiastic right now and I even feel that I will work nights; but I'll get back to a more normal attitude in a few days. But it certainly is amazing that I have no feeling of strangeness or newness in

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being here. It's like I have only been gone for a few weeks and not 32 months.

At 6:00 p.m. I went to the I house and met Geo. Cheringholme who introduced me all around. The "I" house has taken over 4 former fraternity houses since the Navy moved it out of its own building. Two of the houses are for girls and two for boys. All of the residents are students. Seems to be a lot of foreign students here. Everyone eats at House 3. The atmosphere is very friendly and I am supposed to be a sort of novelty around here as the 1st Nisei back. The So. Americans had Jinx Falkenburg there for a talk but I didn't remain to hear her. I went over to the social hall and met a number of students. The Chinese group had their own corner and they still segregate themselves, altho some of them seemed to mix quite freely. Met Dick Fong who was on the Rambler football team last season and he introduced me to the Chinese group. I asked him if they had a special term to cover "Chinese Americans" and he answered, "No, we just call ourselves Chinese."

Met Laura Wong and Betty? from Kansas. Very cute. They were most friendly and I got along fine with them. Told them that I was in the Persian Room at House #4 and they could come up some time and look at the Persian rugs. I said that I had a fine collection of turbans and that my real name was Omar . . . For a minute, they really believed that I was a Persian. I haven't met my two Persian room mates yet, but I guess they can speak English. There is a House meeting for 10:00 p.m. and all the fellows will attend. Refreshments and stuff will be served so that I will naturally go! It's a very

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comfortable house here. Ann and Mitch used to live right down the block. About 40 fellows stay here, many from So. America. I met one Chinese fellow who came from Chunking a month ago. There seems to be many nationalities represented here so it should prove to be a profitable experience. I won't have too much time to engage in activities tho. There is a nice study and library here with modern comfortable furniture - radio, recording machine, etc. All the comforts of home.

Phoned Dolores, but she and Jack went out househunting. talked to me over the phone and she sounded so grown up. I'll have to get to S.F. soon as I am anxious to see the city once more.

11.00 p.m. Attended the monthly club meeting at No. 4 I house. Dominated by the South American delegation. They don't seem to know much about parliamentary rules for holding elections. The S. Americans pushed thru their candidate. The big question which they discussed was how to break up the cliques. The S. Americans stick together; the Chinese ditto and the Icelanders have their group. They wanted to work up a program of how to break up these cliques. The Chinese students were accused of being the most clannish, especially in social events. After the meeting refreshments were served. I talked to Juan Minda. He is a Chilean. His grandfather went there from Germany. He said that all of the So. Americans came up on scholarships - Nicaragua, Chile, Peru, Argentina, Guatamala, Mexico, etc. They are all studying Engineering. The Chinese are studying Internat'l Relations and the Icelanders engineering. Juan said that he has learned more about So. America since coming up here than he did at home. They import

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S. American magazines and newspapers and talk Spanish all the time; the Chinese talk Chinese. A Negro fellow and I seem to be about the only native Americans in the place besides a couple of Chinese Americans. The Persian delegation are all studying medicine. They came from Iran a few months ago. Moustaff and Hassan are my roommates. I can't use too much American slang around them because they don't understand.

Sample: "Where is the can?"

Hassan: "In that room."

I go in the room and find it is the kitchen. So I come back and tell him that I can't find the can. Hassan then goes in and he brings out a can and wonders what I want with it. I have to explain that "can" means latrine in American slang so that Hassan has another word to take back to Persia with him after he becomes a doctor!

I was up until after 2:30 am last night writing letters and reading. This morning the Persian boys arose so quietly that I did not hear them. A loud clatter of fellows making a last minute dash to the dining hall woke me up. I decided to start the day right so I got up. Dick Fong is going to wake me up on Tuesdays and Thursdays and I will get somebody else to arouse me on the other days. I have to get a routine fixed up and I might as well start in an ambitious fashion.

I got to the office at 9:00 as I loitered around the dining hall talking to some new people I met. There is a Filipino girl, Pilar Lorrado, who seems to be rather interesting. She is in the Social Welfare department here. She has quite an accent. Also met a couple of the South American girls. They invited me to take part in some of the activities of I house and they will get a bulletin for me. I don't think that I will be having excessive time on my hands after I get started with the work here.

Spent most of the morning reading some of the reports sent in by Dick N. from Poston. He had some very revealing things to say about the attitudes of the camp people about returning to the Coast. The indications are that the resistance will become stronger and stronger because of the fear of personal safety. They must really be building up some wild stories. I suppose that most of it must stem from the feeling of insecurity and it will border on the panic if the WRA attempts to force them out. They have just made up their minds to stay in camp because they fear the outside hostility. Some of them are staying in camp because they think that Japan is going to win the war yet and they will become ineligible to indemnity from Japan if they leave. Others feel that they will be national traitors if they go out and take any sort of a job

to help the American war effort. They must be suffering from terrific complexes.

I still cannot see why they are so fearful of California altho it is not entirely a bed of roses here. I don't think that it would be very difficult for scattered families to come to Berkeley as the reception promises to be most favorable. The public would hardly notice them since it is so used to seeing many Chinese and Chinese Americans. It isn't an important issue with them. No one has asked me about my nationality yet and I haven't had any stares. I have been in restaurants, stores, and barber shops and I haven't received any second glances. It all seems so natural to be here and that is what I expected. If any of the evacuees come back here expecting to be placed under public scrutiny, then it might be another story. I suppose that a great deal of public resistance might develop if large numbers came back. Scattered numbers won't hurt. It will be something like the early days of resettlement into Chicago and the Midwest area.

I went to the barber shop at noon(\$1.00 for haircut here) and in the course of the discussion, the barber mentioned that he had been on the street for 21 years. He assumed that I was Chinese but he started to talk about the Nisei students ^{that} ~~xxx~~ he used to see going by on the way to the Japanese Student House. He said that he had been in business in that place for 21 years and he did not feel any prejudice at all. "If they are loyal to this country, I don't care what nationality they are. I think that the Chinese have proved their loyalty to this country beyond a doubt. The Negroes are doing their part; and even the loyal Japs are in the Army. Did you know that? They have had a

tough break. My wife used to go to a Japanese cleaners and they were the nicest people she knew. How do you Chinese feel about the Japanese here?" At this point, I told him that I was a Japanese American and that I had just returned to Berkeley yesterday. "Well, I'll be damned," he said.

The barber then went on to discuss the war. The news had just come out that Russia was only 53 miles from Berlin. "I don't think that Berlin will give in easily because they are digging in now. Look how long it took the Russians to take Warsaw when the Germans really wanted to hold. And at one time the Russians held off the Germans 16 miles from Moscow. It won't be over for a little while yet. I think that the Japs might fall to pieces before Germany. They aren't putting up much of a resistance in Luzon."

Phoned Jack up this morning. He said that he and Dolores were out househunting. I told him about the vacancy here for a Nisei couple at \$27 a month, but he wanted to look around for a while yet since his plans were not definite. Dorothy phoned the place, but it has already been taken for some of the Nisei coming in with the OWI group. There will be about 30 of them. Jack said that he got the flu in camp so that he did not arrive in San Francisco until last Friday. I will go over to see him this evening. Bill Tuttle may drop around the office this afternoon, and Yanaga is coming in later. Might as well get these social calls out of the way so that there will not be any disruptions when I really set down to work. I have to get my baggage this afternoon yet when Johnny, the girl ass't here arrives. Just got back from lunch now.

Sat in the office most of the afternoon reading documents from Poston and Tule. Both reports were well written--wish that I could produce as objectively, with insights on the trends. But I felt pretty good that I have been out of camp for almost two years now. I would have gone batty if I had to remain in those centers of frustration. I have to give the WRA personnel a little more credit for keeping fairly calm most of the time and treating the people with justice in spite of numerous bonehead mistakes. I am afraid that if I were in their shoes, I would have taken the "agitators" out into the middle of the ocean and dumping them! It is true that the camp people have plenty to complain about, but what methods they use. They talk about constitutional and civil rights in one breath and breath fanatic devotion to the Emperor in the next. I don't see how the WRA could compromise with Fascism even in the camps. < From the reports, it appears that a few of the self appointed leaders in every major issue were the ones to foment unrest, whereas the majority of the people only wanted to be left alone in peace. I don't see how these advocants of extreme demands are ever going to be able to adjust themselves to life in Japan after they are deported since they will be stepped down upon at every turn. When I read about what goes on in the centers now, I feel very thankful that I am living a more normal life on the outside even tho the conditions may not be perfect yet. At least, there is the chance to work for the greater goals. It seems to me that many of the camp people could find the same situation true if they were not constantly thrown off balance by the "Jap leaders" who create additional problems for them to worry about--limited, insignificant camp problems.

claimed that she really didn't have too much social life. She said that she has been doing a lot of reading and that's why she didn't get her proper sleep. It is true that she has borrowed a lot of books from me, four more last night.

The nearest I can figure it is that Eileen realizes that she is in a rut now, and getting in deeper all the time. She has been procrastinating about attending "Y" college music school even when her father has offered to pay her tuition. She gives the excuse that her Sherwood School credits might not be any good, that the Y catalogue has not come yet. I saw no reason why she could not take a half hour to go to the college directly and make her investigations. She did go today.

Eileen really has ambitions but she is not too sure of herself. She is beginning to feel that she may not make her mark in music as she is afraid that the opportunities may not come. For this reason, I think that she may take courses in the Y music college as it will prolong the facing of the issue. There isn't in fatal personality defects in her makeup; the main difficulty seems to be that she is attractive so that the social life is naturally appealing to her and it conflicts with her other ambitions. It is a mental struggle which she will definitely have to resolve one of these days. It has disheartened her to learn that not one single Nisei girl has been able to do much professionally with a musical career and this has been quite a blow at her self confidence since she has never considered herself a Nisei until the resettlers started to swarm into Chicago. They were quite a novelty for her at the beginning, but now she feels that there are definite drawbacks in getting identified with a Nisei group too much. She has some idea that she may be able to realize her ambitions if she gets an MA degree in music and that is her tentative plan.

I don't think that it is timidity which prevents her from taking definite steps forward. Eileen is a very social person and she doesn't realize how much a Nisei society (in general) pulls her. I suppose that would be classified under the label of the biological urge by the psychologists. But she definitely realizes that she cannot be a social butterfly and fulfill her ambitions too. It's up to her to decide what has the most meaning to her. I don't think it is a matter of "either or." She is only 22 or 23.

Maybe ~~xxx~~Mariko is right when she says that Eileen is only waiting for her ideal Romeo to come along and her musical teaching ambitions are only temporary aims. But she said last night that Bob was very insistent about marrying her and she had to break up with him because she felt that she had to get music teaching out of her system first. I don't know why in the hell I have to be a Father Confessor to her. It's not any of my choosing. Somewhere along the line, I have lost that intense liking for her, I think. But I am still under the influence of her fatal charm even though I don't like the "Big Brother" role. I don't think that the reason for getting over the Spell was due to wounded masculine ego as to certain differences in looking at things. I don't particularly like her present way of life--the pseudo sophistication business because it is so superficial. I know that Eileen is a deeper person than that, but she is not giving herself a real chance. I seem to have a conditioned reflex against any move which will foster segregation and the hostility is transferred to persons who help it along, ^{on} intentionally or otherwise. That is how crazy I am because I believe in it so firmly even if it means the ~~xx~~ loss of friends. I don't want it to be that way, but it always seems to turn out that way. But I continue to think that Eileen

is a special person because she is such a nice personality and because there is still hopes that she will get wise to herself and pull herself out of the rut before it is too late. She may be happy by being in a state of mediocrity, but she would not be true to herself. As for romantic aspirations for her, I have given them up temporarily because she does not see me in that light. It's no use deliberately proceeding to get myself hurt since I am the sensitive type!

Living in Mariko's household is not conducive to Eileen's happiness as she is beginning to lose her individuality by submitting to Mariko's dominance. The life patterns in that household has little direction and Eileen will lose her initiative without realizing it if she stays there too long. It doesn't take too long for one to conform to a humdrum life. And it becomes easier to seek escapes. Mariko has never grown up mentally; she is the bobby sox type so that she lives in a sort of false world and she is seeking a false glamor of living, based on the movies. If Eileen stays there long enough, she will get the sameway. I suppose it was this reason which originally made me object so strenuously about Miko and Bette not living with Mariko. Those two have gone far ahead of Mariko now. Eileen seems to be at a sort of crossroads, but she can't procrastinate forever. She might bring her younger sister down and devote her life to her, but that is the sort of escape which Yoshie used for a while when she got so excited about Mary's illegitimate child. Eileen should give herself a fair chance first.

Life with Mariko continues to be a strain, and Eileen is caught in it because she can't find housing of her own. And she is a little worried that she might get lonesome if she lived alone. If she starts to take college courses, she will have to make a

housing since it would be impossible for her to study and keep up the household as Mariko expects at the same time. Due to the impositions upon her for the past months, a terrific resentment is being created. The steam from it can't be kept under pressure all the time. I marvel that she has stood it this long because Mariko can be very trying and difficult. I suspect that Mariko is unconsciously playing the role of the mistress of the house because many of her actions is strikingly similar to a lady employer ordering her maid around. Mariko was suppressed as a domestic worker for some seven years and she developed a yen for getting into "society" as a result. That's why this sophistication business is so important to her. Mariko has such a good imagination that she is actually living the role of the "mistress of the house" now and Eileen is the goat. This is combined with other manifestations of disorganization in personal and married life and the result is trying at best for a third party who has to live with them. (It is also difficult for dear henpecked George.)

Eileen's account of recent activities in the household gives some evidence to my premature conclusions. I don't think that Eileen stretches it a bit because I have seen evidences of Mariko's temperment on many occasions and other family members support it. Emiko couldn't livewith Mariko for more than a month when she "ran away" from us back in January 1943! Jack has mentioned many incidents of Mariko's digorganization and the same with Alice and Bette. None of us really understand how Mariko is that way. She tends to blame her early family life, but that is not the root of the trouble. Mariko makes up stories about her terrible childhood and she tells them so often that she actually believes them. In a way, her accomodation to life has been to create a world of fantasy. The trouble starts when reality stares her in

the face everyday.

(Hey, Bette, if I ever get drafted you had better put my diary in a safety vault as I am afraid that dear sister Mariko would blow a fuse if she ever read any of my comments on her activities!)

Anyway, Eileen's comments about recent crises in "Life with Mariko." (confidential): "Mariko has been particularly trying this week. Now don't you ever tell anybody I told you these things. It started last wednesday when she got her new coat. She did not have the h&m put up as it would have cost her three dollars extra. I got so sore when she offered to give me \$1 to do it for her as if I were a maid. I was really mad. She knew I would do it for her without saying that. Then this morning (sunday), she made a big issue out of nothing. I was very sleepy since I had been out late ~~xxxxxx~~ friday and saturday nights. She comes in and shakes me and asks me to do the housework. I just turned over and went to sleep again. Then she gets angry as if I were neglecting my duties and she forgets that I clean most of the house myself all week. After a while she comes back and wakes me up to tell me that I can eat alone then. She made such a fuss about it that I had to get up. Mariko just can't stand me to sleep when she gets ambitious about housecleaning. The only trouble is that she doesn't do it regularly. I get sick and tired of cleaning up after them, picking up their clothes, and making their beds, washing all the dishes, shopping. And I'll be darned if I am going to clean out that dirty ~~xxxxx~~ bathtub that George left. Mariko is the one who should cooperate more. I feel sorry for George when I leave because he won't get anything done.

"Today, I was counting the laundry pieces for her and she told me to put George's shirts on top since she was going to have

them finished after this. Mariko is always too tired to iron his shirts when they come back from the wet wash and I have been doing them for her. But I can't be doing that all the time and now she sort of feels that it is my fault that her laundry bill is going up as I have neglected my duty. She never says it but she hints around. I don't see why she can't wash George's socks and underwear. It's not that much trouble. When the laundry bill gets high, she complains about how much expenses she has. I have been doing a lot of her ironing to help her out, but she is beginning to take it for granted. She even leaves things out for me to iron and just expects me to do it. And I do it like a fool. But I am not going to hang up the wet wash anymore when it comes back because that is not my job and none of my things are sent out. George doesn't have to take the laundry down anymore and he is very happy about that. They call and deliver it now.

"And you know those cigarettes you gave me--well, the other day Mariko came in and saw them. She immediately asks me very suspiciously where I got them. I said you had given them to me. She practically hinted that I might have stolen them from the carton she bought from Toshie for George. I thought that was going a little too far, but I didn't say anything because I did not want to start an argument. George has mooched more cigarettes from me than I have ever gotten from me. It burns me up that he has to hide a whole carton because he thinks I don't know about it. I always give him some when I have extra packs. I won't do it anymore. I got two cartons yesterday and I am going to hide them. I'll give you some to take to California, but I won't give George any. You know what he and Mariko did when I was gone over New Years to Minot. I had a three dollar box of chocolates in my room. Somebody ate them all up and put two five cents bar

to replace the chocolates missing. They thought it was so cute. I didn't say anything, but I thought it was quite a nerve to go into my room and take them while I was gone.

"I wouldn't dare to get an electric heater for my room because I know I would get the blame for making the electric bill go up. I never use the oil heater during the day. I guess I am bullied. But Mariko can make it sound so nasty. I just hate to discuss finances with her because she ~~splits~~ splits things down to one-third cents. I was going to say something about not getting too mercenary once, but Mariko got angry and she began to pick on me about what happened Christmas eve. She still throws that up to me when she thinks I am rebelling. - don't want any nasty scenes so I just take it.

"The biggest issue now seems to be over the food money. Mariko now wants us to put \$5 each a week into the food pot because we always seem to run over. She hints that this is because of my poor shopping. That is the unfairest thing of all because I don't have to do it and I try to save as much as possible for her. I'm even willing to eat pig snouts if it makes her any happier. But I don't think that I should put in an extra dollar because I only eat one meal a day there while they take lunches. And George eats four eggs for breakfast. Mariko wouldn't let him do that before I came. They used to get by on \$3.00 a week before I came. Then it went up to \$4.00 a week. Now they want it to be \$5.00 apiece a week for us. I wouldn't mind if we really ate that much, but there is never anything to eat in the house and Mariko instructs me to buy the cheapest meats. Mariko doesn't realize that her parties for her friends cost money. I could eat at the Clarendon Hotel for .55 cents a day and it would be a complete meal so I can't understand why I should have to put more money into the food pot when we cook at home. I hate to say this, but somebody is

always 'borrowing' money from the food pot. There's no other way to explain how it goes. If Mariko would let me do the entire shopping, I could keep an itemized account each day, but she buys the things on Saturdays and that is when we spend the most. George used to borrow dimes and quarters out of the pot and that was never replaced. Mariko used to take out carfare now and then. And I think they take the money out to pay for the newspaper when the man comes around every week. I bet they have even taken the laundry money out of the family pot too. It's no good when those things are done and I begin to feel that they are suspicious of me. Maybe the best solution is to move out, but I don't want them to get mad at me as I like both of them very much in spite of the way they make me mad once in a while. It is mostly Mariko.

"And I was very peeved about the dinner Mariko planned for Bette tonight. She got weenies. I thought we should get something better than that as I had invited Bette to be my guest for dinner and the play, but Mariko said it was okay because Bette was a relative. I wanted to eat something a little more fancy than that. You should see how much spaghetti we eat--at least once a week. I'd like to eat something a little more special on Sundays. But Mariko will remind me about the food pot and make it look like we would starve if it were not for her careful management. And the worst part of the dinner for Bette tonight was that she did not get anything to eat because Mariko fussed around with her dress and did not cook. And she got mad when I said I was going to take Bette out to eat. It was all her fault because she was so slow. She should allow herself extra time so that she will not be tardy.

"I was furious Friday night. I had made arrangements to sneak them into the puppet show before we went to the night club. I told Mariko to be sure to get there by eight as I might get

fired if I were caught sneaking them in. They didn't arrive until after 8:30. I had saved three choice center seats for them but they were taken. Only 100 people are supposed to be in the audience at one time but I had to sneak in extra chairs for them to sit in the back. If Mariko had said anything about the bad seats, I would really have gotten sore. That was one time I wanted her to be on time.

"I know that Mariko bosses and imposes upon me and I don't like it but that is her way. George comes and helps me with the housework when Mari is not around but he tells me not to tell her. If she didn't nag him so much, he would be willing to do things. And I don't think that George will stand it much longer for the way she belittles him in front of friends. He has his self-respect to uphold. And it is funny when Mariko keeps telling her friends that she and George are ideally married couple. She won't even allow George to have a night off during the week for himself. No wonder he goes to the bars when he can sneak out. She should give him two nights off a week.

"Mari is childish in many of her ways. I don't know why she wants to dominate everything. Vic and Sessu were over today, but all I heard was Mariko's voice. Dr. Suzuki (dentist) told me that he was going to give George rubber clamps for the teeth because Mari talks so much when she goes to get her teeth fixed. Most of the time, Mariko puts on a good front on in public as she is an interesting conversationalist. She can be such a pleasant and nice person when she puts on her party personality. I wish that she would practice it more at home as she is getting so high strung and nervous. George is beginning to assert himself more now that he has won back his self respect and is working. He took quite a beating during the time he was unemployed. They still have minor and major

fight almost every day. When we have company, George makes her fight the first thing in the morning so that she will get it out of her system and the rest of the day will be peaceful. They usually seem to make up, but the marriage is a long ways from being a peaceful and happy one as they are not adjusted to each other yet. Mari and George are both too much of an individualist and they don't make concessions to each other gracefully as it hurts their pride. George is more willing to do it than Mari. She will make a big issue out of nothing."

(The above comments are taken from notes written down in detail at five am this morning before I went to sleep.)

I went to sleep about five this morning, and slept for an hour and a half. Then three alarms ~~came~~ went off; George came crashing and grunting into the front room and made a lot of noise turning on the oil heater. "How lucky I am that I don't live in such a turbulent household all the time," I thought to myself as I tried to sleep some more. Shortly afterwards, a minor argument goes on about who uses the bathroom the longest to make the other late for work. Then silence for a while. The radio then goes on. Mariko mutters to herself that she has to hurry up. George goes to kitchen to start breakfast. He decides he doesn't want cereal.

"Can I eat a weenie?," he calls out cautiously.

Mariko comes charging out of bathroom, talking fast, "You know they are for tonight. Don't you dare to touch them."

George (in resigned voice) "Okay"

Mariko making it a major issue, talking ferociously, "I made cereal. Why don't you eat it? You don't have to have weenies. You are always doing that? Who do you think you are anyway? You know it will make it unbalanced ^{for tonight} if you eat one weenie."

George (timidly) "I thought I could eat a weenie because I am going to eat out tonight."

Mariko (very angrily): "Who said so? You're not going to go carousing around tonight with your cheap drunken friends. We are eating dinner at home. What makes you think you can go off like that when I prepare a meal? "

George (meekly and sounding henpecked) "I thought you were going shopping tonight and you wouldn't be in until late."

Mariko (madly) "If you'd listen to me once in a while, you would know that I have an appointment with the dentist after work. Furthermore, you'd better do some shopping with me sometime. You can't expect me to do it all for you."

George (very cheerfully) "Okay, honey, let's go shopping tonight. I'd like to go downtown."

Mariko (changing her tune drastically saying coyly): "Well, we could meet after my dentist appointment and eat a snack downtown and then come home and eat afterwards. We could get a lot of shopping done."

George: "Okay"

Mariko (very coyly) "I'm going to be real tired tonight, honey, but it will help if you come and carry the shopping things."

George: "Okay"

Mariko (very alarmed): "Say, we gotta get out of here in one-half minute or we will be late for work. You know you shouldn't talk to me when I am getting ready for work."

George: "Okay, honey"

Then, ... bang, crash, rustle, rustle... thump, thump, thump!... squish, squish!... Doorslams... steps running down stairs... Then silence and peace, wonderful peace, settles down over the household.

I was so sleepy, but I couldn't get back to sleep even tho I

had less than two hours. My conscience begins to bother me and I think I should get up and go to work.

Conscience says, "What a soft job you have. You had better get some work done."

Me: "But I am so sleepy."

Con: "You have dictation to finish. Remember?"

Me: "But I want to visit with Eileen as I won't be seeing her for a month. Besides I don't have too much to do this week."

Con: "But it's not good to develop lazy habits."

Me: "I know I might get fired but I read cases yesterday afternoon and I typed for four hours, didn't I? It was Sunday too."

Con: "That's right, you did?"

Me: "Then couldn't I take the morning off. I have to go downtown this afternoon to buy some things for my trip anyway."

Con: "You can sleep if you take notes first."

So from 8-9 I took notes on the Mariko-George adjustments and completed my notes on Eileen's comments. Then I go to sleep until 11 am.

Didn't buy a suitcase this afternoon as Eileen decided to loan me hers. She went to the dentist and I talked with one of the patients waiting around there. Later, Eileen and I went to the five and ten to shop around. She went to Y college to find out about enrollment and got an appointment. We walked around stores some more. I was dead tired when I got home. Cooked as Bette had late afternoon dancing class. Then I typed all evening--eight (now) to 1:30--as I am so slow. My back is just about killing me now as I have been sitting in this funny position for five hours. Bette just finished studying and went to take a shower.

We solved the mystery of the mewowing cat. It wasn't a cat at all; it was the gas meter. I swear it sounded like a cat.

Dictated at the office today and almost finished up. I should be able to complete it by tomorrow. Louise mentioned today that her brother in law is now drawing a syndicated cartoon strip, Miki, in the Daily News. I brought some cases home to read tonight. Eileen was over for dinner this afternoon before she went to work. We ate early. Bette cooked a delicious dinner. She had invited Eileen in return for the play she had been taken to.

I washed some stuff out in the laundry and got some more things ready to take on the trip I don't want to be caught with everything on my hands at the last minute. I interrupted Bette's study for a couple of hours in order to talk with her on her present progress. It was just a general talk which included about everything from personal adjustments to family resettlement.

I have been giving the matter of family resettlement quite a bit of thought lately. I just don't know what to do about bringing Mom and Miyako out. If the camp closes there will be no other choice. But it may be difficult for Mom to make adjustments out here after being in camp for about three years now. But I couldn't go live in a Japanese group for her entirely; I wouldn't do it. I feel that Mom will be able to see this point and it will be for the future of Tom and Miyako. She has never lived in a Japanese community anyway ~~xxx~~ except for the evacuation years. If a large number of Issei come out here, I can see where it will accelerate the tendency for segregation. The Issei might be happier in such an environment, but it certainly will not do the Nisei any good. I just can't conceive of the possibility where the good effects of segregation would outweigh the bad.

Segregation in this country for any racial group has not been good. For the Nisei now, it would mean permanent poverty, degradation and defeat. It seems that the process is forced by a denial of free access to the economic life of this country sometimes; and other times, it is ~~xxxxxxx~~ the ~~the~~ segregation in itself which forces the ~~xxxxx~~denial of free access to come about. If the Nisei are going to have any future in this country at all, it is an absolute necessity that they do nothing which will ever hinder the movement towards a free participation in the economic life of the country. It is true that the pattern of segregation takes place in those broken down districts of a city which is on the lowest rung of the economic ladder so I see where nothing positive and constructive can come out of it--except in limited individual cases. Segregation cannot be separated from a poverty status.

I think that this even applies to the segregated Nisei unit in the Army. It is still Jim Crow to me. Does the Nisei combat team really help the Nisei position in this country? It may alleviate some public attitudes towards them temporarily, but it doesn't necessarily ^{mean} ~~xxxxx~~ that permanent good results follows. I can't see where the Nisei soldier morale is going to be high when he knows that he is fighting for second class American citizenship. His segregation in the Army in itself is symbolic of the limitations he may face in civil life if this pattern is not defeated all around. Segregation is only a symbol of the inevitable inferiority of the Nisei and any other racial group which has to live in such a pattern. It keeps alive that idea that the 'Japs' should be kept in their place in the economic and social life of the nation, and the opportunity is given the opposition forces to keep alive this limited sort of system forever. For the Negroes, it is a much more difficult process because the cry of miscegenation is always

raised. This sort of thing is not applied to the Nisei yet even though the group itself is strongly fearful of intermarriage. But a complete segregation could develop such an attitude in the mind of the American public. The Nisei just can't afford to have any sort of a color line applied to them and a segregated community would be the quickest thing to bring this about. Yet, Tom S. writes that many of the Nisei soldiers in his training camp protested when one Nisei soldier was mixed in with ten caucasians. That is hard to understand.

I am convinced that the future of the Nisei depends in great part on the more liberal attitudes which they may develop. It will also depend upon a continued liberal attitude by governmental agencies such as the WRA, and it will be intensified if the labor power supports equality in work opportunities. If the churches could really apply and fight for democratic principles, we would be well on the road to solving minority problems in this country. But the greatest hope will lie in the willingness of the greater American public to really believe in and work toward this goal of democracy. That is the crux of the whole problem. I think that it can be done unless a strong reactionary movement takes control of this country after the war. It seems that so many of the Nisei cling to the segregated ways because they live in fear and in doubt that our democratic principles will really work. This country has to have a strong enough faith in democracy to overcome any fears as to what will be the consequences of the elimination of segregation, particularly for the Negroes. I tend to blame the failure of integration more on the Nisei, but I am perfectly aware that these other factors exist and that they are a part of the greater problem.

I finally finished my dictation today and sent the data into the Berkeley. I should be happy about it but I have the strange feeling that a part of my work is finished and I am a little worried and expectant about the next phase. It may be rooted in some feelings about insecurity for my job future; I don't know. There does seem to be a sort of restless air around here, or maybe I am imagining it. I guess all of us are thinking about what comes next. Louise mentioned today about some sort of an offer for International House in Berkeley, but she did not say if she were going to take it or not. Frank mentioned that he might be finished on the Study by September, but I doubt that. he has to write up a Chicago report yet and it will take him quite a while as he works in a thorough way. Togo will start his new job as an Editorial writer in March, he thinks. Jimmy is supposed to go to UC for graduate work. I'll just keep plugging along on my work and hope that I will be able to accomplish something. I just have a feeling that this last part is the most important part of the study and I wouldn't like to leave it hanging in the air.

Bette mentioned that she was able to get ^a the job at the University Commons. She will start Monday--waitress job I think. She will get .90 and a meal for two hours of work in the evenings. That is not bad at all since it won't cut into her time much. She will be able to be near the campus too and that is what she wants. I won't have to worry about her being all alone now. She said that a lot of her friends were working at Commons--one of her boy friends, Rod, being ^{not} the least of the attractions. She is going to a big campus dance with him Saturday night and then stay over with Betty Jean. BJ got a job as a typist on the campus at .65 a hour.

I will give Bette \$1 a day while I am gone so that she should be able to get along nicely since she will have an added income. I told her not to work anymore than the two hours daily since I want her to bear down on her studies. I don't know how she is coming along right now, but I am a little concerned about that since she did not do as well as I had expected. I think that she will come through this quarter as she is learning better study habits. It worries her a lot and she wants to go to the university again next year. She will try for another scholarship for next year and much will depend upon her getting decent grades. If she gets a C average or a little better, that is okay. I don't believe in working just for grades as I want Bette to develop her social personality so that she will be able to use her knowledge. I just don't care for the type of Nisei who buries himself in his book and gets all A's but nothing else out of college. I suppose that I could tell Bette to cut out her social activities at college and work for grades, which she could get, but that would spoil college for her and she wouldn't really be learning how to live. The one thing which I do want her to guard herself against is not to get lost in an Ivory Tower. It is better to keep in touch with reality. I would say that Bette is much more mature now than what I was at her age. Her sparkling personality seems to have found a good place for coming out at school. She is quite well balanced, and not of the Pollyanish attitudes either. I suppose it is through my influence that she is a little radical in her thinking, but it is good for her to go through that stage. The above is the "pep" talk I gave her in general this evening.

I tread until about ⁴ am last night. Bette came in and dragged me out of bed at nine before she went to school. I was very sleepy, but I got up. Bette is quite a tyrant and mean to me. She says that she has to see that I don't neglect my work. I went downtown and did some shopping first. Bought Bette a red plaid shirt since she has been wanting one for a long time. I will give it to her after she gets through ironing all of my shirts. Bette has been studying until about 1 every night recently. I looked at some of her assignments and they really are quite heavy. I think maybe they shove students through the college level a little too fast. It takes time to learn study methods to be able to absorb the U. of Chicago educational plan.

After lunch I dropped in to see Togo but he was not in yet. The Friends Office looks rather deserted these days. It has almost withdrawn from evacuee problem activities and I suppose it will become only an incidental part of the office procedure after Togo leaves. The Friends have done a good piece of work and it expects to carry on in the plans to help resettlement back to the Coast. It is not pushing it too strongly out here since it feels that many of the Nisei are better off in Chicago. >

I went over to the WRA office to find about about a permit to enter camp on the way back from California. The WRA seems to be inefficient yet; I hate to run it down since it has done so much good work, but my opinion of the personnel is not too high. <It still has the habit of passing the buck. Perhaps that is because there has been so many staff changes and the personnel never really gets to learn the WRA policies well. > Anyway, I was told that I would not be able to go into camp, but I am not worried about that. I will make the plans from the SF office. I won't be taking an unnecessary train trip since it will be a stopover from a return trip out to the Coast.

There is a ~~new~~ reason for the new policy about visits to the center. The WRA is going all out in an effort to close up the camps and its program. { There has been a bill put before the House asking for the closing of the WRA by next July, but I don't think it will go through that soon. But the WRA is making is pretty definite that its present program is really to close up as fast as possible. } It has heard rumors that most of the Nisei out here just don't believe that the WRA will do this and a lot of talk has gone around camp saying that they will stay until forced out. The WRA thus feels that strong measures have to be taken in order to prove that it means what it says.

A notice has gone out under the Chicago office head, W. Lessing, saying that relocation plans for family should be made through the mails as much as possible. However, if a visit is felt to be necessary a letter has to be submitted to the local office from a close relative or business associate asking the resetter to come and visit the center for the specific purpose of discussing plans. Before the permit is given, the resettler must have a definite plan for relocating the family. Social calls just to "talk things over" will not be approved. In addition, the departure from Chicago must be approved by the employer or the War Manpower Commission. Finally, the resettler must be able to explain why he cannot complete relocation plans without going back to the center. The only exceptions to this rule will be for those Nisei who have been accepted for army service and other members of the Army who are on furlough; students at the end of a school term; and emergency visits to seriously ill members of family or death.

It would be too much trouble for me to try and get through all the red tape of the office here even though I could use the

argument that I had to go in order to convince Mom to let ~~Tom~~ come out, which isn't true at all. But I do have to discuss family plans for resettlement. The only trouble is that I do not have any positive plan because of the draft and work uncertainty. I have written Mom just to wait and not get excited until I work out something. <One of the officers at the WRA office told me that the reason why restrictions were being placed upon center visits was to discourage people from going back to camp and staying there because of fear that the WRA would suddenly kick all of the families out without warning. It is a real crises in a number of cases. In some cases, the situation has developed where the family wants to go back to California eventually while the children want to remain ~~the~~ in the Midwest. They feel insecure about either places so that a lot of worrying takes place.

The WRA office plans to go into this last stage of work entirely so that resettlers applying for jobs will be referred to the ~~the~~ USES office. The WRA feels that most types of jobs are open so that there is no longer any need for special treatment of the evacuees in jobs. That is a good step forward since the types of jobs which the WRA offered previously were a limited type of service at best and the jobs were not up to standard in a great majority of cases. There is no question that the acceptance of the Nisei in work is general and there is no need of further specialized service in this respect. It also means that most of them will be placed in war jobs or related war jobs since that has been stressed ^{by} the USES for the past year. The USES should be able to spread the resettlers out over a wider field of work opportunities, unless it takes the easy way out and concentrates them in a few places. That won't be so good. >

The WRA office, in the meantime, plans to work entirely on getting the people out of camp. In the circular letter, it

makes this quite clear. "Within the year, one by one, the centers will close. Three months' notice will be given in each instance, but you and your family should start making final plans now. Write to your parents, brother, sisters, friends--write and tell them what you have learned about Chicago, or about any other locality you are familiar with where resettlement seems attractive to everyone concerned."

I doubt if there will be a large scale rush to follow this advise. There are few Nisei who will say that Chicago is the place for a family to come. It appears that the WRA is going to try and get the people out to the midwest since it feels that it cannot get them back to the coast too easily. Ben mentioned that the WRA is going to set up a lot of offices and do a through job on the coast, but this office will try to get the evacuees to come out this way since he doubted if there would be a large scale movement back to California. I asked him if he thought the program would be completed within a year or 18 months as the WRA threatens. "Well, you know the WRA tried to get 40,000 out of the camps in 1943 and we haven't reached that number yet. But you can't say the program failed. If the return to the Coast ~~xxx~~ progresses as will, it will be a job well done. But I guess there is a chance that a couple of the centers have to be kept open permanently. We don't encourage that sort of thinking in the camps since this would give the people just another reason to stay as long as possible without making definite plans. They won't starve if they come out. The Federal Security Agency has funds to help them out. It's a tragic thing to move a lot of those old people out, but it has to be done for the sake of the whole group. Naturally, the ill and infirmed are not going to be tossed right out. Many Nisei already are trying to make an ome out of the WRA again for this last stage of the program, but we

are used to being scapegoats. Nothing is really as bad as it first seems. The Nisei should get that through their heads. It will be a tough problem though. I think that they will be better off in the midwest. They won't have anything to go back to on the Coast and there won't be as many jobs open. Already there are many hotheads who are out after our heads all over again. They never seem to learn. Each new story about an unpleasant experience goes back to camp and circulates as an exaggerated rumor and that throws more fear into the people. It is better if they get a fresh start out here where all of those latent attitudes does not exist. We will give them the straight facts and not build it up too much either. We know what the conditions are like out here because we have been here for a couple of years now. I can say that the "isei never dreamed of ever having as much job opportunities as ~~tk~~ exists right in "hicago now."

Lessing's circular seems to bear Ben out as it follows what he said right down the line: "Write and tell them (in camp) about employment opportunities. Approximately 2,000 industrial employers in this locality are anxious to hire both Issei and Nisei in practically all types of work. Prior military clearance is necessary only in a few defense plants. With over 1,000 Issei already here, it is not difficult to place those who speak very little English in jobs where speech limitations will not be a handicap." And also force a Japanese town, damn it!

Anyway, that is what the WRA is practically suggesting. It no longer cares what happens to people after they are dumped here. That is going back to the policy it had originally. For a while there was a great fuss about social adjustments and Jacoby was put in charge of that division but nothing was really accomplished. God, I hate to think of the WRA planning a Jap Town in Chicago. It is a tough nut to crack, I agree.

Poor housing, concentration, and inevitably segregation in a slum. That is the way it always seems to happen and I don't see any difference in the process when a governmental agency fosters it. It even accelerates the process. I feel sorry as well for the Issei and Nisei, but I just don't want to live with them in a frustrating society. God, I had enough of that in SF for a year and for a year in camp!

< Lessing's comments on housing: " Write and tell them about housing. Tell them that Chicago, like almost every other industrial city, is a tough nut to crack as far as decent housing is concerned. Before the war, literally hundreds of clean, modern, unfurnished apartments and houses were available at rents ranging from \$32.00 to \$52.00. Those accommodations are still here but because of wartime requirements, they are occupied. In fact, almost all desirable housing is not available to any newcomer to the city. And still, there are places to live--not elaborate dwellings, but old buildings which can become homes in the future with a little money and little elbow grease. In less fashionable neighborhoods, there are numerous run-down houses for sale. Some are large enough to reconvert into smaller apartments, resulting in income producing property.

"Three, four, five-room and even larger stove-heated, unfurnished apartments are vacant in the poorer sections of the city. Many of them would be livable with some repair. The Chicago WRA office is now in a position to refer applicants to at least three large property holders who control about seventy-five such buildings. As the year advances, our staff will devote the bulk of its efforts towards locating families in housing, and describing it accurately and honestly to persons wishing to settle here."

~~"Write and tell them about their future"~~

"Well, it certainly looks to me like a short sighted program, but I kept my mouth shut as I have orders! <Those WRA people down there think that just because they wish a thing, it is going to come through.> I could think of a lot more practical plan, <then Lessings'.> Since the WRA is investing \$49 million a year, ^{to operate the camps,} why couldn't it use this ~~amount~~ amount to provide low cost government housing with payments spread out a long period of time? The public would raise a hell of a stink, but the WRA should be immune to attacks by now. It certainly would be cheaper in the long run than to push them into slums where social problems would always exist. It could spread the housing out, ~~too~~, so that it would not concentrate all of the evacuees in any one location. I think that this is just as possible as any plan which it offers now--and less costly in the long run.

The local WRA wants the people to come out here to stay, but they can't expect this unless there is some inducements. Merely giving talks is not concrete enough. There is a future in the Midwest, but excessive concentration here will ruin it sure as hell. I can easily conceive of the Chicago "Japtown" being much more notorious and frustrating than the LA. 'Lil Tokyo ever was. I guess all of us are really on the horns of a dilemma since there is not clear answer to the problem in a short term program. I doubt if many resettlers would be as ~~passive~~ optimistic as Lessing when he says, "Write and tell them about their future in the Middle West. Naturally, no one knows the complete story. But this much is certain. There has been practically no racial intolerance towards persons of Japanese extraction. Oriental faces are familiar and welcome, not only in Chicago itself, but in about 70 smaller towns within a radius of 60 miles. During the last two years, more than 6,000 resettlers have been engaged

in farming, war work, and in operating their own business in this area. Chicago now has Japanese and Japanese American ministers, physicians, dentists, optometrists, public health nurses, lawyers, insurance salesmen, pharmacists, teachers, barbers, and beauty operators, to say nothing of hotel, rooming houses and restaurant operators. Professional people are getting a toes hold, farmers are making permanent plans, and workers are being advanced to more important positions in factories and plants.

"Individuals or families, who need outside help, will have nothing to fear now or after the WRA program is at an end. By agreement with the Resettlement Assistance Program and other national, state and local agencies, arrangements have been made to care for the resettler's welfare, whether it be in connection with health, finances, family guidance, or any other emergency."

I wish I could be that optimistic. The fact does remain that few migratory groups have been promised such excellent care, but the situation is complicated by a lot of psychological and political factors. I hope the program is successful, but I don't think that it can hope to achieve its goal unless certain fundamental changes are made in ^{our} society and its attitudes. On the other hand, it would be better for these people to get out of camp as rapidly as possible before the war ends, especially those with children. But I saw a pitiful, lonely, frightened, Issei man on the streetcar and I wondered what was going to happen to individuals like that. Maybe it would be better for these old people who have contributed their share to the development of this country to be retired in a camp with others like them. They would be happier there. A pioneer group has to be young and there is not much place for the old. It is cruel, but families have to be broken up sometimes out of circumstances. In the

long run, the majority would be better off. There would be more possibilities for integration too. What a selfish thought! But I don't think it would really be sacrificing the old folks to get that goal since they would be much better taken care of in camp and the younger people would have more of a chance to get established wherever they go--not all to Chicago, I hope.

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I dropped in to see Eileen for a short time late this afternoon. She told me of further developments in her problems:

"I went down the Central Y and I found out that I could get an MA in music in another year. But, it is going to be quite a problem around here if I start taking classes. I will just have to eat out and I can't be shopping and cooking anymore. I don't think that Mari will like that too much. I am willing to do my share of the housecleaning, but not all of it. And I won't be able to do anymore of their ironing for them. George is certainly pleased that his shirts are going to be finished at the laundry after this as he never knew when he was going to get shirts ironed as Mariko is always too tired in the evening. It's all in her mind because she doesn't work that hard. She is not willing to be a wife, that's all. I don't see what kind of a life they are going to build as they just seem to be existing from day to day and fighting and making up in-between.

"I'm just a bystander, but it affects me because when Mari gets in a temper everything is hit. She tries to hurt people when they do not conform to her. It's too bad that nobody can tell her that this is the reason why her friends have slipped away one by one. If she would only be pleasant and calm all the time. I was attracted to her at first because she had such a personality, but I have lost a lot of respect for her when she does things which are not right. I still like her a lot and I

want to be her friend. I know she imposes all over me. I get sore and I tell you about it. I intend to speak to her, but I always gets scared off at the last minute because I don't want to make a scene. I know Mari can be awfully nasty if she ever gets it in for you. I don't want her to turn against me because I have not done anything to hurt her. She can throw up a lot of things to me as her way of getting her way and I know I am sensitive about it. But I wish she wouldn't make those insinuating remarks about men friends coming to see me at night. Nothing goes on, and if Mari imagines that something does, she is mistaken. She even tells me things about you when she gets sore, but I never believe her anymore because I think that she doesn't understand people at all. I was a little angry last night when she ran down an old school friend of mine from Minot. I know that he is not an intellectual person, but neither is Mari. A lot of her knowledge is just superficial and she tries to put it on. She knows a lot about music and art, but not as much as she tries to make other people believe. I think that a person doesn't have to go around telling about how intellectual he is because other people will naturally see it. George doesn't go around bragging about his knowledge and he knows plenty of things. But what does Mariko do, she belittles it. I just feel so sorry for George.

"I have one possibility of moving out and I hope that Mari will not throw it up to me and say I am deserting her. When I first came here, we had a talk and she told me that she would not throw it up to me if I stayed for a while because she wanted me to live with her. She said that it would not be a case like Ken Morioka staying on Toshie's when he no longer was wanted. Mariko knows that I save her money by sharing one-third of the bills and I certainly am convenient to have around to do

the housework, just like a servant. I can't go off and leave the house dirty. I wouldn't mind so much if they would not throw their dirty clothes all around the place. I don't like to go around picking up soiled garments after people. I know that both of them are rushed at work, but they surely must be able to find a little time to keep up their home so that they will continue to have pride in it. Mari means well and she just forgets. I think that she actually believes she is doing me a favor by allowing me to stay here and that she is not imposing upon me at all! Gosh, she certainly is a character. But that is Mari.

"We could get along nicely if Mari would just do her part. We sit down and plan our how we are going to cooperate, but Mari forgets it right away and I am stuck. It's a lot of work to do everything and that has to be changed. I'm going to talk to her and see if she would be willing to let me just sleep here and I will eat but after I start classes. I just won't be able to do the shopping and housecleaning any more. My doctor told me to eat regularly and not late at night like I have been doing. If I can take afternoon classes, I will be able to eat out and then go to work from there.

"I'm not to sure about the job possibilty that I have. The Y registrar told me about it and I am investigating it now. It is with a settlement house and I would get \$100 a month plus room and board for working 30 hours a week. It would be a split shift tho. I would teach music and supervise the play of the children. If the conditions are real good, I will quit my Kunsholm job and take that and then take as many courses as I could. If the job does not look so good, I will stay on at my present job and then go to school. In the spring I will be ~~able~~ able to look for a place of my own. But in the meantime, it is up to Mari to try and change her ways a little so that I

can live like an equal human being around here. Everyone knows how Mari can be so that's why they joke about ~~me~~ being the maid her~~e~~. I didn't mind before and I even gave up my time for hunting for an afternoon job, but I can't do that if I go to school again and my father sends me money to help me out. It will be awfully expensive to take those music courses.

"But things are complicated because of another new development that I just heard of. Our landlord at home died and the new one wants to sell the home to us for \$6500. That is silly because my father could have bought it once for \$1200 just before the war. But if the new owner sells it to another party, then my folks will have to move out. Then I will have to go up there and help them find a new home since housing is very scarce up there too. And I wouldn't be able to ask my father for any money for school. Gee, life is one complicated mess, but I don't brood so much about it as I used to --and I didn't have so many things to worry about before either. I guess my outlook on life has changed a little in the past few months. I am more than ever determined to seek my goals."

Scotty Sakamoto came over to tell me about his personal problems this evening and he wondered if I could help him out since he didn't know what to do. I scarcely know the boy as I have only met him briefly once or twice. Emiko told him to come over and consult me. He was here for a couple of hours so that is why I did not get my packing done yet. I'll do it tomorrow since I have most of the stuff assembled and I am really not taking too much.

It seems that Scotty's brother is in the Cook County Jail and he is being held by the FBI for draft evasion. Scotty's

bottom. It s a case of penny wise and pound foolish. I wonder if all married couples argue about money like Mariko and George does. Eileen said that now that George is working, he has been very sharp with Mariko a few times this week. Somebody should warn Mariko to quit being so self centered, but I am afraid it is no use. It is something which she has to work out herself. Poor George is so henpecked. This marning Mariko just nagged and nagged him until he got up and got breakfastx for her. I felt like yelling for her to shut up, but I decided that I was only a guest so I tried to sleep amid all the clatter they made. Gad, what a difficult woman! I think I will be a bachelor. "ariko still tells her friends about the "cheap \$1.60 slippers George bought her for Christmas." That is definitely in questionabletaste. >

I was very much irritated with "ariko last night because she started to talk about family resettlement in front of company and she made itsound as if she were the only one who worried about it. Mom wrote her a letter asking her to talk with Jack and have him reconsider returning to the Coast to join Dolores as it was better for him to continue his schooling out here. I didn't think that it was necessary for Mariko to say that the reason for this was because Mom never had any sex life in her marriage, etc. etc. I told Mariko to drop the subject and leave Jack and Dolores alone. Mariko then said I could afford to say that, but I had no consideration for mom because she was the one who had to stay in camp and have people talk about her son being married to a Filipino girl. I said that if they were that small mindad, they should be ignored. Mariko said that this was a dumb thing to say because I knew perfectly well that mom was very conscious of community pressure. I answered that mom would soon be out of this.

Then Mariko asked me what plans for family resettlement I had

in mind. I said that I had nothing definite planned other than to bring Tom out this summer as I was uncertain about my job and the new draft regulations. I had written Alice and Jack to this effect. Mariko was angry because I refused to talk these matters over with her. She feels that she is being left out. I told her that she has her own marriage adjustments to make and that is why I am not planning to call upon her. Then I said that many of her plans were impractical anyway so that I was not counting on her at all. I felt that it was necessary to be direct so that she would understand. Then Mariko said she would be willing to give \$10 or \$20 a month if I brought them out here. I just know that when the time comes, she will not come through. I pointed out that she had never come through in completing her offers of aid with Emiko and Bette. Mariko said the reason for this was because I never asked her. I said I had my pride. Then she said that she had never failed to do anything she said she would do so I couldn't resist reminding her about Bette's suit which is still uncompleted. "That's different" she says. >

I know very well that Mariko is concerned about family resettlement but she is so undependable. In the event that George gets drafted, I told her that she could not move in with us. It would never work out because she would be the stick of dynamite around and it would ruin all semblance of family life to have her queening around. I know that this hurt her, but it had to be made clear. < I don't know what will happen if I get drafted. I refused to argue with Mariko because she is so excitable. And she could be such a nice person. She says a lot of things she really does not mean. If Mariko would only realize that the whole family is drifting from her because she is such a difficult personality. She always tries to put the blame on somebody or something else. And she could be such a charming person. I wonder if it is because of incompatibility in her

married life? It can't be all George's fault because Mariko is always getting in hotwater with almost every person she ever knew. Saye is the only one who could kick her around and they were two of a kind.

Mariko says that I am too defensive about Eileen, but I don't think that is entirely true. It just isn't right that Eileen should be imposed upon so much just because she is such a nice person. Mariko doesn't have too worry about Eileen playing me for a sucker because Eileen and I have a good understanding and we usually talk about everything quite frankly. I know that she is not romantically interested in me in spite of any way I feel. We are just very good friends. I wouldn't like to see anyone treated like a "maid" around there because the bad reflection is on Mariko when that is done. I don't see why Eileen doesn't rebel. There is a limit to gratitude. Eileen did not set the table this morning so Mariko told her, "Oh, we don't expect you to do it on sundays." Mariko does so damn many irritating things and then she will suddenly do something nice for Eileen like sewing up her pajamas so that Eileen forgives her all over again. But the resentments are mounting and it will be better for Eileen to get her own place as soon as she can find a vacancy--a very hard job these days. Mariko suspects that Eileen tells me a lot of things and that may be the reason why she is trying to get me disgusted with Eileen with such stories that she has to have her men friends around, that she is helpless, that she can't shop well, etc. I know that Eileen is basically a very puritanical girl so I just discount the sly innuendoes which float around now and then. And then, I suppose I tend to believe more of what Eileen says because I am prejudiced in her favor!

I think that Mariko was trying to henpeck me because she was

a little hurt that Alice was going to inform me first when her baby was born. I didn't ask Alice to do that. Mariko was saying something about how close she used to be to Alice, but "now she tells Toshie everything instead of me." Mariko said that she could get a telegram at her place just as easily. There's no sense in making an issue of it. I wouldn't feel that my position in life was being threatened if I were not informed first. Women must have a different way of looking at these things. Maybe it is because deep down there is still some resentment against me because I usurped her position as head of the family. And then maybe it is because she has guilt feelings because she has not assumed as much responsibility for the family as she could have in the months before her marriage. (I have instructed Bette never to allow Mariko to look at my diary in the event I am drafted!)

Eileen and I dropped in to see Toshie as we heard that Albert was in town. We left all of the dishes for Mariko, George, Bob T, and Helen as we were feeling very brave! Albert was only in overnight as he came up on a three day pass. He is a corporal now. We missed him by several hours. Toshie sold me a carton of cigarettes which Albert brought up. (She sold them to me for \$1.40 while she had charged Mariko full price. She thought this was such a joke on Mariko! Mariko bought them for George and he is hiding them from Eileen after bumming all the cigarettes from her these past few months. One would think that these cigarettes were rare treasures the way people go around hiding them. I gave Eileen half of mine so that George would not be able to gloat over her.)

(Toshie is such a pleasant girl that I enjoy visiting her. I never go over there without an official invitation as I don't like to break in on people unexpectedly.) Toshie said that she had talked to Aki this afternoon and he has decided against returning to Calif.

in spite of the fact that his brother owns two ranches in the Santa Maria valley as they have heard from friends that it would not be wise to go there at present due to unfavorable sentiment. They have heard that signs have been placed all over Santa Barbara saying "Japs, keep out." Masako still would like to go, but Aki is worried about the economic risks. He is making a comfortable living out here for his wife and 3 kids now and he has a deferment. He thinks that he might be drafted if he quits his deferred job all of a sudden. Toshie also said ^{that} ~~that~~ very few of her former Pasadena friends are planning to return. ^{she} ~~she~~ definitely will remain here. Mrs. Ikeda would like to go back, but the children object. Otto and his brothers are well established in school out here and Dorothy will be going into Cadet nursing next month.

Eileen and I went to get scared by a horror picture, House of Frankenstein. We tried very hard, but it was no go. Eileen even bit her fingernails to get in the mood. We were very disappointed so we went to another midnight show afterwards. Then we went to our favorite restaurant and talked until 4 am this morning. Eileen said that she expected to sign up for some courses in Y college next semester. Her father is going to send her money for tuition. ^{Thm 6753} "I get so worried about my father because he is working so hard. He is 58 years old. I don't know what my family would do if he were incapacitated or something. That's one reason why I could not think of getting married because I couldn't leave my family to shift for themselves. My mother wouldn't be able to manage with the two young kids and Willy is going to get drafted pretty soon. I'd go up there and manage the restaurant. My father is in partnership with another Japanese man and that man has been gypping my father for years in the profits. I would take care of him the very first thing. I would either buy him out or sell out to him. M_v

family could get along for a while on the bank account and the insurance in event my father passed away, but not for too long. I expect my father to live for quite some time yet. I think that I could only want to live to be 55 because by that time all of my children would have grown away from me. I would hang onto them until they were at least 18 though. I don't want my father to be sending me money for school but he insists upon it. I'm going to try and save \$5.00 a week out of my wages now.

Alicess note:

Dear Charlie,

Mailing this birthday greeting a little early in case I'm indisposed by the time your birthday comes around. Here it is Jan. 11, 1945 and baby hasn't arrived yet. I do hope it won't ~~be~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ take after its auntie Mariko and be on the tardy side!

Will you let everyone know the important event is a little delayed--and May or Jack S. will wire you when it happens. A few days is nothing to worry about, but I'm wondering how Mark is taking it. He's in Hawaii and enjoying his stay there very much.

We'll see what tomorrow brings. Will write letter later.

love

/S/ Alice

116 Oak Grove, Apt.

Mpls, 4, Minn.

Charles Kikuchi
Insert

Diary

Jan. 15, 1945

6754

Jan. 7, 1945

Dear Mariko,

Y Yesterday I sand letter for you, but I forget say thank you for picture fram. Thank you very very mach. That is just what I wanted.

(The following is a translation of the letter written in romaji.)

There is nothing left for us to do in California now so there is no alternative than to go to Chicago where you are all residing now. I intend to remain here until the camp closes.

I think Jack to stay there and try to go to some medical school in the east than returning to California. Instead of hurrying to his wife, I think he should think of his studies first of all. Please talk to Jack and try to persuade him that he will have a better chance for school by staying in the east. I think he is making a mistake in going to California. Won't you please talk this over with Jack?

Mom

Charles Kikuchi
Insert

Diary

Jan. 15, 1945

6755

Jan. 7, 1945

Dear Mariko,

I am sorry that I didn't write sooner to thank you for the nice presents you sent us. I'll write a list of things that I got for Christmas on another piece of paper. Did you have a nice time. Charles said that they eat dinner at you house.

On New Years we stayed up till 12:00 at night and at 12 the whistle blow for five minutes. There were eight boys and three girls we had a lot of fun because we built a fire and we made toast and made some chocolate and we played games.

All the Christmas presents from Bette, Emi, Chas, and Jack came after Christmas but we had a nice Christmas anyway.

Our Christmas dinner wasn't very good but on New Years we had a good dinner and we all had to eat at home. It seemed like eating in Vallejo again.

We received the picture frames safety, and mom put everyones picture in it already. Mom was very glad because one time Bette sended some but when they came they were all broken.

On Wednesday January 10, 1945 we are going to take our pictures for the anual. Last year I took a funny picture because I didn't smile, so this year mom told me to smile.

At the mess hall we only get 3 teasponnifful of rice because the other rice was black and the sent it back to the company.


Friday January 5, 1945 there was a Japanese show, and a man killed himself in block 52-4-D and the next day in the newspaper it was printed one inch high it said "MAN KILLED HIMSELF DURING JAPANESE SHOW"

Well theres nothing more to say so I say so long for now.

Love,

Miyako

P.S. Thanks again for the nightgown and pin.



Bette is writing a composition right now on induction and deduction and I don't think she is doing so well judging from some of the mutterings I hear. I won't help her until she gets the main body of the essay completed as it will do her good to sweat it out a bit. Otherwise, she might get too depended on others to help her out. I told her to do the whole thing over again because she wrote the composition without knowing what the terms mean, impossible as it seems. I never thought the time would come when I would worry about Bette passing courses, but her disastrous grades of last quarter worries me plenty. It's hard to understand how a bright girl like her can get a flunk mark, but it happened. < Bette has gotten over the deflation to her morale and she is applying herself diligently to her studies once more. She has learned that the U. of Chicago ~~is~~ method of teaching students to reason cannot be done unless the facts are first learned so that she is resigning herself to cramming a lot of knowledge down. They certainly have to cover a lot of territory though; that I will concede. But if other students can do it, then Bette should also be successful. Bette likes it so much out there so that she has plenty of initiative to make the grade this term. The grades in itself are not important, but she should get some decent marks. I don't know if she can graduate in two years or not because I have lately found out that very few accomplish this feat unless they come up through the high school level at the university.

I spent all day at the office and managed to get quite a bit of dictation done. I should be able to finish just about all the cases on hand by the end of this week or early next week. Then I will have a few days to read over cases and pack and do a few other essential things before I leave for Berkeley. Took a nap this evening, and will read a novel for relaxation later.

Davy dropped in this evening for a while. He came all the way up from the near north side. He wanted to borrow five dollars as he had his room rent for the week to pay. He said that Mrs. Reynolds is still looking for him but he is ignoring her. Davy has sent his father a letter telling him not to pay any of the bill until he straightens things out himself. Mr. Hagaki wants Davy to come back to camp before he gets into any more mischief. Davy is not so sure that he wants to go back to camp now. He said that his brother will arrive in town tomorrow and he will find out then if he will be able to take music lessons. Davy said that he has been staying home nights to play on his horn. He only visits the girls next door. Last weekend, he went out on a drunk with Matsushita but he only spent a dime. Matsushita got a pass from the army. Davy claims that the Caucasian girl now wants Matsushita to marry her as she is pregnant. Matsushita has no intention of doing this because the girl has slept with a lot of fellows and she has had a baby before. He thinks the girl is trying to blackmail him.

Davy is working on the day shift at National Tea Company now. He only gets .85 cents an hour but he would rather get the reduced pay than work at night. He said he had a verbal argument with the foreman today because he is being typed out of the bonus plan at the company. Davy will stick at that job for the rest of this month, if not longer. He had an offer to work at the Kunsholm restaurant for \$32.50 a week on a split shift but he did not think the pay was adequate and he does not care for that work anyway. He thinks he might get drafted pretty soon and he does not care because Sunny is now mad at him. He has such difficulties with his romances.

Today is another birthday milestone passed. I'm getting old! Last night after midnight, Bette cooked up something special as a treat as she was not sure if she would be home today. She is planning to attend some kind of a lecture with Phil. Bette said that all the girls at Blake have been close to her ever since the sleigh ride. <"They are all so defensive about me when Pat makes some nasty remarks. She sure is jealous though. I just ignore her because it's no use starting a feud. None of the girls like her any more. Pat is spoiled just because she comes from a rich family and her father gives her \$100 a month allowance."

My work at the office has been dull but necessary. I dictated all day yesterday and typed today. I haven't been keeping up with other news very much. >

Last night I got very ambitious and I did all of the laundry which has been accumulating for these past few weeks. Bette has been too busy. It took me a couple of hours. Then I decided to sand and lacquer the bookcase. That took me another couple of hours. As a consequence, I feel very tired and stiff today. I don't seem to be sleeping too well these past few nights. I can't figure out what is wrong since I don't think I have any particular worries on my mind. Perhaps it is because my normal routine of work has been disrupted and I am a bit anxious to know how the next phase of it will be. I'll be leaving for the Coast in another week now and I should wind up everything by then. I was almost tempted to start another case this week out of habit, but I decided against it since I would not be able to complete it anyway.

The war seems to have entered another decisive stage, but I don't think it is the final one yet. Russia is starting a large scale offensive now. The Germans have been checked on the western front. There must be a terrific casualty list, but the figures are

not published so readily by the war department now. There seems to be an urgent need for manpower as Roosevelt is demanding universal conscription now. The Army wants about a million more men during the first half of this year and the draft deferments are being cut drastically. I suppose that I will be called after April.

When I read about all the terrible destruction of this war, I wonder if it is really necessary. Granted that democracy is at stake. What caused it to be in peril? Was it really economic greed and the imperialistic desires of nations? It has to be completed now, but will there be a third World War. It seems to me that everyone hates war and everyone wants peace, but yet we have wars. Maybe it is because people in general condemn war, but they feel that particular wars are inevitable. There are those small groups motivated by self interests in every nation and they play upon the emotions of the majority and twist the real issues around. They play on prejudices and superstitions and call it loyalties. A lot of people who don't have to go out and do the fighting actually profit from the war, but the nation as a whole suffers. <What is the remedy for that? Could there be such good democratic practices followed that the people as a whole would refuse to fight wars. The pacifist movement isn't the answer because they aren't realistic either. It is possible that all people in the world feel the same way since a militaristic spirit is not inherited. There is a lot of talk about conscription after the war, having the biggest navy and army, etc. That doesn't exactly seem to be the answer. I don't think that a real democratic state could tolerate militarism of any form within it.>

But this does not mean that I have rejected my belief and conviction that democratic issues and ideals are at stake in this war. I think I would be willing enough to go into the infantry

and fight for it. But I no longer think in terms of volunteering, except that ~~I~~ ^{thought} I do get a crazy ~~that~~ like that when I am in a dark mood. But all the soldiers I have met advise against it. "Go if you are drafted" they say, "but don't volunteer." I don't think I would make a very infantryman, but there is a greater reason than that which makes me feel sort of justified about being out of the Army when there are 10 million fellows in now. I am more than ever convinced that there is a war to be fought on the home front against the native fascists. I don't know if the Study is doing much about that; on the whole, I think it is contributing greatly. It is something which has ^{to} be measured in terms of long term results. { There are many of these so-called ~~XXXXXXXX~~ patriotic organizations which are primarily interested in self gains. The trouble is that we live in an economic system rooted in greed and the Constitution and Bill of Rights is something to pay tribute to on the 4th of July and during times of war. But not enough people really are willing to live it. How to educate them to this point? Can the contributions of such groups as our Study help much? I suppose that is something that never can be measured. I see lots of books on the Negro problem, yet it appears that the position of the Negroes has not advanced much. But there is progress here and there. I guess I am too impatient and I want sudden changes. Maybe I should be a revolutionist. I remember when I was in college I wanted to rebel against everything; now I am inclined to take things more in stride and be a little more patient. }

I wonder how I can be most effective in working for these goals? This research work is not going to last forever. I'm not too sure now that I want to do social work. I really don't know what I want, except that I want to be doing something with meaning and purpose. I would hate and rebel against doing some sort of work which is routine and with no direction to it.

Perhaps that is one of the reasons why I am so concerned about the family future. It is something specific in which I can help out. But I am not too sure of my ability to do that. I don't know what kind of work I will be doing next. But it remains a fact that the problem of the family future is the problem of all evacuees.

The camps certainly will never become a permanent institution for the majority of the evacuees. What is going to happen next? That is the thing which puzzles me. { It is fine to believe that the present resettlement is going along smoothly and that at long last the Nisei are fitting into the normal American society. However, it is not that simple. There are still plenty of examples where one could conclude that the antagonisms against the group is not buried. It is not a healthy condition at all. Even in the resettlement, there is not security. The Nisei just haven't gotten that much of a foothold yet. There are too many uncertainties. Most of the Nisei are not satisfied with just hopes. They can't go along indefinitely like that. }

wH It seems that complete dispersal will just not work; we might as well be realistic about that. What is the next best solution? Segregation certainly is not the answer. There are certain areas of the country where the greater American public is indifferent to the incoming Nisei--until they come in too great numbers. { This spirit of antagonism, based upon racial prejudice, is everywhere and not specifically directed against the resettlers. It has its basis in racial fears, economic fears, and a sort of natural distrust of anyone who is a stranger to an established community. Due to the war, it is not difficult to stir up hatreds against perfectly innocent people. In the case of the Nisei, it is difficult because the Caucasians are gullible and they accept without reason that ancestral relation to Japan proves disloyalty. The evacuation did a lot to spread this fallacy.

The Nisei are very aware of that fact. That is why almost all of those I have interviewed say, "The Germans and Italians were not evacuated and we were. That was not fair at all." The implication of this is that the Nisei feel that the evacuation confirmed the assumption of disloyalty and they have to labor against this difficulty all the time. > It is hard for the Nisei to believe that racial tolerance really exists yet when people continue to refer to them as "Japanese" and not "Americans."--the extreme ones assume that the phrase "A Jap's a Jap" covers everything. The Nisei themselves cannot overcome this barrier, although I don't think they are doing enough to combat it through their daily living. They are afraid and they crawl into a shell. And yet, they are not ~~doing~~ entirely idle.

The very fact that a constant stream of Nisei have moved into the midwest and the east during the past two years of resettlement is proof that they essentially would like to become Americans, and that they have a certain faith in this country which they cannot give word to. However, I wonder if the good residents of Illinois would have such an indifferent attitude if they realized that over 6000 resettlers are here now. There is no competition ^{for} jobs at present, but the opposition could very well be based on economic strivings for jobs after the war, and then the danger point will arise. < I have heard a lot of talk about the Jewish refugees coming here and taking all the good jobs already. People are willing to believe such tripe. I don't think the Nisei will be exempted from such opposition when and if the time comes that jobs are not so plentiful. > It seems that the areas which oppose the resettlers the most are the ones who fear economic (particularly agricultural) competition the most. It is all hidden under the guise of patriotism, but the press campaigns, the petitions and the legislative actions clearly reveal the true motives. It's all

contradiction to the Constitution, but that doesn't worry these people much when they feel economically threatened. It definitely is not a fear of sabotage although this may exist.

This opposition may even spread after the war. There will be more of an economic struggle ~~xxx~~ when the defense plants close up and people will look around for scapegoats. The Nisei will be one of them. The Negro and Jews even more. It's a horrible thought that the Nisei will be hounded with the uneasiness of social and economic insecurity for the rest of their lives, but that is a possibility. The WRA or any other government agency is going to solve it by political action. It is up to the American people themselves to really fight for principles. This is the home front fight that has to be started now; it has been going on for a while, but much more progress is needed. Maybe our study will help to neutralize a bit of the anti-racial propaganda going on. This is the sort of field of work I would like to take part in, not particularly in respect to the Nisei alone, but for all minority groups. I don't call it too idealistic to hope that it can be done. And, a segregated Nisei society would be the worst possible thing to recreate now. It shouldn't any sacrifice for the Nisei to give that up for the greater gains that they will get out of it--and right now, too.

I don't want Tom and Miyako to grow up in a narrow minded community--be it Japanese or American. I think that they will have more of a chance to obtain a well balanced personality out here. But there is the problem of supporting them and that is what bothers me. Tom alone, I can take care of but I don't know if I could handle the full support of the others by myself. I can't count on anyone, unless it is Jack--and that will depend on whether he gets into medical school or not. From his letter, it sounds like Mom still would prefer to remain in camp until the last possible moment--like all the people there

Bette had a surprise dinner for me. We had steak, fried potato, blue berry pie with 5 candles stuck in it and there was a birthday card at my place. She also went to a great deal of trouble to get me a package of cigarettes as a present. Later in the evening she went to the lecture with Phil so I went to the show since I thought that they would probably visit for a while afterwards. I came home around 12:00. Phil was still there. They said that the lecture was held at the Parkway Community House and that a Chinese man gave a talk on how to achieve a democratic form of government in Japan after the war.

6770
Bette said that Setsuko was the chairman for this discussion. Setsuko is employed as the educational chairman for these discussions and she also has been writing for the Chicago Defender recently. She appears to like this work very well. Helen told me the other day that Setsuko plans to do more graduate work later on. Her husband is an artist and they plan to write some kind of educational book together after the war. Her husband will be going overseas pretty soon. Helen said that Setsuko was going to live in upper New York state after the war and Helen would like to go live there also and bring the family. She didn't say that she was married yet but she mentioned that she and Bob T. were eventually going to Japan for a while in order to work as they felt that it would be a very good educational opportunity.

Phil mentioned that there was a sprinkling of Caucasian, Chinese, Mexican and the rest Negroes at the meeting tonight. He is very much interested in race relations as he expects to go into diplomatic work eventually. He bought a lot of pamphlets at the meeting. Before I came home Bette and Phil had a serious talk on what caused racial prejudice. Phil felt that it was because the

majority group feared the biological dangers of intermarriage. He said that all of his fraternity brothers gave this sort of argument and that's why he bought these pamphlets in order to educate them. He didn't see anything wrong with intermarriage at all. They also talked about some of their class work but I don't think that they did any studying as Bette said they would. It is pretty obvious that Phil has a terrific crush on Bette. She said that his face fell when she told him that she was going to the "C" dance with Rod. Now he is very curious to meet Rod in order to size up his rival. Phil mentioned before leaving that the attitude ^{of his fraternity brothers} toward the Nisei had changed since getting to know Bette. He wondered why some of the other Nisei students in the college did not mix more because he said most of his friends were not prejudiced at all.

Phil mentioned that some kind of a Nisei group was meeting with the Calvert Club on the campus. He wondered whether it was wise for a group of Nisei to get together and try to educate his friends as a group. He said that all of his friends who were going to the meeting spoke of "meeting" a lot of Japanese people. He said it was the same way when they met with the Negroes and other groups. I didn't know exactly what to say to him as I could see what he meant and yet I didn't want him to develop any ^{bad} attitude toward the Nisei as a group. I don't know what kind of meeting he was referring to as I never heard of it before. Bette added that there were some Nisei on the campus who were still trying to organize a group but they will not call it a Student Club. She said that Betty Omori was one of the girls interested in this project. Bette was not so interested when approached so that nothing more is being done about it. She added that a couple of Nisei fellows on the campus were very much interested in her but she didn't want to

get mixed up with the group. "I don't have a thing against the Nisei on the campus but if I start going around with them, I won't get the chance to meet all the friends that I have. I see those Nisei out there and they mix a little but they always have to go with some other Nisei. I think that they would get much further if they forgot about the other Nisei for a while and went on their own. They have plenty of time to see their Nisei friends outside of school. I think the main reason why they don't go to any school activities is because they just stick with Nisei. I don't want a Nisei Student Club formed out there as then they will point to all of us as a Japanese group, just like they do toward the Negro group. Then those Caucasian kids would let us entirely alone and it would be difficult to get to know them on a social basis. The way it is now, I can meet anyone on the campus and we can go to dances and every college activities and no one looks funny at me. The only one who dislikes me now on the campus is Pat Campbell and that is because she is sore that Rod is taking me out when she used to be his steady girl friend. I know that those Nisei kids on the campus are already saying that I am stuck up because they see me going around with Betty Jean, Olga, Phil and the bunch but I can't help that. This group are my friends and I see nothing wrong in it. If I had the same interest as those other Nisei then I would get to know them too. But I don't see the use of it right now. That's why I'm not going to any of their group meetings. I think the University of Chicago is about the most liberal place in the whole state and there is no need for a Nisei group to come in and try to educate them. They will be accepted as individuals because I have done it and I know that the rest can do it too."

Charles Kikuchi

Diary

Jan. 18, 1945.

6768

Insert:

note from Toshie

Jan. 17

Dear Charley

Just returned from shopping and found Alice's letter and am rushing it off to you to pass on. I do hope you'll be hearing from Alice soon as we're anxiously waiting for our niece or nephew to arrive.

I don't remember I told you or not but Yuri is stationed at Ft. Ritchie, Md. She had an hour's stopover in Chicago a week ago today and so we went down to the station to see her. Since she asked for your address you'll probably be hearing from her soon.

Have you recovered from the Frankenstein movie yet? By the way, if you want more cigarettes, let me know.

It seems as though I haven't much time to write to anyone except Cpl. Ikeda (ahem!) but I shall write to Alice within the next few days and perhaps I can tactfully explain to her about writing such "Salvation Army" letters to all of us. (referring to Alice's constant reference to poor financial status in order to provoke sympathy. Toshie gets along on same income with two kids and she doesn't do that. She thinks people will take Alice wrong if she keeps up such attitudes.)

love,

/s/ Toshie.

Charles Kikuchi
Insert:

Diary

Jan. 18, 1945 6769

Alice's letter to Toshie.

Jan. 16, 1945

Dearest Toshie:

Still waiting for the stork to pay a visit here, have been, in fact, for six days now. I guess Charlie's promises of a college education if it was born on his birthday--the 18th--was too good an offer to pass up and baby is biding its time. Or maybe it will be on my birthday - -the 21st--if so, it will be the best present I could wish for.

By the way, thanks for having those pictures developed. Can you send me the name of the company and price list. I have more negatives to be developed and I think they did a nice job on these last ones, don't you?

And thanks also for the baby crib sheet. I made a couple out of an old sheet, but you need so many and I have to wait awhile before I can buy things for both myself and the baby. Mark still owes Chas \$15.00 but Chas says there is no hurry to pay it back, and for me to spend some of it on the baby, so maybe I can buy a few new towels to be used only for the new arrival. I need one large wrap-around one and some bath towels and wash clothes. We have enough for ourselves, but I want special ones for the baby.

As soon as I go to the hospital, the owner is going to repair the walls so it will be nice and clean when I come home. Haven't had the baby's bed and mattress delivered as yet as it will only be in the way of the work men. Bought a nice maple bed for sale at \$19.95 and a Dr. Dafoe mattress for \$12.50, plus a large laundry rack for laundry. I can leave it in the bath tub and then I don't have to go all the way to the basement each time.

The lady on the first floor that I know says that if my labor pains start in the middle of the night, she will drive me to the

hospital as it might be snowing hard. And if it's in the daytime, I can manage by myself or get a taxi as it is only 2½ blocks away.

By the way, I'm sending on a letter from brother Jack from Gila as yours is the first letter to go Chicago ward. And after you read it, will you give it to Charlie first, unless you go to Mariko's-- as she might keep it or lose it and Chas won't like it very much.

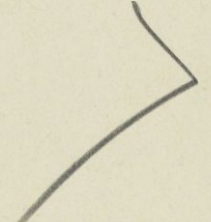
Yesterday, the 15th, was our 1 year and 9 month anniversary and look how far way Mark is--by the way--his APO Address has been changed to 957. He says it's swell in Hawaii and the've been sight seeing and eating Japanese food here and there--so I hope he gets to stay there for a long time. Less worry for me (selfish tho!) We haven't done much of anything and May is getting more and more nervous about my delay. She has all the girls at work saying "not yet?" and in the building here, everyone says "haven't you gone yet?" makes me feel like the person who says good bye too early and then doesn't go for a long time.

Will wire Chas when it happens and he'll relay the news. The last guess of the doctor was that it may be a girl so I'm still hoping.

Do write to me. Yours are the only interesting letters I get as everyone else is so busy that they don't tell me all that goes on.

bye,

/s/Alice.



Jan. 11, 1945

Dear Emi, Bette, Chas Mariko, George, Eileen, Toshie, etc./

Arrived in

Rivers Wed. morn at 2:00 am after a not too dull trip. Met some interesting people on the train and the two day travel time seemed very brief even though my gluteus maximus felt it was more than a two day period.

Saw a cute Nisei girl in Kansas city depot with two soldiers. "Hm, not bad," I thought, "no daikon legs, either." When I got on the train again and went through the next car, there she was. So I decided I would be a Geo. Take and get acquainted. When I saw the soldiers were getting ready to get off at wichita, I came back later and with G. Taki smoothness asked, "Is this seat taken?"

"No it isn't."

"Would you mind if I sat down. I haven't been able to find a seat. Train is so crowded you know."

"No, not at all, wait, I'll remove these magazines."

"Thanks." I sat down. "Weren't you with some soldiers at Kansas City?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to school there in K.C?"

"No."

"Is that your home town?"

"No"

"Are you going out west?"

"Yes."

.....Long silence followed. I was running out of questions and I wasn't doing so well. I tried again. "Were those soldiers you were with from Kansas City?"

"No."

Another long silence. I thought to myself. "Christ sakes, what the hell's wrong with this dame. I might as well give up. I wonder if she noticed a gleam in my ~~xxxx~~ eyes. Now what would brother Chas do in a case like this. Ah, I got it, talk about the Nisei problem. So I tried---

"You aren't going to Arizona by any chance?"

"Yes, I'm going to Gila." (Note: she said five words in succession.)

"Is that right, that's where I'm going."

"Gee, that's swell, I'm glad because I won't be all alone now when we get to Chandler and have to wait a couple of hours so late at night."

Well, from that point, the conversation wasn't forced and we soon became acquainted. So, Chas and Geo, just talk about camp and Nisei whenever you chance to meet a Nisei maiden, and there you have the key to getting acquainted.

Christ's Sakes, Bette, what are you reading this with that knowing look for. After all, I'm no Chas Kikuchi.

I'm enjoying my visit in camp. Weather is swell compared to Chicago. No snow, wind or cold. Afternoons are warm, only T shirts is necessary, in addition to pants of course. Mom is well and working in the nurseury. The illness she had a while back was due to asthma. She caught cold and in the middle of the night couldn't breathe. Tom ran over to the hospital for the ambulance. Said Miyako: "I thought she was dying the way she was gasping for air and I was sure scared. The next day I ran over to the hospital. I was still scared to see how she was going to look. I thought she was going to be in a private room but the nurse told me she was in the ward. So I ran to the ward, and Gee Whiz, there's mom sitting on the bed talking away to the other ladies."

When Mom told me about the experience, Tom and Miyako said,

"There she goes again, mom you ought to have a record made." I gather it wasn't the first time she related it. Miyako tell me, "Since mom went to the hospital, Tom and I don't fight so much."

I went to see Mrs. Sato this afternoon, but she wasn't in. On the way I saw numerous pretty Nisei maidens, all prettied up in nice clothes, make up on face and hair well groomed. I smiled to myself when + occasionally meet one of these delicate maidens on their way to the latrine to empty the piss-pot. (chamber to you, Bette) They look so embarrassed as they cast their eyes on the ground. I'm almost tempted to say, "Hello, what have you got there?" but that would be too mean so + politely look the other way. I wonder if that is the reason why Mariko refused to go to empty it when she was here.

"Miyako says, "Gee, Mariko never used to use the chamber."

"Why not?"

"She's too lazy to go empty it."

"Well, she still has to go empty the bottle, doesn't she?"

"Naw, she just threw it outside."

"Outside? You mean, the paper and all?"

"No, there isn't any paper in it..She throws that in the waste basket."

"She sure that milkbottle wasn't Tom's?"

"No, it was Mariko's. She sure is good though. She never gets a drop on the floor."

Tom didn't do his homework last night because he was appointed Chairman for the block weenie bake they planned for this Sunday. He had to work out who was going to be on the committee. As far as I know, Toyko Iwata and Geo. W. Tanabe are on the entertainment committee. John "Simple" is on the wood gathering comm. etc. They call him simple because someone was telling him about a soldier

who blew an hand grenade against his bowels and was killed. John asks, "Did he die?"

Last night Fagan Mom makes Tom go to the hospital lot to steal a wheelbarrow of horse manure for our lawn. Tom says, "Heck no, I don't wanta do it. They're gonna shave my head & f." Did you know that this is the method used for packyuke boys who get into trouble, and it's their punishment. All the hair is shaved off like the French women collaborationists. So you see, the camp people aren't totally isolated from international news. Mom says, "No, it's all right. I'll go with you."

Tom, "Okay, but you better go to church and pray tomorrow."

"Baca"

It was dark when they went and just when they started to come home they were surprised by a man in the dark. Mom thought it was the watchman. It turned out to be the next door neighbor, also sipping manure. Pee-yew!

←----- Mrs. Sato is here now and I told her that Toshi wanted me to. >
Everyone here knows of the Nisei boys who were killed by a mob as they got off the train at San Jose. That's the latest rumor around here.

No one is anxious to leave camp as they are used to the luxurious living of camp. Good food. Plenty of fruit, and vegetables, plenty of electric power, we have a 200 watt lamp in the room in one socket and 150 watt in the other. Hot water is available in any amount. Most people I have encountered are planning to stay until forced out.

< Tokubo's did not go to Tule Lake but he is working now and is on friendly terms with Tom; Heeven helped Tom grease up his bicycle
Mrs. Sato is borrowing Miyako's fur slippers to use in a gageant

she is participating in for the women's club. She is to take part of an Eskimo.

Tom says if the other kids won't cooperate, he'll ask for volunteers, you and you. That's the method they use when asking for volunteer firemen. They say "we're asking for volunteer firemen for our block and we want you and you."

Beverly is looking as pretty as every and whenever I see her she always looks as though she's going somewhere. When I tell her Chas was coming next month, she says, "Ooh, whippée! He's so much fun. We used to stay up until 2:00 o'clock in the morning." I wonder what Joes says to that.

Mom shows off her new Christmas sweater to everyone. She made Miyako an attractive red one. Mom won't let Tom wear his new bathrobe saying, "No use wearing it now. wear it after we relocate."

Tom paid 45 dollars for his bicycle..second hand, but it's a good one, and I think better than a new war time model.

I talked to Dr. Iki about mom's operation and he says, "yes, it is advisable to have another one, but then she may not need one. Of course I haven't urged her to have her operation because I am swamped with work. I'm the only surgeon here now and this week I have a dozen tonsils to take out. Two days a week I have to go to Canal. Tomorrow I hope to take some patients to Phoenix. So with the emergencies that arise, I don't go out asking for more work. But if your mother still wants an operation I'll try to see if I can find time someplace. She rather hesitated when I had more time, so I waited to hear from one of you. It's not necessary to have it done immediately. If she watches her diet it may not occur for many years. Then again, it may be sooner. You can never tell. But, if she is hesitant, you can let it go until she has

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

symptoms again of ulcer, then when they operate they can cut out the diseased tissue at that time and also perform the gastro intestomy, move the intestines up and connect it to a new opening from the stomach. You talk it over with your mother and if she wants it, I'll do it. But as I said before since I have to administer anaesthetic as well as operate all by myself, I'm not urging you too much."

Mom says she hasn't received a letter from you, Mariko, for a year. Why don't you drop her a line.

< "oy was discharged from the army after 10 days as he had a bad elbow from a bike accident a few years back. >

Toms says he's getting D's, but he knows more chemistry and algebra than I ever knew in high school. We are going to have dinner at home tonight so g.b. for now.

Jack.

Jack's second letter.

Jan. 15, 1945

Dear E, B, C.

In case you've been wondering why I haven't written, it is that I have sent a couple of letters to you people via Minn. So if Alice is getting her mail delivered to her at the hospital she should forward it without delay. We had the block weenie bake last night and it turned out A-1. Everyone in the block turned out for it except, of course, the issei and babies and a few of the older married Nisei.

Tom and his gang really worked hard to put it over and I am surprised as well as pleased to see that he is coming out of his shell a bit more than when at Tanforan. At any rate he doesn't seem to be so shy among a group of people. Of course, he needed a little coaxing to put on his one man skit of the kibei jitterbug and a solo of some dumb song sung with a dumb voice, but he performs without self consciousness. He kept everyone laughing with his dumb remarks and performances.

Tom is not as dumb as he lets on. Even in last night's games, he came out first on those requiring quick mental procedure such as the one in which a person shouts a word as the circle of people clap in unison. The person next to him has to give a word on the next snapping of the finger which begins with the last letter of the preceding word, etc. The only reason Tom makes poor grades in school is that he doesn't study.

Mom still can't make up her mind about the operation so I think I'll go ahead and make the arrangements. One day she says okay and the next day, she says she doesn't need it.

I'll let you know if they decide on a date. But I have a hunch mom will elude the operation. Is there such a word, meaning she will give some excuse to get out of it.

Weather here is still wonderful. I wish I could send you some of the sunshine.

Beverly and I went to camp one yesterday on bicycles. It only takes twenty minutes and it is a pleasant trip. More later.

Jack.

If you can remember Bette, you might forward this to Alice. She might be interested in getting mail from Arizona.

Telegram sent last night and received when I got home:

Minneapolis: Mark Richard Jr. born January 18th at 6:15 PM. Baby weighs 7 pounds 14 ounces Both doing well Please notify others.

Alice.

So I am now an uncle! And it was born on my birthday so that I am sure Alice will keep reminding me each year. Who could forget? I predict a great future for Mark Jr. After all, anyone born on the 18th will be an unusual child. In three more days, it will be Alice's birthday, the 21st, but Junior couldn't wait that long. I phoned Toshie about it and she was greatly excited. Eileen phoned so I told her to tell Mariko and Alice. Also phoned Emiko. Emiko has been doing a lot of floor duty lately. She was all tired out when I phoned. Said that she was going to work four hours in the hospital laundry tomorrow afternoon in order to earn .50 an hour as she is sort of broke. Her scholarship money from Kobe (\$75.00) and Bette's (\$100) came today.

Bette will not be home this evening so she does not know about the new auntie status she has. She is staying over with Betty Jean and the girls. I am known as Bette's brother around Blake Hall today. A girl, Hilda, stopped me on the campus and asked me if I were Bette's brother. She just wanted to say hello because she has read my life story in Adamic's book. It is still going the rounds at Blake hall. I hope that Bette does not fall down in her studies. The U. of Chicago system is really tough, I have concluded and I don't want her to fall down scholastically.

I was very surprised to see Morton today. He arrived yesterday but I missed him at the office. He is on the way to Wash. DC to get some final sections for his WRA study and he expects to be finished with the Study by spring. He will get his Phd degree at the same time. Morton went to interview White of the Poly SCI department and he is on pin and needles about a job possibility. He

did not get a definite offer but he said the chances were very good to get on the U. of Chicago faculty. He felt that this placed him on the horns of a dilemma because he didn't know what to do. He thought that he would probably get a much better paying offer in Washington. Morton is now going threw the jitters that we all have now and then. I don't see where he has any problems. He thought that he would in all likelihood get drafted just as soon as he took a job like that so he didn't know if he should take a war related job. Then he figured that he did not like Chicago as a city to live in ("It's the stinkiest city in existance") as it was too dirty, even if it is himm hometown. He would like to live on the coast but the teaching jobs there are not so promising. He felt that housing would be the most difficult problem. He doesn't need to worry about the draft, I don't think. He and Frank engaged in some wishfill thinking predictions when they thought that the war might suddenly be over in Europe within the next two weeks. Morton said that Bob Spenser's job folded up and instead of going on with his phd. degree work, Bob took a job with Standard Oil because of the draft possibilities. Frank has a possible offer at the U. of Washington and he doesn't know what to do about that. Morton said that James S. was going to do graduate work at U.C. Togo has a possible job lined up doing editorial work with some encyclopedia outfit. He may even buy a house out here. It looks like the future of most of the staff look pretty good. Maybe I don't belong in the same league as I have nothing definite lined up except finishing my work. I guess I'll just stick to the Study until the end because I hate to leave it while there is still some need for me to wind up my work.

The thing which made me pause to think was when Morton mentioned that the WRA has a clear outline of how the camps were going to be

closed up, even to the point where a decision has been reached when the hog breeding shall stop. I don't know what in the hell I am going to do next. I can imagine the turmoil going on in camp. I suspect that they will want to sit it out and nothing will induce them to come out. Maybe half of them could come out and make a go of it. Maybe the WRA could help them settle back in California. It is a very interesting phase of the problem and I don't know how it is going to turn out. I suspect that most of the old people have the same attitude ~~fix~~ mom--they will stay to the last.

Morton felt that the only difficulty in getting the people back into California was housing and then jobs. He said that there were plenty of jobs and that a surprising undercurrent of good will existed. "Stimson's sharp statement slapping the knuckles of the Ore. American Legion Post did a lot to quiet the rabid down." I don't think that there would be any outbursts either except in scattered cases. Should be hearing from Jack soon. He might be able to get a job in the shipyards.

Work was slowed down a little due to office interruptions. Morton tells me that his desk in Berkeley has been cleared off for me and there is a beautiful blonde on the premise. He invited all of us to go out to his parents' home way on the South side tomorrow. I still have a day and a half dictation yet before I wind up the cases on hand.

Insert:

Diary

Jan. 19, 1945

6781

Letter to new nephew!

19 January 1945, Friday.

Master Mark Richard Satow, Jr.
116 Oak Grove
Minn., Minnesota.

Dear Mark Jr.,

You may be named after your Pappy who is playing around in the South Pacific, but you picked the best day in the year to come forth into the world. Jan, 18th, is the day when all important people are born. There is not doubt in the world that you are going to become a famous character. Just take after your uncle Chas, that's all. You ask your mommy if you didn't pick a good day for your arrival. Yes siree! I think you got hyped. You should have been named Mark Charles. Who in the hell is Richard? That is a crummy name to pick out.

How is your mother? Is she getting a lot of rest in the hospital. You don't want to let her loaf around too long because she is going to be plenty busy looking after you. I bet you wish you were able to run around and help her, huh? You won't be able to do that for a while yet as you have to drink a lot of milk and stuff and get strong so that you will have hair on your chest like me when you grow up. I bet you wish your father were there to pick you up and bounce you around a bit after feeding time so that you will be able to burp properly. One of these days he will be coming on a furlough and I bet you will be very proud of your daddy in a uniform. You have a lot of relatives in the service, but none on your mother's side except Aunt Emiko who is a Cadet Nurse. She is going to get capped in two weeks. Your aunt Emiko is very sassy sometimes so don't take after her. Your oldest aunty, Mariko, has quite a temper too. She fights with her husband George every once in a while. Your aunt Bette is running around the U. of Chicago now and she doesn't even know you have arrived yet as she is staying overnight with some of her friends. Your uncle Jack is just about ready to leave your Grandma and Uncle Tom and Aunt Miyako in Gila as he is going to California. I will be going there on the 27th. Well, that's all your aunts and uncles on your mom's side. It's a terrible family isn't it. But since you have honored the 18th of January so much, I know that you will take all the good part after your mother and father. I hope you don't get the poker habit because your daddy is not too good at that. And don't be a barber either!

What are you planning to do when you grow up? Do you think you will be going to college? Maybe if I have any money at that time, about 1965, I shall be able to help you out a bit. If I don't make my mark in the world by then, then I can consider myself a failure. I hope you don't grow up to be a sissy. Don't hang on to your mama's apron strings too long Mark Jr. Just stay with her for the next 18 or 20 years and then you will be able to stand on your own feet. Well, I'll be seeing you once of these days. Give your mother my best regards and tell her to get on her feet soon and back to her tasks of motherhood. So long Mark, Jr.

Uncle Chas.

Read until about three this morning and got up at nine so that I could go to the bank and cash a check. I have to arrange for the payment of bills while I am gone. Bette will be given \$1 a day for her expenses and she should be able to eat on that at home. She said that she might get a job at Commons on the campus for two hours a day for which she would receive .45 an hour, plus meal. It would be very good if she could make that arrangement and it would not interfere with her studies at all since she would not have any housework here to do. She said that BJ was already inviting a lot of people over here for dinners after I am gone and they will share the expenses. All of those girls eat out. They have also planned some double dates. BJ and Bette plan to alternate in staying over with each other. Last night Bette stayed over to go to some college activity. I think she is bearing down on her studies. It really is a hard course there. Morton and some of the others said today that it was about twice as hard in the undergraduate level as in most schools. That made Bette feel a little better.

Bette and I went to visit at Morton's mother's home. They have such a nice place. Mrs. Grodzins is a very charming woman and I like the way she insists upon people eating. Bette and I sneaked in a lunch because we arrived early. It was so delicious. During the afternoon, we met most of the Grodzins family. The little sister makes the dog perform such clever tricks. The father is in the furnace business and Kelly, son, helps him. He is a discharged veteran. Also met some of Morton's old school friends and wife's relatives. The Study members were also well represented. It was a quite enjoyable afternoon.

Have been taking it easy all evening. Bette studied for a while. She went to bed early so that she can study tomorrow before going to see the play.

I have been reading in recent newspaper stories about the Hermiston Post of Disabled American Veterans which would barr any of the 700,000 Negroes or 13,000 Nisei from membership; and about a Washington man, Schuyler, who is alleged to have written a book and saying in part: "Obviously and without the shadow of a doubt, the Congress intended the words 'all men are created equal' to mean white men; and the public concurred in that understanding." Title of book "The Japs Must not Come Back." And Tomi this afternoon mentioned that she read in the papers that a group of persons at Newcastle attempted to dynamite a ranch building to prevent a Nisei family from returning. When this news is circulated about the camps, it is little wonder that the old fears are springing up anew now that the WRA has adopted a policy of closing the centers as rapidly as possible.

More important, the implications of these actions indicate how much fascism and racism exist in this country now. Similar attacks are made against the Jewish and other minorities. It is this danger of intolerance which has to be eliminated in some way or else we will have some kind of a Hitler New Order in this country. I suppose that this is the sort of thing which bothers many Nisei--they wonder if racism is being built up faster on the home front than the armed soldiers are destroying it abroad. It is headlighted so that it looks that the process is much stronger than what it actually is. There is no need to minimize it; but there has been many public statements uttered in opposition to these racist ravings, but buried in the paper. This is particularly true in the case of the Nisei and the government is doing a lot to put pressure on the worst offenders (via the WRA). Morton feels that the WRA will be able to exert plenty of pressure on any gov't agency on the coast which discriminates against the Nisei and thus lead the way to opening up jobs for those (few) returning. It is a direct way of fighting back at any rate, and quite hopeful.

I read until after three am last nite so that I slept until well past noon today. Bette got up early and studied for several hours. She is beginning to worry about the finals already as she is most anxious to make a decent showing this quarter. Bette said that if she got the job at Commons while I was gone, she planned to drop one of her dancing classes. She thinks that she will be very busy next month and she will not have time for any group except her school friends. That is why she does not want to take a chance on being dropped out of school. Bette studied until mid-afternoon and then she went over to Mariko's as Eileen is taking all of them to a play this evening.

Emiko just left. She came in about six as she had to do floor duty this morning and she was all tired out from the past week's classes and activity. During dinner, she told me a little about her adjustments. She said that she was pretty sure of getting capped because the supervisor liked her. If she gets by the probie hump, she will be a full fledged Cadet Nurse. "I was a little discouraged about a week ago and almost ready to quit because I did not catch on that I was doing too much on floor duty and that's what made me slow. The only thing I got called down on recently was because I had dirty white shoes. All of the other girls are getting \$11 regular nursing shoes but I can't afford them. When my supervisor saw me in the laundry working for .50 cents an hour, she assumed that I was working for the shoes so now she has a high opinion of me again. I really plan to get a pair of shoes soon.

"- get along darn well with all the girls over there. They are all crazy about my family so that they want to meet all of us. They read Jack's letter about Mariko and the bottle too. It was too funny to keep a secret! They all want to come over some

day to have a dinner here because they like the home atmosphere. They think our family is so unusual.

"We had some hard tests last week and all of the kids copied from me. I couldn't concentrate at all but my teacher says that I have been keeping up on my grades very well. I only got below 90% in a test once so far. Next week we are going to have some pretty tough tests and then I will be capped after that. We had to practice giving hypos on each other this week and we all got so scared. It's so hard to jab that needle in through the thick skin.

"All of my patients think I am a pretty good nurse. One of my lady patients gave me a tube of lipstick when she left. They are always trying to give me candy and cookies. We really are not supposed to take anything. I know that I can handle all of the patients but I get scared when the teacher comes snooping around to check up on me. I guess they won't flunk me out though because I study quite a bit. We get a two weeks vacation this summer. I really should work in order to make some money but I would like to rest up. I only have \$360 in the bank now and that has to last for the rest of the time I am in training and for a little while afterwards while I am looking for a job. I've been very careful with my bank money and I only drew out once since I went in. The rest of the time I get by on the cadet nursing money and my allowance."

Jerry A and Shig M dropped in this evening to visit Emiko as they belonged to the same group at Tanforan. They hadn't seen her since August 1942 so they spent most of the time talking about assembly center days and who is where and what they are doing, etc. Shig is on the way to New York. He was in Detroit for six months

but he quit his job in order to visit his family in camp. He thinks that he will like New York better and he is not worried about getting a job. If he gets put on the reserves, he will go back to camp again and wait for induction. His family has no intentions of going back to Calif. Shig said that only one family he knew of had any plans for returning. "They are all waiting around camp to see what will happen next. Some of those families which had an import and export business couldn't go back and reestablish themselves as they could not get any goods."

Jerry, 19, is doing some defense work out here. He was in Tule for a while with his mother. "Those Kibei up there are really bad. They parade all around camp with Japanese flags and everything. I was sure glad to get out of there. I have a couple of friends there yet and they don't belong there any more than I do. Their parents were the ones who wanted to go there. I brought my mother out with me. She is working at Edgewater Hotel now. I couldn't take her back to California because I would not be able to support her. I'm hoping to get into the U. of Wisconsin next fall, but I don't like the idea of paying all that out of state tuition fee. I might get drafted before then anyway. I'm still hoping that I will be able to go for a while so that I put as much money in the bank as I can. There is no telling what will happen after the war. We won't always be holding these jobs at .85 and .95 cents an hour. The wages will go way down and then it will be tough to get along. It's better for my mother to stay here in Chicago as she has a few friends. She couldn't go back to camp at all as I heard that they were going to close all of them up in six more months. All of my mother's friends in camp write and say that. I want to get my education before things get too tough for the Nisei. There are a few places up on the north side

which don't like the Japanese so much. On Sheridan Road and Winthrop St. there are several blocks that have Japanese in almost every building. There's a regular colony of them. In our building the whole second floor is full of them. The Nisei are fighting in the Army now in order to make it good for all of us. I don't see how some of those guys ~~xxxxxxx~~ can be so dumb as to oppose it. I won't complain when I am called because I think it is a duty even though it may make it hard on my mother to get along without me around."

Shig: "I wonder when the Army is going to release the next casualty lists for the Nisei. A lot of fellows I knew back in California have been killed now. The Nisei combat team is in the 7th Army right now and they are right in the thick of the fighting. And those darn kibei in camp make trouble and it hurts the good the Nisei soldiers are doing."

Emiko: "I hate the kibeis--I mean, the ones who make such trouble. They should all be sent to Tule lake and then they can march around and yell 'banzai' and wave the Japanese flag all they please. I bet they won't like it when they get sent back to Japan."

Jerry: "Some of those Nisei are pretty bad too because they are still bitter. But a lot of them can't help it if they are in Tule lake because they don't want to desert their families. It takes guts to do that. Nobby left his folks and they went up to Tule. He resettled all by himself and he is only 16 now. Not too many Nisei will do that, even if I think that Nobby himself is a conceited dope."

Shig: "Yeah, a lot of Nisei soldiers are getting shot up right now and there are many of us who don't think too much of it and we just worry about getting raises in salary and having a good time!"

After Emiko left last night, I typed and re-read a few cases for about four hours. Bette and Eileen came over about 1 am. The play had not started on time and they went to eat afterwards so Eileen brought Bette home since George and Mariko had to get up early to go to work and it was too far for them to come out here too. They enjoyed the play "The Glass Menagerie" very much. Eileen treated them all to the play. She has taken Geo. and Mariko to a couple of ballets and one play since living with them. No wonder she can't save any money. Bette was mighty disgusted with Mariko because she still has not finished the Suit! She said that Mariko almost spoiled the whole evening for them. Bette put on a funny impersonation of Mariko which ended with the remark, "I'll beat you both up and I can do it too."

Bette had been invited over there for dinner, but they had only finished breakfast at 4 pm and dinner was not even started. Eileen wanted to take Bette on ahead and eat a bite on the way since Mariko had decided to wash and iron a dress to wear at the last moment. Bette thought it was disgraceful the way Mariko ordered Eileen around like a maid. Eileen was furious because Mariko wanted her to count all the laundry before sending it out. Bette adds, "All those stinking socks of George's were there too." Then Mariko asked Eileen to steam a velvet shaw and it was done wrong so that a bawling out ensued. Finally, Mariko in her hurry to dry the washed dress put it too near the oven and it got scorched. George for no reason at all got a tongue lashing as a result, Bette said. It was Mariko's wedding dress. Mariko was consoled because she could wear her new coat which she bought at the same place that Bette did.

Eileen and Bette were anxious about getting to the play on time so they went on ahead without any dinner. They stopped at the drug store for a bite. Mariko and George barely made the

opening curtain, but that was because it was delayed for 45 minutes. Mariko was in a very good mood for the rest of the evening. She surely does create a lot of issues and crises for herself.

I started to take Eileen home about 2 a.m. after she had cut some of Bette's hair off. We went into a tavern on the corner of the street where Mariko lives and talked over our beers until 4 a.m. Eileen was in a slight depressed mood as she did not know what to do about Mariko and she wanted to talk about it since she holds it in the rest of the time. She said that after I went to California, she would probably have to go scrub the floor to vent her anger when Mariko got her down as I was the only one she ever discussed these things with "and in the strictest of confidence too." It's a sort of dirty trick to put these notes on Mariko down since we discuss her mostly when we are griped and naturally it is upon her worst points.

The neighborhood (German) tavern that we were in is one of the old fashioned kind. Most of the patrons were elderly and they all seemed so friendly. They all wanted to buy us a drink and they kept apologizing that they did not mean to get fresh, but they wanted to be friends. No mention of nationality origins was discussed. One giant of a lady was singing away at the top of her voice while her companion was also quite happy. He came over to our table and insisted upon buying drinks. He is the proprietor of a neighborhood store. He said that he could always come in and borrow a sawbuck from him. It was a special occasion for his drinking as he rarely got drunk. He explained that the other lady who was singing had just lost a relative in the war. The sober lady then came over and she bought us a drink. "I hope that you don't think I am always like this. I am a respectable mother and I have a 13 year old girl going to high school.

My lady friend was feeling sad because of the loss of her relative and she insisted upon getting me to come with her here at 12:30. This war is a terrible thing. I will be so happy when we have peace again and live our lives in a calm way. I have lost relatives as a result of the war, but I am carrying on. We have to do it for the sake of the children. I lost one son in action over in Europe since D day and I recently lost ~~xxxxxx~~ my husband. I have another son overseas right now and I pray to God that he will not be taken away too. We all have to bear our sorrows." It struck me how deeply the war has hit at the lives of everyone. I didn't think of the tavern as a dirty place filled with cheap people anymore. It took on the atmosphere of a group of ordinary human beings seeking fellowship in times of stress.

Allof which caused Eileen to remark; "I guess my troubles are not so bad after all." Eileen has been out all night for three nights in a row now. She is having a lot of social activity, but I don't think it really gives her the satisfaction which she wants. She tries to justify it when telling me, but it is not too convincing. The difficulty seems to be that Eileen really does not know what she wants so that she is getting dissatisfied and restless while trying to make it sound as if all is right with the world.

She has gone night clubbing and dancing the past couple of nights with a former friend from Minot. Mariko and George went along. They got their pictures taken with the Chinese chorus girls. Mariko is a sort of Junior publicity hunter and she likes to bask in the reflected glory of night club people. It's a good example of how she wastes her money foolishly while she schemes and scrimps when it comes to the food and household bills. I asked Eileen if this night club sort of life and intense social activity was what she really wanted. She didn't think so and she

Charles Kikuchi Diary
Insert: Jack's letter of recommendation.

Jan. 5, 1945

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Jan 5, 1945.

Verson Allsteel Press Company
1355 East Ninety Third Street.
Chicago, Illinois.

To Whom It May Concern:

John Kikuchi, Social Security Account Number 547-16-5913, was employed by the Verson Allsteel Press Company from July 1944 until January 1945, when he moved to California.

Mr. Kikuchi was employed in our Lathe Department as A Turret Lathe Operator. All work done by this employee had to be done from blue prints, therefore, requiring the operator to have a thorough knowledge of same. He had to have the experience of handling all tools and instruments necessary to make a precision job.

Mr. Kikuchi was, while in our employ, an excellent, conscientious, and steady worker. He was very well-liked by his superiors and fellow workers. During his employment here his loyalty to this company and to his country was above reproach.

From Mr. Kikuchi's employment with this company and from my experience with him, I feel sure you will find him capable and willing to perform any work which his experience and training shows him qualified to accept.

Yours very truly,

Verson Allsteel Press Company

/s/ H.A. Duxler

Personnel Director.

HAD:SB

Insert:

Wang's letter to Bette

28 Dec. 44

P.I.

Dear Bette,

"Acks," you said when our toes met with a slight shock that night in the "ballroom" at Tanforan.

Why that should stick in my mind I don't know. Anyway, of course I remember you. And when we met accidentally at the station, I remembered your name. Ask Charlie, that's a great feat for me.

Your V mail came as a pleasant surprise, totally unexpected. It took only two weeks in coming, too; another surprise since up until then I'd been receiving letters dated 15 September and 2 October, etc. The way I understand it, all our mail is flown over from ports of embarkation on the Pacific coast. The system is very efficient now, but it was hell for about a month when we received either very old letters or nothing at all.

I'd known that you were going to enroll at the U., but I've also been curious as to your major. Or doesn't Hutchins believe in majors? According to your description, your program is "complicated" and "confusing" as well as arduous if you have to cram day and night. It all reminds me of that lab where they turn our neurotic and mentally unstable rats by daily giving them complicated, confusing and unsolvable problems.

This in turn reminds me of Japanese soldiers on the battlefields who, caught between the inexorable doctrine of their ideology on the one hand and overwhelming U.S. firepower on the other, and unable to solve this basic problem involving their life or death, willingly choose death by suicide. Rats act more intelligently than that when they ruffle their fur and sulk. Conceivably, they could bash their heads in.

But this seems to be more a matter of emotion than intellect.

During my interrogations of PW's, I have talked to people of varying degrees of intelligence and differing personalities, occupations and ranks. They run the gamut from peasant to painter, from communist to militarist, and from men who are habitual conformists to men with keen, bold and decisive minds.

All, however, have one deeply rooted feeling in common. The desire to die because they have dishonored their comrades, arms and country, by being captured on the battlefield. Nearly every Japanese prisoner was, by his own admission, taken captive because he was "unconscious." Sometimes I think they have a will to death instilled in them so deep that nothing

Charles Kikuchi
Insert.

Diary

Jan. 5, 1945

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can possibly dislodge it from them. Perversely they seem to value death above life.

But to get back to the subject, I have no fear that your complicated and confusing program will lead you to develop those little neuroses that Chas likes to play around with. To begin with, you have too many assets...

It's raining today, the weather being coolish. Apparently redistribution of wealth is a man made concept; for why should you get all the snow and we all the rain?

The rain not only leaves our clothes feeling perpetually damp but also dampens our spirits.

The communiques say that the war is practically over. Naturally we're taking it easy. This is dangerous because it leads to restlessness. We get bored easily and our tempers become short.

Gradually we are emerging from the jungles, from our primitive ways of life, and becoming civilized. We had our first roast beef today. And our first movie last night. Our water is ice-cold, and night beforelast we were issued one can of Rabst's Blue Ribbon apiece. We've seen our first WA. A library has been opened as has a church. The PX is getting ready to dispense "coke". We are reading newspapers dated as late as December 10. And a lot of the guys are sending for government sponsored correspondence courses.

"Incidental intelligence": Understand there's a Happy New Year coming. A... my luck throughout the new year,

Yours,

Warren.

I helped Jack pack a little today, but he did not get much done because he was busy finding stuff that Bette had "hidden" on him. Bette gets so mad when we say that she has stuff hidden on us. Jack decided to buy half of Bette's coat so that he gave me \$20.00 for the purpose and I will put the rest in later. I haven't told Bette yet because I don't want her to think that it is a reward for failing a course. She felt much better today because she found out that she passed the other two courses and received a B in English. She will get some instruction in remedial reading and study habits starting from next week. BJ is back on campus and she wants Bette to go to Georgia with her next summer. Some of the other girls also want Bette to go home with them. I am afraid that Bette will have to work most of the summer in order to earn money for school. I don't know what we will do if she does not get further financial assistance from some interested group as I could not raise the entire amount by myself.

The camps are getting worked up about the closing of school in June. I don't know exactly what to do myself although I am going to bring Tom out definitely. I thought that I would have to convince Mom when I went to camp but the change in WRA policy has convinced her because Tom wrote and asked if he should bring his bike out or sell it. I just don't see how I will be able to bring Mom and Miyako out too and also send Bette to school. Maybe I will have to tell Bette to go into Cadet nursing this fall, but I don't like to cut her college education short as I am sure that she will gain a lot out of it. I'm just hoping that something will turn up and ease the problem. I can't act at all until I am sure about my draft status and my job. Neither are very definite, although I have

been assured by Dorothy that I would be kept on with the Study for an additional six months if the funds came through. The draft board may not give another deferment anyway as the gov't is trying to get everyone into direct war work and it may fail to see our study as essential anymore. I had been thinking that I would go into the Army for sure this summer at the latest, but with all of these other unsettled problems I just don't know. It is certainly not that I am unenthusiastic about the war as I feel that it is something which has to be finished as soon as possible. But I can't help but worry about these other things.

< I had it all figured out that I would take care of Bette's and Emiko's education and then my duties to the family would be over. But I just can't stop there when there is no one else to take over. I still don't want to live in Chicago permanently, but if we all settle here I don't see how it would be possible to go any other place. I feel so damn helpless about things. I still have to finish up with my MA work and it will become harder to squeeze that in if I assume additional responsibilities for the family. I just don't know what to do or plan. The WRA may not close up, but if it closes the school I have to take some action since Migako has to go on.

Jack and I were talking a little about family resettlement this evening. He said that he could not do much if he got into medical school. However, he is not so sure that he will get in now. That is why he is taking his tools to California with him. He thought that he might have to become an industrial worker for the rest of his life. We went to the corner early this afternoon and met Koji and another Nisei fellow. When Jack told them that he was going to S.F., they said, "Aren't you afraid? I heard that it would be pretty bad if any Nisei went back there."

It's too risky. We saw some California papers and they don't sound so good." Jack then pointed out that some of the newspapers out here were making remarks that the Nisei were dirtying up the city, but did they find things that tough here? They admitted that it might be the minority stirring up public opinion, but they still were not convinced that the people of California would be very willing to have them back, "especially after the way they kicked us out." Koji added that the Tribune was not bad because it gave him good write ups. Koji is on a CYO boxing team and he goes around to the different amateur tournaments in the mid-west. He won the award for best sportsmanship during the recent Golden Gloves tournament here. Koji just came back from Kansas City where he lost a fight. He said that the Negro boxers on the CYO team had to travel and eat and sleep separately down there because of the color line. Koji goes right along with the white boys. He also mentioned that Blackie just got back from Minneapolis but he does not associate with this bunch anymore because he considers Blackie and his pals a bunch of bums, "always gambling."

The apartment is all a mess as Jack has his bags laying all over the floor. He is trying to throw away a lot of his stuff as he wants to travel with a minimum of belongings. He is leaving his bankbook with me so that he won't be tempted to spend all of his money when he sees Dolores as he is putting aside this savings as a medical school fund just in case he gets in. He said something about trying an Osteopathic School if he can't get into a regular medical school and he is also considering dentistry. He still has not ruled out the draft possibilities.

Jack was a little upset at Roosevelt speech this evening,

calling for an immediate draft of the nurses. He said that the only way out of it was for Dolores to have a baby. "Dolores wants to have a baby and maybe we will. If I go into the Army, we will have to postpone it for at least four more years and that will be too long. Yes, I think we will have a baby! I wouldn't be too worried for Dolores since her folks would always be willing to help out in a pinch.

We had an invitation to go to Mariko's for dinner and I got a little impatient as I didn't want to be too late so that she would start yelling. We were one and a half hour late, but the dinner wasn't even ~~XXXXX~~ ready and we waited an additional hour. It was a very good dinner though. Before I went there, I went down to the train station to buy Jack's ticket. I had to wait in a line for over an hour before I got any service as so many people are traveling.

Am 6710
Buddy and his two young roommates came in later. Eileen said that they came over unexpectedly and she was a little worried that it would sort of complicate the evening. Mariko had wanted to talk over some family affairs, but we never got around to it. I amused myself by putting on an old Coat that George uses when carrying oil and trying to convince the fellows that I had just bought it. They thought that I was gyped and they were greatly concerned. They didn't want to hurt my feelings by saying that the coat was too old fashioned. The boys dressed flashy and they figured that I had to get some less conservative models. I tried to sell the coat to them, but they turned it down. It was so funny the way they took the whole thing in. Afterwards we played cards and danced in the kitchen. Mariko got mad when Jack told George to get her a pair of bobby socks since she was trying to tell those 18 year old boys how to jitterbug as she did it in her day!

Miyako's letter.

Jan. 2, 1945.

Dear Bette,

Thanks a lot for the christmas presents you sent me. I had a very good christmas and a happy New Year. We had Beef stack on Christmas and it wasnt very good.

On New Years we ate at the mess hall 1 time and at 12:00 PM we went to get our food for lunch and super. We had chicken and that was about the best thing because it was mostly Japanese food. On New Year E'e Masaye and I, Tom, George, Johnny, Akio, Nobby, Tomoko, Frankie, Kiyohi and Toshiko we all stayed up till 12:00AM and the mess hall bells rang church bells, school bells, and the whistle blew for 5 minutes and once more it was silence again. All the other girls went to the dance so we were the only girls that were left in Jr. high school.

Don't mind my write because I just ran home from a girl scout meeting and I feel very tryed and jetery.

Well today the school started and I don't like it.

Well we have to start thinking of moving because we have to get out of the camp by June and the School is going to close for good in June. Well thats all and I have to say good bye

Love,
/S/ Miyako.

Christmas gifts I got.

Face pin --from Mariko and Geo.

Nightgown "

Dog pin--Jack and Dolores

Pearl Neckless "

Doll Pin--Tomako Kawakami

Carmen Miranda--Satuki

Soap and paper Doll-Masaye

Mittens--Bette

Slip "

Tibbons and soap, Mess hall

Oulja Board, slippers, saddle shoes, dandy,--Charlie

Plaid shirt, cand, gum--Emiko

House coat--Alice and Mark

Material--Mrs. Suzuko

L pack of gum, "\$2.00--Mom

cake, stocking, \$2.00--Mrs. Satow.

Magic slate, stationary--Loretta (from Vallejo)

2 jumper dresses--Mom

L pink sweater--????

Bath powder--Bette

Cookies--Mrs. Thomas

Cookies--Mrs. Masuzawa.

Insert:

Mom's letter.

Dear Emi-Betty Jo,

Thank you so mach for Xmas presint.
I am so happy this time
but I am not sanding for you presint
that is very solly. I want to make
a sweater, but can't order yarn last year,
and I get sick before Xmas so I mak some
time this year.
You know what I got present?

silk stocking
brown sweater
white blouse
pink slip
3 under pants
shoe bag
2 tooth powder
(the above from family members.)

Also got:

\$2.00

face towels

dish towel, very pretty

20 bar toilet soap

big box stationary. This is from Kender garden childrens.

Watch out and don't catch cold.

Love,
/S/Mom

Tom got:

Jacket

sweater

\$4.00

gum

ribbon

dozen pairs of stocking

candy

shoes

PJ's

bathrobe

T. shirt

Fox tail

pants cufes

wallet

2 books.

Velly good presents this year. Thank you all.

Charles Kikuchi
Insert:

Diary

Jan. 6, 1945

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Letter re: Bette

The University of Chicago
Chicago, 37, Ill.
Office of the Dean of Students.
Jan. 6, 1945

Miss Bette Y. Kikuchi
4743 Drexel
Chicago, 15, Illinois.

Dear Miss Kikuchi:


As you undoubtedly know, the College has a special concern for students who have such inadequate reading and study habits that they cannot do justice to their capacities. The college accordingly has on its faculty an expert in remedial reading who has done much to help students develop the skills and habits that are a necessary basis for a sound education. Your admission tests indicate that you have ability, by your placement tests clearly show that your reading and study habits are such that they will seriously impede your academic progress. I hope, therefore, that you will immediately take steps to improve these habits, and I am asking you to consult with our remedial reading expert, Mrs. Leone Mc. Burfield.

Mrs. Burfield will be in Cobb Hall, Room 301 at 3:00 Wednesday, Jan. 10 and again at 3:00 on Friday, Jan 12. You may meet her on either of these days. If you are not able to be here then, would you let me know and I shall try to make a special appointment for you? I hope it will be possible for you to avail yourself of this service and to avail yourself of it immediately. There is an old saying that places high value upon an ounce of prevention.

Very truly yours,

Norman F. Maclean
Dean of Students in the College

NFM:z
cc Mr. Charles Kikuchi



We didn't get home until 3:30 last night and we arose at 9:00 am to finish Jack's packing. Emiko stayed over with Nancy so that she did not come home last night. Jack had to phone her and tell her to bring the key to the suitcase. She didn't go to sleep until 5 this morning so that she went to sleep right after she got home today. I don't think that she should be staying out all night like that, but she is 20 now and she should know what she is doing. I was going to speak to her this afternoon, but I changed my mind. She said that Tets was going back to camp at the end of the month for two weeks to discuss resettlement plans with his parents. They have a farm in California and they have heard that the camps are closing so they want to get together to decide what to do. Emiko was so disgusted because she had to give an old lady an enema and the women wet her bed right afterwards. She had been giving all her patients complete bed baths so the supervisor thought she was slow. Emiko said she almost felt like quitting that time. She likes the nursing training very much. She has to describe everything she sees out at the hospital. She said that most of her classmates don't know much about sex so that they put a notch after each girl's name on the blackboard everytime they see a man's penis in the performance of their duties! She said one old man who was fingering his private parts winked at her and she got scared. I think that Emiko will make a good nurse because she has a pleasant personality and she can be that way all the time if she wants to. She has her own Nisei group but her leisure time isn't devoted entirely to them so that it is progress. There is no reason why she cannot make easy adjustments among the population at large and get away from the Nisei consciousness entirely. I would say that the integration process is working well in her case if looked at from all points.

We finally got everything packed by noon. We couldn't get a taxi so Jack and I started to carry the bags to the station on the streetcar. { The car service is slow and heavy and it was a cold miserable day out so that the hard work has just about floored me. On top of that, there were crowds of people trying to pack into the streetcars and the conductor had bile trouble or something because he was very nasty. We told him that we were going into the Army and I practiced putting on a stupid look on my face (by acting natural!) so that the old ladies would not gripe too much about having the big trunks block the way. It took two hours each trip and the second time we went, we ran into the same nasty conductor. He gave us a dirty look as we had told him previously that we were rushing to the station to catch the train! We had a nice conversation with a 11 year old Negro boy who was on his way to take his girl friend out for a date. He even showed us his dollar bill to prove that he had enough money. These modern kids certainly start out young! He said that he took his girl to dances too! }

with One compensation for this hard work was that we saved several dollars in taxi fares by lugging the grips down ourselves on the streetcar, but I think I shall feel the ill effects of this hard manual labor tomorrow. We had to work all afternoon and then rush home to eat. Bette was a little grouchy this morning because of lack of sleep but she cheered up when we told her that we were planning to buy her a coat. Then she made all the sandwiches and cooperated 100%. { She would have done it anyway, but she was mad because I pinched her while she was still dreaming away in bed! }

We had a steak dinner and then rushed to the station. Jack just made it in time and we hastily bid him farewell. He is going

to camp first and he took a lot of presents along. All of his other bags will be delivered to Mr. Yngojo's place in S.F. Jack is very excited about getting back to California and he does not have any worries about the reception. He said he would come back here to his old job if he got a call to be drafted right after arriving. ~~He~~ doesn't know yet what he will do after Dolores graduates from Stanford Nursing School in September. Dolores will be the first Filipino girl to graduate from college in this country. Jack is not worried about making adjustments to married life as he believes that Dolores is very accommodating. He might head back this way if he can get into a medical school out here. I think that he will make out okay. In case there is some family emergency, I know I can call on him. He feels guilty about not being able to do anything for the family, but there is no use of two of us giving up personal plans unless necessary. I can afford to wait a while so that it will be easier on me.

not Mariko, George, Eileen, and two Mikes were there to see Jack off. ~~The~~ two Mikes are Hawaiian Nisei. They wanted to take all of us out for a Chinese dinner. I was tired and I wanted to go home, but Bette was hungry so we went along. Emiko said she would take "a few bites too." It turned out to be quite a meal, terribly expensive. The two Mikes wouldn't let any of us pay part of the bill as they said it was their party. Both are over 30; Mariko knew them in L.A. One is doing radio repair work and the other is some sort of an architect. Neither plan to return to Calif. but they plan to go to Hawaii eventually. They came to the mainland about 8 years ago for an education, but ended up doing domestic work and fruit stand work. This is the first chance they have had to apply their training, and they like Chicago much better than the Coast. They are both deferred from the Army.

I was so tired that I just couldn't eat much! Emiko had to leave early to get back to the hospital so I went to the streetcar with her. >

That Eileen certainly gets me down. I'm trying to terminate relationships with her because I know that I will be the one who will get hurt eventually. But when she looks at me, I'm helpless. I know that she doesn't like me that much, but I don't like to be added to her list of conquests. She is so nice, but hard to understand. I guess that is what attracts me to her. < I don't know why she seems to lose so many other friends (Betty Jean is through with her now) because she is such a nice person. Those zoot suiters she knows don't count for much since they would not be real friends in a pinch. > Eileen said that she was going to investigate the courses at Central Y college and register for one next term. She is also going to find^{out} about the Columbia school which trains in radio script writing. It has always been her ambition to write some kind of a play. Her father is going to finance her.

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< I'm so tired that I shall go to bed now. Bette just finished studying for about an hour after we came home.

My muscles were all sore this morning from carrying all of those bags. Furthermore, it is snowing outside so that the day was not too pleasant. I suddenly discovered last night that the ticket agent had sold me the wrong type of ticket so that I would not be able to make the trip to Gila. Then my watch went on the blink and I overslept. But I feel very cheerful now!

It took me several hours to get my ticket straightened out because it had the tax exemption stamped on it. I tried to route a trip via Minnesota and Minot as I wanted to stop in and see Alice and Mai. Mai is Eileen's 15 year old sister and I've never seen her, but we have developed a good friendship since last summer when she broke her leg and it failed to heal correctly. She is able to walk now, but not too much yet. She writes such cute letters. I wonder why I attract young girls and married women so much? I don't get anyplace with the in-betweens. What a sad sack, says Jack. Oh well, they are more sincere. Anyway, I won't be able to go that way as I would have to miss the camp visit. I could have done it if I had thought of it before.

Example of Mai's letters which flatters my ego!

Dear Charlie,

Thanks so much for the beautiful presents. I certainly do like them all. With this wonderful stationery, I will never be able to quit writing. And that super "Snap Book," gosh, I'll have to fill it and then bring it out to Chicago when I come in the summer. That facinator is so beautiful that the only time I'll wear it is to go to something formal. The candy is so delicious that I can't lay off of it so I'll just eat and grow fatter. Gosh, Charlie, you shouldn't have given me so much, all I do is sit here and gloat--"All mine"--gee, they are all so swell, I can't think of how to say thank you.

I'm glad you like the scarf, say, do you suppose I should have sent one to your brother too and get in good with the whole family??

It surely was grand having Eileen home with us. I surely think she's a swell person and I'm glad she's my sister. I don't think I would ever like any girl as much as I like Eileen.

Charlie, did you know that all the kids that saw your picture think that you look like Turhan Bey? Gosh, and now they're swooning all over you! Yes siree, they really think you look like him. So, if you send a dozen pictures of yourself, I'll sell them for \$1.00 a piece. Okay?--I'm jealous boy, after all, I guess I saw you first didn't I? I bet you'll start getting fan mail now,--hey, let me be the pres. of your fan club--and we can charge 50cents for dues and I'll send you half of the profit--right?--Yes, that's no lie, you look like him all right. That's a compliment, not an insult.

So, you're going to Calif? Will you be able to come through Minot? I wish you could. N. Dak. isn't a very bad place. Today the temperature is zero even. Sort of cold but sometimes it gets to be 40 degrees below so I guess I'd better not kick.

Eileen left this morning and it sure seems lonely around here. I saw some pictures of your sisters and boy, are they beautiful. Jack is just so handsome but I only saw one of him. They surely are lucky to have a swell brother like you--yup, and that's not flattery either. Thanks again for all the lovely presents. I'll write again in a couple of days.

Love
/S/Mai.

P.S. I found out a lot about you from Eileen, but they were all good so don't worry--mean, aren't I?

It was midafternoon before I got my ticket taken care of so I went up to visit Eileen and decided to do my typing for a while this evening. (Been at it for six hours now.) Talked to George for a while. He was waiting for the oil truck to come so he didn't go after his job today. He said that he had a job lined up and he would be starting tomorrow. "The job pays \$45.00 a week, \$1.00 an hour, plus overtime. It's an inside job doing tax computations and it will take them about six months to break me in. I got the job lead thru Mariko's boss. His younger brother operates the firm. I think that I would like it, but I don't plan to stay here permanently.

"After I go to work, I will have to have an understanding with Mariko. She can have her ~~own~~ own way just so she knows that I have the right to a veto power if I feel it is necessary. Sometimes, I wonder if it would not be better to be a bachelor. I'm not saying I made a mistake in getting married, but sometimes I

wonder. Mari and I have certain fundamental differences and we have to work them out. I don't want any children yet as it is too risky and Mari is not ready for it either. "Eileen walks in at this point and remarks, "please, George, don't have a baby until I get an apartment of my own! Mari will be too difficult." George agrees with this, but I wondered if the opposite effect might not be created. I thought that sometimes a woman gets drawn beyond her self centered life if she had a child and I didn't think that Mariko could wait too long.

I'm afraid that if ~~Sam~~ Mariko does not make more of an attempt to appease George, he might walk out on her one of these days. There doesn't seem to be too firm of a foundation to their marriage developed yet and I suspect that Mrs. Taki is taking a hand behind the scenes to create more of an unrest in George's mind. The battle of the Century is not finished by a long shot yet; a slight truce right now. There is no reason why the marriage cannot be successful as they have not had any really serious crisis yet; they are only going through the process of adjustments that most young people go thru, only Mariko tends to be a little more individualistic so that it is harder. I don't want to wise Mariko up because she would only resent it so it is better to say nothing and hope that nothing happens after George starts working regularly once more. George doesn't like it very much when Mariko tells people she has to work to support her husband and I can't blame him for that. He has not worked for three months and he has had too much time to sit around and think about his married life.

It is partly George's fault too, because he is not willing to settle down either. That is why they had an argument last night. George's version: "Mari was a little peeved at me last night because as soon as I told her that I was going to go to work again, she started to ask about a joint bank account and she

wanted to start buying furniture and a lot of other things for our apartment right away. I feel differently about that. I don't want to put a cent more than necessary into this house because I don't plan to stay here permanently. I wanted to go off alone to New York to take a look around, but Mariko is not so willing to go there now. I don't want her to come with me as I wanted to get off for a little while by myself to think things out. Then I could come back to Marik and really appreciate her. I'm getting restless in Chicago now and I want to move on. I don't like to stay in one place too long." I think that part of George's urge to move on is because he does not feel satisfied with the jobs he has had in Chicago. He still wants to go back into the merchant marines and go to distant ports like So. America. He feels that his marriage has cut him off from these things and he has not been able to get into labor work or civil service. I don't think he really is so excited about the new job coming up because it is not what he really wants. He is taking it because he has to go to work soon and stop the nagging.

Bette's story about how Phil asked her for a date: "Today I was talking to Phil. He isn't satisfied when he gets less than a B in a subject. He said that he had read all about you in Adamic's book. Then he asked me if I went out much. I said I did not go around with Nisei boys too much. Then he asked me if I went out with caucasian boys and I said if I were asked I would consider it. Right away he asks if I would go out on a date with him Saturday to a play. I hate to do this to Olga but she says she is through with him so I accepted. Then BJ phoned and said they were going to go on a sleigh ride. She wants me to go as there will be a big bunch from Blake Hall but I have to ask Phil if he would rather do that first."

Davy's comments over the phone this evening: "I just called to ask you what I should do about my rent. I cut out on old lady Reynolds place and she is after me now. Nobody knows where I live now except you and a couple of my other friends. She tried to trace me but she couldn't. Then she phoned my father long distance collect in camp and she told him that I owed \$90 back rent to her. That's a dirty lie. I just wrote my father and told him not to pay. Old Lady Reynolds is trying to say that I owe her three months back rent and that is not true at all. It's only about a month and a half or two months at the most. I lost all of my receipts so what can I do about it? She is charging me \$1 a day back rent and she was only supposed to charge me \$5.00 a week until she want and raised the rent." I suggested that he take it to the GFA and tell them the whole story of how she upped the rent and he might get satisfaction so Davy decided to do that tomorrow. I also suggested he phone Mrs. Reynolds tonight and try to compromise with her so he might do that.

Davy went on to say: "I'm sure that I only owe for two months at the most. I remember I stabbed my toenail off on October 31 and I paid rent once after that. She is saying that I didn't pay since before that time. Even if I owed her for two months at her Jew rates, I would still owe her only \$63 month back rent at the most. She is trying to gyp me because I cut out on that place and didn't pay nothing. I don't think I did wrong because she was charging too much anyway and she got her money out of me when she raised the rent. The guys over there told me that Old Lady Reynolds is going to call the police and trace me down. Maybe I'll head back to camp because I'm not going to let that old bitch gyp me like that. I couldn't pay her nothing anyway because I

I only got \$2.00 to my name now.

"I've been sort of loafing around since I quit my job, but I haven't been out drinking or anything like that. I'm in the bar right now, but I'm not drinking. I had a beer today because Matsushita got drafted to the Army. His white dame went up to Michigan. If I go broke, my friends will lend me some money because I am looking for a job now. None of my leads have come out good for me so far. All I want is an inside day job. I went out to the war plants to see if I could get in, but they are too far away. Besides they saw that I got a 1-A so they won't train me for any of the precision work; they only offered me the labor jobs. <My brother is coming here on the 17th and he said he would push me through music school. I want to get in an orchestra like him. He is filthy with dough. I bet he makes over \$500 a month now. I have been going to see my private teacher. He is one of the Negroes who play at Garracks (a Loop nite spot.) He doesn't charge me anything. >I don't know if I really will go back to camp or not. I have to decide by Feb. 10th as the WRA won't give me money back after that. I haven't made any money out here so I guess I'm not too much of a success."

I went to the office early today and dictated all day. I didn't get out of the office until after six since I was talking to Frank about things in general. Frank advised me not to start on another case before leaving since it would take me the rest of the month to wind up those I have running. I will finish the interviewing of the two cases I have uncompleted by the end of the week and I should finish the dictation of ch-59 by then too. That will give me next week to dictate the other two cases and my first 60 cases will be completed. It's not as many as I have planned upon, but it was unavoidable for me to get slowed down. I have a few new leads lined up but I will wait until after I come back before I do anything more. I still have to save a few days to re read some of the completed cases so that they will be fresh in mind when I go to Berkeley.

Bette is staying over with BJ on the campus for the next two days. BJ is going to live with Bette for two weeks while I am gone and she said that she would be sure to study hard. I was talking to her a little today and I found that she had some deep rooted feelings about the place of the Negroes in this country. She feels that they can demand equality up North but they must maintain their place in the South as an inferior social class. She said that the Southerners inherited a prejudice against the Negroes as it was hereditary. Bette asked her if they had a special gene marked "P" in their chromosomes which made them feel this way. BJ doesn't want to live in the South anymore. She has made a lot of progress in overcoming her attitudes towards the Negroes in the past two years since coming to Chicago for school. She is only 18 now and a very intelligent girl. Frank was saying the Bette seems to have some nice friends on campus and that she was one of the few Nisei really mixing well.

Togo informs me that his baby Jeannie now knows more Japanese words than I do due to the presence of Grandma! No wonder I get an inferiority complex around the Issei! I think that I know more Japanese words since starting out on these interviews out here than I ever knew before. I must know about 100 Japanese words in all if I include words like Boochie and Rosu Beefu.

I ran into an interesting survival of Japanese culture which I was not aware of until Frank pointed it out. Some fellows from a rural area in California have a sort of loan system for their own members. Each fellow puts up \$10 and they can borrow from the fund. A friend of any of the members can also borrow so that in times of unemployment or other reasons for shortages, they have a fund to call upon. Frank said that this was similar to the Tanomoshi system. A lot of Issei on the coast got together if they were from the same Ken in Japan and they would pool some money which would be available to the members without interest. Davy told me about the Nisei fellows who had the loan fund and he said that all of the fellows started this practice because they knew their parents did something like it back "home."

Mom sent some Mochi to us. It's a sort of pounded rice. I appreciate the sentiment but I don't think much of the taste of the stuff. The Nisei out here are getting it from camp as it is a special kind of food for New Years. I think all this craving for Japanese foods has a more fundamental difference than mere food tastes: it is symbolical of the more settled life the Nisei had on the coast. (Frank does not agree with this.

Togo also mentioned going to a lecture in which the conclusion was that this war is being fought for British Imperialism. Perhaps the historians can make a good case for this, but I think that certain fundamental ideals are also involved and they are not too impractical because the world will never permit the old status quo to come back again. (The old status quo is dead.)

After I got home last night I puttered around and wrote a few letters. I ate dinner alone and then I went over to Mariko's since I had a date to take Eileen to the movies tonight after she finished her work. < Mariko was a little griped because George told her that I ate up all her food the other day. I didn't want George to get the blame so I said that I had nibbled a little bit. Mariko calmed down when I complimented her coat which had been dyed. She was putting a fur piece on it which she had carried out for the past 4 or 5 years. George went to work today for the first time and he was rather pleased with the job. He said that he had to go down to the City Hall once in a while to look up tax evaluations. He spent 2 hours this afternoon fixing up a broken cabinet at the office because he told the boss he had some experience in carpentry. I hope that Mariko does not attempt to take the credit for this job since she had given him the lead. George and Mariko ^{were} very quite this evening but they had some kind of argument last night.

Mariko started talking to me about Eileen. She said that she did not mean to hurt Eileen's feelings in regards to the use of too much oil. She said that she had to get through the winter on the 500 gallon ration and that was her main concern. She said she couldn't help it if Eileen took it another way and got a hurt feeling on her face. Mariko then went on to complain a little bit about Eileen shopping. I think she did it because she had a guilty feeling. She said that Eileen didn't shop very well so that the food expense was going up. She said that Eileen bought unnecessary canned goods and things like that. She doesn't know that Eileen paid for a lot of these things out of her own pocket. Eileen's version is that she bought the extra canned goods so that they would have a little food stocked up in the house.

I think that Mariko has my interest at heart and she doesn't

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want me to get hurt. Mariko doesn't believe that Eileen really wants to teach. "The real reason why she turned down that teaching job was because all of her men friends pleaded for her not to leave. Eileen has to have men around and be the center of attraction. She isn't looking for a career at all. I should know that. She's just a flirt. Sometimes I think that she is so darn helpless. I don't want her to get too dependent on us. I bet when spring comes on she will stay on and on because she doesn't have the initiative to go out and find housing by herself. I told her of a place where electric stoves were on sale but she didn't seem very enthusiastic about that. It was the same way with the chest of drawers. Eileen couldn't make up her mind about it so that George finally had to build her one. She looks so hurt whenever I say anything to her and I don't mean it in that way at all. I like her a lot but I don't like some of her ways. She likes to play some fellows for suckers and that's why she has lost a lot of her friends. Cracker doesn't come over here anymore because of that and it was the same thing with a lot of her other boy friends."

I told Mariko that Eileen was mixed up about a few things but she shouldn't criticize her because she did a lot of work. I didn't think it was fair to criticize her shopping because it was so much of a help. Mariko said that I was too much on the defensive about Eileen and I admitted that. I didn't tell her that Eileen ever discussed any of these things with me. Mariko must have felt that she said a little too much because she left a note for Eileen saying that the house looked very nice yesterday and that she didn't have to cook tomorrow. She also put some food out for us but we had eaten at a restaurant downtown already. She also invited me to stay overnight. Mariko really likes Eileen but apparently she feels that I need some protection so that I won't be taken in by ~~xxx~~ Eileen's

womenly wiles. Some of what Mariko says is true but she doesn't know that Eileen and I have a good understanding. Mariko just feels that I am going to get hurt because Eileen is so flirtacious with other fellows. Since I understand that Mariko's motives are good, I shall not hold it against her altho it really isn't any of her business. >

W After the late show, Eileen and I went to Thompson's restaurant to eat and we talked until about 4:00 a.m. < Eileen gave her side of the story. She said that she didn't want any sort of an outbreak with Mariko because she really appreciated her friendship. She felt that Mariko didn't know her very well because she didn't have such a craving for a social life as Mariko thought. Eileen added that she liked to have a lot of friends but that was the way she had always been. She said that nothing could hold her in Chicago if she received a teaching offer that she thought was suitable. She did mention that I was the only one who thought she should take that rural teaching job near Springfield. Eileen's present planx is to take some college courses and work towards an M.A. degree. She said that she had a great ambition to achieve her goals and even her friends back home couldn't understand why she preferred to do this rather than get married. Eileen said that she wasn't worried about marriage at all because there was plenty of time for that later. I thought that she was taking the right step if she feally follows through with it since she would become extremely restless if she did not do anything. I guess Eileen is one of those people who comes under the heading of "What Makes Sammy Run?" I don't know what compels her to have such a drive but she is always pushing herself beyond the limits of her physical capacity. She has lost a lot of weight since coming back to Chicago and she is quite thin now. She really doesn't know herself what it is exactly that she

wants. I didn't want to give her any suggestions at all because it really is up to her to make up her mind about these things. I know that she isn't happy in Chicago right now because she has been a little disappointed about her accomplishments here since her graduation from the music college. Eileen said that she was feeling so miserable because all the girls at Kunzholm's got a raise on the last paycheck except her. She couldn't understand why this happened since she had worked so hard. Eileen seems to get along very well at her job in the puppet opera and I suppose that she will be getting a raise next week or so. She works with a nice group of girls and I have met most of them now. They all come from out of the city except one or two. >

WAH It was snowing quite heavily when we started home but it wasn't too cold. We decided to walk home since the streetcars were not coming along very regularly. We made dumb tracks in the snow and just took our time so that it was about 5:30 before Eileen got home. Mariko had made up a bed for me in the front room and I was just dozing off when she and George started to get up. They banged around until about 7:30. It was so cold that I got up around noon and I typed up a few notes on George's typewriter. It was too cold for Eileen so she just stayed in bed until around 3:00 and I went in and talked to her during this time. I suppose Mariko would consider this scandalous behavior but it was perfectly innocent. Eileen is a very nice girl and I can't understand why she has a reputation among the Nisei as being "fast". I suppose it is because she acts more natural. She said that at one time she went to a party and she imitated a strip tease dance and the Nisei fellows passed around some rumors about that. She is getting to the point where she feels that the less contact she has among the Nisei the better it will be for her. However, she still likes to have fellows

hanging around. There hasn't been too many during the past few months. Eileen can't help it if she is so attractive. She tells me that she enjoys my company better than with most of the other fellows but that is just a line too. We manage to get along well and I think that she does have a great deal of respect for me. I don't think that it goes beyond that though. ⁶⁶⁷³² Mariko just imagines too many things and I suppose that she is justified on the basis of certain evidence. I have stayed up all night talking to Eileen on some occasions but I can't help it if it looks suspicious because there never was anything unorthodox going on during these times.

I went over early this evening to complete my interview with Irene (CH-56). It took me about 4 hours since I had a social visit with her part of the time. Irene was greatly worried because she thinks that her husband is on the way overseas right now. She feels that he will get there just in time for the heaviest fighting on the western front. Irene said that she had about 2 years of living with her husband but really only about one year out here. She didn't think that the camp phase of it counted. She said that the in-laws really gave her a hard time. Irene is about 4 years older than her husband. She married him when he was only 20. She seems more like a mother to Bill because he appeared rather immature in a lot of ways when I met him recently. Her husband has never supported her because he has been attending school. Irene said that she was willing to work and support him when he finished college because she felt that it would be worth it in the long run. She is so worried that he may never come back. That is why she ~~is~~ can't make any plans for the future. She said that she would probably go back to Hawaii in the event that something happened to Bill. She is looking at the whole thing in a realistic way but hoping for the best. She thinks she might persuade her husband to go back to

Hawaii with her after he finishes his medical training, if the GI bill of rights provides this for him. Irene feels that he would have more chance to get into a practice over there. At the same time she doesn't want to live in a Japanese community ever again. She doesn't have many contacts with the Nisei out here except for a few friends. She spends more of her recreational time with some of the Caucasian girls at her place of work. She has met some Caucasian soldiers through them and she went out with this group on Christmas Eve and New Years. Irene is quite modern and independent in her ways so I can see how irksome it would be for her to live in a restricted Japanese community. She is very attractive and she has such a warm personality. However, Irene is concerned about the Nisei future since she feels that what happens to them will also happen to her but she does not have any direct contacts with them now except for Violet and one other girl living in that house. She said that she had gone to one Nisei dance with her husband and that was enough. She can't understand why the Nisei insist upon restricting themselves to their group. Irene feels that the Nisei should maintain their old friends but they should also attempt to make new contacts among Caucasians with similar interests so that they will not get stereotyped as a clannish racial group. She has a good point there, but I am afraid that the majority of the Nisei do not have the personality of the social ~~xxx~~ poise to be able to mix freely as readily as Irene does. She mentioned that there were a number of Japanese businesses growing up on Clark St. and she was very disturbed about that. She said that during her house hunting experiences, some of the landlords turned her down very curtly and suggested that she go look "where your people are living on Division St." This made her very angry but she also felt that it was partly the Nisei's fault. Irene also recognizes that it is a great problem for the Issei be-

cause of language handicaps and that was the reason why they were starting up Japanese businesses. Irene's solution is rather cruel. She feels that all of the Issei should stay in camp in their own camp where they would be happier because "they are going to live 5 or 10 years more at the most". It does seem to be a rather unsolvable problem because the Issei and Nisei just couldn't split apart now with the Issei segregating themselves in resettlement and the Nisei practicing dispersal. Irene feels that one solution might be for the more aggressive Nisei to go back to California because she is sure there will never be a Japanese community out there. After I completed the interview, Irene served me refreshments. Then she began to tell me how the bedbugs were bothering her. It seems that most of the Nisei are bothered with bedbugs but they won't admit it to any other persons because they feel that it is a reflection on them to have these bedbugs inhabiting their apartment. On the coast, it was believed that any person having bedbugs must be living a filthy standard of life. Out here it isn't that way at all because Chicago is infested with these monsters. We even have them ourselves and I have found very few Nisei who don't eventually admit that they have been bothered too. Irene would like to move to a cheaper apartment but she feels that it is almost impossible to find a furnished place without bedbugs. She has moved 4 or 5 times out here and every time she has run into this difficulty. Irene said that she had to wear long sleeve blouses in order to hide all the bedbug scars. She won't complain to the landlady because she might be accused of bringing them into the building. Bedbugs usually don't come out in cold weather but Irene is used to a warm place, coming from Hawaii, so that she turns on all the gas jets and makes her room quite stuffy. Violet said that she has not been bothered by bedbugs or cockroaches recently.

I went over to visit Violet and Sunny across the hall for a couple of hours after I finished the interview with Irene. Sunny goes to work at 10:30 at the Stevens Hotel. She works in the information division there. She would like to take another part time job during the day because she wants to save more money. Violet (CH-54) was feeling very blue because she hasn't adjusted herself to living without her husband yet and she gets very lonesome for him. She said that her first anniversary of married life would come next week but she had to spend it alone. Kiyoshi has phoned up long distance from the Florida army camp twice. He thinks that he might get into the intelligence school in a couple of months and in that event Violet will move up to Minneapolis. She would like to get another girl in with them because the rent is so high--\$52 a month.

Violet said that she didn't know what her plans were because everything was so indefinite. She said that her parents and her in-laws were getting very concerned about the closing of the camp and they didn't know what to do. They wanted Violet to come back to camp and live with them but she refuses to do that because she thinks it would be too dull there. Her brother-in-law, Al, went back to camp in order to wait for his induction into the army and he has written to her to tell her how dull it is. Violet said that she would like to get a part time job in the evening so that the time would pass quicker. I don't know why I make all of these dates with married women whose husbands are in the army. I don't think their husbands would like that very much. I really believe that I do it because I feel sorry for the married girls who are so lonesome and I want to cheer them up. I don't have any other motive than that. It seems that these married girls are much more sincere and real than the single ones who act in an artificial and pseudo-sophisticated way.

Went to the office at 11:00; left after six. I finished the dictation on Ch-59 and now have only two more to do in order to clean up the work. Then I can start in on some case reading. Dorothy sent a note saying that I could probably be housed at International House on the Campus when I get out there. She hasn't scolded me for slowing down on my pace so that is a good sign. Talked things over with Frank and I felt much relieved when he figured that DST wanted me to organize my material in general and that she did not expect a high powered analytical piece. I suppose I will be able to handle that. I would like to get my MA thesis out of the way and I might be able to work it in at the same time, but I won't see the department about it until after I find out what Dorothy expects of me. The closer the time comes to go to Berkeley the more I feel like a cornered rat which gets an electrical stimulant every once in a while in order to make it jump. I still would like to get my 100 cases but I guess Dorothy knows best. I might turn out a Yusa or a Tsuchiyama performance. I get such an inferiority feeling when I see how ably Frank and Togo write; I feel like a babe in the woods compared to them. I'll probably get the axe. I don't know why I should be worrying about such a thing now; I feel all right tonight. Maybe it's because I feel slightly depressed as I just finished reading that the war in Europe may go even beyond this year. The casualties are jumping way up. It just can't be all for the sake of British Imperialism.

Bette went downtown with Eileen this afternoon to purchase the coat which Jack and I are buying for her as a reward for cooking for us so diligently. Maybe she won't serve me weenies and sauerkraut anymore now! She wants to get it back in time for her date this Saturday with Phil so Eileen is going to put the hem up for her. Bette is also excited about the snow ride which she is going on

this sunday with the college kids. They are paying \$80 to rent the horses and sleigh for the day. All of the girls at Blake Hall have lined up a date--to go dutch treat. "I've got a date with ROD," says Bette so excited, "All the girls are envious of me because he is quite a catch. I asked him to go too and he is working overtime on Sat. nite at the Commons (as a dishwasher-waiter) so that he will be able to take the time off. Isn't that wonderful? Poor Betty Jean has gotten herself in a mess. She was so busy getting the 20 girls fixed up with dates that she hasn't one herself. Her boyfriend thought she was all fixed up so he turned another girl down with the excuse that he has to study. He just can't go now. Another girl wants me to ask Phil to go with her. It will be cutting my own throat, but I didn't want to go out with him twice in a row or he would think I was chasing him. Besides he is in my dancing class and I can secure my position while we learn the rhumba. BJ got a B in humanities, but Bea flunked it. She got all A's at the U. of Wisconsin last year so that she is so worried. She is going to see a psychiatrist tomorrow. So many of the kids flunked. I think I got a D plus in Bi Sci. I'm studying hard though."

I cautioned Bette not to neglect her studies but I hardly think that is necessary. I'm pretty sure she will pick up this quarter. I am pleased that she is making such good progress in her social activities at school, but not overdoing it. She seems to be in with a very nice group. It's much better than getting entangled in a Nisei society. I'm not sure that I will be able to see Bette through another year at the University, but I will try. It can be done if she gets a further scholarship, but her grades must come up.

Davy came over this evening to borrow some money as he was

broke. He has been working for two days now: "I'm working for the National Tea Company Warehouse. It's on Crosby Street near Montgomery Wards. I get .91 cents an hour there doing about the same kind of work I did before--an order filler for vegetables. I work from 4 in the afternoon until midnight. It's much better than my other job because it is indoors and I don't get so cold.

"I got the job all on my own. I was going out to my other job to pick up my working clothes. I saw a lot of signs for men wanted at Montgomery Wards. I thought that I would apply for a job, but I heard that they don't want Boochies there. That's one of the reasons why the Army has taken the place over. But I thought there might be other jobs around there so on the way home, I got off and started to walk up Halsted Street. I saw a big sign at the National Tea Company. I knew that some Boochies worked there so I went in and asked for a job. The man asked me what I could do and I told him that I had worked in the order filling department for Central Groceries so he put me in the grocery department there. I started to work right away. I can't bring any vegetables home from this job because we have to go through a gate where a watchman is stationed.

no The good thing about my new job is that we get a bonus there. Quite a few boochies have jobs with National Tea but I only know one of them. I don't think I will stay there forever, but it's a job and I have to eat. I don't get paid for two weeks so that's why I have to borrow some money from you.

"Old Lady Reynolds is still after me, but I'm not going to let her hysp me like that. My father is going to pay what I tell him I owe her. I looked all through my things and I found a receipt showing I last paid on November 4th. I moved out of there last week so I only owe her for two months. She is still

trying to say I owe her \$91.00 back rent. To hell with her. I'm going to tell ~~xxx~~ my Dad to pay her only for 8 weeks at the old rate of \$5.00 a week. I'm not going to pay her no \$7.00 a week rent because it was illegal for her to raise the rent like that.

I paid her \$7 a week for four weeks so I am going to deduct \$8.00 from my present bill and tell my Dad only to pay her \$32.00 in all. I'll pay my Dad back when I make some money.

"If Reynolds raises a stink, I'll tell her that I will go to the BPA and report her for raising the rent illegally. But I am a little worried because she told some of the fellows at 5010 Drexel that she was going to take the thing to the court and I would be fined \$100 for fraud. She's got a hell of a nerve is she tries anything like that. <She raised Ed Murs's rent up to \$10.00 a week just because he is in a room alone now. She's the damn dame who says that she wants to do so much for the Nisei too.

"I like my new apartment much better even if it is smaller. I eat with the four girls across the hall. I have to pay them \$2.50 a week for food and that is cheap. I'm so flat broke that I can't pay them now; I wouldn't want to borrow money from them just to pay them my share of the food bill. I have been going to the Mark Twain Beauty shop. A married Nisei girl takes me home and feeds me. But I don't want to borrow from any of these friends because it looks bad.

"I only know 7 people in the building where I am staying now. (1227 La Salle) The house is full of them. The girls I know all work at different places. They all came from our camp. I only have to pay \$3.25 rent there." >

I loaned Davy \$10.00 and told him he would ~~xxx~~ have to struggle through on that as I felt he would squander \$20.00 if I gave it to him. He has the \$10.00 all budgeted out for food carfare, and for a purchase of work pants. I told him I would

lend him more later if he needed it. Davy insists that he has given up drinking and I believe him. He hangs around the Playtime bar a lot yet though. He said that he planned to stay home after work for the rest of the month and he even borrowed a book to take along with him to prove it.

106740
Davy got to talking about his life ambitions: "My indefinite trial leave ends on Feb. 10 and I might go back to camp then. But I don't really think I am a failure. A fellow has to hit his right line and I haven't exactly found mine yet. If I get into something I really like, I would stick with it all the time. I don't think that I am anything special in music but I want to get into an orchestra and try. I think I could make good at it after I get a few more lessons. I don't want to get into any Nisei orchestras because there is no money in it. I think I could make between \$60 to \$100 a week with some caucasian band. My brother is coming to play in Chicago on the 17th and he is making \$115 a week now. He is in Lee Williams Orchestra right now but he is going to change. He will play with Buddy Franklyn's orchestra at the Trianon. Paul said that he would stake me through music school up to \$500 worth. I think I could be ready in three month. But I bet the draft hits me then. I don't care because it's my ambition to get into an orchestra and I don't want to be a dental technician or anything like that. Until I get a chance in an orchestra, I don't consider myself a failure out here."
(letter from Davy's brother attached.)

Insert:

letter to Davy from his brother.

Dear HiJack,

I'm switching bands so don't send any letters or nothing this way. I may be in Chicago on the 17th to rehearse with Bernie Cummins new band and then I may go with Buddy Franklin at the Trianon. Neither of the deals are set yet and if I get the price I want, I may go.

Where are you working now? If you study horn out there, there are plenty of bands that need men out here. They pay from \$60.00 up and you could earn a hell of a lot out here. Harry Mitano was out here for a while playing with a territory band.

This band is changing its complete personnel in the next two weeks because they're all going with name and semi name bands now. We were raided by Timmy Reynolds and Bob Chester, but they only offered \$75 for a lead bone man and \$65 for trumpets and saxes. Jump bands are strictly nowhere. Piano and trumpet men are starting their own combos and are paying \$100 to start with. They start rehearsing next week between time job is up at Minneapolis. Now's the time to break in. If you go to a good teacher, I'll pay all expenses until you get a job. Up to \$500 anyway. I may see you in a couple of weeks, maybe.

Your brother

/S/ Paul Murphy Lee

Dictated until midafternoon. Louise has a cold coming on so I sent her home to take care of herself. Dave was around to talk to Frank about his thesis. It seems that he is caught between Blumer and Hughes and he can't satisfy both of them. Hughes wants the study to be more of the occupational adjustments of the Nisei but Blumer feels that this is only a transitory stage so that the emphasis should be placed upon the general adjustments in Chicago. Dave should do it his own way, or please the one who will have the most to say about his thesis.

There seems to be quite a few rumors going around why it is not advisable to return to the Coast at this time. Samples:

"A Japanese man went back to Sebastapool but the farms around there drove him right back to camp."

"A family went back to Oregon and their house was burned down."

"There is a organized mob in Sacramento which is going to kick any Japanese who returns right out."

"Most of the Issei farmers who ~~xxxxxx~~ owned land were put on the 'stop list' by the Army so that they could not go back anyway. It's all part of a plot by the California politicians who have a lot to say about the actions of the Western Defense Command."

"The Mayor of Los Angeles has made a public statement that he does not care if mobs attack any returning evacuees."

"The property owners in San Francisco have gotten together to make an agreement that they will not rent housing to any Japanese."

"The lettuce farmers around Salinas will not give jobs to any Japanese. This is backed up by the Filipinos who threaten action if any Japanese dares to show up."

"The only reason why some of those Japanese in California now haven't got hurt is because they are passing as Chinese."

I finished my interview with Geo. A, ch-58, this evening. It was quite satisfactory. George is a very ambitious fellow and he seems to be do more towards integration in his quiet way than any other Nisei I know. He belongs to several clubs and a church and he goes around giving speeches. He doesn't emphasize the Nisei problem but he relates it to the labor and other social problems of this country. George is a steward for his Federal Employees Union and he is busy now getting an education committee together. He sings in a choir at church; he has made a number of good caucasian friends; he attends college three evenings a week in order to complete his AB work; and he has some time left to take caucasian girls out on dates. His roommate, Kayo, left for Manzanar last Tuesday to visit his family before his induction into the Army. George sincerely believes in his principles but not to the fanatical point. Among Nisei, he may be considered a radical, but actually he is a very sensible fellow, to the left in his political and social views. Much of this thinking coincides with the way I feel on it.

We had quite a bull session on whether there was a danger that British Imperialism would ruin the peace. George felt that the first thing that had to be done was to defeat fascism as the common man would never have a chance until that were done. He recognized the threat of fascism in this country and in England, but he felt that the masses would not stand for any attempt to return to the old status quo because they were in a revolutionary mood. He felt that this was all a trend of real democracy and I agreed with him. I was not so optimistic that the imperialistic desires of the world powers was going to be eliminated so easily though. I enjoyed my interviews with George and we spent quite a bit of time on just bull sessions; that's why it took so long.

6739

More snow today; the snow has been on the ground for about 37 days now. It wasn't so cold today. Emiko came home about 2 this afternoon and she brought Muriel and Shirley with her to have dinner. They stayed until a little after nine and they seemed to have enjoyed themselves. Emiko had to go on floor duty tomorrow so that she will not be home. She was a little envious because Bette got such a nice goat, but I can't buy her one now.

Emiko and Yo had a fight at the hospital because Yo refused to be a slave for her any longer and she rebelled. Emiko had it on her conscience so she phoned and made up. She said that everybody bossed Yo around over there and Muriel and Shirley agreed with her. Emiko got so mad thinking about it that she made the steak very tough. Shirley had to use a butcher knife to eat hers. Those girls certainly have big appetites; they eat much more than I do!

Muriel is one of those tall slim girls. She went two years to the University of Winnipeg and she is down here on a visa so that she is not eligible for Cadet Nursing. Her father left enough money for the family to live on in his life insurance so that they get along fairly comfortably. Muriel said that she always had a difficult time trying to decide whether to answer the nationality blank on forms "Canadian" or "Jewish." I thought that she should answer Canadian and we had a long discussion on why the Jewish people insisted upon maintaining their culture. Muriel is not orthodox. She felt it would be much better not to be so race conscious as she has noticed some of the anti-semitic attitudes down here. She felt that the British handled the race issue much better than the U.S. but I did not agree with her on that at all. Muriel would like to live in the U.S. all the time as she

likes it much better down here. She is just 20.

Bette just came in from her date with Phil. He has quite a crush on her. Mariko, Toshie, Dorothy etc all think it is so exciting for Bette to go out with a "Caucasian." Bette doesn't think this way at all as it is just like any other date and she can't understand why the great fuss. Otto is naturally very jealous, poor guy.

Bette said that she had a very good time at the play. She was dressed to kill, high heels and all. Phil told her that he did not eat dinner because he had a debate with some of his fraternity brother on race attitudes. The fraternity does not allow Jewish members and Phil thought that this was not right. The conversation got around to other racial groups so Phil said he brought Bette into it for the sake of argument. The boys were quite surprised and they asked him if he would marry a Nisei. Phil said he would and they then said that it would hurt his career. All the girls at Blake hall are quite excited about the event and all for Bette because Phil is supposed to be so handsome.

Bette said that Phil saw some of his family friends at the play and he can hardly wait to see what one lady will say to him because he knows that she is prejudiced against many races. Phil feels pretty proud of the fact that he is starting to take Bette out because a lot of the boys were afraid to ask her first. He pumped Bette about her date for the sleigh ride tomorrow and he was very curious to know all about Rod as he has not met him on the campus yet.

WJH Bette said that she felt pretty good when they went out to eat afterwards as they were getting a lot of admiring glances. She said she didn't feel inferior at all.

I have been encouraging her more in the direction of college.

activities because I feel that it is a more healthful atmosphere than limiting herself to a Nisei group. There has been plenty of opposition to this in the past but now Bette sees what I mean. She kept saying how much she is enjoying college now. She said that Betty Omori and some of the other Nisei girls on the campus are beginning to talk about her because she goes out with cau-casian boys. I pointed out to Bette that I did not want her to think she was superior to the other Nisei, but that she was doing the Nisei a favor by making these contacts. Bette agreed that this was true because Phil is now interested in racial problems and he discusses ~~xxx~~ such matters with his fraternity group. He is going to a series of Thursday night racial relations lectures this quarter and Bette will go with him. There are also students from many states that Bette knows on the campus now and they can see for themselves that a Nisei is not any different from them. Bette is also meeting some of the parents and creating a good impression with them. I can't understand why some of those other Nisei students on the campus do not do the same things. Bette always says that she is the only Nisei at any of the school activities. It seems to be the same old story. There is a move to start a Nisei student club on the campus and I have been telling the initiator of it that it is a mistake and he has held off so far. It is silly to get 20 Nisei on the campus to integrate them with the 5000 students at college as they have all the opportunity in the world and they do not need to get together. Bette is very much against such a program. She doesn't snub the other Nisei on campus but she finds that she has much more in common with Betty Jean and that group.

4743 Drexel
Jan. 13, 1945

Dear Jack,

The Verson Allsteel Press Company sent a check to you for \$29.41 and I will have Bette deposit it in the bank for you. Bette bought her coat the other day. Emiko felt a little put out because she thought it was favoritism so I told her to eat a ham sandwich. Maybe I will be able to get her one later on. She has much more clothes than Bette anyway.

I would like to have to discuss family resettlement with Mom thoroughly in order to get her attitudes as I will not be able to do it so well. The important thing is that I will not be able to take any action until I find out my draft status next April. I will bring Tom out definitely and if the camp really closes, I will bring the rest out later. I hardly think that the WRA will close up that soon though. I understand that Mom wanted you to reconsider about returning to California. I don't think we can count on either Mariko or Alice--Mariko because she is too impractical, and Alice because she will have too many problems of her own. In the first place, Alice will have to find a larger apartment and that is almost impossible up in Minn. Further, she might run into a lot of troubles. Finally, she would be stuck with them and that would not quite be fair. I have written to her to let her know that I will count on her help, but not to do anything until things become a little more definite. Anyway, get Mom's attitudes as fully as you can so that I will know how she feels. The reason why I don't want her to go up to Minn. is that I am afraid that she will become a maid and I don't think that is hardly fair either. If she is in good health it is possible that she may be able to find a part time job out here since many issei women are working now in different places out here. Will you find out about her operation and see if that could be pushed along. It might be a good idea to talk to Dr. Iki about it.

Bette got an F and two D's she thinks. I am rather disappointed, but I am sure that she will pick up this quarter as her study habits are bound to develop. She has made good progress in her social adjustments at school and I think that my experiment might be successful. It is a much better substitute than the limited Nisei society. She has been going out with Phil quite often. Last night she went to a play with them. It seems that his fraternity brothers are concerned because they do not think it is right. The group are also opposed to Jews. The girls at Blake are all for Bette. That is the trouble--as soon as friendships are made, some people begin to worry about intermarriage. Bette is about the only Nisei girl on the campus who has gone out and made good contacts and she has been accepted very well. It is a lot better for her college life if this is done. She is in with a pretty bright group and these contacts will be kept for years. It is the same way with her Vallejo friends. Today she is going out on a sled ride out in the country with about 50 of the college kids, and she will stay overnight with Betty Jean on the campus. Mariko wants to show off Bette's friends to her crowd now, but I don't think it would be wise to draw them into that because they don't have much common interest. I am telling


6743
you about some of these developmentsx to try and explain why I don't want Bette to get buried in a Nisei society while there is a chance for these other contacts--not that I think she is superior to other Nisei, but because I feel that these contacts will be satisfying and they serve a very useful purpose. It will help to mold the thinking of some of her college friends who ordinary would not be interested in the Nisei. Bette, in this respect, has accomplished much more than Amiko who also is making good progress.

I haven't heard whether Alice had her baby yet, but I presume that she has produced her offspring by now.

I will be leaving for Berkeley on the 27th and I expect to be in Gila sometime near the end of Feb. Could you tell Tuttle that in case I have to phone him to come and get me at Chandler.

Best regards to Dolores and thank her for the Xmas present. Also give Laurdes a juicy kiss for me and tell her I might see her soon.

Chas.



Bette's account of her sleigh ride: "Oh, I had so much fun. College life is the most wonderful thing. Gee, we went way up into the country for our ride. There were fifty of us all together from the college. I had such a swell time with Rod. He is so considerate. He told Betty Jean that he likes me a lot and that he will be seeing a lot of me. He is going to take me to the first college dance this quarter. Rod is 19 and six feet tall. And, boy, is he handsome! All the girls at Blake Hall envy me because Both Phil and Rod take me out. < Rod ~~xxx~~ can speak five languages and he knows a lot about art and horses. His dad is an artist. He said that his uncle (Archibald Mac Leish is a very absent minded guy and it cost the Library of Congress \$50,000 to straighten out the mess he made. Rod never brags about his uncle because he doesn't need the reflected glory. He thinks I am such a nice girl because I listened to him tell all about his knowledge of horses and poetry. I think Phil is getting jealous because he kept asking me about Rod in dancing class today. I told him that both were good friends and that pacified him a little. He always dances with me in dancing class and the girls think he is so handsome. > I certainly got a lot of self confidence in myself all of a sudden.

"Oh, the girls at Blake were sure mad at Pat Campbell for what she said to me. She came up and asked me in a very drippy voice if I were a citizen. I didn't even get mad but I said yes, are you? Pat used to go around with Rod and she is just jealous. All the girls at Blake heard what she said to me and they sure got sore at her. < They were thinking of running her for President of Blake Hall, but now they are going to keep Bea. It's pretty good to have all those friends there. We stayed up until 2:30 talking. After the sleigh ride we went back to the hall and we had a sort of party there. Everybody had such a good time, except Betty Jean. She worked

so hard on the party that she didn't get the date she wanted. Her boy friend was so disappointed too. Betty Jean was so worried because some of the boys bought liquor and they got drunk. She asked them not to spoil the party by doing that. Everybody was necking like anything, but the South American boy was the prize. He just met Ruth and he was singing Latin love songs to her before he knew her a half hour. Rod and I were very conservative and he just put his arms around me as we didn't like to get mushy. Gee, it was a swell party though!"

I hope Bette does not get so carried away by her social life that she flunks again. I don't think she will as she has been studying every night and sometimes in the afternoon. She is in a remedial reading course now and that should help her. Her group seems to be very nice and they are a bright bunch. It is embarrassing for me when Bette passes around Louis Adamic's book about me as they are all so curious and want to see what I look like. The same way with Amiko's friends at the hospital. Maybe I should charge two cents a look!

to 6748
I didn't work too hard today, but I am going to try and finish up the dictation on my last two cases this week. I had a hard day yesterday. I went over to visit Eileen during the afternoon. Bob T. and Helen were there. They were just finishing breakfast. Unfortunately, Mariko made another faux pas and put a damp air on things. Bob T. made a very casual statement about Bob K, ch-12?, going to New York on account of the draft. Mariko got very angry about this and said that he was not a draft dodger at all. We all tried to change the subject right away because Eileen used to go around with Bob K and there really was no issue. But Mariko kept it up just because she has some resentments against Bob. T. She went on to say that the real reason why Bob K left town the first

time was because time was because he was just breaking up with Eileen and she was so mean to him, and that the reason why he left this time was because he owed all that money for that dance which flopped. That was a hell of a thing to say about Eileen right in front of company. Eileen was very burnt up about it but she didn't say a word. It showed all over her face. Mariko still did not have the sense to shut up and she just kept it up and even after all of us were trying to change the subject. Mariko just has to have the final say in everything. It's not surprising that people do not invite her to dinner anymore.

Afterwards George told me that Bob T met Bob K down on Clark street one day and Bob K told him that he got 4-f in the draft because of a punctured eardrum. He added that for several hundred dollars it would be possible for him to go take the physical for any Nisei who also wanted to get a 4-f. George said the other current story is that Bob K left town because he got a draft notice and he is moving around the country now so that it will not catch up with him. There are other stories that Bob K is a pimp, but I don't think that is true. Bob K is just a lady chaser, that's all. Mariko got upset because she thinks she knows Bob K so well. He is the only one who ever flattered her excessively. I bet Mariko would get pretty sore if she knew that I knew she tinted her hair now! That is supposed to be a deep dark secret!

I wonder why Mariko has to be so argumentive with everybody. Helen asked her if she always fought with George like that so that it is very noticeable. Yesterday morning, she and Geegre went to the grocery store and she embarrassed him so much by trying to start an argument with him about a box of breakfast foods. George told the girlx clerk to put it with their things and Mariko "don't you dare to" argument came out. Mariko just doesn't care where she argues. I don't see how George stands it from morning until night.

Eileen was so angry about how Mariko had insulted her that she went in and scrubbed and waxed the bathroom floors to vent her feelings upon. She said that it was the first time that she really felt like blowing up at Mariko but decided against it because Bob and Helen were there. Marvelous self control, I think. We decided to go out and eat and then go to a show. When Eileen told Mariko about our plans, Mariko said that she should be considerate of my pocketbook and insisted that we eat dinner. I just stuffed myself on purpose because I got accused of eating her food last time when I was innocent! It was a very good meal and Mariko was a nice hostess for the rest of the time we were there. I didn't know she had said anything to Eileen until later. Eileen has started a diary in the book I gave her and I bet she has a lot of "news" about Mariko and George in it but I won't ever get to see it, darn it!

Eileen did tell me about the pig's snout dinner they had. Mariko told her to go to the store and get pig's back because it was cheap. The butcher said that he only sold pig's tails but he did not have any that day. He did have pig's snout. Eileen did not want to buy anything else for fear of arousing Mariko's wrath so she bought 2 pounds of the pig's snout. She cleaned the noses off and cut them up and cooked them. It tasted just like gristle so she decided to go out and eat. Mariko and George had to eat it when they came home from work! Eileen has been so bullied about the food bill that she is almost afraid to eat a sandwich at night without getting a guilty conscience! She said that somebody is always borrowing money from the foodpot without returning it so that is why they go short. Mariko is always saying we eat a lot better than she does, but she spends about the same amount on her food budget. Too much entertaining, and unnecessary pastries. She hasn't got an ice box yet. And I don't see why she doesn't buy some pans as hers are all burnt on the