

Aftermath of picnic I awoke this morning about 8:00 a.m. rather sore all over from the outing at Jackson Park yesterday. It was fun playing ball and treasure hunting with the profs and students of the Soc. department, but the sore muscles this morning indicate how badly out of condition I now am.

Charlie's problems Charlie arrived shortly after I reached the office. He seemed obviously concerned about some problem, and though it was a personal matter that most immediately concerned him, he opened the discussion by referring to the general tendencies toward the development of a Nisei society. Charlie can understand but can't appreciate the Nisei desire to seek out their own kind. As it seems to him, they should make every effort to break away from the vicious circle of all-Nisei activity that characterized their life on the West Coast, but, on the contrary, the Nisei are making no effort to integrate themselves into the larger community.

He illustrated the problem with an account of the discussion that took place with his sisters yesterday. Emiko has become mixed up with a "rowdy" group that has come out from Gila, and she is particularly interested in a certain fellow in this group. The affair had started down in Gila when Emiko was working at the camoufluge net project. She became acquainted with a "rowdy" element---those that hung around the canteens all day, just smoking and fooling around, interested only in jitterbugging and trying to take girls up the hill to "make" them.---through one of her fellow workers, Nancy. Charlie kept her under control for some time, but as their time of departure from Gila arrived, Emiko insisted that she should be given the chance to go out with them since she might not see them again. The boys of this group volunteered for the army, and some of those who were rejected have since come out to Chicago and its vicinity. Two of them are now working on a small farm near here, but they think they will give up the job and look for something better in town.

Emiko now goes around with one of these two boys, a tall good-looking fellow but with a very ordinary intelligence and little ambition. Emiko has the notion that she is fat and unattractive, and since this fellow has a slight lameness from infantile paralysis, the two feel a certain sympathy for each other. What Charlie fears is that Emiko may be entertaining thoughts of marriage, for his hope throughout has been that Emiko would go on to get some college training and try to get acquainted with better types of fellows. Emiko has talked of going to college, but she has been unable to decide upon a career for herself and in many ways her present work seems satisfactory enough to her. But Charlie's argument is that there may be the initial enjoyment of her present work, but the sort of clerical work she is doing is bound to become uninteresting. And there is no long run gains in what she is doing at present, whereas col-

lege education may provide some lasting benefits to her.

The chief problem for Charlie, however, is that he doesn't want to see Emiko becoming excessively interested in boys and social life, he'd like to see her become independent of the mediocrity of Nisei society, and he'd like to see her married to some high type of individual after she has spent her next several years training for some professional specialty that she may be adapted for. The problem was suddenly brought out prominently because the girl friend, Nancy, has suggested that Emiko room with Nancy, but Charlie has no intention of relinquishing control over his younger sisters. Emiko's behavior also influences the younger sister, Bette, for she can't help but be influenced by what her older sister may do. Charlie has hopes that Bette too should go to college, and he doesn't want anything to spoil that idea in Bette's mind.

Charlie is a remarkable fellow. He spends a great deal of time thinking about his younger sisters, and of his responsibilities to them. Moreover, he handles them wisely, not trying to force them into anything they don't want to do yet subtly calling their attention to interests that may aid in their mental growth. For instance, Charlie was complaining that he's had magazines and books lying around his room hoping that Emiko would pick them up and read, but she hasn't read a single book since evacuation. Bette, on the other hand, has shown interest in her schoolwork at the YMAC high school, especially in the discussions of the older students in the class. He has been trying to get the two interested in reading news events, listening to better music, etc.

The point that Charlie was illustrating in this discussion is that through these small informal gatherings of Nisei, where the resettlers who are hungry for the sight of a Japanese face will go, there will arise the more fully developed Nisei society of Chicago. The informal groups which constitute the sum total of Nisei social life are the first signs of defeat in their effort to get beyond their own group. Charlie apparently hates Nisei society, perhaps because of his fear of what it may do to his sisters more than to himself.

Bretheren's Hostel I went out to the Bretheren's this afternoon in the hope that I might find some people there whom I knew and could talk to. It was a hot afternoon and there was very little activity about the place. I announced myself to the secretary, Virginia Asaki, and inquired briefly about the work she was doing there. She had come out from Manzanar about five weeks ago, and hasn't had a chance to look around in Chicago much, especially since she is tied to the desk at the Bretherens. Contrary to other Nisei, she expressed the opinion that she liked Chicago. Her home was formerly in Santa Monica, California.

While I was there looking over their guest book for possible names that I knew, a certain Mr. Copeland from a small town in

Ohio came in looking for someone to work in the shop that he supervises. Said he, "I'm a member of the Bretheren Church in Mansville, Ohio, and I heard about your relocation program by which you're trying to get evacuees out of the relocation centers. I wonder if it would be possible to see Mr. Smeltzer?" The secretary indicated that Mr. Smeltzer was not in and could not be expected in that afternoon. The gentleman was in a hurry to catch the evening train home and therefore left his message with the secretary, which went as follows: "Well, I heard of your relocation program and wondered if I might not inquire about it. Our company prints greeting cards and does other work of the kind, and we would like to help in the relocation program by employing an evacuee. You must understand that our company is not one of those considered war industry and as a consequence ~~we've had difficulty~~ we're not able to pay as much as some of the other companies are able to pay. In fact, our business has been curtailed somewhat since the outbreak of war because of difficulty in getting material. We want either a person who could work in the offices and also supervise some of the work in the shop---for such a person we could pay a maximum wage---or we could use girls who can do typing or stenographic work."

(The secretary had been insisting for some time that Mr. Copeland indicate what wages he could pay, for, as she pointed out, this would be the first question asked by any applicant for the position.) "Of course, it would be a mistake," continued Mr. Copeland, "To measure wages in a small town with that in a place like Chicago. Living costs are very low in Mansville, and you can get along with much less there than in a big city. Our maximum would be about a hundred dollars a month. That's what we would pay anyone who could handle both the office end and some of the shop work. But we wouldn't pay the maximum for a person who is just beginning; we'd start him at a lower rate and try him out first, and then if he shows capabilities, he could be advanced to better pay. We had a girl who was doing stenographic work for us for three years, and she started out at fifty dollars a month and got along very well. She's gone into war work now, but she worked very well for us for several years."

"I don't know just how to explain my reason for coming and trying to work with the Bretheren Church in their relocation program. You see, I wasn't always a member of the Bretheren Church, but since I've joined it, it seems to me it has something to offer that no other religion can give. That's why I don't want to work through any other agency than the Bretheren's Hostel in trying to get an evacuee. I'm a member of the church and the people talk my language, and I can understand them. That's why I want to work through the Church and not the WRA or other groups that may be interested in the relocation program. What I want is that the person who comes out to us should be a person with an open mind about religion. I'd like to show him what the Bretheren Church stands for, and I'm sure that if he comes with an open mind, I could teach him the meaning of our church. You see, that's why I'd like to work through this organization, because they would understand just the sort of person I'm interested in getting. I don't want anyone who

smokes or drinks, of course. Mr. Smeltzer could probably write to me and tell me if he knows of anyone that could fit into the position."

The conversation between Mr. Copeland and the secretary went on in this vein. I felt at first that she was too indifferent in her greeting of the individual, and that she didn't handle the situation very smoothly, but as Copeland revealed his offer, I felt that the secretary's attitude was good enough. I suppose we live too much in a competitive society today and our moral values have been warped by materialistic values. But still I resent offers of positions where there are riders attached, regardless of what those "riders" may be. Presumably, Mr. Copeland offers this job in all good faith with the hope that he can at the same time make a convert to his religion. He may think that he's taking a magnanimous attitude toward the evacuees, an attitude that can't help but make itself felt in the relationships within the office. But one wonders whether he might not also see in the evacuees a cheap labor market, a market at the level of which he can make job offers in the present inflated economic world, and that his religious motives are not all that they seem.

There was very little stirring at the Hostel, so after a few remarks about Copeland with the secretary, I took my departure. I walked back to the St. Louis St. elevated station, bought a pop to drink, and then went up to the platform to wait the train. A Nisei girl was sitting there on her suitcase, but I ignored her since there was no easy possibility of making an acquaintanceship to get information out of her. The afternoon was sweltering hot and people stood around on the platform like so many wilted plants. But wherever I go among strangers, I can't help ~~being~~ getting over my consciousness of being a "Japanese". I wonder how they must look upon me, especially if they stare at me or give me an unusual look. As I sit down in the elevated train, I wonder if anyone will venture to sit next to me, especially if she is a Caucasian woman. I notice with satisfaction that a youngish sort of woman does sit down next to me without much compunction---but she should be happy enough to get any kind of seat in these crowded ~~xxx~~ trains. Then I worry whether to stand up for the ladies who are standing, but no one else makes a move to give up his seat so I too lapse back into silent coma.

I spent the early morning clipping newspapers that had piled up. It's amazing how much there is about race tensions in the newspapers these days. Certainly, it's an indication of the problems of race relations that are now cropping up. Later in the morning I went to the office to do some work there. I wanted to go down to the Friend's office to see if there would be some possible interviews around the place, but since there was a conference of our staff this afternoon, I decided against it.

Michi went down to the Northwestern Station to arrange for the transfer of Nobu and Kaz's baggage up to Winnetka where they are now working at the Bridge's home as domestics. The express warehouse, she said, was a madhouse, and all the men were working so fast and hard that she tried to get her business done with as fast as possible. It would have been cheaper to send the three pieces of baggage she found in warehouse by Railway Express, but to simplify the problem, she arranged to have Parmelee take it up there for \$3.00. The rest of the five pieces were at another warehouse and that stuff is to be sent by Railway Express.

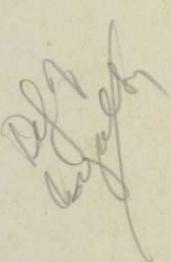
This evening I've been upset ever since reading an article on the Dies Comm. hearings that appeared in the Christian Science Monitor. All evening the thing has been on my mind, and I've been going over the argument in my own mind, getting madder and madder the more I think of the thing. To quote parts of it, the article starts, "America's first experience in segregating great numbers of people as potentially dangerous in wartime has shown up a considerable reluctance to believe the worst of a group so long respected as the Japanese, and at the same time it has brought to light abundant evidence that the step taken in relocating the Japanese was pre-eminently wise and remains so." This deduction is made from the hearings of the Dies Comm. The article goes on in another paragraph, ".....the findings seem to indicate that the authorities administering the centers and their hired personnel are prone to underestimate the subversive potentials of the group over whom they have been given charge so suddenly." In still another paragraph, "While it is most difficult to propose a test for Japanese loyalty to the United States, Mr. Costello thinks that one would be willingness ~~to~~ such as some Japanese have evidenced to make known to the American authorities information that comes their way about subversive activities. He says that in many cases where evacuees have given marked evidence of American patriotism, they have been frowned upon by the aliens in the centers....."

Where is the evidence that the evacuation of Japanese was "pre-eminently wise and remains so?" The Monitor takes the evidence of the Dies Comm., and organization that has been long known for its biased presentation of facts of this kind. Moreover, the Committee is arguing from the consequences of evacuation to a generalization of Japanese in America prior to evacuation. If subversive activities have developed in the centers, I would say that it's a direct consequence of the evacuation. If the Dies Comm had been forced to live under the circumstances of the Japanese evacuees in the relocation centers, I wonder what their attitude toward the U.S.

would have been. What I ask isn't that anyone condone the acts of those who have indulged themselves in the irrational acts of some evacuees, but certainly there is need to understand why some of these things took place. If Congressmen are leaders, it should be by virtue of the fact that they have a broader understanding of human actions than the man in the masses, and they should be above the contrary irrationality of condemning as un-American the acts of those Japanese evacuees who have given themselves away to bitterness toward this Government. What these men of the Comm. demand is that the evacuees be either simple minded or blind patriots, neither of which the Japanese are. Inasmuch as the Japanese are human, it is hardly to be expected that they would react otherwise than with bitterness toward an act that seems to them clearly one of discrimination.

The initial crime was the act of men in the Government's legislature who prevented the naturalization of Japanese and other Orientals. It was a stupid thing about the Government that it should have prevented the attainment of citizenship to men who had in all other respects made this country their home. Participation in the Government was the one way by which the Japanese immigrants might have been brought to a greater identification with this nation, but this very important channel was closed to them. The other main identity with this land is the economic one, and among Japanese the remaining factors of identification were admittedly weak. The evacuation uprooted the Japanese from their one source of connection with this nation; the events that have followed might have been anticipated by anyone having any knowledge of the Japanese.

And what is meant by "subversive activity?" The activities in the camps were largely those directed against the Government as tokens of the people's resentment of the evacuation. They were, to be sure, irrational acts, but for this reason there is even greater need to understand them. They were not purposive acts of sabotage! If there were subversive potentials in the group, there was plenty of time for its expression between the dates of December 7th and the evacuation. If the evacuees have who have been released had saboteurs in their midst, why has none been apprehended. And what of the conditions in Hawaii where there is an even larger Japanese element present? The fact is that these committees have been unable to show a single case of sabotage or of an unmistakable subversion of the Government's war effort among Japanese, except those that might have been the direct consequence of the acts of the majority group.

If the Comm. were to test my loyalty by the number of names I would turn in of individuals who participated in such "subversive activity" as they have uncovered, I doubt that I could stand the test of loyalty. Knowing the history of these people, and understanding them, I feel that I would see too clearly their side of the argument to condemn them indiscriminately. 

What bothers me most about all this is that this article ap-

pears in the Christian Science Monitor, a newspaper that is noted for its fair presentation of issues. If the leading newspapers of the country are to be swayed by the denunciations of the Japanese by the Dies Comm. I shouldn't be surprised if the majority of the Americans may not be noticeably influenced by what the Comm. has to say. One feels that even the liberal groups of America are forsaking the position of the Japanese, and doing so without adequate information and understanding of the subject. If the decision of the Supreme Court against Yasui and Hirabayashi had its legal justification, yet it had the effect of making the people believe that it likewise had its moral justification, or actual justification.

The future of the Japanese in America seems to become increasingly cloudy to me. This war, especially the one with Japan, will undoubtedly be a long one. As the months pass by, I wonder if there might not arise a national distrust and condemnation of all persons of Japanese ancestry. Then the real tragedy of the Japanese in America will begin.

Tom brought the two girls from Stockton, the ones going to the Vogue School, to the office this morning for a tryout as stenoes. As Tom had previously described them, the older girl was very short and small although the younger one was much like any other Nisei. They were pleasant and quiet; like most Nisei they had very little to say on our first meeting doing little more than to smile and giggle at our remarks.

Michi and I hurried downtown right after lunch to see Kotovitch off to Boston, but although the "New England State" was still at the station, he must have boarded early for we saw no sign of him or of any of his friends. Having known Kotovitch since my previous stay here in Chicago, it seems a pity that he should leave us just as we're on our way to renewing our friendship. Of course, through him we've made new friends, the Moons, Brahar, and Miss Bentham, but it won't be quite the same as if he were here himself. What a sensitive fellow he is. If Vladimir's friend, Peggy Otis, had married him, all the mental sickness that he's gone through during the last three years might have been avoided. Still, the marriage might have turned out for the worse considering the difference of background, the Soviet Russian and the typical American bourgeois, that sets the two apart. Vladimir is going to Boston to seek mental comfort, and I hope he finds it there.

After wandering through Sears Roebuck looking for an unfinished book shelf and some other odds and ends, we wandered over to the Chicago Art Museum since Michi hadn't seen the place yet. Michi was tired and her feet were swelling from the heat, as it's done before, so the visit wasn't entirely enjoyable, but we did run into James Hara and learned something of his doings here.

James has been in Chicago for almost two months now. He and Shuko, and their child, were in Lincoln, Nebraska, until then, but he came here looking for a job. He got placed with the Northwestern University Medical School, doing some pharmaceutical lab work, I assume. Apparently the professor for whom he's been working has been most unpleasant, "The most difficult man in the department to work for," as James has heard from others in the department. "He's got a very biting tongue. I started out by acting civil towards him, but it seems that he prefers having others act towards him as he does towards others. Anyway, I talk right back to him without ceremony and I get along much better that way. My boss thinks he's going to quit the department and go to the University of Minnesota, so I've got to look for another job." The head of the department, James says, has been quite decent to him, and the others have been all right. It was his misfortune to get connected up with the one person who feels least humane towards him. James was quite definite in his reply that there is discrimination in the department. There are only two Japanese working there at present, another fellow who is doing research in the department and himself. If James could gain clearance from the administration of the school to continue work in the department, there would be no difficulty, but the school seems to have a policy about not hiring Japanese. The other fellow had been in the employ of the Northwestern U. prior to the outbreak of war. He had been immediately dismissed after Pearl

Harbor, and only recently had he been re-instated. James's position, however, is doubtful. The President of the University does not seem favorably inclined toward taking James on although the head of the department would if he were granted the permission from those above him. The reason for his present boss's desire to move to Minnesota is that his views conflict with those of the department head, and the former wishes to go to Minnesota where his friend is.

James has an apartment in Evanston, one which he found in the same building he has been staying at. The arrangement was that he should visit Shuko in Lincoln this week-end, but now that he found the apartment, he feels he had better stay around and get the place ready for his family's arrival. In any case, he must find another job unless the University changes its mind about not keeping him.

Michi and I wandered over to the business district again, this time in search of a soda fountain where we might get something to cool us off. The afternoon was terribly hot and nothing seemed to matter more than that we should find a cool spot to sit down at and have something to assuage our thirst.

At Goldblatt's, downstairs in the kitchen ware department, we ran into Jack Momoi. He was intent upon some kitchen goods, but when we walked up and addressed him, he seemed uncommonly glad to meet us. Neither of us know him very well, and I spoke to him only a few times in Tule Lake, but here in the basement of Goldblatts, we talked to each other as old friends. Jack told us that he is working for the Ambassador Hotel on the Near North Side in the auditing department. He is an excellent accounting student and should do well in such a position. He arrived here from Tule a little over a month ago without any job prospect, and went up to see Shirrell about a position. Shirrell sent him to the Sherman Hotel, where they have been taking on Japanese, and upon inquiry about a position in the accounting department, the manager declared that there was a better job available at the Ambassador and suggested that Jack try for it. It struck as surprising that Jack should have been referred to another hotel, a better job, but it may have been that the manager recognized Jack's ability and realized that he could not hold him to the poorer paying position at Sherman. That has been the case elsewhere. The Caucasian companies are afraid to take on highly trained Nisei because they can't compensate them sufficiently, or are afraid that such workers will begin to make demands later.

Jack seemed very happy about his situation here in Chicago. Just the other day he found a large apartment in the Near North Side right near his place of work. His plans now are to bring out his mother and father, and his brother Jim. It was this which had brought him to the kitchenware dept., for he has to outfit the apartment before the family arrives. We mentioned that Michi's brother Shig wants to come out. He remarked, "Why don't you tell him to come out. There are a lot of job opportunities. There's no risk in it, and it's better than staying in the center. He'd better come out; he's got nothing to lose." We asked him about opportunities in accounting, but he seemed to think that the accounting field was a

little difficult to get into. But he was definite in the opinion that there are plenty of other work opportunities, and he rather insisted that we should tell Shig to come out "since there's no risk in it."

In the tours through the downtown area, one invariably comes upon Nisei wandering through the shops. We saw several at Sears; a couple of boys were looking intently through the popular records. At the LaSalle St. Station where we went to see Vladimir off, there was a family of Orientals, we were sure they were Japanese, who were grouped together in a sort of conference in the waiting room. Whether they catch the Caucasian eye or not, I don't know, but any Nisei face that crosses my field of vision draws my attention.

Nobu and Kaz were to visit us this afternoon, and we were anxious to see them to find out how they like their new place, but Nobu called this morning to tell us that she would have to serve dinner at the Bridges' home at 1:30 and would not be able to make it down here. We had bought extra food to take care of them, and it was a disappointment that they didn't come especially since Michi had bought some very nice looking salmon thinking Kaz would appreciate that. We couldn't understand why Nobu couldn't make it today. She had told us previously that Mrs. Bridges had said it would be all right to come out this afternoon, but something must have happened to their schedule to alter their plans. By the time they finished dinner dishes, it would be at least 3:00, much too late to get downtown from Winnetka.

Tom and Rose Okabe dropped in this afternoon to look over the apartment which Mrs. Morris declared would be open to them. Tom and Rose had come here previously inquiring about apartments in this district, and we had promised to keep our eyes open for them. It happened that the former tenant of the apartment, an old lady with a daughter of fifteen, quarreled with Mrs. Morris. The latter had never liked the tenant because she was constantly making trouble for others and when the tenant shouted out of her window one night at one of the girl tenants of the apartment, a favorite of Mrs. Morris's, who was standing outside the apartment door talking to a young fellow, saying, "You chippie, why don't you go to bed instead of standing around talking to your men," Mrs. Morris really blew up and served notice to the tenant. The latter became conciliatory but Mrs. Morris was adamant. She asked Michi if she had any Nisei friends who might be interested in the apartment, so we referred the Okabes to her. Tom and Rose were quite pleased with the layout, especially after the hotel room they've been living in for the past two months, and they decided to take it.

Mrs. Morris has very definite opinions about people, and it's fortunate that she's formed a favorable view of Nisei. Once she takes a stand for someone, she's likely to stand up for them on all kinds of issues. From what she says it's clear that she hates "Niggers" and "Chinks", but fortunately she hasn't any views about Japanese.

Now that the Okabes have a place, their two major problems is to transfer all their baggage from the scattered places in Chicago where they've left the stuff to this apartment at a minimum price, and, secondly, to arrange for the shipment of a box of stuff they left in Ontario, Oregon, where they were working ~~before~~ before. Said Tom, "I suppose it will cost us about fifteen or twenty dollars to have the box sent out, but it would be almost worth it to buy everything over again. There's only about twenty-five dollars worth of goods in the box, and that's almost as much as it would cost to ship out the box." However, they can't leave it with the people who were kind enough to store it for them. "They won't stay there for the duration, I guess," says Rose. Probably there will be enough room in the basement of this apartment for a large box, but the cost of shipment is the thing that bothers them most.

Tom called last night to invite us to dinner with them tonight. Tomi had bought a lot of ground meat and planned a meat loaf. She fixed up a very good dinner, and the company was as pleasant as usual. After dinner we decided upon a movie, and although we saw nothing particularly interesting in the theater section of the news, we strolled down to 63rd and Cottage Grove to take a look at the Tivoli which seemed the best bet. There is an amazing conglomeration of people in that section of this district, and it seemed as if all of them were intent upon getting into the same theater. We walked back on 63rd after seeing the line-up in the Tivoli, and finally went into the Woodlawn where there was a triple feature going on. All the shows were rather silly, but it afforded relaxation from the routine.

After the theater we went over to the Shibs again although it was after midnight. Tomi fixed some cool drinks and sandwiches, and while we sat around waiting, I looked over the Herald American. There were at least two articles on the activities of the Dies Comm. on their investigation of the relocation centers and the JACL. Reading them, I felt both resentment and depression, for it seems to me that all this adverse and unfair publicity about the Japanese in America can have no other effect than to make our position more difficult. The article that particularly angered me was one concerning the views of a certain head of communications in Hawaii, who declared that all Japanese in Hawaii should be interned as the Japanese of the Pacific Coast had been. The person quoted admitted that there had been little or no sabotage that had been uncovered in Hawaii, but he impressed the point that sabotage was being restrained by the Japanese Government until the moment when invasion was attempted. Just as in the Phillipines, saboteurs among Japanese would appear in great numbers at that time, the person declared. The conclusion was that there should be a general evacuation in Hawaii to prevent such a disaster from occurring.

The unfairness of such an accusation is that there is no way of disproving that what he says is not true, although there are good grounds for attacking his logic. But from the standpoint of publicity, one has to present vivid arguments rather than logical ones to impress the public, but these are the kinds of evidence that the Japanese cannot readily produce. Nor is there very much that is being done at present to counteract the mixture of half truths and lies that the Dies Comm. is using so successfully to paint the Japanese of America as enemies of the country. If things continue in this way for long, it seems not unlikely that some policy or incidents will occur that the evacuees will resent, and in the interaction between goading the Japanese to rebellion and the evacuee reactions, the Dies Comm. may really get hold of something that will be the beginning of a real crusade against us.

In any case, the Dies Investigation is turning out more seriously than I had thought it would two weeks ago. The fact that discourages me is that the Committee's propaganda seems to be affecting even the more liberal elements of American society.

Robert E. Park dropped into the office this morning and wanted the use of the place, apparently for the preparation of the afternoon lecture, so Tom and I left the place to him. Although we separated to go our respective way, Tom later dropped over to our home for lunch. We had a lot of salmon, more than we could eat by ourselves, that Michi had bought expecting Kaz and Nobu down from Winnetka for the week end, and since they failed to come down, we invited Tom and Tomi over for lunch to finish it up. Tom, of course, doesn't care for fish, so Tomi brought along some of the left-over from the big feast we had at their place last evening. It was a pleasant lunch.

Tom left in a hurry to meet Decky N. who was to arrive at the office some time around 1:00 this afternoon. I later met them at Park's lecture in the Race and Culture Contact seminar. The size of the audience, which included a number of instructors and professors, seemed to indicate the prominent interest the subject of race tensions has right now. Of course, Park himself must have been a drawing card. The main points of Park's discussion might be summarized as follows:

Until recently, sociologists, or at least Park, had not realized the implications in the race problems he and others had been studying. The American race problem was considered synonymous with the Negro problem, but it is now evident that that the matter of race tensions is more or less correlated with the appearance of an industrial civilization. That is, civilization with its mobility and competition brings "race conscious" groups into contact with each other under situations that are fraught with possibilities of conflict. Moreover, the modern situation presents conditions in which established and conventional understandings about modes of race relations are broken down, and the critical tensions seem to arise where different peoples are attempting to redefine their status relationships.

The heart of the race problem lies on the level of interpersonal relationships, not on the political or economic or ecological levels. The basic question is, "Are you willing to have a person of a colored race near you?" "Are you willing to have your daughter marry a Negro?" The traditional race problem of the South has been that of preserving the caste system that has been established there, but now the problem presents itself in such a way that the question is, "How much individual freedom is to be given to anyone so that he has the right to choose his associates or his spouse regardless of race?"

Park presented other points, among them a list of problems that would like to see some students study. He brought in his skepticism of quantitative research on the problem, and of the need for insight into the nature of race problems. There were clearly two types of questions from the audience, (1) questions concerning theory, and (2) questions regarding the practical control of race conflicts. It was quite evident that a large number of persons present were

intensely concerned with the latter question.

This evening we invited the Okabes, Tom and Rose, to have supper with us. Michi felt that since they had just moved into the downstairs apartment this morning and had hardly gotten settled, they would appreciate having dinner with us instead of trying to get something for themselves.

Michi fixed up a variety of Japanese vegetable and egg dishes, since we couldn't get any meat today, this being an official holiday, and it was evident from the way Tom and Rose cleaned up on everything that they thoroughly enjoyed their meal. They've been eating out in restaurants on the North Side for the past month and a half since they moved into the Maple Manor Hotel down there, and they seemed to have been pretty tired of commercially cooked food. During the time dinner was cooking, I had the opportunity of asking Tom questions about his adjustments in Fruitland, Idaho, where they were prior to coming here, and here in Chicago. (See write-up on Tom and Rose Okabe.)

One gains the impression from talking to them that they would now rather have remained in Idaho if Tom could have found a decent position in chemical engineering out there. They apparently established a number of very good friends among Caucasians of the district, and was rapidly integrating themselves in the community. Life here seems to them too impersonal, too fast, and too full of problems. Nor are there any economic advantages considering the high cost of living. But they're both very well adjusted individuals and they seem to make the most of what they have. Tom and Rose have apparently been spending their spare moments profitably, going around to the museums and parks of which there are quite a number in Chicago.

About 9:00 p.m. we had some surprising visitors. Jack and LuVerne Conway, whom we had known in the department at Washington but hadn't seen for the past year and a half, suddenly turned up. LuVerne is now a mother of a baby girl and spends most of her time at home, much to her regret. But Jack is working at the Buick Motor Co. and is the shop committee chairman representing the leadership of their local UAW (CIO). He told some of his experiences in organizing the workers there in opposition to Chicago gangsters and the management. One interesting thing which they mentioned was the difficulty the Chicago Round Table had over the Sunday discussion of race tensions. The Southern stations in particular, but others as well, objected to the proposed discussion. Furthermore, they insisted that one Southerner be represented on the program, which accounts for Odum's introduction of the discussion. It also seems that many Southern stations on the NBC network which normally puts on the Round Table cut out the discussion of last Sunday. The Conways get their inside dope from Probst who arranges the Round Table discussions. They're very much concerned about the race situation, as well as the rise of fascism, in this country.

Mr. Kenneth C. Beach of Idaho called up this evening and Michi invited him to dinner tomorrow night.

Mr. Beach had promised to come for dinner tonight. We thought Morris and Margie might like to meet him since Mr. Beach had often spoken of his acquaintance with "Corky", Margie's older brother. Margie replied that she and Morris would very much like to come, when Michi phoned her, but their addition made a party for five and there were a lot of problems involved in trying to have that many persons to dinner at one time in our home. In the first place, Michi had to figure out some kind of dinner where our meat ration tickets would go around, but we finally made the reckless step of spending eighteen points for tonight on pork steak. Then there was the problem of finding enough silverware to provide for five places. All our things with which to have parties are stored away in Seattle in the attic of the folks' place. There's no use our buying more particularly in view of the fact that we may have to move again before long, but it's inconvenient not to have the proper equipment for dinners when occasions of this kind arise. Finally, there was the question of where to have the dinner for the bedroom-living room is too crowded and the sleeping porch isn't very attractive. But we finally decided upon the sleeping porch. I was afraid that all this might demoralize Michi, but she seems to have changed a lot from what she was when we were first married. She considered the problems from a practical viewpoint and made the most of what she had.

It was good to see Mr. Beach again. We sat around chatting while we waited for the Abes to arrive. Mr. Beach had been down in Iowa to look over his farms there before coming on to Chicago for a pleasure visit, and his remarks of what he found in the attitude of Caucasians toward bringing in resettlers into that region was of no small interest. Mr. Beach remarked that he had talked to several farmers of that region and to professors in Ames College which he described as the outstanding agricultural college of this country, and almost without exception he found an adverse view of evacuees prevailing among them. The farmers did not want Japanese resettlers in that area, and the effort of one large nursery in the Shenandoah district down there was immediately opposed by the majority of the people of that region so that the company had to turn to other sources of labor. The proposition of that company now is to bring in Italian prisoners to work on these farms or nurseries, but the Iowa farmers have had no objection to this idea in contrast to their attitude towards the Japanese. In other words, he found much more prejudice among a people whom he described as of native stock with fairly high intelligence than he had expected and he seemed rather discouraged by the prospects for the Japanese in this country. In our discussions at Minidoka, Mr. Beach had seemed to show a more realistic understanding of the problem confronting the Japanese than had other Caucasians who had attended the one discussion we had together, but today he seemed even more pessimistic than at that time of the future of Japanese in this country.

Morris and Margie arrived about 8:30. I wasn't surprised that they were late for it's some distance across town from where they live and Morris didn't get home from work until about 7:00. We chatted as we ate; with Morris and Margie there was none of that strain in the presence of Caucasians one often finds among Nisei.

Tom and Rose Okabe came upstairs from their apartment in this same building about the time we had finished dinner. They arrived in time to join us in dessert. We should like to have had them at dinner, but it was impossible to set places for seven, and we rationalized that we had had the Okabes there the night before and that ~~there~~ they would understand our situation.

All the people present were surprised, pleasantly, at the number of Nisei Mr. Beach knew by name, and the talk moved easily along the vein of recalling the mutual friends ~~there~~, at Minidoka. Mr. Beach produced a number of colored snapshots he'd taken of the girls working at his home and of the Idaho scenic spots they had visited with the Beach family. It was quite evident that the Beaches treat the girls as one of their family. The talk among us held our attention, so much so that we were unaware of the passing of time. And it seemed that Mr. Beach himself was somewhat loathe to break up an evening of conversation that interested him. I have an idea that he is a man who becomes more or less absorbed in whatever interests him.

Tom heard from Kay and Keiko today, and in the letter Kay mentioned that he had quit his position with the sheep company and was looking for another job. The pessimism of the letter disturbed me and I determined to do what I could to find something for him if I could through the WRA office here.

Since I agreed to meet Mr. Beach down at his hotel early this afternoon to take him around to the WRA and Friends' offices, I hurried through the office work this morning. Charlie was there all set to go after two cases that he's lined up for interview. He's still griping about having to mix with the Nisei society; that seems to be the bane of his life, but he can't get away from it since he's forced to it by his connection with the study.

Race —
I arrived at the Palmer House just before 2:00, the appointed time, and phoned for Mr. Beach from the lobby on a house phone. He asked me to wait around until he got downstairs. There were a large number of Shriners around for one of their annual conferences looking typically upper middle class, stout and soft, smug, business men. You couldn't miss them because of their funny hats (what do you call them, "chez"?). I was obviously the only non-Caucasian around the very elaborate lobby (the Palmer House doesn't use any colored people for workers) and I wondered what the other people must think about me. Most of them seemed not to notice me. There weren't any seats around, except for one bench on one end of which a rather well dressed woman of about fifty was seated, and although I thought for a moment that I might sit down there, I decided not to disturb the old lady if she had any qualms about being observed sitting on a bench with a "furriner". I stood around smoking a cigarette looking as much at ease as I self consciously could, and spent my time wondering what stuffy lives these Shriners must live to enjoy the kind of antics they were participating in. At the same time, I sensed in myself a certain minimum pleasure out of the fact that I could wander around in the lobby of an expensive hotel, even if I were a Jap, and not be questioned by anyone. I almost felt a sense of superiority to other Nisei because I knew someone stopping at the hotel and could call on him in this way.

When Mr. Beach came down, I was continuously aware every moment of my presence with him in the hotel that I was Oriental featured and he a Caucasian, and I wondered what others in the lobby must be wondering if they observed us together. Even on the streets, I was slightly conscious of these traces of thoughts as we walked in the direction of the WRA office.

Mr. Beach was typically full of questions about the Nisei problem, about Japanese culture, and particularly the psychology of our people. He is an extremely intelligent person with an unusual insight into human nature and personality considering that he spends most of his time at his business in Twin Falls.

When we arrived at the WRA office, the outer entrance was crowded with nisei waiting to see various people in the office. I had previously made an appointment, and the girl at the information desk quickly arranged for our interview with Mr. Shirrell. As I stood there in the mob of Nisei, I must confess I felt a sense of personal well being at the thought that the rest of the Nisei must be wondering how I knew this rather well-dressed, obviously better class, hakujin, and I suppose that I might even have indulged in a slight air of superiority as I guided him through the gate into Shirrell's office. I wondered, too, about any derogatory at-

Race
titudes towards me the Nisei might have due to my apparent friendliness with a Caucasian, that is, my apparent effort to put on airs.

In our conversation with Mr. Shirrell I sensed one thing that seemed different in him now than was true of him at Tule Lake. Today he had a tendency to talk a blue streak hardly giving the other person a chance to talk. It seemed to be an old habit of the high powered salesman, now the salesman for the WRA, coming out in him. The office was unquestionably very busy and he probably has to transact a tremendous amount of business during the short hours of a day, but I still felt that it was a little unfortunate that he had lost the ability to listen without impatience which was more characteristic of him before.

He seemed quite preoccupied with the effect of the Dies Comm. Hearings on the WRA program. He inquired if we had seen the morning papers which carried the story of Myer's appearance before the Committee. "Myer's certainly gave the Dies Comm. a panning," he remarked, yet the Herald American (a Hearst paper) gave anything but a favorable account of Dillon Myer's appearance before the Comm. "Why doesn't the Dies Comm. let us alone," he continued. "If they'd let us alone long enough to carry on the work we've started, we'd see this thing through. As it is, they're doing everything possible to set obstacles in the way of our accomplishing the relocation program. The only reason I can see for all the uproar in California is that a lot of people want to get hold of what the Japanese own down there. It's an economic motive that is behind the whole thing."

Mr. Beach inquired what the policy of the WRA was on ~~relocation~~ segregation. Shirrell replied: "I'm not concerned with that end of the problem and I don't know exactly what's going to happen. But I believe some kind of segregation is absolutely necessary. In fact, Frank, you'll remember that I was asking for it last August in Tule Lake before all the relocation projects were filled up. The segregating, at least of those who had asked for repatriation, should have taken place then, before all the centers were filled up. Now the problem is going to be that of emptying one center or more and putting all those who are considered "disloyal" in that center. It's a War Dept. problem to move all these people, because it's going to require the movement of thousands of people, and although the WRA has already sent in its request for the segregation and transfer of population, the Army hasn't replied yet on the problem. One thing the WRA is waiting for is the clearing up of the habeus corpus case of the girl in Tule Lake. The Supreme Court has already decided on the questions of curfew and evacuation in the Hirabayashi and Yasui cases, but they haven't yet reached any decision on the question of whether it's possible constitutionally to detain American citizens without a writ of habeus corpus. The San Francisco court has been holding up this thing, I don't know why, for I've never heard of any case being eleven months. Their excuse is that the judge has nothing to say on the question at present. But our WRA attorney is very much concerned that some decision

be received on its constitutionality before the segregation goes ahead. You see, we could get into a lot of trouble by segregating American citizens and retaining them in camps for the duration if there's no constitutional basis for so retaining them. So far Blick has kept us out of trouble. The WRA in sending out its leave clearance has never said that a Nisei cannot leave a camp; it has always declared in writing that clearance has not yet been received and has thus avoided the question of detaining them within a camp. There are a lot of legal complications in this whole thing, and they need to be cleared up before we go ahead."

Mr. Beach: Do you have any idea as to whether say a center like Minidoka might be selected for the place to which the evacuees that are considered "disloyal" might be sent?

Shirrell: I don't know about that. I'm not kept informed on that aspect of the WRA policy. But if Minidoka is selected, it means that the part of the population that is considered "loyal" will be emptied out. If that's to happen, we want, if possible, to have the evacuees going out make their relocation in a single move; that is, instead of having them go to another center and then relocate, we'd prefer to see them go straight out to some place where they can permanently relocate. It would eliminate an extra move, and the problem of moving people is going to be big enough without making extra moves.

Later Mr. Beach commented that he thought from what Shirrell said that he must have meant that Minidoka was actually to be chosen as one of the permanent camps. And Shirrell added, as a personal opinion, that these permanent camps would be operated much as are the internment camps at Missoula or Louisiana, with censorship, strict guarding, etc. This was just a personal guess. Mr. Beach seemed much concerned about the fact that the many friends he had established in the Minidoka center, and the free access he has to them at present, might be taken away from him under the circumstance if Minidoka were selected for a permanent site. (There was a rumor current in Minidoka that it was a permanent camp, which may have been the source of Mr. Beach's assumption.) I corrected the impression with the information I had that Tule Lake was the more likely site, and suggested to him that Shirrell apparently didn't know exactly where the permanent camp was to be. I felt that Mr. Beach had developed a genuine fondness for some of his friends at Minidoka and was anxious not to see them leave, but furthermore the Japanese and their ways had become an avocational interest to him and the closing of Minidoka to his access would take away a thing that had become of some interest to him.

I mentioned to Mr. Shirrell something that Mr. Beach had remarked about concerning the attitudes of Caucasians in the Shenandoah area of Iowa where the latter had been visiting his farms during the past week. Mr. Beach had declared that as far as he could make out that part of Iowa was very definitely against the bringing in of evacuees or any Japanese, and preferred Italian prisoner labor.

Beach
Said he: "I was frankly surprised at the prejudiced attitude among these Iowa people who have generally a pretty high educational standard and are pretty intelligent people on the whole. Even down at the Ames Agricultural College, the professors themselves seemed on the whole to have an adverse opinion of Japanese."

WRA
Shirrell: That's because no work has been done down in Iowa. Of course, Iowa is not in our district and our office has nothing to do with that state, but we've found from our experience that you can't start cold in a region and expect to get anywhere on the relocation program. Our office has been operating for almost six months now, and most of that time has been spent in working on these states to gain a favorable view of the Japanese and the WRA relocation program. By working on a state, I mean sending out our representatives to speak before various organizations, contacting employers and presenting the problem to them, gaining favorable newspaper publicity; in other words, of doing public relations work to correct people's ideas of what the Japanese are. Most of these people out here have never seen a Japanese, and when you mention a Japanese to them, their immediate reaction is one of hostility or skepticism. But once you start to tell them what we know, an entirely different attitude develops. The initial work has to be done. It takes time and it doesn't get jobs right away, but it's the first step that has to be covered before employment can be had. North Dakota was about as anti-Japanese a state as we've known, but we worked on them and now we have no trouble finding employment for Japanese evacuees. We feel that we're now about past the first stage of our program, and our representatives can now go out and work on the problem of finding employment.

I suggest that you go in to see our man in Des Moines. He's under Verne Kennedy who is running the Kansas City Regional office, but I have his address here. Tell him about the Shenandoah situation, will you? I'm sure he'd be glad to have the information.

Mr. Beach got up to leave. There was still quite a crowd of mostly Nisei in the outer office as we walked out. Mr. Shirrell walked with us as far as the gate, and everyone turned to look at us as we walked out. I suggested that Mr. Beach and I might visit the Friend's office, and he agreed that he would like to visit there.

One of Mr. Beach's comments was that it was good to see the WRA office for it reminded him of the offices in Minidoka where there were so many Nisei working with every sign of efficiency.

Going up the elevator of the building where the Friends' have their office, we ran into three Nisei girls. I didn't recognize any of them, except one who smiled vaguely at me, but as it turned out they were all persons whom I knew or knew about quite well some time ago. The oldest of the three turned out to be Mae Hara, Iwao Hara's wife. I mentioned that she had been at Minidoka, and Mr. Beach's face immediately lit up and he remarked to them that he was from Twin Falls. When I mentioned that he owned the Idaho Dept. Store in T. F., the girls all recognized the name and they all fell into a conversation about mutual acquaintances and the condition back there.

I learned from Mae that the other two girls were the Kikoshima girls whose family I knew so well from Seattle. In fact, we had lived only a few blocks from each other on Beacon Hill, and I had known these girls as children although I didn't recognize them now. She was bringing them up to the Friends' office because they were interested in learning the address of some girl friend who was supposed to be here in Chicago. Mae explained that she is now working with the Baptist Mission and since this office is run and financed by both the Friends and the Baptists, she has access to it.

My conversation with Mae, and then with the Kikoshima girls ran about as follows:

Myself: I heard that you were around here, and in fact I ran into James (Hara) just the other day. He gave us your address.

John
Mae: Yes, we live on the West Side in the Laird Community House where I work. You must come over some time. Iwa is working at the Central YMCA as an auditor. He has a big name but it doesn't pay much. Still, he's in the line of work for which he was trained and I guess that's an important thing. He likes his work and the people are very good to him. Maybe, he can find something ~~more~~ better later on but I guess he'll stay where he is for the present. You might go to visit him on the 17th floor. He has several Nisei girls working there with him. I'm working at the Laird House as a worker; it's a settlement house in the Polish-Jew district. We have our home there. Where did you say you met James?

Myself: Michi and I saw him at the Art Museum. He told us that he'd found an apartment in Evanston, and that he hoped to have Shuko and the baby up from Lincoln. That's nice isn't it?

Mae: I didn't know that he'd found a place. Yes, Shuko's been down in Lincoln with the baby. We haven't been able to keep in touch with Jim (she gave some vague reason about being busy or too far apart.) (Michi and I had talked to Jim four days previously, and he had just found his apartment. Still, one might have thought that he would keep his brother informed of any change of address.) etc.....

I then turned to converse with Hana Kikoshima whom I had known only as a little girl. Her older sister was just then talking to the secretary about the business for which they had come.

Hana: How is your mother and May? We were living in the same area at Puyallup and saw each other there. I'm going to write my folks and tell them that we ran into you. They'll be glad to hear that. My father and mother are still at Minidoka. My father could get a auto mechanics job out here, I guess, but he doesn't want to ~~go~~ get too far away from the West Coast. He still has the house on Beacon Hill and the garage down on the 12th, and he doesn't want to get too far away from them. I guess he still thinks he'll go back there after the war. We came out early in May and got a job up in the north end of town. It's a suburb called Mundelein. We haven't seen any Nisei up there, we don't know any, although

I did see a couple on the train coming down. You say that your sister and her husband are working in Winnetka? I wonder if the couple were they? Oh, we don't get lonesome because there's the two of us working in the same home. The people are nice to us.

I had asked to see Togo Tanaka, and he approached us just at that moment. Mr. Beach and I sat down for about a half hour chat. There were some Nisei waiting to see Togo, but Mr. Beach seemed very favorably impressed with Togo's remarks and seemed disinclined to budge from the office. He inquired about the workings of the office, what was being accomplished, the kinds of problems encountered, and in general had Togo talking right along for some time. Togo, was as usual, friendly and accommodating. I finally intervened and suggested that we look up Walt Godfrey for I felt that the Nisei must be impatient in the outer office for it was getting along towards four o'clock.

Friends

In the other office, there were Walt Godfrey and Muriel Ferguson. It chanced that Ferguson had gone to Linfield College and knew a good many friends from Twin Falls and that region. She is of course a very attractive person in personality. Walt, on the other hand, is a slow, easy going person much less impressive than Muriel. One fact of interest was that Togo, Muriel and Walt all independently made the point that you can't go into a community cold and get anywhere. This idea must be of general circulation among these agencies, for Shirrell had made the same comment. As Muriel put it, "We've found that it makes fifty percent difference in the communities if trying to find housing for evacuees if you go in and tell them first about the Japanese and make the people see them as human individuals." But there was something a little different in the slant she presented by contrast with what Shirrell had said. Muriel was emphasizing the fact that it makes an important difference whether the evacuees are presented as a group or as individuals. If they start to get housing by remarking that they are trying to find places for Japanese, the tendency is for the other person to withdraw almost immediately, but if the prospective client is presented as an individual first and then it is explained that the person is Japanese, the response is much more favorable. In other words, there is the problem of selling the individual evacuee as a personality and of overcoming the stereotyped notions about Japanese.

This business of stressing individual values seems especially characteristic of the work in the Friends' office. Walt Godfrey makes the same point in a different way, that if there is to be any program of integrating the evacuees into the Caucasian society, it can't be done by treating the evacuees as a group and presenting them to Caucasians as a group, but by introducing individual persons to Caucasians and trying to give the foundation for intimate contacts between them. I think Mr. Beach agreed that this was the only possible way of getting around the problem of trying to assimilate Japanese into American society.

It struck me that Mr. Beach is always loathe to leave the company of Nisei, whereas he seems much less interested in Caucasians even if they are working on the same problem in which he has inter-

est. Last night, for example, he stayed at our place until about 12:30 talking to the young people that were there. It's always the same. Whenever he finds an interesting Nisei, he lingers on and on, and he is never through asking questions about their life.

Integ
Togo mentioned an interesting case of loneliness during our conversation with him. An Issei came into the Friends' office the other day, and it seemed that all he wanted was to find someone to whom he could talk Japanese. He was lonely for Japanese (Issei) contact. Observing his need, Togo let him talk on for one hour in Japanese. When Togo told the old man of some Issei from Los Angeles who had expressed their intention of coming to Chicago, the old fellow wanted to know who they were and when they would arrive. It seemed he could hardly wait for their arrival.

Mr. Beach invited me to his room at the hotel, and suggested at the same time that I call Michi and go to dinner in Chinatown with him. He was hoping there might be some Sukiyaki house here, but I was sure there was none open any longer. Some of Mr. Beach's observations are of interest for they indicate the Caucasian view of Japanese as seen through rather keen and observant eyes.

Mr. Beach: It seems to me that married couples who are coming out are very fortunate. They're probably less troubled by loneliness than those who are alone in this city. Take the young people who were at your place last night. I felt that both Tom and Rose, and Morris and Margie, not to mention you and Michi, would be less well adjusted here if you had come alone. As it is, you at least have someone to share your life, and even troubles, with you.

(Mr. Beach has an ~~insaturable~~ insatiable curiosity about every Nisei he meets and talks to. He wants to know where they came from, what they were doing before evacuation, what they are doing now, what kind of personality he has, etc., etc., and then contributes his own observations about the individual waiting for me to confirm or correct him. Hence, our discussions were filled with descriptions and analyses of personalities, and he was forming his judgement on the basis of his observations and our discussion.)

Mr. Beach: One thing I've observed about Japanese, and which I've also read in the books on Japanese that I've been going through, is the general observation by Caucasians that they invariably find Japanese girls all quite attractive, but that they have varying opinions about the men. Mrs. Beach and I have discussed this point, and we're agreed that almost every Nisei girl we've met has presented something that we've found attractive in them, but there's much more variation in our likes and dislikes concerning the men we've met. We've found this true of the Issei, too. It seems to me that the basis of attractiveness in the Japanese girls is their extreme tactfulness. The girls are never obtrusive, they're mostly modest, and you never find them getting under your feet in any way. Almost every book I've read that's written by non-Japanese mentions the fact that the Japanese women are attractive, and I recall one book I read recently which declared that almost any nationality of men could marry a Japanese

woman and find her a desirable wife.

Mrs. Beach and I have made some interesting observations of Heidi and Tosh (the latter works for them as a domestic and the former is her sixteen year old sister whom the Beaches have urged to live with them.). For a long time we worked on Heidi to try to get her to sit with us in the parlor as a part of the family. We wanted her to feel entirely at home with us, but we didn't want to force her. For a long time Heidi wouldn't come out to the parlor although we used to suggest it occasionally. Gradually she got to the point where she would sit on the parlor davenport with our daughter, Olwen, and sometimes I'd come to find them sitting together reading on the davenport. But as soon as I'd get home, she'd disappear into her room or the kitchen. One day I suggested to her after dinner that I'd like to sit in the parlor and read if someone would play the phonograph music for me. Heidi jumped at the chance and stayed there playing the records. In this way we've drawn her out so that she now comes in and joins us in the ~~parlor~~ living room.

But as soon as the situation changes, she disappears. If a friend of ours should drop in, or anyone not a member of the family comes in, she'll leave the room immediately. If I should go to the door to answer a bell, and a friend comes through the door that I want to introduce to Heidi, she's gone by the time I turn around. I don't know how she gets away so quietly, but that's the tactfulness of the girls that I speak of. Even in withdrawing from a room they do it with so little noise and show that you hardly know when they've left. (It should be mentioned that Heidi, although only sixteen, is already a very pretty and attractive young girl, and is the type of person that Mr. Beach no doubt would feel proud to present to guests, but she is also extremely shy.) Tosh is of course older and less shy, but she has were tactful ways too. Often after we take the girls with us on a trip somewhere, the family likes to sit down in the living room and talk over the things we did and saw. We do that especially when Mrs. Beach wasn't able to go with us. But I've noticed that on these occasions Heidi will now sit down with the rest of us, she's gotten to the point where she joins in with the rest of us, but Tosh, in spite of the fact that she's older than Heidi, never takes a seat when we're around but she rather goes behind the place where Heidi has seated herself and talks to us that way. Japanese women seem to have an extremely subtle sense of what is proper, and they seldom seem to make an error of propriety.

The men on the other hand seem to vary. Some are arrogant, others are boastful; in any case there are definite personalities that you may like or dislike among the men. Last night, for example, I had a feeling that almost any Caucasian would immediately take a liking to Tom, whereas not everyone would think as well of Morris. Morris is a fine fellow; I like him very much. Yet, there's a definite personality there which not everyone would like on first acquaintanceship.

On the other hand, all the girls who were there, Margie, Rose and Michi, I felt were all immediately attractive. They're modest, very considerate of others, and it's difficult not to like them. One thing I've noticed about the Japanese girls, not true of the Nisei fellows, is that if I ask a question and keep probing for deeper and deeper analytical answers, I frequently reach a point very quickly where the girl seems confused and replies, "I don't know," and shuts up like a clam. This isn't true of all the girls; for instance, girls like Michi and Waka and the girl we met today, Mae Hara, seem to be like American girls, intelligent ones, in that respect. But a great many of the Nisei girls are like that. I've found that true in the case of Tosh and Heidi, and I've encountered that so often at times when the girls had started to say something that I felt was a gem of an idea, that I now let them go on without interrupting them with questions. I'm afraid that if I raise any questions, they'll react with that characteristic perplexion, and stop talking just when they're about to say something that I want to know.

I ran into the same thing last night when Margie was talking. She was saying something that I found interesting and I raised a question about it, but immediately she stopped her conversation, showed that appearance of confusion, and then shut up after saying, "I don't know". I've felt that Japanese girls, on the whole, with the exception of the type of girls I've mentioned, aren't inclined to be uncomfortable in abstract discussions where you pile abstraction on top of abstraction until it's difficult to find a concrete base for it. The boys aren't like that. You can probe and probe, and most of them are likely to pursue the thing with you.

Another thing about Nisei girls is that they seem to take things very literally. It's difficult to joke or tease with them. More than once I've tried to tease our girls and found that they took what I said seriously, that I'd even hurt their feelings on some occasions, that I've refrained from that habit in their presence. I found that the case even when I'm teasing someone other than themselves. What Mr. Shirrell said today, that the Japanese are a peace loving people, is also true, I believe. They'll go to any amount of trouble to avoid trouble. Any situation that can be handled without causing a disturbance, I rather think they'd do all that's necessary, even if it requires a great deal of energy, to sidestep an open conflict. My girls are like that. They don't like to see a crisis boldly presented to them. I noticed that once when one of the young Nisei girls came to visit our girls. Neither Tosh nor Heidi like this girl very much, but they don't like to tell her not to come so they see her now and then when she drops over. On this occasion, I was teasing this girl about her boy friends---and I suppose that I may have teased her a bit pointedly since she hadn't been conducting herself as well as she might have---, but I noticed that there was an expression of anxiety and pain on Tosh and Heidi's faces, as if I were directing my remarks to them instead of to this other girl. It's as if they were putting themselves in this other girls shoes and feeling directly all that I was saying to her. They don't like to be teased, and they don't like to be around when I'm teasing or

joking a little pointedly with others.

But I think it's that very sensitiveness which makes the girls so tactful and charming.

Regarding the matter of literalness on the part of Nisei girls, I've read somewhere that the Japanese tendency to interpret things literally comes from the importance of the sig in their language. That is, because of the importance of Japanese characters in their writing, their language is influenced by the literalness of interpretation. (I questioned this hypothesis because it seemed too simple an answer to the problem, and suggested that the syntax of the language might have even more to do with it, and possibly most important the psychology of social relations in Japan.)

I've wanted Heidi to get to know some of the Caucasian girls in Twin Falls and hoped that she might make contacts in school. But there's a Nisei girl in the same class in high school with her, taking some of the same courses as she, who lives about a block away from our place. Heidi and she have gotten into the habit of getting together every morning to go to school with each other, and coming home together. I've never said anything to Heidi because I've felt that if I suggested she walk to school with other girls, she would take me literally and try to follow that out but at the same time would feel that I objected to her friendship with this other girl. Yet, if this other girl had not been there, and Heidi was alone in this district, she'd probably have made friends with whom to walk to school. It might have been hard at first, but soon it would have become the normal part of her life to seek companionship with some of the Caucasian girls. I believe both girls are in several of the same classes and they probably sit together.

My feeling is that the only way in which the Japanese are going to become accepted is for them to make personal acquaintances with Caucasians. In that respect, it would be better for the evacuees to resettle in smaller towns, like Twin Falls, where they can make personal contacts. Here in Chicago, I'm sure that most of the Nisei feel the impersonality of the city, and they probably appreciate the fact that they find themselves lost in the city. I'm sure that in Twin Falls, whenever there are Nisei or Japanese walking down the street, the Caucasians are conscious of it. I know that I'm aware of the Japanese in the smaller towns back there, and I suppose I look at them with curiosity or interest. But, on the other hand, just as Tom and Rose got to know people in Fruitland where they were, I think there's more opportunity of becoming an accepted part of a community in places like that than in a city like Chicago where no-one pays any attention to you, and even Caucasians don't know their neighbors.

In looking back over the relocation and evacuation, I recall the initial pleasure I felt at my first contacts with the Japanese. Prior to that time, I'd scarcely known a Japanese. On the University of California campus when I was there a good many years ago, there

were some Japanese on the campus and I used to see them around, but they went around in their own group and I never had the opportunity of getting acquainted with them. Practically speaking, I knew nothing about the Japanese of the Pacific Coast. The coming of the Japanese to Hunt, of course, caused quite a disturbance to a small town like Twin Falls. It brought enormous numbers of workers there to build the center, and then the WRA was bringing a population there about whom the Idaho people of that area knew nothing. The initial reaction was probably one of hostility to the idea. But I can recall the day when Mr. Stafford invited a group of us from Twin Falls down to Hunt to look over the project.

That day when I walked into the administration offices and saw all those Nisei girls and fellows working for all the world like any other American group of young people might be found working at such a place, the girls in their very neat slacks and outfits that made them very attractive, all those Nisei young people coming to talk to us with a brand of English that couldn't have been distinguished from that of any other American, and the sight of the efficiency and thoroughness with which they had created an office organization out of nothing, it awakened something in me that hadn't been aroused for some time. It did me good to come in contact with all those people who showed themselves of a high type of intelligence and manners. (Mr. Beach had been brought up near an Indian Reservation in Northern Idaho, and at one time took a minor in ethnology under Kroeber. He had given up an opportunity of going into that field in favor of taking over his father's business, but the native interest in culture and human beings must have been latent in him all these years.) I think I was surprised that day to see what kind of people the Japanese were, for we'd heard about them in the newspaper and yet in Idaho we'd hardly ever come in contact with them. I was impressed, as I say, by the efficiency and intelligence of the people, and I'm quite sure that was the reaction of most of the other people who went with me though they may not have stopped to analyze their personal feelings about the matter as I did.

It all comes back to me of the first few friends we made at Hunt, the gradual development of the project and of the manner in which it settled down to an organized life, the first time we took some Japanese girl to work in our home---all that is very pleasant to recall for it brought something into my life that wasn't there before.

(Mr. Beach mentioned something about the inferiority feeling among Nisei, and I asked him if he thought there was more of it among Nisei than among others.) Yes, I'm sure there is more of it among Nisei. I think most Nisei are conscious of an inferior status in this country. If I were a Nisei, I'm not sure that I could live under that burden. It's a terrible thing to bear.

We were expecting Nobu and Kaz today, so I spent the morning and early afternoon doing as much of the work as possible before they came so that I might have everything cleared up before they arrived.

Jbs
Nobu and Kaz called from the WRA office at noon to tell us they would be on hand around 2:00. They had dropped in there to tell Mr. Shirrell how they had fared in their first week of work at the Bridges home. The WRA office reports that most of their domestic workers have given favorable accounts of their work situation, although the same cannot be said of other workers. This is no doubt to be explained by the greater security, savings possibilities, and better housing and feeding that most of them get in these homes for which they work than is true of those who are maintaining independent homes. Moreover, it seems that most Chicago employers of domestics are not very demanding and the work is thus not very hard. I suppose the prosperous condition of many of these business families at present also helps by making the employers less conscious of the amount they are spending on their help.

In any case, Nobu and Kaz arrived in the afternoon smiling and obviously happy with their situation in the Bridges home at Winnetka. Mr. Bridges, President and owner of the Hydrox Ice Cream Co. and Vice Pres. of the Associated Dairy Products which has Kraft Cheese and others as subsidiaries, is apparently the most difficult person. He wants things just so, and he seems to like putting on the airs of a "big shot" but he is at heart a good man according to Nobu and Kaz. Mrs. Bridges is very nice. She used to be a nurse or social worker or something when she was young, before Mr. Bridges made his pile, and the informal attitude toward conventions and class differences which she undoubtedly developed in those days still persists. Where Mr. Bridges is fastidious about the way in which meals are served, the home is kept up, etc., Mrs. Bridges is extremely informal in her demands upon the domestics. There is also a son of about thirty-four years who is now in the Army in a near by camp but who still makes his home at the Bridges. The chief concern of the Bridges, it seems, is to get the son married off. On the other hand, the son ~~seem~~s entirely indifferent to the idea much preferring the development of his interest in his studies in engineering and in his avocation, outdoor life. This son apparently spent much time before his induction into the Army with a Boy Scout troop of which he was a scoutmaster. This son too is informal about the home, being more like his mother than his father. Finally, there is an adopted girl in the home, about twenty-one years old, who was picked up in a tenement home in Chicago on one of Mrs. Bridges frequent visits to the slum areas of the city. It was Mrs. Bridges habit in her younger days, she is now over sixty, to spend time promoting welfare work among the wealthy people, and she came upon this girl during one of her tours. Nobu describes the adopted daughter as a very nice person who is helpful to them in suggesting to them the way things are done about that home.

It seems that Mrs. Bridges has not been very well in health for the past several years. After they lost their last domestic, a colored couple, she was unable to get anybody to replace them

and it seemed for a while that it would be necessary for the Bridges to give up their home and move to a hotel. This was the doctor's advice on the grounds that Mrs. Bridges might lose her life if she attempted to continue keeping the house herself. The place has some nine rooms, including the maid's room, and it is filled with furniture. It seems, therefore, that the Bridges were more than happy to get Kaz and Nobu to work for them.

Kaz and Nobu cannot understand why the Bridges should want to hire a couple for the work around their home, for there just isn't enough to do to keep busy all day. Moreover, there is a washerwoman who comes in twice a week to do the washing of the family---Mrs. Bridges has even told Nobu to throw in their washing ---, and there is a gardener who takes care of the outside. Since the Bridges entertain very little, there isn't enough work for the two of them to keep busy all day unless they make work. Still, there seems to be no complaint on the part of the employer, and they even tell Kaz and Nobu to take things easier than they have been doing. Kaz, for example, has insisted on vacuuming the rugs, Oriental and other fine rugs in which Mr. Bridges has some interest, especially because the two Setter dogs which they keep around the house leave dog's hair all over the place. But Mrs. Bridges urges Kaz not to work so hard on the rugs for fear that he will take all the nap off these expensive rugs. So Kaz spends his time washing the windows or the car, and polishing one thing or another.

Nobu finds the Bridges' taste for food very simple and easy to cook for. They have tremendous quantities of food in the basement in their private refrigeration system: pounds and pounds of frozen chicken, butter, ice cream, etc. They are so well fed that Nobu and Kaz hardly know what to do with all the food given them. Although they have turned over their ration book to their employer, no trouble on this score seems likely to develop under the circumstances.

Jobs
From their view, it seems that the domestic work they have chosen was a wise selection, for they are now making \$150 a month clear, and there is little to spend it upon out there. In fact, Mrs. Bridges has somewhere got hold of the notion that all evacuees have been left penniless by the evacuation---a helpful notion for Caucasians to have---and every time that Kaz goes out, and even on the occasion today when they left to visit town, Mrs. Bridges inquires every time whether they have enough money in their pockets.

It seems that Mrs. Bridges is a very humane sort of individual. The other day her son came home to announce that the Army post where he is had been warned to be prepared for instantaneous duty in the event a race riot developed in this region. The announcement was based on information that a race riot was developing near Evanston, and it was believed that the riot would spread down to Chicago. Kaz, who was uninformed about all this, was sent down to Evanston to do some purchasing by Mrs. Bridges, and after she had sent him off, she recalled the story of the pending race riot. She thought that she might have sent Kaz off to get caught in the midst of it,

and she phoned to the grocery she had sent him to, although she failed to hear of his arriving there, and she wept with anxiety until he returned somewhat later.

This story about the potential race riot may be connected with the story that LuVerne Conway told us of the shooting of a colored boy by a white cop that took place over in Washington Park. The boy, whom the cop was chasing for some reason, was shot in the back and killed. Several meetings are said to have taken place in the colored district on the other side of Cottage Grove, and only the wise leadership of some Negroes prevented the spreading of the hostile sentiment that was created among some of the Negroes of that district. There is apparently quite an antagonistic feeling developing among the Negroes since the Detroit riots.

Nobu and Kaz thus are well pleased with their situation at present. They are at once impressed by the apparent wealth that is all over the Bridges home, and also amused by the eccentricities in the home. Although there is little to do around there during the leisure hours, they are not particularly lonesome since they are there together. Kaz wanted to go to church last Sunday, but the work hours on Sunday morning ~~ixxxx~~ somewhat conflicts with the church-going hours.

We hurried downtown before the Express office should close so that we might arrange to have their trunk transferred to Winnetka. Then we dashed over to China town for a Chinese dinner. This was the second Chinese dinner in two days for Michi and myself, but it was one of the tastiest we'd had down there. Kaz was amazed at the cheapness of the dinner, for the same dinner in Seattle would have cost fifty percent more. His first question before we went down was, "You don't suppose we'd get poisoned do you," and he was more or less serious in asking.

We stopped long enough at a Chinese merchandise store to pick up some ~~Japanese~~ green tea which isn't available anywhere else and which my mother has asked for. We got down to the Northwest Station just in time to see Mr. Beach off for Idaho. The station was crowded as usual with soldiers and other passengers. I was sorry to see him off for he was very kind to us all the while he was here, and we feel that we know him quite well now.

Kaz and Nobu wanted to see Tom and Rose in their new apartment downstairs from us, so we dropped in. Tom was out to evening school, but Rose entertained us. She seemed very well pleased with their new situation, and particularly with the way Mrs. Morris has been treating them. Rose mentioned that one reason they had quit their work in the suburbs from where Tom used to commute to the factory every day was because of "Tom's nervousness" and the El. rides upset him too much.

There was little doing today during the day. I spent most of the day typing up stuff that had piled up over the week. In our discussions of the staff this afternoon, the talk turned to the question of how and when the segregation in the relocation centers will be effected. I am myself almost convinced that Tule Lake is to be the spot where the "disloyal" ones are to be sent. But I am appalled by the possibilities of resistance on the part of evacuees when the segregation program starts. If the population of Tule Lake is to be divided, there is bound to be hostilities cropping up between the factions, and I shouldn't be surprised if there is not another wave of terrorism as there was during the registration. One may already anticipate the kinds of questions that will be raised among the evacuees.

Un the evening I attended the WRA Conference with Tom and Charlie down at 226 W. Jackson. Most of the people in the audience were WRA representatives, but there were a scattered few from other agencies and there were a few Nisei. The discussion started with Robert Frase of the Employment Division giving a brief summary of a committee in the WRA now planning to gather all available information on areas of possible relocation. This is to be used in educating the evacuees to the possibilities that are to be found in various places. Frase puts on the air of a sophisticated and bored govt. official, but he strikes me as a young academic sort of individual whose actual experience in the field of employment is probably somewhat limited.

next

Smeltzer was ~~then~~ on the program talking on resettlement and integration procedures in a small community. The question he is trying to answer is the method by which evacuees may be drawn out into the Caucasian community. His main points dealt with (a) the importance of integrating evacuees into their new community of resettlement, (b) the work that is already being done toward that end, and (c) what needs to be done in a small community toward this end. Ralph Smeltzer impresses me as an individual who is well intentioned but who carries too much missionary zeal to be effective among resettlers. One of his emphases was upon the part of the church in establishing relations between Japanese and Caucasians, and although there was much criticism both from the WRA representatives as well as others on this subject, I felt that Smeltzer was justified in ^{emphasizing} the important role the church is playing in this respect. I was, perhaps, the only non-church representative there who upheld the view, yet it seems to me that one can too much criticize the work of the church in attempting to bring resettlers into Caucasian society. If we look at the history of the evacuation and re-settlement and consider the groups who have supported the evacuees throughout this period, it seems that the only social group that has frankly supported the evacuees and attempted to do something for them is the church, and its affiliated organizations. The religionists, whatever criticisms might be directed against them on other scores, are the only American people with sufficient altruistic interests to invite the Japanese into their group. Suggestions are being made that other groups, such as hobby groups under the public park comm. supervision, should be brought into play in the effort at integra-

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tion; but the matter of finding groups that will help the Japanese make their social adjustments, apart from those with some religious interests, is a different matter.

The point of criticism that may be made against Smeltzer and his kind is their zealously in emphasizing the need for integration into the larger community. Smeltzer seems to argue that the appearance of evacuee groups is an extremely dangerous thing, but while this may be true, the fact is that the appearance of Nisei groups cannot be prevented. The extreme concern that was evidenced in today's discussion on the problem of how to bring about the assimilation of resettlers, and all the bickering arguments over matters of procedure in this connection, seem to arise from the idealistic hope of these men that this thing can be accomplished in one major offensive upon the resettlers. Assimilation will inevitably take place slowly, education and propaganda in favor of assimilation is all to the good, but the effort to force this thing cannot come to ~~and~~ any happy ending.

Smeltzer also mentioned the program for counselling that is to be initiated by the Church Federation and the Council of Ministers. Tom and others justifiably criticized the use of ministers for the counselling program. Certainly, it is desirable that people with a wider breadth of vision than most ministers possess on the matter of advising on social adjustment problems should be included on this counselling program. But here again, who other than the churches will actively go about setting up a program of counselling. The WRA needs to do some of this work, yet there is nothing from the WRA office showing an inclination in this direction.

The final speaker was Reverend Kitagawa (Father Dai) who is visiting here on a tour of the Mid-West from Tule Lake. He gave the best talk of the evening on the problems of interviewing evacuees, and here he emphasized the sensitiveness and "immaturity" in facing objective reality that has become the condition of evacuees since their experience in the sheltered circumstance of the relocation center.

period

The discussion/again brought out the most interesting phase of the talk. Shirrell opened with a question on how to cut down on the time of interviews in the WRA office. He has found that only after half an hour or more of interviewing does one finally come upon the basic difficulties that are troubling individuals who come in for consultation. Why isn't it possible for the evacuees to speak out immediately concerning the thing they wish to talk about? Father Dai struck at the heart of the problem in answering when he declared that people will only talk freely after their confidence has been gained. But this point also bears directly on the atmosphere of the WRA office which I have often felt to be characteristically that of a govt. office that is really too busy to tend to the individual needs and feelings of those who come for consultation. If there is this reluctance to talk on the part of the interviewees, I rather suspect that it is the outcome of the extremely impersonal business-like atmosphere of the place.

Still another question was the problem of how to deal with individuals who might take a job that was offered by the WRA, but who would return shortly thereafter with a plea of dissatisfaction with what they had received and the wages they were getting. How is one to deal with Nisei who come in thinking they should receive salaries far beyond anything that may be expected of those who are just breaking into the employment opportunities offered here in Chicago? Yatabe spoke up on this point indicating what he has heard from evacuees that they are too often rushed to take jobs without being given ample time to think of whether they want the job or not. Miss Ross, the WRA worker handling domestic situations, mentioned in this connection that she follows the policy of indicating to the interviewee the openings she has on hand and then of telling them to return again in a few days to make their decision after they have thought over their problem. There is no question that there is too much hurry on the part of evacuees to try to get settled. The pressures are undoubtedly on them to get settled and into an organized way of life as soon as possible, but because of this pressure and the failure to get a good view of their new community in pretty broad perspective before making their initial decisions, they make errors that later must be corrected.

One thing very noticeable in the meeting was the lack of participation on the part of the staff from the Friends' office, although Fort, Godfrey, Ferguson, and McKine were all there. I wondered how it was that Smeltzer was on the program but not the staff of the Friends. And it was quite evident that the Friends' staff were for some reason resentful of the WRA's handling of this meeting. McKine spent half his time in the meeting reading the newspaper. Fort was making some derogatory comments under his breath.

Ruth Young introduced me to Ruth Tsuji and asked me to see her as far as the I.C. station. The latter comes from Gila, is now working in the WRA office, and lives somewhere out by 71st in the South End. Mrs. Shirrell then mentioned to me that Mrs. Dry, who is in the WRA office, is a very fine singer, and Michi and Mrs. Dry should get together. Mrs. Dry spoke of having a young boy (Nisei) of sixteen working in her home and attending school out at Oak Park. She signed his papers for entrance into the local school, and thus was able to avoid the non-residence fee required of all students whose legal guardians are not in the municipality.

Charlie seems much concerned about the number of Nisei around the city. When we were coming down on the El. Tom and I ran into him. We had previously met another Nisei on his way to the meeting. Charlie first sat down with us on the El. and then moved over into a seat by himself. He later expressed his disgust at having met some four Nisei on the El. coming down, and it is evident that he shuns Nisei whenever possible. What is it that makes him so conscious of the presence of Nisei groups here in Chicago. Certainly, he must have gone with some Nisei groups in San Francisco.

I hurried over to the Brent House to meet Rev. Kitagawa since he asked that we get together for a chat on the problems of the center and the relocation program. I used to visit the Brent house on occasion when I was here before, and it seemed that the place hadn't changed a bit since I was last there. Tom, who was to join us, was not there when I arrived, and Father Dai and I settled down to talk of things that were especially uppermost in his mind.

Since leaving Tule Lake, Father Dai has visited Denver and Minneapolis where he has seen something of the relocation situation although much of his time in both places were taken up with attending Episcopalian conferences. The point that impresses him in the adjustment of evacuees is that they need to assume a more far sighted perspective of what they are to accomplish by their relocation. Too many young people seem to him to be so much concerned with immediate monetary gains, and between the choice of taking something that may pay in the future and something else that may pay well immediately, the tendency of most evacuees to select the latter. If the resettler finds nothing that lives up to his high monetary expectations, however, he gives up too easily and begins immediately to think in terms of returning to the shelter of the center.

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Father Dai illustrated his point by using the case of Chester Ogi. Chester came out here without a definite job opening and as he looked around for an opening he began to inquire into the Finnish Cooperatives for some reason. The general idea of going into Coop work was in his mind as he started looking for a job for he had seen something of it in Tule Lake and was interested in learning more about it, but why he should have become interested in the Finnish Coop is unexplained, for people he knew the Finnish Coops warned him that the Finns were a rather clannish group who weren't likely to open up jobs to outsiders. In any case, he made inquiries of the Finnish Coop in Superior, Wis., and after talking to the President of the organization half convinced him that he had possibilities. He then talked further to the secretary explaining his interest in Coops and his willingness to work, and asked if he might not be given a job. The secretary finally remarked that it wasn't a question of whether he could be given a job, but rather of what kind of job he wanted. Chester replied that he wished to learn all about this Coop and was willing to start at the bottom. The secretary declared, "If that's the case, we're willing to take you on," and Chester has been since working in the warehouse. In fact, the organization was so favorably impressed by Chester that they decided to try out some more Nisei and asked him for recommendations.

Chester wrote to some of his friends telling them of openings in Coops, but warned all of them not to mention anything about wages. When several of them replied, however, one of the fellows wrote that he wanted \$300 per month. It was not until Father Dai heard this from the secretary and communicated it to Chester that the latter learned what had happened, and he declared, "So that's why the Secretary has been acting a little cool to me recently. I didn't know about the replies, but I told those fellows not to mention

wages. Just because of that one fellow, I suppose the whole deal fell through." And it was true that the secretary no longer seemed enthusiastic about hiring more Nisei.

The moral that Father Dai drew from this example was that the Nisei shouldn't think so much in terms of what they can get immediately. In fact, it is impossible to command high salaries in companies of that kind from the beginning, but if one goes in with the intention of learning and of later working up, there should be much more ample opportunity for the Nisei. All this requires courage and foresight, but that is just what is required among the resettlers when they leave the relocation center in search of positions on the outside.

Another interest which Father Dai seems to have ^{lies} in the proposition that the future of Japanese resettlers, especially in the case of Issei, is to be found in the farming areas of the Mountain and Middle Western States. He wished to know what I thought was the future of agriculture ~~xxx~~ in the United States. I felt that this was hardly a question that I could answer for there are so many factors of economics as well as of sociology that enter in such that I could hardly make a fair prediction. But Father Dai supported his view with two assumptions, (a) that not even the most industrialized of nations can ever be based on an economy that excludes agriculture, and (b) that agriculture is a personal way of life that is psychologically and morally more healthy than is an urban life. It does not seem to him that the Issei can adjust well to metropolitan life of the kind that is to be found in Chicago, and the farm community would be preferable in contrast. A most important point with him is that resettlement must necessarily take place, in large part, on a family unit basis, and farming affords the best opportunity for this type of resettlement. Part of the disorganization resulting from resettlement is the disruption of family connections, and something needs to be done to preserve these basic relationships. Farming thus seems to afford an answer for many of the basic problems that confront the evacuees in the center.

Of course, Father Dai starts with the assumption that relocation must necessarily take place. There seems no alternative to this. Obviously, if people wait too long, there will soon arrive the time when no resettlement can be effected. However, as of the date that Father Dai left Tule Lake roughly one month ago, there seemed to be no decline in the sentiment which prevailed at the time we left against the idea of relocation. The sentiment is, of course, primarily among the Issei, but even among the Nisei there seems to be a rather neutral stand on the question of resettlement. One might guess that this is due to the adverse pressure on the part of Issei parents operating against the natural desire of young people to get out from under the control of the relocation center. The Nisei are clearly restless, and anything that will alter the balance of forces may be expected to swing opinion in one direction or another. Six months after the major outflow of Nisei resettlers started in the center, there seems to be a tendency for this flow to decline in quantity. A basic reason is that the initial outflow was

principally among that group of Nisei who were probably the most assimilated, most progressive minded, and hence the most inclined to get out of the relocation center. The remaining ones tend to be much more under parental control and they are therefore influenced by Issei attitudes. Of course, there are other factors influencing the decision pro or con.

Michi was anxious to have Father Dai over for lunch since she would otherwise not have a chance to meet him. We had a pleasant but hurried lunch, the three of us, and Father Dai and I dashed off for the afternoon meeting of the WRA Conference.

The number of people present was if anything less than the evening before when I had expected a larger group than I saw. A fair proportion were Nisei including people like Dr. Tashiro, Rev. Yamazaki, Walter Hara and others who were not present the evening before. Of the WRA representatives present, it seemed to me that it was those who were most conscientious in their effort to do their best for the evacuees who were still in attendance. The evening meeting yesterday was extremely sultry (summer heat) and I was not surprised that many were disinclined to attend the last meeting. The Friends' staff were conspicuous by their absence.

Redfield was the first speaker. He gave, what I thought, was perhaps one of the two types of speeches that might be effectively presented to an audience of this kind, that is, an inspirational talk. The other possible type, as it seems to me, is the kind that analyzes the character of the people with whom the WRA is dealing. But the kind of talks which frequently appears in this kind of discussion which I also consider the least fruitful since they lead only to bickering and upholding of one's own view, is the discussion of practical programs. In any case, Redfield gave an inspirational talk. What he was trying to solve was the question, "Why are we, who have become concerned with this problem, in this thing which has very little reward and much hostility and difficulty involved in it?" Here is the point he was driving at. The Japanese in America are the most exposed, the most vulnerable, of all the minority groups in America. It is the group which the politicians of the country may consider the weakest point, the easiest salient to attack and take. The members of the Caucasian group who become associated with the problem of the Japanese in America are, therefore, entering upon a task that has the least possible reward for its participants.

Redfield's answer to his own question is that the problem of the Japanese in America is not an isolated problem but one that is involved in the whole political situation of the United States today. To illustrate he mentioned the case of the American Legion group which he attended one day at which the first part of the discussion was given over to means of defending the ideals of American democracy, the rights of man laid down in the doctrines of Thomas Paine, Jefferson and others, and then the later part was given over to the question of how to chastize the Japanese in America. Redfield points out that there was no consciousness in this group of the inconsistency in their thinking, that the group was probably entirely sincere in

their hostility toward the Japanese thinking themselves justified in their way of thinking. The point of attack for those who represent the Japanese is to uncover the confusion, the blindness, that hides the basic issue involved in this whole problem. The issue is that between the reactionary forces in the United States against the progressive, and this is the only way in which to state the problem so that the issues involved in this matter of resettlement may be made clear to the people of the United States.

The talk, presented with all the clarity and vigor of which Dr. Redfield is capable, called out something in me that I hadn't felt for some time. I felt that there was a purpose in this whole business in which we are involved; not that Redfield's statement was new, but that the clarity with which he stated the thing and the clearness with which the vulnerability of the "enemy" was presented, really thrilled me. Yet, after Redfield's talk, although there was a fine round of applause, there was little discussion that derived directly from what he had said. That is, it seemed that it found few responsive cords among the WRA representatives present. I suspected that the WRA reps. were perhaps almost as sympathetic to the Am. Legion point of view as the Legionnaires themselves; at least, they had none of the clear perception of the problem that Redfield evidently had.

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Father Dai was introduced as the final speaker of the afternoon. He was talking on the subject of the "Problems of Relocation" and he discussed this in four phases, (a) the importance of relocation, (b) arguments of Issei against relocation, (c) a need for a philosophy of relocation, and (d) the practical possibilities of relocation. Perhaps the most important point, the one which brought out the most discussion, was the proposition by Father Dai that farming offered the greatest possibility for family resettlement for the reasons which are discussed above. Charlie was the first to attack this view on the grounds that although the Japanese are customarily considered a farming people, the large percentage of them were involved in urban jobs on the West Coast. His position was that it is difficult to alter one's habits of work at this late date.

Charlie was attacked from all sides for this view, and there was only one WRA man who spoke in his defense. Most of those present agreed almost entirely with Father Dai on the proposition he had put forward. Redfield, Shirrell, Hughes, Yoshioka, Kendall Smith and others all seemed to think that there was nothing wrong with the proposition put forward by Father Dai. However, in part I agree with Charlie that the effectiveness of the resettlement to the farm depends in large part upon the kind of opportunities that are to be offered there, and how it compares with city opportunities. If there are advantages economically in going to the city, I doubt that regardless of the propaganda in favor of the farm, the trend of movement will be otherwise. Moreover, there is a limit to the number of farmers that may be absorbed with the present saturation of farmers. Finally, as Charlie has argued, most Nisei have not favored farming despite the general emphasis upon this occupation as an outlet for Nisei. It may be that Issei will look different-

ly upon farming as an occupation for the latter years of their lives, but I doubt it. I rather think that Charlie's prediction is going to be vindicated in the long run.

In general the meeting seemed to have little influence upon those who had attended, and one suspects that most of the audience went home to pursue their activities right at the point where they had left off without altering their course a bit. A minor change in WRA policy may arise from the emphasis on farming as a possibility for family resettlement, but the WRA had already been considering this possibility and the future of the program depends to a large degree upon the openings that are made for evacuees.

Charlie was very much put out with the disposition that had been made of his question concerning the future of farming among Japanese. "All they'll do is to create another group of migratory workers," was Tom's comment. We discussed the problem over the counter of an ice cream fountain where we stopped for a soda.

The headlines carried shrieking announcements of the invasion of Sicily today by Allied forces. I was surprised and agreeably so for I had begun to wonder, from the Russian demands of two weeks ago for a "Second Front", whether there was to be any further invasions this summer by the Allies. The military experts were describing the difficulties of further invasions this year, and I had assumed that the Russian comments were pointed at the Allies because of their knowledge that the Anglo-American forces were bedding down for the winter just when they were anticipating a German attack upon the Russian front. But it now seems that the Russian news was for the benefit of the Axis to mislead them into thinking the Allies unprepared for further attack this year. And just as the Germans started their Russian campaign, the Allies attacked at the back door. It strikes me that the Allies have a winning strategy in this business of pinning the Axis from one side and then the other.

I wanted to go to see the Japanese Church on North Michigan Blvd., but because of the invitation to tea at the Ogburns this afternoon, we decided against it. We wouldn't be able to get back in time. It was just as well, as we said later, for the rain began to fall in torrents and continued for some time.

I worked in the morning on notes that had to be typed up. During and after lunch we turned the radio in on the Philharmonic program to listen to Eugene List play Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue. I thought Michi might like this since this piece of Gershwin's has been one of her favorites ever since she heard the composer himself play it. The consequences from Michi, however, was not what I expected. First, she criticized the pianist for playing it without feeling or sufficient feeling, and she illustrated by showing how certain of the phrases might have been turned to give more of the tenderness which Gershwin must have felt in writing the composition.

From this initial outburst, Michi went on to express what was more deeply agitating her, that is, the lack of a piano to practice on. Although the Hughes's have given her access to their piano she doesn't feel comfortable about going to use their piano since the Hugheses are often home when she is around to practice, and Michi feels sorry for anyone who has to listen to her practicing. Moreover, for a pianist a home without a piano is extremely inconvenient for when one feels in the mood to do some practicing, the piano is not there to practice upon. As Michi put it, "It's as if you didn't have a typewriter, or books." I agreed with her that something has to be done about getting a piano in our home. But our place is too small for a piano, and since we are on the 3rd floor, there is even some conjecture as to whether we could get a piano up here. Furthermore, we have also been wondering whether or not we should have mother and May as well as Shig here with us. In that event, the cheapest way for all of us to live is to have one large apartment with four or five rooms; but if we are to move, there is no sense in renting a piano now even if we could get it in by crowding.

As our talk progressed, Michi was becoming more and more evidently distressed. She had been hoping that we might have a piano when we came out to Chicago, and she had thought that she would try to get a musician's position somewhere. But neither of these hopes had materialized. "If I don't have a piano to practice on, I can't even apply for a pianist's position since I wouldn't feel right about applying unless I knew I could perform to my own satisfaction; and if I don't have a job, I can't pay the rent of a piano. It's a vicious circle." She began to thumb through the want ads thinking that she should perhaps take anything and earn some money instead of living as she has till now. "The way things are now," she said, "There's no purpose to life. I think every human being has to have some purpose in life." The paradox that bothers Michi is that she is trained to be a pianist---in fact, almost her whole life has gone into perfecting that art---, but here in Chicago there is no way in which she may apply her training. In Seattle she had built up a routine of life that revolved about her piano work, of teaching,

Jbs

of concert work and occasional playing for smaller groups, and a circle of friends who genuinely admired her talent. Here she has none of these.

Michi continued, "I don't know whether it's a good idea for anyone to tell the people in the centers to come out by all means. I think all this publicity about relocating is a mistake unless the person finds something worth coming to out here and has a definite goal in relocating. A lot of the people here are just making enough to make ends meet, they're not saving anything, but what's the use of all that unless there's some gain out of it. In our family we never saved anything, but my mother and father always provided us with enough so that we could advance in our music lessons and get our education. But people here can't even get that much advantage out of resettling. Most of them just barely make enough to live on, and it's no different ~~the~~ from their condition in the centers." I argued with Michi that the people would have to make the decision to relocate sooner or later, and certainly it would be difficult to relocate at the end of the war. She admitted this but still pursued the point that there was no use resettling unless there was some purpose to it. "I'm so confused, I don't know what's best."

Michi was unquestionably demoralized today. It started with hearing the piano music on the radio. But a lot of things have been bothering her of late. As she says, she needs a purpose in life, and this she does not have at present. Even if she were teaching several young people with talent for the piano, ^{without pay} I rather think she would be happy. Moreover, as she keeps the family books on expenditures, she sees the economic problem that we face and that again disturbs her. She has come to feel that Kaz and Nobu are doing the smart thing by taking a domestic job temporarily at which they can earn \$150 a month plus board and room, and save a large part of their earnings. I sympathize with her position, and wish above all that I could find something for her in the line of her training. But that seems almost an impossible hope. Any kind of work that draws her interest, however, would do.

We spent so much time talking about all these problems, which also had its relationship to the question of relocating the rest of our family, that we were late getting dressed for Ogburn's tea. We didn't know who were to be there, but when we arrived at the Ogburns, we discovered that he had invited only three couples, including us, to an informal tea. The ~~two~~ other two couples were both grad students and wives like ourselves. I wondered what Mrs. Ogburn's attitude toward us might be, for I knew that she has middle class ideas and comes from the aristocratic caste-minded South, but she was very pleasant. It was pleasant sitting on their back porch overlooking their neat little garden, and Michi seemed to lose her mood of depression.

The Falardeaux's, the French Canadian couple, invited us over to their home on the way back, and we spent a pleasant evening chatting about all kinds of things.

Togo

This morning Louise Suski, the girl ~~Tom~~ recommended for a steno position with us, turned up. I didn't know what to expect from her name, for it certainly isn't Japanese, but there wasn't anything un-Japanese about her when she appeared. It now turns out that she's thirty eight, but she doesn't look it. She's quiet and not very demanding, decalring all the time we were talking to her about the job with us, that she wasn't particularly interested in the pay but that she wanted to get into research work. That's what ~~she's~~ angling for with one or two companies here, but perhaps she thinks those possibilities are slim, and it may be that she hopes to get in with us on a more permanent basis. One interesting thing, she has a method of speed writing all her own, and she does very well with it.

Michi seemed to have recovered today from her spell of moodiness of yesterday. There were traces of it still, and there was no question of the presence in her mind of the problems that were disturbing her yesterday, but at least she seemed more cheerful today. In fact, she seemed to want to help me, and in a way she was apologetic for her own behavior of yesterday in an indirect way. Many things about this city and her life here get her down, but I feel the important thing is that she get some kind of work in which she may give expression to her natural talent in music. A musician needs an appreciative audience, and the change to perform for them occasionally. At least, Michi needs pupils on whom to test her ability for teaching. Something there is lacking.

At Togo's invitation, I dropped into the Friends' office today hoping that I might be able to do some interviewing there. During the day time, most people are at work or busy doing something, and it's difficult to get interviews except in such a formal office where people come to get interviewed. Unfortunately, the place was extremely quiet this afternoon, and only about one person dropped in in all the time I was there. Yet, my time wasn't mispent for the young fellow who dropped in, a chap from Pomona and Heart Mountain named Kahn Nakano whom Togo apparently knew from Los Angeles, was in an unloading mood. He talked ~~frequentl~~ freely about himself and even volunteered information where Togo made no effort to inquire.

Kahn struck me as being a pretty well adjusted sort of young fellow. Externally, he was a bit of a "smoothy" and dressed nattily in the appropriate sports clothes and wore a mustache on a smooth youngish face. I suspect there must be a bit of hidden vanity somewhere, and certainly there is sufficient self consciousness to keep up appearances. But from his conversation about himself, one got the idea that he was less self assured than he gave evidence of, and more introspective than his verbosity would lead one to believe. He reads good books and is interested in classical music. He has opinions, and wants to express them. I spotted him as a good case, and intend to follow up the introduction which Togo gave me.

I noticed in this fellow what I have noticed in other Nisei, that the bulk of them don't know definitely the goals they are seeking here in Chicago, but have a general idea of what they want to do

and accomplish. In the effort to define for themselves the exact goals they are to pursue, there seems to be a considerable amount of trial and error groping. Kahn took a temporary job until he could get himself established, and is now looking for something more permanent in which he hopes to find a future. One unusual expression on his part was that he likes Chicago, finds it interesting, a view which is contrary to that of most other Nisei. He admits the city is dirty, but there is plenty of interesting activity going on. Perhaps for a fellow with an intellectual flair, Chicago may have advantages that smaller cities don't have.

As I sat in the office waiting for some problem children that might be turned in my direction, I glanced through the news clippings which the Friends' office have been getting. It never fails to burn me up to read what the Dies Comm. and its mouthpiece, the Herald-American and other newspapers, have to say about the evacuees. The unfairness of the whole thing arouses something in me that is seldom aroused. I suppose I'm a peaceable, almost timid, fellow, but one thing that arouses my ire is an unfair attack. It recalls to my mind the few occasions of anger which I used to feel as a boy, those that came when I would see a gang of fellows restrain one helpless youngster and tease or mistreat him.

Plere
I left the office about four-thirty, after having no success in getting an interview. Riding on the El. always bothers me. In the first place, it's seldom that the El. is not crowded and there's always a good bit of joshing around for any passenger. Furthermore, I've always the problem in the back of my mind as to whether or not to give my seat to a lady. Nobody else, of the males, does and I shouldn't feel obliged to, but I suppose because I am Japanese, I wonder especially if the Caucasians are taking an unfavorable view of me for my failure to give my seat to a lady.

All morning I dictated to Louise Suski on the Northwest JACL report. It was my first experience at dictating, and to my surprise it went off quite well. I imagine that I got twice as much work done, working in this way, than I ordinarily do typing the thing out myself. Of course, dictation sacrifices something of clarity and organization, but it has its advantages.

Tom and Tomi came over in the evening, and said they had dropped in last Sunday only to find us not here. We sat around drinking lemonade, and chatted about this and that.

Michi and I are still concerned about the problem of bringing out other members of the family to Chicago. As for May or Shig, the decision should be left up to them, and they are still able enough to make a go of it in any case. But as Michi was arguing the other day, there's no sense in their coming out unless there is some definite plan that they can follow. Otherwise, the matter will reduce itself to vegetating in a large city, and they might as well stay in the camp for that. But the problem is even more difficult in the case of the Issei. (1) There are few work opportunities for them, and even if dad got a job as a chef, he would probably find it extremely tiring to travel back and forth from the place of work to the home on the El. or any other means of transport. The city is just too crowded. (2) There aren't enough favorable conditions of living to make their adjustment easy. Living in an apartment is hardly the thing for older people who can't move around much anyway. If they had a garden to work at, it would be excellent, but gardens are scarcer than flowers in Tule Lake. (3) They wouldn't have their friends here, and being unable to associate with Caucasians due to language handicaps, there would be no social life for them.

In many ways the evacuation is more tragic than most people realize. The Japanese community is more or less of a necessity for the adjustment of the Issei, and once that is demolished, there is little that they may live for. As a whole, they are too old to adjust their ways to new conditions. In many ways, then, the idea of resettling the Issei is, by and large, an empty proposition, for there is nothing to offer in the relocation. There is not even the prospect of earning and saving money. I predict that the relocation center will inevitably be a permanent establishment for the duration, and the bulk of Issei remaining will probably have to seek their way to Japan. For how else will the Issei adjust now that the communities of the West Coast are gone. Certainly, in the present circumstance of hostility against resettlers, there is no hope of recreating a Japanese society on the outside, but without it the Issei are hopelessly lost.

*Integ:
Issei
factors
Family*

Louise Suski returned this morning, and I learned that she had already typed up the material I'd given her to work on. She seems a very efficient person. According to her work assignment sheet, she's thirty-eight years old, but she doesn't look it.

Ted and Alice called just before noon to say they were in town, and asked if we'd like to have a sukiyaki dinner and invite Doc Tashiro. Unfortunately, it later transpired that they couldn't reach Tashiro, but we decided on dinner together anyway. They came up about 4:30, and the first thing Alice showed me the Herald-American she was carrying, and declared, "Look at this."

The big headline was about Sicily, but on the left-hand top where one could clearly see it from a distance were two pictures of Nisei in a hospital, and the heading in large letters read, "SAILORS? JAPS IN RIOT HERE". The article which followed revealed that "Four young men of Japanese ancestry, recently released from relocation camps, were involved in a riot with several U. S. navy sailors at the southeast corner of Division and Clark sts. last night." It later went on, "Ill feeling between the Japs and the sailors arose, police reported, Tuesday night, when one of the civilians cursed a naval man's uniform." According to this news story, the four Japanese-Americans were unemployed. Two of them were badly wounded by knife cuts, and the others were beaten with clubs and pipes. Three of the sailors were captured by two detectives who arrived on the scene, but the rest of the group of ten who had been involved, escaped. At one point in the article it mentioned that the sailors were Filipinos, but this was the only mention of their nationality.

The article then went on to pan Shirrell for having declared at an earlier date that all the nisei coming out ~~were~~ "Without exception merit trust and confidence." The item closed by declaring that his riot came in the wake of a resolution passed by a local Legion Post pointing out the danger to the nation's war industries in the relocation of Japanese evacuees in the Chicago industries.

Alice and Ted had just been coming down 63rd to our place when, in passing before a newsstand, they heard someone behind them say, "They ought to keep the Japs in camp." Alice thought these people were referring to them, and she turned around, and then noticed that they were looking at the article on the front page of the newspaper. She had bought the paper and immediately read it. Her comment, as she came in, was, "It just makes me sick." Ted's comment was, "This isn't the last incident we'll have of this kind." And I felt pretty much as they did. The article shocked me, and it seemed as if another leg on the road back to camp had been laid down. I read the article immediately, but strangely enough Ted hadn't yet seen the thing. In a way, I think Ted is so sensitive that he can't bear to face something like that without first steeling himself. His remark was, "You can just about predict what the Herald American would say, so I didn't bother to read it." But he later picked up the paper and looked the article over.

Today Ted was decidedly less peppy than usual, although Alice seemed no different. I remarked to Alic about it, after Ted left for a while to attend a meeting at the hospital, and she replied, "I guess the newspaper article got him. And, of course, he hasn't been so very happy out there at Wheaton doing rather dull routine work."

Later Michi went out to shop with Alice and bought a copy of the Daily News and we immediately looked for something on the "riot." Instead of being on the front page as in the H-American, the Daily News carried it on the third page. Moreover, the article gave Shirrell's version of the same story, in which he declared that the Filipino sailors had just pounced on the four nisei boys. In this article, the boys were described as Hawaiian-Americans who had been with the U.S. Merchant Marine until they were evacuated. To me it seemed that this version was probably closer to being correct, for what would ten Filipino soldiers be doing armed with clubs, knives and lead pipes if they weren't prepared to fight someone? Yet, the unfavorable publicity in papers like the H-American were more likely to affect the American public than the fairer account in the Daily News.

Pass
The pressure against the Japanese undoubtedly seems to be growing here, and I feel as if the world were closing down on us. One feels helpless against the lies and fabrications that are being written against us. And just in the manner of the H-American, most of the Am-public isn't inclined to sympathize with the Nisei position even if it is we who are beaten and critically wounded.

*Soul -
Inty -*
Ted seems to feel that the WRA policy isn't adequate. There's too little consideration given to the question of the social adjustments of the resettlers. Although he admits that no agency can control the manner in which individuals are to live, still the WRA shouldn't permit resettlers to segregate themselves too much, especially in areas like N. Clark St. which are notoriously bad places of residence. The WRA is operating merely as an employment office, but it needs to branch out into counselling for social adjustments. The Tokuyama girl, whom we met with Tashiro at a dinner, tells Ted that there are now 175 Japanese at the Wabash St. YMCA. She's going back to El Paso, Texas, because there are too many Japanese here now, although her boss wants her to remain in Chicago.

Ted seems much concerned that the Nisei are not learning to mix more with Caucasians. Of course, he admits, it's difficult to get adjusted to a place like Chicago right away, but the Nisei should seek means of breaking into Caucasian society. He himself sought out Caucasian groups when he first came, and he feels that he may have influenced an enormous number of people toward a favorable view of the Japanese merely by his individual contacts with Caucasians.

His chief concern today, however, is regarding the problem of gaining citizenship for himself. He is perhaps as Americanized

a person as one might desire, yet by the accident of birth in Japan he cannot gain citizenship although he came to America when he was only a couple of years old. It is apparent that this inability to gain citizenship eats within him, for he is willing to join the army as a private (though he is a doctor), or do anything else to gain the right of franchise. And to him the barriers which stand in the way of his getting a decent job in America, and of having the freedom to do what he wants, is in large part the lack of citizenship on his part.

It is a strange fact that the Nisei who have citizenship do not see that right as being any great advantage in this world, whereas those without citizenship tend to look upon it as the panacea for their ills. Especially is this the case among the highly Americanized non-citizens, for it seems to them that only a legal difficulty stands in the way while they carry none of the personal adjustment difficulties of other Nisei. Here then is a source of envy as well as of a feeling of injustice.

x
It was about ten in the evening when the Watanabes left for their return trip to Wheaton. I suspect they enjoyed themselves today in their weekly visit to town; and especially was this apparent in Alices case for she enjoys cooking and helping around the house. She frequently talks of her desire to be in town near here so that Michi and she could get together to do all manner of things that she dreams about.

I managed to complete the dictation of the JACL report this morning with the aid of Louise Suski. It's a load off my mind to get the thing done and away with; although I must say that it falls far short of the kind of report I wanted to do. It will require considerable revision later.

Charlie came in this morning with the information that the "Town Hall of the Air" had a discussion last night on the Problem of the Japanese in America discussed by Carey MacWilliams, Max Radin, Rep. Costello, and a Mr. Groves. It was put on the air from Santa Barbara. Charlie's report was that, by and large, whenever Costello spoke, the audience applauded loudly, but when MacWilliams denounced the Dies Comm., questioned Costello's views, and supported the evacuees to the extent of ~~affairing~~ asking for a fair judgement of their case, the audience booed. Yet, Charlie spoke of it as a "damn good discussion" and he seemed quite delighted with the manner in which McWilliams stood his ground despite the obviously hostile sentiment of the majority of the audience. There were some in the audience, he said, who apparently supported McWilliams, or at least wished to have a fair consideration given to the problem. Charlie declares that he himself did not feel disturbed about the discussion, despite its generally adverse tone, for, as he says, "I fell there's no use getting angry about such a thing. It just prevents you from doing some hard thinking about the whole question."

Of course, Charlie is right. And Charlie is absolutely right ~~xxx~~ too when he says that the present campaign against the WRA and the release of evacuees to outside areas approximates the situation we had on the Pacific Coast in the spring of 1942 when the die was cast in favor of evacuation. But I can't agree that there's much we can do about it now in spite of all the thinking about the question that we might do. I see our situation getting rapidly worse, and as the war continues and the war effort is directed more and more at Japan rather than against Germany, the hysterical sentiment that now prevails in California, it seems to me, will be transmitted to the rest of the nation.

If these problems were settled locally by the population with which one comes in contact, I would have less fear of the consequences. But the matter is rather settled in the mass responses to irrational considerations, and how is a small group like the Nisei or the Japanese in America to combat the masses of a nation with the limited tools available to them. Only a national campaign of favorable newspaper publicity could do the trick, but the newspapers of the nation are inclined to deal unfairly with this problem. Michi was reading the Christian Science Monitor today on an article regarding the race riots in Detroit. The article was eminently fair in its treatment of the problem, showing how the adverse living conditions and economic position of the Negro leads to outbreaks of the kind. Of course, this fails to touch upon all the organized anti-racial groups that promote these things, but still the tendency in such an article is favorable. But, as Michi points out, this article on the Negro is directly contrary to the Monitor's policy of the present regarding the Japanese. The paper gives full publicity to the views of the Dies Comm.

it accepts the view of the Los Angeles writers that the Japanese are dangerous regardless of their citizenship or training, and it accepts these views without for a moment questioning any contradiction that may exist in its editorial policy. It fails to see that the racial question in America, and much more, is all a part of a single major problem confronting America today.

The difficulty for the resettlers is that the American public demands that we show qualities of character superior to that which they possess. The public demands that we show more intelligence than itself in deciding on public issues, (for example, on the registration question), it demands that we should not voluntarily segregate among ourselves although we may have nothing in our personal experiences to aid us in so doing, and it demands that we prove our loyalty by acts which the majority of Americans are not called upon to enter upon. All this seems to have sociological significance in understanding the problem of society today. Individuals in modern civilization will demand of others virtues and qualities that they themselves do not possess. They blame others for shortcomings which they cannot see that they themselves possess. How does this come about, and what is it that causes the blindness to the contradictions?

I dropped in to see Tom and Rose Okabe this evening. They were resting after a day's work in the laboratory and factory.

picnicking
were ~~picnicking~~, strolling around, lolling on the lawn, and sitting around on the park benches feeding squirrels and birds. I couldn't help but feel that most of the people turned to look at us, and it seemed that some of them whispered to each other as they continued to gaze in our direction. I wondered if they were making some comments about Japs. During the course of our stroll, we ran into at least four or five different groups of Nisei. Some were in twos and threes, but others were in groups as large as seven. There was nothing inappropriate about them, certainly they were dressed better than most of those in the park, yet I was conscious of their presence and secretly hoped that we wouldn't see too many of them in the park.

We went back to Tom's place. The beach had seemed especially attractive to Tom and Tomi and they debated whether to go back there in their swimming suits, but they decided against it finally. We had supper with them, and sat down for an evening's chat when Tom and Rose Okabe came over. Our conversation somehow turned to the life in the assembly and relocation centers where we were, and for most of the evening we never departed from this subject. It was distasteful to me somehow this evening, for I felt that I should prefer to talk about something a little more elevating than the cramped lives we'd lived in the centers.

The discussion of the centers dwelt mostly on the hardships we'd undergone and the personalities we'd known there. In part it was a contest to claim the greatest hardships, or to point out the relatively favorable experiences one ~~had~~ had.

Since this was Sunday morning, Michi and I took things rather leisurely. We read the Sunday paper for a while, and then I worked on Yoshinari's case history. There never seems to be any end to the work that's piled up.

As we ate lunch, we listened to the Philharmonic Orchestra. Jose Iturbi was conducting today, but Michi dislikes him for the matter of fact way in which he interprets his music. We'd promised Tom and Tomi that we might go out together somewhere this afternoon so I called them. There was nothing special that either they or we wanted to do. The afternoon was hot, and, in fact, the wisest thing seemed to be to sit at home and remain cool. But Michi and I joined them with the thought that we might at least go over to the Science and Industry Museum in Jackson Park.

I suppose what most young people want on their day off is to do something exciting and exceptional. There is that internal restlessness and desire to be out doing something on a fine day, but when one asks for suggestions of how to take out that restlessness, no one has any clear cut idea of what he wants to do. From our immediate perspective, I suppose the restricting factor seems to be the lack of funds with which to do what one wants. But, actually, the boredom must be internal; I suspect that if we knew how to enjoy ourselves, it could be done at a minimum cost. For myself, sitting and reading is as enjoyable as anything else, but I don't suppose Michi would feel much like that on Sunday. I suppose most Nisei in Chicago today feels the want of something to do on Sundays and week ends; or one might say that most people in Chicago feel that way. One usually ends up by going to a show.

After some discussion, I urged that we go to Jackson Park to see the museum, so we went. It was warm inside, much more so than I'd expected considering the size of the building. Tom didn't seem very keenly inspired by the exhibits, which happen to be of rather high grade, but Tomi and Michi seemed fairly well interested in all the sights. In part, it may have been Tom's self-consciousness about being in a group of Nisei. After wandering around the museum for about an hour, we went outside again to look for an ice cream wagon and cool ourselves off. We wandered over to the beach. What struck me was the mass of humanity that was crowded together on the narrow strip of beach along the Lake Shore Drive. Another thing, there was a remarkable absence of Negroes, although their residential district is within walking distance from this park. I thought I saw one Negro swimmer; I wondered if there were some informal understanding by which Negroes are kept off this beach. Then I wondered what the reception to Nisei on this beach would be, although I assumed that no one would object. Tomi and Michi remarked that they saw a Chinese lying down out there, and I saw a couple of Filipinos with a White girl. A Nisei invariably notices Chinese Filipinos and other Orientals in a crowd of that kind. But I was also impressed by the fact that many of the Caucasians present were probably from varied ethnic backgrounds.

We wandered back through Jackson Park where thousands of people

picnicking
were picnicking, strolling around, lolling on the lawn, and sitting around on the park benches feeding squirrels and birds. I couldn't help but feel that most of the people turned to look at us, and it seemed that some of them whispered to each other as they continued to gaze in our direction. I wondered if they were making some comments about Japs. During the course of our stroll, we ran into at least four or five different groups of Nisei. Some were in twos and threes, but others were in groups as large as seven. There was nothing inappropriate about them, certainly they were dressed better than most of those in the park, yet I was conscious of their presence and secretly hoped that we wouldn't see too many of them in the park.

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The discussion of the centers dwelt mostly on the hardships we'd undergone and the personalities we'd known there. In part it was a contest to claim the greatest hardships, or to point out the relatively favorable experiences one ~~had~~ had.

This afternoon I went over to Kum Yoshinari's place hoping to find him in so that I might arrange an appointment for an interview, but the fellow wasn't in. Neither were Bill Uyeda or Art Takemoto, or rather their names weren't on the front plate on their mail box. I saw half a dozen Nisei walking along 63rd as I went from Maryland way over to Stony Island in the hope of chasing down somebody who might be in, but no luck today.

The Hugheses invited us to their place this evening. We got there just about 8:00 p.m., the appointed time, and were the first of the company to arrive. Later the Lowes came in, then Burleigh Gardner and his wife, and finally Peggy Fennigson. Mr. Lowe is working with Burleigh Gardner on the industrial personnel research, formerly conducted by Elton Mayo and his gang at Western Electric. I later learned that he had been with a broker's firm on Wall St., probably did well at it while there for he seemed prosperous enough, and I gathered that he became interested in this personnel problem as something of an avocation. Dr. Helen Hughes's mother, Judge McGill of Vancouver, B. C., was also there. I had met her previously at the LaViolettes and at a family conference in Seattle, and although she seems old and almost feeble, there was nothing feeble about her mind for she recalled with piercing clarity all the incidents that had taken place on the occasions of our previous meeting.

The evening was a pleasant one of informal chatting and association. Dr. Hughes brought out some old popular music of the early 1830's that Mr. Lowe's grandmother had collected and bound, and we all tried singing them with Michi at the piano. The rest of the evening spent itself in groups of the company gathering and circulating to talk about one thing after another. But the main subject of conversation somehow seemed to revolve about the question of race tensions, and although it may have been because Gardner too is interested in the problem, I somehow couldn't get over the feeling that our presence there somehow drew the conversation in that direction.

Here

I have always felt a bit self conscious whenever the subject of the Japanese, either here or of the old world, was ever brought up, but since the outbreak of war, I am especially sensitive to such discussions in my presence. Of course, this applies only in Caucasian company. The Japanese are a group about whom I may feel myself something of an expert, at least in Caucasian American company, and Japanese culture and society is one thing I can talk about. But such discussions always directs too much attention in my direction. I have frequently noticed that many Nisei who find themselves ~~fre~~ much in Caucasian company have little to say until the subject of the Japanese is brought up, and then they enter upon that discussion with almost a vengeance. The difficulty of the Nisei in talking about anything in a strictly Caucasian-American group is that people, in general, carry on their discussions in terms of their life experiences, but the Nisei experiences have been limited largely to the Nisei world of the West Coast. Under the circumstance, they are forced either to remain completely quiet or to talk about the Japanese. While others speak of their

experiences in Ohio, Boston, Texas, etc., the Nisei are thrown back to speaking of their very limited experiences in Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Sacramento Valley, etc. The Nisei start with an initial disadvantage in conversing among Caucasians.

I notice another thing of importance in the informal social gatherings of Nisei as contrasted to those of Americans. Americans enter into conversations and association with something of an enthusiasm; they always have something important to say, at least important enough for others to listen to. But the Nisei can seldom find significant recollections to talk about. In part, this impression may arise out of the fact that I have always associated with a rather intelligent group of Caucasians, the academic circle that develops its own pattern of talk, and the conversations of other groups may be different. But my impression, apart from this fact, is that the Nisei are poor conversationalists to begin with. In Caucasian groups, they rather sit quietly and politely to listen to others. My feeling is that the chief difficulty of the Nisei in being good conversationalists is that their breadth of experience is so limited that they are unable to fall into just any conversation, and, furthermore, they lack ~~of~~ the American sense of humor and the narration of funny stories.

Rare

This evening the conversation often turned in the direction of the Japanese problem. I spent much of the time talking about this with Gardner and Dr. Hughes, but after our conversation had shifted in other directions, I would occasionally hear someone on the other side of the room speak of the Japanese, and the word would catch my ears instinctively. I noticed myself listening to others than my own group on more than one occasion. Mrs. McGill, who knows many Japanese in British Columbia, was frequently bringing up the subject of the Japanese there. Once, Burleigh Gardner referred to the "Japs", and since he and his wife were the only ones who used the term, I could feel a sense of hostility rise in myself towards them. I'm sure they didn't know that they caused any adverse reaction in me. Yet, I was inclined to interpret some of their remarks, ~~as, for instance, when in speaking of~~ as unfavorable to the Japanese. For instance, Gardner said, "In talking to some of the employers in industries here, I've heard them speak with great enthusiasm for the Japanese. When I hear such remarks from them, I know that there's possible trouble ahead. The Japanese are probably trying to work harder than the rest of the workers, and when you get that kind of attitude, it's sooner or later going to create difficulties with the rest of the workers." Gardner was right, and he probably had nothing derogatory in mind against the Japanese, but I couldn't help feeling a little skeptical of him.

My sister, Nobu, who now works with her husband in Winnetka as a domestic, invited us up to their place today. It took two hours by the North Shore train to reach their place from where we live. Both Michi and I felt our spirits rise as we left the dirtiness of the city behind and came out into the pleasantness of the suburbs.

Done
Whenever I am among strangers, I am more or less strongly conscious of my Self. In a Caucasian world, I am aware that I am Japanese in features, of inferior status in the eyes of middle class Americans, probably, and a possible object of resentment and hostility in the present atmosphere of war hatreds. I suspect there is always a basic anxiety that someone will say something or do something that indicates their desire to discriminate, reject, and exclude me. This self consciousness is not present so much when I am on the crowded streets downtown, or even in our 63rd St. district, but in a place like Winnetka, I feel almost as conspicuous as if I were walking around in a bathrobe. I am overly conscious of what others may be thinking of me, and too much prepared for affront and attack on my person.

When we reached Winnetka, there were a girl, another couple, and ourselves waiting for taxis. Two cabs came along, and the question arose of who was to take which cab. The Caucasians and we arrived off the train together, so there was no question of order of service. We made no move, and the others seemed hesitant. The cabman finally decided that, by our respective addresses, the other two should go together while we took a single cab to ourselves. I wondered for the space of a moment whether the decision to place all the Caucasians together had been based on their possible dislike of having to take the same cab with an Oriental, but I dismissed the thought.

The Bridges home where Nobu and Kaz work is a very attractive place (\$65,000), and I assume that in the economic scale they are pretty close to the upper-upper of Chicago and this district. Mr. Bridges is the Pres. of the Hydrox Ice Cream Co., the largest ice cream outfit in Chicago and a subsidiary of the National Dairy Assoc. which has Kraft Cheese, Borden's, etc. as members. Their home reflects their position.

Nobu and Kaz have a large room in the northwest corner of the residence, and although the furnishings in it are not as elaborate as in the others, the room is light and airy and spacious enough to be very attractive. In fact, it is much better than the guest room from the standpoint of spaciousness and lightness, although the adopted daughter is now living in the former room. Michi and I felt that compared to the place we have, the domestic position which Nobu and Kaz holds and permits them to live under such circumstances offers considerable advantages.

Moreover, the food in this house is more than adequate and it's excellent in these days of rationing. Their basement was filled with canned stuff, refrigerated meats, butter, cheese, ice cream, etc., and there was certainly no evidence of want in this home.

Whatever a Bolshevnik like Naj might say of this mode of living, there is undeniably something attractive about having enough so that there's no anxieties on the score of security. And the people are kind enough, especially in the case of Mrs. Bridges. She wanted Nobu to be sure and serve our dinner in their morning room, a kind of enlarged breakfast room. They provided all the food for us, chicken, salad, dessert, etc. In fact, Mrs. Bridges bought special desserts of cakes and pies when she heard that we were coming. It's good to be in a home where there's no scrimping, and it's good that the Bridges are thoughtful people who are considerate towards their help.

On the other hand, I couldn't help feeling that a domestics position with the lower status that goes with it has its disadvantages. The Bridges and their adopted daughter returned from the dinner, which they had out, and spent their afternoon in the living room. Kaz, in his Japanese way, wanted us to go and pay our respects to them, although Michi and I were introduced when they first arrived back and came in through the garage door by the kitchen. I suppose in way I expected that we would be asked to sit down and chat with them---which shows my ignorance of the status of domestics and their relatives---, and when we just stood there awkwardly exchanging pleasantries, I thought, "Lets get this business over with and get the hell out of here." I suppose they felt awkward too, as if spectators were coming in to view the Bridges family at home on a Sunday afternoon, but what the Hell.

We spent the afternoon just sitting around their room chatting about this thing and that. The Winnetka and Evanston News carried numerous ads of help wanted, and we went through them to see which ones May and mother might apply for. Despite the inferior status of a domestic, there are advantages for May and mother in taking a job like this at which they may be able to save fifty dollars or more a month. Mother would be out of the dirtiness and crowdedness of the city, too. Nobu reported of an interesting opening for a beauty shop operator in Evanston. It seems that the shop which Mrs. Bridges patronizes is run by a woman (of foreign accent) who is so busy she is turning away volumes of business, yet she hates to see all this business slip by. The manager has requested help from the U.S.E.S., but every worker that the Employment Service has sent has been sloppy, dirty, and unreliable in her work. Since this shop is patronized by a "high" class of people, as are most shops in Evanston, the manager hasn't been able to find the kind of worker she desires through the agency.

The last time Mrs. Bridges went to get her hair fixed, she told this manager of the domestic help she had gotten from among evacuees, and Mrs. B. apparently praised Nobu and Kaz for their neatness and hard working habits. The manager then phoned Nobu to ask if she knew of any Nisei who would be able to do work in her shop, and when Nobu told the manager of Alice Mukai, who's now in Tule Lake, the manager took Nobu's word for it that she was capable and wanted her out immediately. She offered \$27 a month, a bonus

of fifty percent rake-off on every customer beyond a certain point, and all the tips of which there is apparently plenty. A girl could thus make well over one hundred fifty a month. The manager declares that wages are not a consideration with her, she'll pay and pay well for an efficient girl. The manager has since phoned to ask again how soon Alice Mukai can be had.

After the Negro help that the Bridges have had, Nobu and Kaz it seems are turning out favorably in the eyes of the employers. They seem well pleased with them. Of course, the level of intelligence which the Japanese can offer as domestics is pretty high. They come from a background of very strong family and community organization, something which most Negroes of this area probably had not had the advantage of, and the Japanese evacuees who are taking positions as domestics now are often those who have managed enterprises and homes of their own before coming out here. The complaints concerning the former workers is that they were lazy only doing as much as they could get away with. Moreover, it seems that they weren't particularly tidy, and Nobu declares that their nice tile bathroom had dirty splatters all over it when they came in which she's still unable to get off the walls. Whatever are the actual facts concerning the former help, these stories tend to build a picture of prejudice against the Negroes for they fail to take account of the conditions that gave rise to any such characteristics in these individual instances of Negroes and generalizes about the whole race. There are going to develop definite prejudices among the resettlers concerning all kinds of groups that they come in contacts with here in Chicago.

After a light supper, Kaz and Nobu drove us to the station in the Bridge's car. It's a beautiful Cadillac, very high class, but I should have almost preferred riding in something less ostentations. That sort of thing isn't for me. Mrs. Bridges is apparently very thoughtful; she left a note suggesting that Kaz drive us to the station.

The train on the way back was full of people, and it was so crowded that we had to stand practically all the way. It must have been close to midnight when we got home. It was a pleasant day, but the trip takes almost two hours from where we live and it's much too tiring to take on any pretense.

Since this was Sunday morning, Michi and I took things rather leisurely. We read the Sunday paper for a while, and then I worked on Yoshinari's case history. There never seems to be any end to the work that's piled up.

As we ate lunch, we listened to the Philharmonic Orchestra. Jose Iturbi was conducting today, but Michi dislikes him for the matter of fact way in which he interprets his music. We'd promised Tom and Tomi that we might go out together somewhere this afternoon so I called them. There was nothing special that either they or we wanted to do. The afternoon was hot, and, in fact, the wisest thing seemed to be to sit at home and remain cool. But Michi and I joined them with the thought that we might at least go over to the Science and Industry Museum in Jackson Park.

I suppose what most young people want on their day off is to do something exciting and exceptional. There is that internal restlessness and desire to be out doing something on a fine day, but when one asks for suggestions of how to take out that restlessness, no one has any clear cut idea of what he wants to do. From our immediate perspective, I suppose the restricting factor seems to be the lack of funds with which to do what one wants. But, actually, the boredom must be internal; I suspect that if we knew how to enjoy ourselves, it could be done at a minimum cost. For myself, sitting and reading is as enjoyable as anything else, but I don't suppose Michi would feel much like that on Sunday. I suppose most Nisei in Chicago today feels the want of something to do on Sundays and week ends; or one might say that most people in Chicago feel that way. One usually ends up by going to a show.

After some discussion, I urged that we go to Jackson Park to see the museum, so we went. It was warm inside, much more so than I'd expected considering the size of the building. Tom didn't seem very keenly inspired by the exhibits, which happen to be of rather high grade, but Tomi and Michi seemed fairly well interested in all the sights. In part, it may have been Tom's self consciousness about being in a group of Nisei. After wandering around the museum for about an hour, we went outside again to look for an ice cream wagon and cool ourselves off. We wandered over to the beach. What struck me was the mass of humanity that was crowded together on the narrow strip of beach along the Lake Shore Drive. Another thing, there was a remarkable absence of Negroes, although their residential district is within walking distance from this park. I thought I saw one Negro swimmer; I wondered if there were some informal understanding by which Negroes are kept off this beach. Then I wondered what the reception to Nisei on this beach would be, although I assumed that no one would object. Tomi and Michi remarked that they saw a Chinese lying down out there, and I saw a couple of Filipinos with a White girl. A Nisei invariably notices Chinese Filipinos and other Orientals in a crowd of that kind. But I was also impressed by the fact that many of the Caucasians present were probably from varied ethnic backgrounds.

Pare

We wandered back through Jackson Park where thousands of people

Michi and I were still up in the air regarding the Hughes's proposition that we take over their place for about two months. The thing that set off the discussion again this morning was a letter from Shig declaring that he would arrive tomorrow from Minidoka. This notice came pretty much as a surprise, though I'd been expecting my brother-in-law sometime in the near future, but I'd assumed that there would be some correspondence about the matter with a fairly definite date of departure set before he left Minidoka. However, the letter declared that he'd leave the project on Saturday morning, drop in on Boulder for a visit with Fumiko (my sister-in-law who is now teaching Japanese there), and arrive here tomorrow morning.

Michi is perhaps more strongly in favor of taking the Hughes place than I am. If Shig comes out, she says, then a large place where he could be put up right with us would be a savings. Moreover, in the morning mail, we also received a letter from May and mother declaring that Tule Lake has been specifically selected as the segregation point, and she added that if they are to relocate in consequence, she'd as soon make a single move out than to go to another relocation center before coming out. I quite agree with May. But if they come out soon, that means we should have some place for them too. Michi feels that the Hughes's place has enough bedrooms for all of us, and it would be a savings if they could all stop with us instead of going to hotels or otherwise before they find permanent quarters.

Of course, there are the other considerations that make the Hughes offer attractive. There is the piano that Michi has been using in their home, and if we are there then Michi wouldn't have to look for another place at which to practice. Furthermore, they'd make the rent only \$30 a month for us, plus light and gas. On the other hand, the moving would cost something since we've got a lot of junk piled up in our room now. But the key difficulty that I foresee is that we would have to vacate on a particular date, that is, just before the Hughes's return from their summer home. That means that if we find something before then, we can't take the apartment, and if we don't find anything before, we'll have to take anything we can find at the time we vacate. If the offer were for us to stay in their home for five or six months, I'm sure I'd feel inclined to accept immediately, but six weeks to two months is hardly much of a stay to make it worth the trouble and the chances we'd take.

It's pretty certain that we're going to have to move out of present place. Michi must have a piano in the home to practice on. It's too inconvenient to borrow someone else's all the time. Pianos can be rented for about \$5 a month, I understand, if we don't ask for too much, and that would be sufficient to make Michi happy. She feels that the only way a person can really get anything done is to have the instrument at hand where she can sit down to practice any time there's a spare moment or too. We'll have to find

an apartment large enough for at least three of us, Shig, Michi and me, and this assumes too that Mother and May will be going somewhere into some home as domestics. I hate the idea of mother being tied down to some home, but it would be the best arrangement from the standpoint of giving them security and a possibility of saving something before the war's over.

These and other thoughts kept running through my head all morning, and although I was concentrating on my work at the office, I nevertheless felt an inner tension and disturbance that kept me in a state of restlessness. I know the Hugheses would like to have us take their place for the period, and I'd like to oblige them, but there are too many risks involved in being tied down to a single place for a specified period. In our present place, we can give the landlady a week's notice and clear out. Of course, there's a certain obligation with the landlady too. She's been very good to us---she's the kind of woman who would throw out any one who complained about living with Japs and retain us by preference, and one doesn't run across people like that every day. It makes it a little difficult to tell her that we're just walking out on her too.

The problem kept worrying me all day. I'd promised to give some thought to the question before I hurriedly left Michi this morning, but I couldn't arrive at any clear cut decision.

In the afternoon, I met Michi downtown about three o'clock. She wants to buy a birthday gift for me, and, as she says, "It's a little funny for me to drag you downtown to choose your own present, but we're not young any longer and it's better that you get something you really want and can use." We looked at some wooden filing cabinets at Horder's, and I felt that would be an ideal gift, except that these filing cabinets are such large affairs, and considering the transient state of our lives, I felt we shouldn't burden ourselves with too many large articles of furniture. The other choices are a book shelf, or a leather brief case.

These days I'm afraid to buy anything. For one thing, we should save. But anything we buy is an added burden in any later moves that we make, and there are bound to be a lot of them. It'll cost money to move any large articles like a filing cabinet, although it would certainly add to one's efficiency of work to have such a thing around the home. If and when we settle down, then we'll fix things up right. Michi and I often talk of what we're going to do when things settle down so that we can have a home of our own where we know we'll remain for at least a few years, or even a year. I don't even know how soon I'm to be drafted. The general drift seems to be in the direction of drafting all Nisei of eligible age. In many ways, I'll be glad when that day comes, for it will clear my mind of all the immediate uncertainties.

I couldn't decide on anything specific for a gift so we let the matter go for today. Michi bought a lot of children's books for Bea Higman's child---she was the one who arranged a subscription to the Christian Science Monitor for us while we were in the center---and for Helen Erickson who came to visit us before we were evacuated.

In the evening, a telegram arrived saying that Shig would arrive on the 10:40 streamliner from Denver. Michi no doubt was happy to know that her brother was coming. She immediately started cleaning house in preparation for his arrival remarking as she did so that we'd never have our house cleaned if our relatives didn't turn up now and then. That's the truth. We went over all the rooms putting them pretty much in ship shape. She even wanted to scrub the kitchen floor but I dissuaded her since she'd worked hard enough. I'm constantly surprised at her housekeeping instinct, for she surely didn't have it at the time we were married, but she's pretty much like her mother in all these things. Michi doesn't keep an immaculate house, but what she does she accomplishes with care for the most minute details.

If Michi had a good piano in the home and a few intelligent pupils to teach, and if I had just my work to be concerned about and some good books to study, I suppose our life would be as happy as we'd want it. I hope that some day we can get all that straightened out. For the present, I suppose we shall have to make the best of our situation, and just dream about the time when we may have an ideal condition in the home.

According to his wire of yesterday, Shig was to arrive this morning on the streamliner from Denver, the same one we came in on, so we got down to the Northwestern Station by 10:30. An issei man came up to us at the gate as if we were the ones whom he was expecting in on some train, but he turned away when he recognized his error. There was one other nisei chap waiting around the station. Shig came in all right, bronzed as an Indian from his work out on the farm during the past month. Since he had only one bag, we took the El. back home to save the extra fare.

Shig had a lot to tell us of the folks and the conditions in Minidoka. He stopped off to see Fumiko, his oldest sister, in Boulder where she is now teaching. He says that she seemed quite happy with her situation after a week of residence there, and is enjoying her work although it takes a lot of time. Fumiko stopped at a hotel for a while, but she has now moved into a sorority house, something which she had always wanted to experience. In Shig's opinion, the evacuation has had its hardships and heartaches, but for Fumiko it has led to the best experiences of her life. Back in Seattle, Fuch was restless and dissatisfied with what she was doing. She's an extremely active girl, full of energy and interest in life, and although she was teaching violin to some of the Japanese pupils there, she never had the opportunity to utilize all her capabilities. At Minidoka, however, she was given a position as the manager of a lot of girls in the Clothing Grant Office, and she apparently made an excellent administrator of the office. She was certainly as happy there as I'd ever seen her. Now, she is teaching Japanese which also means studying the language, but she enjoys studying about as much as anything. Fuch likes to read books, she has a natural aptitude for mathematics, and has a wonderful memory as well as a very quick mind. Boulder is offering her all the outlets that she's heretofore been unable to realize.

Shig feels that his mother and father, although they are now left to themselves and therefore may be a little lonesome, should get along all right despite the fact that their children have all left them for the first time in their lives. Mother will now have only dad's clothes to wash and iron, and will have time to knit and crochet, or do other things, which she has been anxious to do for some time.

We arrived home and offered Shig the alternative of sleeping on the back porch on the extra bed which we have, or of taking the extra front room that is open on this floor of our apartment. The latter costs \$4.50 a week. Shig decided in favor of sleeping on our extra bed since this will enable him to save more. He's quite concerned not to run up his expenses during the first weeks, although I consider that an excellent idea. We sat around cooling off, and talking of this and that while Michi prepared lunch for us.

He experienced nothing unpleasant on the trip from Minidoka. He took the coach from Shoshone to Denver, and found it most uncomfortable and as dirty as any train could be. In consequence, he decided on the streamliner from Denver, and although it cost him

\$45.00 including an upper berth, he felt the price worth it considering the comfort of the travel.

The news that irritates me most is that Minidoka, and probably all the other centers, is becoming increasingly unbearable as a place to live. The attitude of the WRA is apparently that it is worth it to cut down on the cost of living at the centers even at the price of antagonizing the people if this method will succeed in forcing people to relocate. For one thing, the administration at Minidoka has thrown a large number of people out of work by declaring that only one person out of a single family may be on the project pay roll. In firing workers, mistakes were made and some families had all their workers fired. Furthermore, they are cutting down on food expenses, and during the past month or so they've had an unusual ration of katsuo (bonita fish) which the issei may like but the nisei certainly do not find appetizing in large quantities. Finally, if the people complain of the conditions in the center, the attitude that Stafford takes is the "tough man" act of saying, "If you don't like the conditions here, you know what you can do. You can get out; the gates are wide open." This is roughly what he says, according to Shig.

I doubt that this attitude is either justifiable or likely to solve the problem. In the case of the nisei, there may be some justification for sending them out before the end of the war, although as long as the WRA is unable to find them decent jobs on the outside I don't see the grounds for taking a tough attitude towards the nisei. But in the case of the issei, I doubt that there's any justification. After all, the issei are much too old to start life over again. They've always lived in a Japanese community with the meed of protection which such communities offered them, and their economy was based on practices which they developed over a long period of years. Now to throw them out into strange American communities where no Japanese community solidarity exists to reinforce^{against} their insecurities and where they will find it difficult to make any kind of favorable economic adjustment is undeniably unjust. The likelihood is that if the policy is pursued to its logical conclusion, it will create another pariah group of those who can neither be adequately assimilated into American society nor for whom there can be found an adequate place in American society. However, to let the Japanese remain in the centers doesn't solve the problem either, for some disposition of them must be made by the end of the war, but that's the paradox which the evacuation has created. It has destroyed the organic place of the Japanese in America, and now it is so late in the lives of issei that it's almost impossible to make any further place for them.

Shig mentioned that Mr. Tastumá was concerned about my relations with Dr. Steiner. I haven't written to Dr. Steiner for a long time, but I know what's troubling him about me. For one thing, he is probably irritated over the fact that I didn't take his advice to voluntarily evacuate to the outside before the evacuation took place. I suppose my decision against it was, in a sense, flaunting my in-

dependence in his face, and Dr. Steiner perhaps didn't like the idea of my not accepting his suggestion of voluntary evacuation without questioning. Moreover, I'm sure he's quite concerned as to my opinion of his latest book "Behind the Japanese Mask" (or whatever was the title of the thing) for I criticized him previously on the rough draft of what he has to say there. It seemed to me that he was unfairly evaluating Japanese psychology without sufficiently taking into account the peculiar structure of Japanese society that makes for a different view of social values. But the thing that irks him as much as anything, perhaps, is the fact that I have not yet volunteered for military service. This was something he has been urging since the outbreak of war. Dr. Steiner's view is that military service will be of infinite value to me when I seek a position in the post-war years, and that he will not be in a position to offer me the job at Washington again unless I have served in the Army. He also has two sons in the service, and I suppose he regards it as selfish on my part not to participate in this thing as all the other American youths are participating. I suppose he feels that I'm shirking my duty as a citizen.

It is the possibility that Dr. Steiner thinks of me as shirking my duty that irritates me more than anything. The thought bothered me all day, after learning of Tatsumi's inquiries of Shig, and I could feel myself rationalizing my own position with all kinds of arguments to myself. I thought: "Dr. Steiner doesn't seem to have a sufficient sympathetic understanding of the position of the evacuees. To him it seems that the only problem is that of just joining the army in anticipation of the future, but life isn't as simple as that. I've got to think of relocating my mother and sister, of getting them securely into some position where they'll be taken care of for the duration and some time after the war. Moreover, there is Michi's family to think of also. Besides, the evacuation has taken something away from the Japanese that isn't replaced by merely overlooking the fact of the evacuation and putting it into the past. Why shouldn't I continue with the study as long as possible gathering such information as is available which might be of aid in representing their case more fairly in the post-war years. Dr. Steiner, after all, is secure, and so are his children so far as the security of their parents and of themselves go. What assurance is there that the bulk of nisei soldiers are going to receive justice in the matter of getting jobs after the war even if they are veterans." These and other arguments were whirling through my mind all afternoon.

To tell the truth, the pressure to join the army is great. It's the simplest answer to my problems in many ways. One doesn't feel comfortable walking the streets when all the other young fellows of one's own age is in uniform. There is the problem of the future, and even if the other nisei don't come out so well, I have a chance of getting a teaching position after the war if I join now. I have a chance of getting killed, but that's a chance that every soldier takes. And if I'm to put teeth into the claim that I am a loyal citizen, joining the army seems the best way of doing so. I suppose I shall ultimately arrive at the decision to join, that

is, to accept induction if it comes, without opposition. But I resent the implication that I'm possibly shirking my duty.

This evening, Kumeo Yoshinari came over according to his promise to give me a further interview. Michi and Shig went out to a show since they didn't want to sit around while our interview was going on. I fixed the cold supper that Michi had already prepared and Kum and I ate and talked. Kum strikes me by his odd combination of Americanization and Japanese-ness. From his accounts I gather that he was raised in a community with considerable free contact with Caucasians. He even had Caucasian girl friends. But his English is very poor for one who has been raised among Caucasians, and there are certain psychological traits that are distinctly more Japanese than American. I suspect, for instance, a considerable self consciousness on his part; there isn't that boldness and frankness of expression that is more the characteristic of Americans. His use of English is characterized by an extremely awkward circumlocution, which makes for an indirectness of speech about very simple subjects.

I found it difficult to get anything from him about his family life; he seemed reluctant to talk about it. But my suspicion is that his father and mother, or his home life, must have been rather characteristically Japanese. This assumption offers an interesting hypothesis. Very few nisei, even those whom we regard as thoroughly Americanized, are in fact Americanized all the way through. The only cases of thoroughgoing Americanization are in fellows like Charlie Kikuchi, but he didn't have any contacts with his parents. In the case of Americanized nisei, there is always that trace of Japanese influence that comes through especially in the personality of the individual, or perhaps one might say his psychology. The cultural behavior of the nisei may be thoroughly American, but I am saying that his psychology differs from most Americans. Take Naj, Tom, Kay, and myself, for example; culturally we are quite American, I assume, but there is a varying degree of reservation, inhibition about saying things directly to others, and self consciousness that distinguishes us from other Americans of our class. Naj, for instance, finds his most amiable associates among people like the Billigmeiers, Carters, and Elbersons, but there isn't that free-going manner about him that characterizes the latter. It seems that certain feelings and sentiments get inlaid in the personality of the nisei very early in his "Japanese" family life which isn't erased by the cultural contacts with American society.

Last night Shig and I discussed the desirability of getting down to the WRA office early enough in the morning to avoid the late morning and afternoon rush in that office. However, this morning Shig seemed pretty tired from the travelling since he continued to sleep beyond the appointed time so I let him rest and went to the office instead.

Amey
Louise arrived and told us of the housing problem encountered by two girls, a story she had heard from Dr. Tashiro. A woman named Mrs. Lemon, who is said to work for the Greyhound Bus Co., sub-leased some rooms to two Nisei girls, one of whom is a pianist training under Rudolph Ganz by the name of Miyamoto. As Tashiro told it, the woman apparently had been going through the girls's mail, and she read something in them that infuriated her. On the Monday night of July 19 she accosted the girls, and told them to get out. One version of the story is that the girls refused declaring that they are American citizens with the right to live as any other citizens. Thereupon, Mrs. Lemon slapped them, kicked them, called them names, and forced them out of their rooms at midnight and locked the door on them.

Miss Miyamoto, who was scheduled to give a program with another girl who is a violinist, found that she could not give the program on the appointed date because she couldn't get at her clothes. No information was offered as to where the girls went for the night. In any case, they went to Dr. Tashiro for advice, and he called a police officer who is his friend and told him of the trouble. The officer went with the girls to find out about the trouble, and since he didn't have much time to decide the case nor to trouble about it, suggested that the girls move out. He also told the woman that she had better unlock the door for the girls to permit them to get their clothes and equipment. They moved out on the following Monday and is now stopping with a friend until they can find something else.

The thought that irritated me, and the rest of us I assume, was that the woman had the nerve to go through the girls's mail. This is ordinarily a federal offense, and still is, but I suppose this brand of American would feel entirely justified in intercepting the mail of evacuees in the hope of finding something to turn into the F.B.I.

We were expecting Prof. Lundberg today since he wrote that he might stop in at our office on his way out to the West Coast. I wanted to meet Lundberg, but since I promised Shig that I would go downtown to the WRA office with him, I asked Tom to take over the job of entertaining the gentleman. As it later turned out, Lundberg didn't show up after all although Tom was around the office all afternoon.

Shig and I started downtown to take care of the various business that requires clearing up on arrival. He was to wire to his mother and dad of his arrival immediately upon setting foot here, but he forgot about it yesterday. So today even before we took the El. to go downtown, we stopped at 63rd at a Western Union Station and wrote out the telegram, "Arrived safely yesterday. Staying with Miyamotos. Everything Okay." I'm sure mother and dad

will be glad to get word from Shig. They're alone now in Minidoka; it's the first time in years and years that all their children have been away from them. When I took Michi with me to Tule Lake, I suppose that was quite a blow to Mrs. Morita---she showed it although she was brave---and to Mr. Morita although he hardly expressed any feeling about it. It was the first time Michi was away from them in all her life, except for the brief period that her mother was visiting in Japan several years ago, and she was her father's favorite child on top of it. Then about two weeks ago, Fumiko finally got the wire from Boulder telling her to come on for the teaching job there. A week later, or less, Shig left to come here. Now they're all by themselves, and I can imagine that they're pretty lonesome after all these years of constantly living together. The Moritas are a close knit family, more so than even most Japanese families, and the shock of having all the children leave at once must be rather severe. However, Fumiko wrote in her letter after arrival at Boulder that her mother didn't even cry when Fuch left.

Michi instructed me to phone our regrets to Mrs. Hughes about not being able to take their place. It's too much trouble to move in only for six weeks or so; it upsets my work, and isn't worth the trouble considering the brevity of time we'll be there. Of course, there would be advantages in having a piano at hand for Michi, but we're planning to move into a larger place anyway, and it would be better if we took our time looking for that than to be rushed into a new place at the end our term at the Hugheses. Mrs. Hughes had been quite anxious to have us over at their place, but today when I told her our final decision, she was understanding about it. It seems she doesn't intend to hunt further for someone to stay in the home, although she said that if we heard of anyone wanting a place for a short while among the evacuees to let her know.

As we walked into the Security Building and approached the hallway leading to the WRA office, we ran into Cal Sakamoto at the top of the stairs. Cal. was at Tule Lake and that's where I got to know him. He's a tall, nice looking fellow with a ready smile. He's no intellect and sometimes shoots off his opinions openly without giving thorough consideration to what he's saying, but he's a good fellow in any case. Today he had a long tale of woe to give us about his job hunting experiences, although one couldn't notice any depression in his spirits over it. He seemed babbling over as much as usual.

"How are you," said Calvin, so I explained that I was getting along and then inquired what he was doing and where he was staying. "I'm not doing anything," he went on, "except to stick around this office and look for a job. Just now I'm leaving north of town up near the Edgewater Beach Hotel. Frank Nakamura's wife's brother and Frank Tsukamoto had an apartment up there, but Frank (Tsukamoto) went out on a recruiting job for Edgewater Beach Hotel and he told me to use his apartment until I found something for myself. Frank said that the place was paid for until August 5th, and there would be an extra place there ~~any~~ anyway while he's out at Tule Lake getting men for the Hotel, so I took him up on it. At least it

helps to save expense and the pennies mount up you know."

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"I've been all over town hunting for a job and haven't landed anything yet although I've been looking for five weeks now. I got into Chicago the latter part of June. I've had some experience in mechanics work so I thought I'd get into some defense work. I went around to all the big companies like G.E., International Harvesters, and so on, but those big outfits won't even look at us. A friend of mine and I thought we'd try to go in together and we've hunting around. He's got his tools with him, and he's had a little more experience and training than I---oh, yeah, he's a better mechanic than I am---but I thought we could find something that would pay about a \$1.00 or \$1.25 an hour. I've gone all over the city, but they all give you the same old brush off. This friend of mine has a job now and he's getting \$1.02 an hour. That's all right. He happened to have some extra money he could spend so he bought himself about \$100 worth of tools, but I haven't got that much to spend on tools and I'm waiting for mine to come out. I sent for it back home, but it hasn't come yet, and I just wired for the tools today. I hope I get them soon."

"One place we went to, we talked to everybody in the place and finally got up to the president of the company. He was a pretty good guy and after talking to us for a while he seemed to like us all right. Finally he said he'd talk to the personnel man in his office and see what they could line up for us. He took us to the personnel man, and they took our application and told us to call back on it. Well, the personnel man apparently didn't like the idea of hiring us, probably thought it might not go over so well with the other workers, and they gave us the brush off. I guess it's pretty bad when even the president of the company can't do anything for us because the personnel man doesn't like the idea of hiring us."

"Another place we went to, we talked to the department superintendent and the fellow seemed to like us all right. After talking to us for a while he told us to come to work on Monday morning. Gee, we were happy, we thought we'd finally landed something. So Monday morning we went to work bright and early, and then who should come up to us but the general manager. He greets us, "Hello, boys," and then he starts in explaining to us how the workers whom he thought would be quitting had decided to stay on their jobs so that they wouldn't be needing us anymore. With that, he just turns and walks off. Gee, we were mad. Hell, we get hired, and then we're fired even before we start work."

"Mr. Shirrell was telling me that I and another fellow, Charlie Kikuchi, are the only ones who have received clearance from the joint hearing board in this area so far. I thought with the clearance I might get somewhere in finding a job, but it hasn't made a damn bit of difference. You can't get a defense job without clearance from the joint hearing board, and you can't get a job with the clearance. What's a guy to do? I've been hounding the old man (Mr. Shirrell) ever since I got here. I kid around with him, and tell him what I think now and then. I tell him, how about getting me something in defense work now that I've got my clearance, and

he just tells me that one clearance is only a drop in the bucket, that there's hundreds of other guys that are waiting for their clearance. He wants me to go into farming at \$70 a month. Hell, if I were going into farming, I'd have stayed right back there in camp. We've got a farm out on the coast, and we can make a living off of it. You know, when I was still in camp, my friend and I heard of some jobs up at Medford (Oregon) that was paying \$1.50 an hour for semi-skilled mechanics work. Of course, we couldn't get to Medford, but we figured we'd be able to get at least a \$1.20 or \$1.25 an hour on a job out here. We wrote to Shirrell asking about it, and he wrote right back saying, "Come on out." He felt sure they'd be able to find something for us. Well, we thought that was pretty good, so we packed right up and came out here. But the WRA hasn't be able to help us a damned bit. The jobs they get you pay only about 55 or 65¢ an hour. If I'd known that I'd never have come out. I'd have stayed right there in camp and go back to the farm when they'd left us."

"Right now we've got something lined up at the International Harvester Co. that we think may work out all right. We've been seeing everybody in that place, and they finally agreed to let us know in a few days what their decision on the matter is. If we can get a job there, I'll be able to get about \$1.20 an hour and my friend will get about \$1.26 an hour, with a chance for advancement. The International Harvesters are a big outfit and if we can crack that place, maybe it'll lead to other openings for Nisei. I'm just hoping they come through. Everyone was nice to us."

"I've been going to about two places a day. We've tried everything from all the big outfits to the small factories, but it doesn't make any difference. They're not interested in taking us. Well, I've got to be running along. See you again," and with these remarks Cal took his departure.

Shig and I went into the WRA office. Cal's was the first case of exceptional difficulty in finding a position that I'd heard of and I was impressed by the barriers that stands in the way of the resettler in finding anything decent. Of course, if Cal were willing to take anything, he could probably have a job this afternoon, but he's trying to get into semi-skilled work with pay comparable to that type of work, and that's a different proposition. Shig, too, I suppose was impressed with the problems confronting him in finding anything along the line of accounting.

A lot of my friends were in the outer waiting room as I walked in. Ted and Alice Watanabe were setting there, and when they came out after seeing Shirrell, we promised to see each other later in the evening. Henry Takeda, who was a lawyer in Sacramento and at Tule, said to be a very brilliant student in his recent law school days, was sitting there and greeted me. I had scarcely known him in Tule Lake, but today we were like old friends. I noticed that the Italian-looking Caucasian girl who was previously the receptionist was no longer anywhere around the office. She struck me then as being a bit uppity, and I wondered if she quit the job because she couldn't stand the daily and constant contact with Japanese.

Jobs
As I talked to Henry Takeda, I sensed that he was both depressed and bitter about the barriers standing in the way of economic opportunities for fellows like himself. Henry is a pretty smooth fellow with a rather slick tongue and a twinkle in his eyes that usually gets him what he wants, but although all this was still a part of him, below the surface of his savoir faire I noted uncertainty and a deep sense of insecurity. He talked freely of his troubles.

"I came out in early July, about July 5th. My wife came out first, because I'd volunteered and I wanted her to be resettled, but I was rejected due to my health and I came out since. We've been in Cleveland the past month. Cleveland's all right, but I couldn't find anything there so I came here a couple of days ago. I'm here only for about ten days. If I could get into anything, defense work or anything, that would pay a decent wage, I'd get into it. I spent a lot of time looking around in Cleveland, but I couldn't find anything that would pay enough to keep us going. By god, I've got to find something soon. I can't go on living like this without a job."

"I mentioned the case of my lawyer friend who was in Chicago until recently trying to get something, and of what he'd told me about having some law firm clerical jobs that he'd had lined up. I mentioned that he'd gone to Madison.) "What kind of a place is Madison?" (I replied that it was a very attractive town though without much industry.) "I don't think clerical jobs in law firms pay very much. Law firms are pretty hard to get into anyway, and there isn't any reciprocity in the case of lawyers as in that of doctors. The laws of different states vary, you know, and you have to take an exam for each different state."

"I thought I might get into Civil Service so I made my applications. The Civil Service Commission was very cordial, but nothing ever came of it. I knew a friend in the War Manpower Commission who thought he might be able to get me into the Federal Tax Comm. I thought I could work at that kind of thing all right. They were hopeful and I waited around thinking that I might be able to get in, but the federal offices have become increasingly careful about taking Nisei and they stalled me off. Nothing came of it."

"It's getting tougher for the Nisei to get into Civil Service and federal agencies ever since the Dies Committee Hearings. All the agitation against the Japanese makes the public cautious about hiring any evacuees. Somebody in the higher governmental offices should come out with a statement for the evacuees, someone like President Roosevelt. I went to the WRA office in Cleveland several times in the hope of finding something through them, but they couldn't help me. They're all right, but they aren't in a position to help. This office (indicating the Chicago WRA) is the same way. There are more helpers here, its a bigger office and busier, but there probably aren't more than a couple of people here who are capable of doing their work. Anyway, Mr. Shirrell doesn't have the power to do much

for the evacuees. His hands are tied."

Intro
"The people in Cleveland are very kind. The apartment where we live, the landlady has been extremely kind and we've made a lot of other friends there. I'd like to find something there and stay in that city, but if I can't find anything we'll have to move out. The man living in the apartment below us, for example, doesn't want us to leave, and when he heard that I was having a hard time finding something, he offered to go to his boss and speak to him about giving me a job. He's working in some kind of defense plant. I don't know if anything came of it, I haven't heard yet. My wife is there now."

"If the Nisei are given a chance, I think most Caucasians would get to like us. I think they'd find that we're good efficient workers, and they'd find us easy to get along with."

Just then a man whom I've seen around Chicago, a short Issei-ish sort of fellow, came in and Henry went off with him. He told me as he went out that he was staying with this fellow whose name is Nakamura. I couldn't help feeling that Henry was pretty worried about his situation. I later learned that his wife was not well, and that he'd like to be in Chicago where he'd be near a doctor that he could get help from, like Dr. Baba.

Henry
Shig went in to see Mr. Daugherty. In the meantime, Mr. Shirrell came by and stopped to talk to me. As is his habit now, he unloads his worries upon those whom he knows. Said he, "How's the work going? Do hear from the Thomases; are they coming out this way again soon? Your associate, Kikuchi, was in to see me a little while ago. He was telling me about the housing problems he's heard about. The trouble is a lot of these young girls don't realize that they've got to watch their steps if they're not going to get put out of their homes. Some of them have large groups of fellows all the time, or invite a lot of their friends to their place. If they're noisy until late at night, people are going to object; it doesn't matter whether they're Caucasians, or Japanese, or what. Some of these girls are inviting fellows up to their bedrooms, and it's not surprising that people object to that sort of thing. They don't seem to know any better than that. It's the result of their life in the centers where they didn't have anyplace other than their one room in which to entertain, but they've got to learn better here. (I objected that there were other instances of clear-cut discrimination in these cases.) Oh, I'm not trying to rationalize our position."

Jobs
"We've been having a lot of trouble with these fellows who stay on a job for a few weeks and then quit without even telling their employers about it. We find a job for them, and then just as we think we've got them settled, the employers calls us to say that the boy just dropped out without even telling him about it. We're getting a terrible reputation for sending out these "six-weeks Japs". That's what a lot of employers are calling them. It's fellows like that one there (Shirrell indicated a young fellow with a Filipino haircut who was sitting there filling out a form) who's causing us

all our headaches. And there's that other young fellow (he indicated another of the same variety who was sitting at the far end filling in some other forms). He's been here in Chicago for over a month and he hasn't moved a finger to find any employment. This is the first time he's been in our office since he first arrived here. (Shaking his head) I don't know what we're going to do with them. The trouble with them is that they go in gangs. One fellow in the gang decided to quit his job and change over to something else, and he takes the whole gang with him. They don't even realize that they have to get their releases before they can quit."

"The trouble with these kids is that they've never learned to take responsibilities. They're folks have always made the important decisions for them; they're just immature."

JL
(I mentioned to Mr. Shirrell that Shig was looking for a job as an accountant.) "Have him write to Kendall Smith. Kendall's lined up some accountant's offers up there. He found a job for one girl that's paying her \$37.50 a week. I think that's a pretty good job. Of course, when you speak of accounting, more often it's just bookkeeping, but accounting jobs are pretty hard to find now."

Mr. Shirrell went off, and Shig came along about then. He had one application blank for a position with Seidman and Seidman, a company here that wants an accountant who will go around on out-of-town jobs. Shig wasn't sure that he wanted an out-of-town job, or one that required travelling out of the city. He had also heard of the Rockford jobs that Mr. Smith had lined up, but he wasn't sure he wanted to go out of town. However, he felt himself open to suggestions. We walked over to the station to pick up Shig's baggage. We caught a taxi and got everything on easily enough. The cab driver was a friendly fellow and started talking to us after I'd made the initial approach.

Said the cab driver: "There are quite a few of you fellows coming in now aren't there. I've driven some fellows up to W. Van Buren out on the West Side. (Bretheren's Hostel) We've got six of your boys working at our shop (the cab repair shop on the West Side). There's one boy there, Willie, who's really a whiz. We drive up, tell him the shanks on the spring need tightening up, or ask him to do something else for the car, and he's got it done just like that. Willie's all right. He does a neat job on anything we ask him for. I just drive up and say to him 'Willie, how about touching up the carburetor a little?' Willie just hops to it and in no time he gets the thing fixed just right. The other boys are all right too. There was one young fellow who came in and got a job, but you could tell he didn't know anything. But we kid em along. Oh, those boys are getting along all right out there."

The cab man went on to relate his social and political philosophy, and we left him in very good humor at the end of the drive.

It was only a few minutes after we returned home that Ted and Alice Watanabe came up. I had thought that Alice would drop in alone

for they had said that Ted would be going to see other people. It was just before suppertime and it was a little embarrassing to Michi since she hadn't expected them for supper, but there was plenty to go around since we were having a Japanese supper tonight. That'd the convenience of Japanese meals, you can stretch them more easily. (See CH-303 of July 28, 1943 for further discussion of what went on).

One thing that I notice about Ted, he's acutely conscious of appearances. For instance, he's always kidding his wife about her fatness, and I suppose he unconsciously compares her with Michi who happens to be slender, almost skinny. I don't feel it's quite fair to Alice, for whatever her weight---and she doesn't look too bad although she carries some excess weight---, she's an extremely fine girl. Alice on her part takes it all in good nature, and kids Ted about his being spoiled. She understands him well, and makes a good wife for him.

Ted was born in Japan but came to Hawaii while very young. As a consequence he doesn't have his citizenship, and it's eating into him. He's been trying everything to get into the Army, for that's the only way now that he can get his first papers. Without citizenship, he's not in a position to gain licenses to practice med. in many states, and he's finding all kinds of barriers right now about getting positions. It seems to me the person without citizenship is inclined to value American citizenship much more than the person with it, at least it's true among nisei. Whereas most nisei blame their difficulties upon their race, the American-bred non-citizen Japanese, tends to blame his difficulties upon his lack of citizenship. It almost comes to the point where the possession of citizenship almost seems a panacea for all their ills. Especially is this the case in fellows like Ted who are so thoroughly Americanized that they feel they get along better with Caucasians than other nisei. Ted is inclined to feel, I believe, that unlike many nisei he has no problem about social contacts with Caucasians, yet that his lack of citizenship is the barrier that obstructs his advancement here.

After Ted and Alice left, this evening, Shig remarked, "They're pro-American, aren't they." It struck me as peculiar that we now raise the question among nisei whether they are pro-American or otherwise. There is a sense in which this view is meaningful; since so many nisei have come to feel bitter about the evacuation, the pro-American can only be the person who, in spite of evacuation and all other discrimination, still considers America his final and ultimate home. Our hallway door was open, and Michi wondered if the girl next door might not have heard the comment, and others which I was making on the subject. There is always the problem that walls have ears, and that people may understand our meaning.

mis

Today was my birthday and I'm now thirty-one. It's a little terrifying the way time flies; there's so much to do and so little time to do it. In another thirty years I'll be over sixty, but I feel that in that time I've got to do some really original thinking about sociology and produce something that's worth while. It means learning a lot about cultures and society that I don't know now; I've got to achieve a thoroughgoing knowledge of anthropology, social psychology, history, economics, and political science, not to mention sociology. I've got to take account of all these things and work out a sociology that makes sense to me. I want to be a Darwin in sociology. These are the thoughts that dominate my mind as I pass another milestone. Ambitious? Yes! But I was always ambitious to achieve the impossible. The details of the future, the details of personal life and of one's own personal limitations, don't loom large in the thinking of the moment, and it is only because they don't enter into consideration that I can hold these ambitions.

I went off to the office early to get my work done before Kaz and Nobu arrive and we'll be off downtown to celebrate the birthday. Charlie came in and started talking of the things he had learned from his visit with Shirrell yesterday. Shirrell gave him a further account of the N. Clark St. incident, but it's substantially as we heard it before. According to Shirrell's version the Filipinos were waiting to attack the boys, and no move was made by the latter to incite the attack, at least on that occasion. The night before, one of the boys named Ishibashi had a fight with a Filipino but the argument was settled without incident at the time. Charlie feels that Shirrell hasn't a well rounded picture of the incident, for he's failed to take into account all the personal factors of jealousy that entered into the affair. Shirrell's opinion is that it was merely the Filipino attitude towards Japanese which had most to do with the incident, but our other information would lead us to believe that the threat of the Hawaiian boys taking over the spotlight of the N. Clark St. district from the Filipinos, and the arguments over women probably had more to do with it.

Charlie also learned that the Tule Lake people will have the choice of going to Topaz, Minidoka, Heart Mountain, or Granada. These centers, it seems, are the ones which will be retained by the WRA the longest. Tule Lake is to have a 8 feet fence put around it. My guess is that the fence will be an invitation to escape rather than the contrary; none of those evacuees would think of it as long as they left the thing as it is. It's another symbol of something to resent and tear down. The "Disloyal" in Tule Lake will be given freedom to do what they want in the way of teaching Japanese, having Japanese entertainment, etc. And they'll have them, I'm sure, for their position will become increasingly clearly defined as that of the "Jap" group, and they'll do everything to convince themselves of the rightness of their choice.

Charlie was most concerned about the fact that Shirrell talks a lot about the zoot suit variety of nisei who are coming into Chicago and making it tough for the WRA to carry on its relocation

war
program. Shirrell told Charlie, "The draft will be the best thing in the world for those boys," which is the same statement he made to me yesterday when I was there right after Charlie. I agree with Charlie's vehement contention that the draft will solve nothing for these fellows, or any other nisei. The post-war problems will be the same as the problems today, in fact tougher, and if the boys aren't learning to adjust now, they can't be expected to adjust after the war when there most likely will be a lot of disillusionment among the nisei. Charlie declares that Shirrell seems to think if he can get these problems off his hands, his problems are solved for him, but Charlie thinks this is merely postponing an issue until the thing becomes even more difficult to handle. I agree with Charlie; my reaction to Shirrell's view was exactly the same. The point of it all is this, the WRA is one of the weakest agencies of the ~~ARGUMENT~~ Government from the standpoint of its power to accomplish anything. As Takeda says, it's hands are tied. Shirrell must feel this keenly, and so he comes to the conclusion that his problems must be simplified ~~by~~ tour de force, and the logic prescribed by the sociologist's view has no longer any significance to the administrator. There must be an interesting psychology involved in the demoralization of the administrators of Government agencies that have no power. Shirrell doesn't think much of the Hawaiians, and I suspect his tendency now is to treat them categorically as "bad eggs".

The story that's getting around is that the U.S. Employment Service isn't helping the nisei as much as before the publicity from the Dies Hearings. In some circles it's leading to bitterness against the Dies Comm. for having initially given the adverse publicity, and also against the U.S.E.S. for not helping the nisei in spite of it. No check has been made to verify the truth of this rumor, but it shall be made.

Kaz and Nobu came down from Winnethka, and we had lunch together. I'm afraid that the isolation in Winnethka isn't particularly good for Kaz. At Tule Lake, the close association he had with young people, and the great amount of organizational activity in which he participated in the church group there, made of Kaz a much more sociable chap than I'd ever before known him to be. If Kaz had the opportunity to give expression to his organizational ability, a type of work that enjoys doing, he could fit into almost any group and at the same time be deeply affected by his associates. Where it's just a liquid informal social group, he lacks interest in participating, and he holds himself aloof from association as if he didn't give a damn about the people. I suspect a basic inferiority feeling about himself, but he gains self satisfaction in organizational work which he knows he does well. It is in the latter instance when there is active interpersonal relations with his associates, and it's then that he's most influenced by his contacts. I suspect issei are that way; it's probably their inferiority feelings about participating in American groups that restrains them from being influenced by American society. If they didn't feel inferior in American society, they could more easily participate in

American society and thus become acculturated.

Kaz and Nobu find their work much as it was before. The Bridges are earnestly seeking a farm now, and they think they'll have Kaz manage the farm. Kaz, however, has different ideas although he hasn't told this to Mr. Bridges, for he has no desire to work on a farm again.

See Went to the office and got home in time to change before going down to China town for our little celebration. Tom and I agreed that since there will be seven in our party tonight, it would be better if Tom and Tomi went down by themselves while we took our own way here. That way we're not so conspicuous. The first time I went to Chinatown since coming back here, I felt a little uneasy about going to Chinatown, but the place doesn't phase me a bit now. Ted and Alice tell us that Dr. Tashiro is advising nisei not to go to a certain Chinese restaurant named Shanghai Low (or some such) for the restaurant hires some Filipino restaurants who try to make things unpleasant for the nisei.

Today, unlike the last time we were at Tai Dong, the place was a little rushed. Anyway, we waited an inordinately long time for our meal to be served, and I got to thinking that this method of stalling us might be a way of their telling us they didn't want our patronage. The waiters just didn't seem to be paying any attention to us. We got our meal all right; maybe all my suspicions were the result of imagining. I suppose this is the way paranoids get started. The head waiter was cheeffer enough when we first came in, and actually the place was busy, but the fact that it seemed the waiter was purposely ignoring us got me.

We came back on the El. altogether, and sat around at our place chewing the rag some more. Kaz and Nobu left early to get back home, but Tom and Tomi stayed with us. The subject of conversation was the indirectness of Japanese approach in social relations. Shig told us of an incident that happened to him recently in Minidoka. A certain nisei girl in his block, attractive in appearance but rather Japanese in personality, took a liking to him and the family thought well of him too probably. They would invite him to their place, and Shig would go by taking his friends with him, "for protection". The mother allegedly told some friends, its nice to have the boys visiting, but they should come over one at a time. The parents are apparently very much concerned about arranging a good marriage for their daughter. During the past month, after returning from farm work, Shig was not working and at lunch time, he, his mother, Osuki, and the girl that lives next door to their apartment, got in the habit of having lunch together every day. This girls folks were working elsewhere, and it was natural that she should join them for lunch. She's not a particularly attractive girl, but is very friendly.

The latter girl whose name is Jane, had a very close girl friend working in the same office as the former girl who had the crush on

Shig. The girl with the crush stopped speaking to ~~the~~ Jane's girl friend, and the former's explanation of this to another girl was that since Jane now made it a habit to eat with Shig and his mother she wasn't going to speak to Jane's friend any more.

This, of course, doesn't make much sense. The inference we draw is that since the first girl is offended by Jane's close association with Shig, she takes it out on Jane's girl friend. She still speaks to Jane, however. The girl's family has done all but propose to Shig, and we offered the opinion that we got Shig out in the nick of time before he was grabbed off by a predatory woman. But cases like these can be multiplied manifold in the Japanese community. Tom related the case of a certain family in Stockton that made such a fuss about getting their marriageable daughters properly connected that everyone in town gossiped about it, no one dared go close to the family, and finally the older sister through off the family yoke and went wild, while the younger daughter went out on her own and married Dr. Muramoto on her own. Parental influences of this kind must place innumerable bindings upon the nisei.

May wrote to Nobu saying that she and mother have decided they had better get out of Tule Lake before the segregation actually begins. She wanted Nobu to see what could be done at Shirrell's office, (a) about getting her leave clearance from T.L., and (b) about lining up a job for her. Nobu talked to Miss Young about it and learned that there are some good bookkeeper's positions open, especially one particular job which pays well although it means working at night from 4:00 p.m. to 1:30 in the morning.

This morning I wrote immediately to the Leaves Office of Tule Lake certifying that we had a place already arranged for mother and May to stay at. I did the same for Shig a week or more ago before he was able to get his clearance. This is now required by the WRA probably because of the housing shortage here in Chicago.

Charlie was on hand and talked of his interview with Mrs. Iwagami, a Caucasian woman who is ~~xxxxx~~ married to the jack-of-all-trades who is now working for Edison Commonwealth. Mrs. Iwagami, as I gather it, identifies herself with Americans but is very helpful to the resettlers coming here. However, she fears the intrusion of resettlers into their lives to the point where they may disturb the present equanimity. She doesn't want too many coming to her church, for example. This is understandable, for as long as she is partially identified with the Japanese, she must take them into account. She can't ignore the Japanese.

Charlie received a wire this afternoon from Gila reporting the death of his father. Miss Green, social welfare at U of C came in just after Charlie received the call, and it wasn't until after she left that he revealed the information to us. He took it rather calmly---I assumed that he hadn't had much contact with his father and that any sentimental attachments could be only of the weakest. But there's no doubt that he feels the responsibility of clearing matters up for his family, especially the portion that still remains in Gila. He immediately talked of sending either Mariko and Alice down to Gila to look after everything. I guess they expected something like this for he had sent Mariko back to Gila on her vacation for the purpose of seeing the family "before he died". Charlie talked of sending an immediate wire, walked out and didn't turn up for the remainder of the aft. Charlie takes his responsibilities seriously; that's the thing that impresses me about him.

Togo came in with the information that the WRA is closing the Cleveland office because of lack of work. They are apparently going to extend the work of the New York office. But his choicest info had to do with the N. Clark St. incident on which he gained further dope from a fellow named Miyahara who is a gang leader of the Hawaiians. Miyahara says most of the fellows who were involved came from Rohwer, and down there these fellows got thrown into the jug on some count. Miyahara was instrumental in getting them out, according to the story, and that's why he's looked on as their leader. It seems that Ishibashi got into trouble with some Filipino on the

night before, but the argument of that night was more serious than was reported to Shirrell. The fracas did not end by the Filipino sailor and Ishibashi shaking hands, it ended with Ishibashi going to the washroom with the Filipino and beating him up. Ishibashi was a kind of prize fighter in his day, and prides himself on his ability to handle himself, and he helps around the tavern where the encounter took place.

On the eve of the incident, there were five nisei-Hawaiians together instead of the ~~five~~ four mentioned in the news, and Miyahara was the fifth man. He got away before the fight started. The Filipino who stabbed Ishibashi tried to strike into his abdomen and then slash across, but Ishibashi declares that because he's a fighter, he knew how to fall straight backwards before the man was able to slash across. Hokamura was less fortunate. Ishibashi has now sewed up the pants where the knife cut in, and is going about his way as cheerfully as ever.

Miyahara, who was a barber in L.A. before evacuation, is now talking about starting a Hawaiian orchestra. These fellows all seem to have a very carefree view of life; the idea is to eat, sleep and be merry. They're not much concerned about the future, nor are they concerned about the present as long as they have enough to eat. They exchange clothes, and live communally, much as do the Filipinos.

Togo had some films he borrowed from the WRA that can be thrown on the screen as stills. We tried them out, and they came out beautifully, except that as we turned the thing, suddenly there was Togo right before us. And he was right besides us too! Togo can't imagine when the WRA ever took his picture, or where they got the snapshot. It was a shock to us.

Michi came back from the WRA after going down with Shig this afternoon about a job call that came to him this morning. The WRA informed him they had a good place for him, but Mr. Daugherty wasn't in until about four p.m., and they were too late to see the employment officer at the Mayling Shoe Co. where the job call comes from. The pay is \$32.50 a wk., and there are six other nisei working there already. He would be the asst. merchandise officer if he got the position.

Job
I also asked Michi to take a letter to Mr. Shirrell informing that office of our preparedness to take in mother and May. They promised to teletype Tule Lake for their immediate release. As for May's job, Michi asked what wages Miss Young considered a "good wage" for girls, following up what she had told Nobu, and Miss Young replied that she meant about \$35.00 a week. Michi and I agree that for that amount, mother and May could probably work on the outside quite satisfactorily.

Ruth Tsuji, the receptionist at the WRA office, whom I met at a recent WRA conference, is the person who is taking over the Hughes place for the next two months. She and her sister are to rent the place, and Mrs. Hughes asked that Michi be allowed to continue practicing there.

Shig wask asked to come down again this morning at 9:30 by the Mayling Shoe Co. to see the employment officer since he had already left by the time they got there the previous day. Michi went down with him again since Shig wanted to see more of the town and Michi isn't averse to going window shopping.

I worked at the office all day. The first thing in the morning there was a special delivery mail from Morton enclosing the acceptance form of the U. of California. I'm to get \$150 a month according to that, which is the sum agreed upon. I had to get the form notarized before returning with my signature attached, so I ran over to the Bookstore where Miss Ross, a notary there, did the trick for me. It was a busy morning getting all these things straightened out.

Morton wrote that W.I. had fractured several ribs in an accident, and I felt worried about the consequences. D.S. must be quite worried.

Michi left a note for me at noon asking that I take the tickets for tonight's opera down to Tom and Rose. They're going with us. I also brought them Michi's Book of Opera so they might go over the story of Carmen before seeing the thing. Tom and Rose both have Saturdays and Sundays off, so ~~there~~ they were just cleaning house when I got down there. I understand the one thing Tom objects to~~s~~ is going out shopping for groceries with Rose, but I can understand that for I feel a little that way myself, and Shig objects rather strenuously. The girls contend that the shopping for the week end is too much for them to carry alone, and so in the end we go along despite our objections.

House
Tom informs me that Mike Nakata, an old friend of mine, is moving out of 6401 Kimbark where they moved into only a little over a week ago. They've taken an apartment on 3300 North Side, a much better place than they had. At Kimbark there were two others beside Mike, Ken Yoshihara and Ronald Shiozaki, but now they are taking an unfurnished apartment for five since Ronny's married brother is coming in with them with his wife. They figure that \$20 per person will pay for the immediate furniture needs. They all started down at Maple Manor near N. Clark St. in the slummy districts there, moved to the South Side, and now they're moving into a hightone apartment on the North Side. So the search for better things goes on among these fellows. I suppose this is another phase of the eternal struggle by which the nisei seeks to better his lot. There were other "Japs" living at 6401 Kimbark, which may have been another reason for clearing out of there.

Charlie didn't show up today. I suppose he's busy trying to make all the arrangements for clearing up his family affairs.

Paul
There was a dress parade of the navy school this afternoon and the big shots of the navy school were marching down the aisles as I came across the Midway. I carefully avoided crossing the Mid-

way at that point. I'm almost over cautious in my effort to avoid bringing suspicion on myself or of getting into trouble with authorities.

This evening Michi, Shig, Tom, Rose, and I, all went down to see Carmen. The opera was shown at the Soldier's Field, or one end of it, and the seats were terrifically hard, but we endured it for the sake of "culture". I'm not a very strong opera goer but I go because it's the thing which "cultured" people do. The leading singer, Kurt Baum, and the lead of the female cast, Bruna Dastagna, were very good. Even I could tell. Kurt Baum in particular had a ringing clear voice, rich and mellow. Given time, I'll get so I'll enjoy these things.

We noticed about one or two other nisei couples present tonight at the opera. Otherwise, the place was notably vacant of nisei.