

Charlie's Integration Problems

Charlie has been much concerned for a long time over the problem of integrating the nisei into American society. This morning he came in saying that I'd better go to see Shirrell and make our peace with him since he, Charlie, had tangled with Shirrell over the integration question last Friday. Charlie takes this matter of the assimilation of the nisei quite personally; it's the only way to explain his extreme concern over the question. It is the one subject on which he's capable of getting quite emotionally upset. Once last June, when Charlie, Tom and I went downtown, and one of the Takahashi boys joined us, Charlie deliberately avoided sitting with the rest of us. I am sure it wasn't because of his dislike of the fourth chap, for he apparently didn't know him, but as he said later he just doesn't like the idea of a lot of "Japs" lining up in public. One of Charlie's major concerns is the fact that his younger sisters are becoming drawn into the developing nisei society, and he seeks all kinds of methods of preventing this from occurring. Because of the part he has played in the recent discussions of various meetings, and the importance of his influence in preventing an all-out agreement with the program for permitting the growth of a nisei society, Charlie has become an important factor in the community process.

Growth of a Japanese Society

If what Charlie tells us about the recent occurrences in the nisei groups of Chicago is true, we are on the verge of a nisei society here. He tells me that there are numerous dances being held by various groups of nisei, and though they are at present on relatively small scale, there is some indication that bigger and better ones are being planned. Certainly, the impulse among a large portion of the single nisei is to seek out social groups among their own kind, and I doubt that there is anything which will prevent the fulfilment of this trend. But a nisei society means something more than a few social dances; there must be established lines of communication that keep the nisei informed of the activities going on. It is my impression that the majority of the nisei are far from being in contact with any sizeable group of nisei. ~~There~~ I asked Louise about her social life, and that of her married brother and sister-in-law, but their life seems full enough as it is and they have little time for developing social contacts except for the few friends who drop in. "Of course," she says, "we've been especially busy until now getting ourselves settled, and it may be different when we get the home organized so that we can turn to other things. It does take a lot of time to settle down in a new place." I quite agree with Louise that it takes time to get settled. Mother, for instance, was so busy during the first two months of her stay here that she thought it a ridiculous question when someone asked her if she weren't lonesome being the only issei here. However, now she is lonesome on occasion, I suspect, and is now interested in going to the Fourth Presbyterian Church on Sundays where an issei church meeting goes on. Of course, there is the fact that she's accustomed to going to church on Sundays and it may not be mere loneliness that impels her there.

Income Taxes

I sat around to chat with my brother-in-law, Shig, when I came home since Michi hadn't returned from her Christmas shopping downtown. He went to see the internal revenue man this afternoon, and learned to his disgust that he has to pay \$61.00 income tax immediately for the period before the beginning of the pay-as-you-go plan. The reason is that he is getting a rental income from the home in Seattle, and this places him in the income paying class. But what disgusts him is that he can't count his father and mother in as dependents because they are considered "wards of the government" as long as they are at camp, yet, as he says, he sends them quite a bit of his income. Shig declared, "But the government doesn't pay for their life insurance premiums, and for the expenses incurred in the evacuation!" It's only since Shig came out in July that he's held a decent paying job, since he was getting only the regular \$19 a month at camp, and it seems a little unfair that he has to pay an income tax simply because he had to rent his house out because of the evacuation.

Job Hunt

Shig has been hunting for a new job ever since he returned from the trip to New York. He saw an ad in the papers for some junior accountant or bookkeeper in a chemical research laboratory, so he inquired. The chief accountant, who is looking for a person to work under him, said that he was really looking for a girl since it would only be to work under him. Still they were willing to take Shig's application, and there would be an intelligence test for the five or six best applicants before determining who was to get the job. They would let him know in a few days. The job would pay 85¢ an hour, or a little better than \$40 a month, and although Shig would like to get as much as \$200 a month, he's coming down a little on his expectations after two weeks of unsuccessful job hunting. Shig told the accountant, "But I didn't major in accounting...." and the other fellow replied, "Oh, we're not looking for an C.P.A. I'll be the accountant here, and I only need someone to work for me." Still, Shig's was the best application turned in thus far; he's got the best qualifications.

When Michi came home she told Shig that she'd got an appointment for him to see Halpern tomorrow about teaching the Japanese language at the University of Chicago. Michi is already in, and will start teaching at the end of the month. Shig knows more Japanese than Michi, and he had hesitated about taking such a position only because he wasn't particularly interested and he preferred to remain in the field of his training. However, if he can't get a position as an accountant, he'd just as soon take a well paying job teaching Japanese. Shig hesitates too because he's not sure he'd be any good teaching.

May's Job Discontent

May has been working now at Warshowski's Used Auto Part's office for the past week and half as typist-clerk, and she's already dissatisfied with her present position. The former office

where she worked was large and modern, and had a large staff of young white girls as clerks. She was the only colored or Japanese girl present. The main reason she quit was that she wasn't getting enough there, and furthermore the work at the dupligrph machine was hard and uninteresting. The new job pays \$27.50 a week, and the boss has promised her a raise to \$30 a week. The latter promise she got when she told the fellow that she couldn't possibly get along on ~~the~~ less because of mother's dependency. But the new office is just a dirty old building, and the girls working there "are all old and kind of crippled or somethings wrong with them," as May described them. Furthermore in the last few days the boss has been hiring a lot of new girls, and all of them are Negro girls. The first day that two or three Negro girls appeared May remarked, "Say, do you know what pappened today. The boss hired several new girls and they were all Negroes." A few days later she added, "The boss is still hiring new girls and they're all Negroes. Why, it seems that half the staff is Negro." Today she came in, and almost with a tone of dismay, she exclaimed, "Do you know what? He's hired a Japanese girl now. She came in today, and one of the girls brought her around to see if I knew her. I wouldn't know her; she's from Heart Mountain."

May sincerely wants to take a fair attitude about racial differences, but it's quite obvious that she'd like to be in a nice clean office with all white girls to work besides. I asked May what kind of Negro girls they were, and she merely indicated that they were young or that they were doing filing, but wouldn't commit herself to any attitude toward them. Yet her dismay at their intrusion into the office somehow hits May. In part this may be tied up with her hopes for advancement in pay and position, for it probably seems to her that any office that hires Negroes and more Japanese can't possibly maintain a "high" standard of workers and wages.

About the third day of work at the office, she became acquainted with a very nice German refugee girl. May apparently gets along very well with this girl. For one thing, May feels something in common with her because the girl is a German alien, and because of her heavy German accent has some trouble getting anything better than her present position, although May says she types very fast. This girl told May that she's been working there for almost two years and received only one raise. "She's probably getting only about thirty a ~~month~~ week," May said. "I want to get into something where I can advance. The boss tells us that this will be permanent work, but I don't know....." Today she remarked, "I'm going to quit this job. If the boss doesn't give me the raise he promised, then I'll have a reason for quitting, but maybe I'll quit anyway." So May is now restless at her present place of work, and she thinks she'll find something where she'll have more congenial working mates, and a chance of advancement. May is a romanticist, and perhaps she has some conception of getting into a fine office under favorable circumstances. She wouldn't admit as much, but she perhaps wishes for something like that---a Hollywood style business office.

Nothing much doing today. I worked at the office all morning and a good part of the afternoon trying to formulate a workable outline for the write-up of the Tule Lake material. The chief difficulty is in getting an outline that covers the principal points about the project while emphasizing such dominant characteristics of the community such as its disorganization, conflicts, collective behavior and changes in political identification. I've gone over the thing any number of times in my mind, yet I can't seem to find a satisfactory formulation. Moreover, there's the problem that Tule Lake now seems like something far in the hazy past. As someone put the idea, "The life in the relocation center seems only a bad dream now." It's that easy to forget that phase of evacuee life, and the tendency is to become quickly wrapped up in the immediate everyday problems in the area of resettlement.

Shig's Job Hunt

Yesterday Michi made an appointment for Shig to see Halpern about taking a position as a Japanese language teacher, so Shig went this morning to inquire about it. Halpern asked Shig to read something out of a Japanese book, and Shig had little trouble complying, although he admitted missing one or two characters. They then discussed briefly the method of teaching involved, in which the use of the language, its conversational aspects, are to be emphasized more than the grammar or the reading and writing of it. Although Halpern made no definite agreement with Shig about giving him a job, which may have been due merely to Halpern's indefiniteness about explaining such things, he asked Shig to attend Doi's class tomorrow morning to see how the thing goes. I assume that Shig is now to be employed on the staff. As an unmarried man, he'll get \$175 a month. The course will run six months, but a fresh group of students will come in so that the work will be continuous probably for the duration. Because of the difficulty of getting any kind of even half-decent position as an accountant, Shig has almost given up the idea of trying to find something in the field of his special training. I've yet to hear of any nisei who's found a decent position as an accountant; Henry Ishizuka is the exception.

May's Job Hunt

As I mentioned yesterday, May is rather dissatisfied with her present work and would like to find something new. Tom Shib called this evening to say that Togo mentioned several good bookkeeping jobs to him. One was an inquiry from the Pub. Administration offices of the University of Chicago which the Friends have not yet filled. I thought it would be a rather good thing if May could get that position for it's close to our home, and the working conditions would undoubtedly be far superior to her present situation. The pay would be \$125 to \$135 to begin with, but even the saving of carfare would make an appreciable difference compared to her present job.

I suggested to May that she call Togo's home immediately and find out whether the job was still open. May didn't react immediately,

but presently she remarked, "Gee, it would be nice if I could get a position as a bookkeeper with the University of Chicago. But wouldn't I have to take a Civil Service Exam, or something." She seemed almost afraid to raise her hopes too high, which is just as well.

Casadesus' Piano Concert

Today we had the first of the Adult Education Piano Series at Orchestra Hall for which Michi, Shig and I have subscribed. Casadesus is one of Michi's favorites. She went with high expectations, and every bit of the concert fulfilled her expectations. The man's playing is a combination of opposites; it's a combination of classicism with modernism, masculine vigor with artistic delicacy and sensitivity. Shig, too, enjoyed himself enormously. He seldom makes any remarks about music, but from the little he says, I imagine that he's among the few nisei males who really enjoys and appreciates good music. On the surface he seems hardly perturbed by music, but sometimes he can't go to sleep after a good concert because of his emotional reaction.

The concert hall was crowded, almost to capacity. We looked around to see if any nisei were attending, but found none besides ourselves at least on the balcony where we were. During intermission, we saw a young lad of about ten running around the hall, and a young girl who was talking to him informed us that she was the daughter of the President of the Bretheren's College, and that the youngster was of a Japanese family. We later saw him with his parents---it was Dr. Yatabe with his wife and boy. I wondered where Yatabe had developed a musical taste. Every time I see nisei at a concert, I wonder if they have any "real appreciation" of music, or if they are present only as a matter of "cultural ritual" and a "serious interest" in knowing something about music. I'm egocentric enough to believe that Michi's the only nisei who knows anything about appreciating good music.

On the way home, Michi remarked, "I guess after all I'm really a musician. and not a teacher of the Japanese language. Music will always be first in my interest, and I guess I'll never change." In a way, her language teaching is only a stop gap for the duration until we can live in better circumstances again where she may have her piano with her. Every now and then, especially after listening to some very good bit of music, Michi becomes moody and without any warning she sometimes starts to weep like a child over the fact that she hasn't a piano to practice on and that the evacuation and the war has torn her from her work. These barriers to the expression of her musical interest have been the most serious difficulties in her adjustment to life here. Before we were married, which was only five months before evacuation, she was accustomed to playing four to six hours a day, and occupying herself almost wholly with her musical work. Without a piano, Michi is practically lost, and life becomes a dull routine.

Michi's Piano Pupils

When we first came to Chicago, Michi wanted very much to get into piano work in one way or another. We had some dim ideas of her doing accompaniment work for radio broadcasts, but after learning about the difficulties of getting into radio programs, we quickly gave up the idea. She had to have a piano, and since our apartment was too small to take a piano, she made it a habit to use the Hughes's piano during their absence in the morning. The inconvenience of walking nine long blocks every morning, and the necessity of keeping up with the housework at home, gradually ended that practice. I've vaguely thought that she ought to make use of her stay in Chicago by getting some training from some well-known teacher in Chicago, but there's first the difficulty that it would be extremely expensive, and secondly that the best teachers are in New York and it's hard to determine by names alone who are the really worthwhile teachers. When we visited New York, we stopped to see Mariko Mukai, who is taking voice at Julliard, and when the latter told of her difficulties in getting ahead in the musical world despite her connection with the best known conservatory in the country, I think Michi felt better. I still would like to have Michi study with someone like Casadesus, but I can't imagine how or when that may be accomplished.

Before our visit to Washington, Michi had one piano pupil. Because Mrs. Hughes had been kind enough to let Michi use her piano, she reciprocated by teaching the Hughes's girl, Cherie, to play the piano. I imagine that Mrs. Hughes was very well satisfied with the instruction and her girl's advancement. After returning from Washington, however, Michi got connected with the Japanese language department, and because of the lack of time, she hadn't called Mrs. Hughes about continuing the instruction although she had intentions of doing so. Two days ago, Mrs. Hughes called to inquire if Michi could start Cherie's lessons again. Cherie used to go to the piano by herself and try out the piano pieces she'd learned, but she goes less and less frequently now, and Mrs. Hughes is afraid that Cherie will completely lose interest. Probably thinking that Michi wasn't interested because ~~of~~ she wasn't being paid for the instruction, Mrs. Hughes declared that from now on Michi must be paid for the instruction. Michi had previously refused such an offer since she was teaching Cherie in lieu of renting a piano.

But Mrs. Hughes also contacted the Redfields, who were apparently impressed by Cherie's interest in music, and they've decided that their eight year old son, James, should have some instruction. Yesterday, Mrs. Redfield called to ask Michi whether she would take James, and since the appointment was made, Michi will now teach two pupils. We think of this as a possible beginning of her piano teaching in Chicago.

There are some practical problems in connection with this piano teaching. Now that it's definitely decided that Michi's to teach Japanese language fifteen hours a week, she already has a full time job on her hands. Furthermore, she's somehow got to keep up the housework. Shig is living with us, or at least boarding with us, and Michi's got three mouths to feed. If she takes on additional work teaching pupils, it may become an almost impossible task. Michi has decided to take the Hughes and Redfield children for pupils, however, and this is the way we rationalized the thing. In the first place, music is, after all, Michi's first interest and the language teaching was only a stop gap to have her doing something that would stimulate her more than routine housework. Furthermore, piano teaching won't require any preparation on her part since she's gone over the thing for years past, and if she takes both child together, it will only mean about two hours a week from her other work. It may mean that this will be the beginning of a larger group of pupils---after all, the Redfields and Hugheses are people with connections in the University group at least---, and Michi may in time be able to give up the language teaching and go back to teaching piano regularly. Then there is the fact that Redfield and Hughes are important figures in the field of social science, at least here in Chicago, and it wouldn't hurt to have our family connected up in some way with them. One hardly gets to know Dean Redfield, he's so busy, unless it be through some such connection as this. These are strictly speaking rationalizations, but they give us a rationale for Michi's desire to continue with her piano work.

We've planned our home schedule so that when she starts teaching the language classes, she won't be overburdened at home. We'll send out all our shirts to the laundry, and if necessary, we'll send all the laundry out. Mother perhaps can help us to a certain extent with the housework since she's alone all day anyway and wouldn't mind having work to do. We'll be able to contribute to their home finances better than previously when Michi's check starts coming in, and Mother will perhaps feel that she's doing something worthwhile. Shig and I will wash the dishes, and Michi will do most of the shopping and cooking. We'll assign certain groceries that I ~~can~~ and Shig can pick up every day to lessen the burden of grocery shopping for Michi. And we've vowed that we'll keep more on a schedule so that we may get more work done per day.

Michi's chief regret is that with the added income there will be a proportionately much larger tax to pay.

Japanese Language Instruction

Shig got up early this morning to attend Doi's class in Japanese language instruction to find out how he teaches it. The class is held in the Common's room of the Social Science Building and meets at 8:00 in the morning. At lunch, when I saw Shig at lunch time, he was rather disapproving of Doi's instruction.

"Gee, that guy's pretty bad in his Japanese, isn't he," Shig remarked. I asked him what Shig meant by his statement. "Well," he replied, "like in one case he asked the class how Japanese words change sounds when used in certain contexts, e.g., from tachi to dachi, and so on. He asked the class for examples. It wasn't a good question in the first place, because the students didn't know what he was talking about, but besides, Doi didn't know himself how the transformations were made. He had to stop and think how fu becomes bu or ta becomes da, and so on. Gee, anyone who knows his Japanese shouldn't have any trouble making the transformations."

Michi: "As mother would say, 'Ano hito no nihongo wa natte inai desu.' (That person's Japanese just isn't up to what it should be.) His Japanese is terrible. He thinks he knows a lot of Japanese, but you know what I'd call his Japanese? I'd call it, 'Nisei skid-row Japanese.' "

Shig: "I guess he doesn't know his Japanese too well. He'd say some things in Japanese, and his pronunciation was kind of queer. Like one time he was reading something and he said, "Ko³zo-san wo yobi mashi." The emphasis isn't on the first syllable; it's on the second. I didn't know what he was talking about for a second. That's why some pupil translated that Mr. Kozo, and I can't blame him. Kozo, referring to a servant, should be pronounced with the accent at the end."

Michi: "I guess maybe he knows his linguistics, and knows some of the terms better than most people, but, gee, he's got to know his Japanese too if he's going to teach it."

Myself: "What did Halpern say about your taking a position in the department?"

Shig: "Well, I guess he's going to take me on. He didn't say anything definite about it. I just went into their staff meeting after the class. I didn't have much of a chance to say anything to Halpern. He started to say some things in Japanese to me, but you know it's awfully hard to speak to a hakujin in Japanese. It's kind of queer. I told him how it was. To an issei, or someone from Japan, you naturally fall into Japanese, but speaking to a hakujin is hard. Besides, Halpern doesn't know too much Japanese either, and you have to keep your sentences as simple as possible."

Michi and Shig have been hard after the job of practicing up on their Japanese in preparation for the job. Now and then our conversation falls into Japanese as we talk about the subject, but it's

hard to maintain the conversation in Japanese. The tendency is to corrupt the conversation by throwing in ~~Japanese~~ American words. I act the part of the ignorant pupil who wants to know about the language and ask all kinds of questions about the construction of sentences; they take the role of teachers and try to explain difficulties to me. This business spurs me on to a desire to learn the language. It would be useful to me in the study, and even possibly after the war when there will undoubtedly be no little interest in the Japanese people, their society, and their culture. I even started reading a little Japanese again to refresh my memory on Japanese characters.

May's Job

May's dissatisfaction with her present position leads her to desire something better, especially a position where she may be able to apply her bookkeeping background. Last night, Tom called me to say that Togo had mentioned several jobs open to nisei girls, and among them were two that May might be interested in. I tried all day to get in touch with Togo to find out about these jobs, but failed to reach him. May is worried that the very desirable job at the Public Administration Building of the University of Chicago may have already been filled.

I promised May to get in touch with Togo the first thing in the morning.

Helping May's Finances

May and mother are now living on \$27.50 a week, which is what May makes, and we've been trying to help them out now and then. Before we left Tule Lake, we gave them fifty dollars, and since then we've been planning to give them further financial aid. This evening Michi decided that we should give Mother five dollars. Her idea was that since mother is fixing Michi's coat for her, and she also does occasional favors for Michi, that the five dollars would help mother to think that she's contributing to the family finances. Since Michi will be making a fair some of money when she starts the teaching, we now feel that we'd be in a fairly decent position to help May and mother with their finances. Furthermore, Michi will have to get more help from mother in maintaining the housework.

I guess Michi left the five with Mother. Later May came back protesting that they shouldn't accept the help since they can manage if they watch their funds, and that we'll need it. Furthermore, we've helped them enough, she added. After much mutual interchange of "good will" words, ~~and~~ May finally accepted the fiver.

May's Job Hunt

We finally reached Togo concerning May's job inquiry, this evening. Togo was as cordial as usual, and promised to find out about the jobs that he mentioned to Tom. May seemed particularly interested in the University bookkeeping position, and rejected the adding position at the Andy's Candy Co. when he heard that it was too far out of town.

May was also concerned about a news report she heard over the radio about job freezing. She said, "I heard something over the radio today about all employees who desire to change jobs going to the U.S.E.S. and making inquiries before making the job change. Do you suppose I'll have to go to their office if I should get another job and I wanted to change? Or do you suppose it means that I won't be able to quit my job now?" If May already had a job with which she were satisfied, this news wouldn't affect her in the least, but she's rather discontented with the work she's doing, the news worries her.

Japanese Language

The problems of language instruction now take up most of the discussion at home. Michi, Shig and I sit around setting up all kinds of Japanese sentences and analyzing them. Michi and Shig feel that if they're going to teach at all, they're going to do some preparing and teach it properly, unlike Doi. Doi is rapidly becoming the standard, in our home, of how not to teach the Japanese language. Shig feels that even though teaching Japanese isn't his main line of interest, and is not the occupation he'll follow, still he can't lose anything by learning the language well. In Michi's case, the rationalization is even more important for she is now forced to cut herself almost completely from her music work for which she has a un-suppressible passion. But Michi says, "Since I can't have my music now anyway, I'd rather be doing something useful. This way I'll be helping with our family finances, and I'll be learning something useful. I might as well get a real grasp of the language and teaching certainly ought to be the best way to get it. Of course, I'll never want to give up my music, but I don't think I'll ever be able to forget everything I've learned over the past twenty years and if I practice steadily for six months or so, it should all come back to me."

Shig's New Suit

Shig went downtown to Marshall Fields today to buy a new suit. Michi went along to help him with his selection. The suit he bought cost \$56.00, but as Michi put it, "Compared with the less expensive suits that we looked at, this suit was so much superior that we just felt it was worth the difference. When he tried on the \$40 suit, it looked all right, but after looking at the \$56 suit, the other just looked like a rag." Shig says that he's never before bought a suit more expensive than \$35. In part I suppose his willing-

ness to pay almost ~~x~~ double the usual amount is a part of the general mood of inflation that exists in America; it also comes from the feeling that you can't get the same quality goods for the same price as before the war. Furthermore, since he has to appear before classes and should present a decent appearance to the classes of officers. "If I get drafted now," Shig says, "I guess I'll have to give my suit away." Shig now needs a heavy winter coat since his top coat is much too light for the severe winter here. Michi, fortunately, has her old fur coat that will serve the purpose well.

Shig's Budget

Shig has decided that the job teaching the Army will turn out pretty well after all. At this job he'll make \$175 a month, which is quite a bit more than he was getting at his last job. What he was looking for was a job that would pay about \$200 a month, and he could probably get a job that starts at \$40 a week as an accountant. However, even at that rate of pay, he figures that he can save more by teaching Japanese. If he worked downtown on an accounting job, he would have to allow about \$6 a month for carfare alone, and an additional amount for eating lunch out. If he teaches at the University, he'll be able to eat at home during lunchtime, and he'll cut out the carfare. His rent right now is about \$18 a month, and his food cost, eating with Michi and myself, runs to only about \$25 a month at most. That would include lunch as well. If he takes into account all the other miscellaneous costs, he still should be able to save \$75 a month out of \$175. This is the kind of calculation that Shig has made of the possibility in the teaching job.

Shig also likes the teaching position for it will give him a chance to improve his Japanese, and also get some experience in a type of work he's never done before. Moreover, as a teacher, his time will be more his own than if he were to work with some company.

Headline: Tule Lake Riot

I picked up the newspaper at the corner stand as usual this noon. As I approached the stand, big headlines in all the newspapers to the effect that "Japs Riot in Internment Camp" caught my eyes. I had been hearing from various sources about the troubles in the Tule Lake Center so I was not surprised to see this bit of news. The Daily News had the headline "BAYONET 20 IN RIOT AT JAP INTERNMENT CAMP". When I got home, I immediately read the article to Michi and Shig and waited to see their reactions. The news account, and AP release, was apparently taken from the San Francisco Chronicle, and the essence of it was that a mass demonstration on Monday at the Tule Lake Center by about 500 internees, who kept some 75 administrative personnel including Dillon Myer as prisoners for about four or five hours, and the beating up of a Caucasian guard by the name of Brobeck, had brought the Army into control at the center. The center was specified as a segregation center for the disloyal Japanese. The Army had entered with bayonets on their guns and armored cars and tanks, and had bayoneted 20 of the rioters before quelling the riot. A Rev. Kai from Hawaii, a Buddhist priest, was alleged to have said, "You must give your all for the cause of Japan," and all the demonstrators removed their hats and bowed their heads in submission.

Our conversation went somewhat as follows:

Michi: I had that dream about George-ojisan (Uncle George, a distant relative of Michi's with whom her family, however, maintained fairly close social relations while in Seattle, who repatriated with his family and therefore was removed. The cause of his repatriation was that he was interned immediately after the outbreak of war, and no longer saw any business future in this country.) I had no reason to dream about him because I hadn't even thought about him recently. Isn't it funny. I wonder if he were in the demonstration?

Myself: No, I don't think George-san would get involved in a thing like that. You know how it was in Tule Lake. It's the young kibeis, and the irresponsible issei who'd get mixed up in that sort of thing.

Shig: Yah---George-ojisan has his family to think about, and he wouldn't get involved.

Michi: No, I guess not. It's those wild kibeis; fellows like the Komures. Don't you think so? Gee, some of those fellows deserve to get shot. At the time of the registration, I thought if any one of them ever dared to touch a single hair on Frank's head, I'd certainly do something drastic. Some of those kibeis are just crazy enough to do something like that, and they don't seem to realize that they're only hurting themselves. Even Hashimoto no ojisan---you know how hot tempered he is---but even he said, 'When a robber has a gun pointed at you and you have your hands up, a person's a fool to think that he can oppose anything.' There's no use trying to resist when it doesn't get you anywhere."

Michi: "Does it say anything about why it happened?"

Myself: "No it doesn't tell anything about the reasons, except that the demonstrators were asking for more meat and a change of administrative personnel."

Michi: "That's the trouble. The newspapers would never write about the reasons for these riots, but I imagine that the people had their reasons for demonstrating."

Myself: "The trouble with this thing is that a headline like this will be interpreted by the American public to mean any relocation center. Of course, it says here, 'segregation center for the disloyal Japs,' but most people don't know that a segregation has taken place and they'll just think that it's an occurrence in one of the relocation centers."

Michi: "Sure, most people will read that and think that we're all disloyal."

Shig: "You never see headlines like this when the evacuees do something worth while."

Michi: "No, if the nisei soldiers in Italy were written up with headlines, it wouldn't be so bad, but you never see headlines about that sort of thing."

Myself: "Of course, that's because this sort of thing makes news, whereas the work of the nisei soldiers aren't spectacular and news."

Michi: "That's true. The nisei soldiers aren't doing anything much different from any other soldier. Shig, maybe this'll make up your mind for you to stay with the Japanese language teaching job." (Shig had received a letter just this morning that he was being considered favorably by a Chemical Laboratory company that he'd applied to for a junior accountant position. He has also been favorably considered by Halpern for the teaching position, and Shig had virtually decided to accept that position.) "Shig's been wondering all morning about which job to take, but maybe this'll help make up his mind for him."

Shig: "Yah, this kind of makes a difference. Maybe the company won't want me anyway after seeing this thing. Do you suppose this'll make any difference to us?"

Michi: "Do you suppose we might have to all go back to camp pretty soon if this gets worse? Wouldn't that be something. It makes it tough for us, anyway."

Myself: "I'm sure the Dies Committee will make something of this. This paper at least points out that Tule Lake is a segregation center, but I doubt that the Hearst papers will make any such distinction, and I rather think the Dies Committee tends to think pretty much as the Hearst papers do. Anyway, they'll try to make an issue of it, I'm sure."

Michi: "And most of the hakujin won't know the difference between Tule Lake and any other center. But even at Tule Lake, I think it was wrong to put all those people together. It's the wild ones there who are causing all the trouble. They ought to be put in regular internment camps."

Shig: "Yeah, men like Mr. Nakashima, for example, they're in the camps, and these other guys who are the real trouble makers are roaming around in places like Tule Lake making all the trouble."

Michi: "Sure. Men like Mr. Nakashima and a lot of others in the internment camp; they wouldn't do a thing to hurt this country, and yet they're cooped up in the internment camp."

Shig: "He's the kind of man who'd buy war bonds, and do everything possible to improve relations with America. He's got the money, and he'd spend it on war bonds. Maybe he wouldn't love America more than he does Japan, I don't know, but he loves his children and they'd come first in his consideration. As long as his children want to stay here, and their future is involved, Mr. Nakashima would do nothing to disturb the peace of the community, and he'd buy bonds and so on to make their position here better."

Myself: "Yes, I don't know Mr. Nakashima, but from looking at his children, and knowing what his family is like, I can imagine that he must be the kind of man who would tend to stabilize a community rather than to disturb it."

Michi: "I wonder if we know any of the men who got bayoneted?"

Myself: "Oh, I rather doubt that. There was quite a turnover of the people there, and it was probably a mob that brought together a lot of loose ends in the community about whom we didn't know very much even in Tule Lake."

Michi: "Well, I was thinking about some of the people who were the trouble makers in our block, for instance. You know the kind of people I mean."

Myself: "That's possible. A lot of those fellows are still around there and they're probably making trouble in the usual manner."

While we were all somewhat excited by the news, there wasn't any serious note of distress in our conversation. Of course, Shig made the comment, "This makes me weak," and it may be that he was hit harder than his appearance demonstrated. But our reaction to the news tended to be more one of tentative preparation for more serious news, with a hope for the quick passing of the issue, rather than one of extreme dismay.

I bought a couple of newspapers on the way back to the office. The Daily Times carried the headline, "Riot in California, TANKS QUELL JAP INTERNEES", and as all Times headline do, this covered most of the front page. The Tribune apparently hadn't caught the

news late enough to get a detailed account of what had happened, and they only carried a short article on the front page quoting Ex-Fire Chief Rhodes as saying that all kinds of subversive activity was taking place at Tule Lake, and also told of the imprisonment of the administrative staff.

Charlie and Louise were immediately interested in the article when I showed it to them. Charlie's reaction seemed to be that this sort of thing was bad, and it was further fuel for propagandists, especially against the idea of letting the Japanese back in the Pacific Coast. "On the other hand," he remarked, "this may turn out for the best if the newspapers can make it clear to the people that this riot occurred in the segregation center of the disloyal Japanese." Tom came in a little later, and his view was that this wouldn't hurt our situation much. We were all making guesses as to the kind of effect it would have, and joked around about it.

Doi came in a little later and his remarks were, when I asked him what he thought of the news, "I just feel sorry for the kids that I knew who were sent to Tule Lake. That's all."

May's Reaction to Tule Lake Riot

My sister, May, often comes over from her apartment by way of the back porch which is adjacent to hers, and talks to us whenever she has something on her mind or just wants to be sociable. Mother does the same thing. Tonight, after supper, she came over with the Herald-American in her hand. She never buys a paper downtown since she is able to read ours, but as she remarked, "When I saw the headline about a riot in a Jap internment camp, I knew without reading the story that it could only be at Tule Lake. I had to buy the paper to find out what had happened." She was upset by the news, although like the rest of us, Tule Lake was now so far removed that there wasn't much personal feeling about the place any longer. I asked May how mother had reacted at the news, and May replied, "Oh, she wasn't much disturbed. I guess she's just glad that she's out here and isn't mixed up in the situation. You know, Tule Lake is something that's past to her."

May sat in the kitchen reading the article, making occasional comments about the way the article was put. "Damn those Japs, anyway," she finally said (May rarely cusses, and only when she feels something very strongly and can't find strong enough words to express her feelings), "They ought to have sense enough to realize that this sort of thing isn't going to get them anywhere. It only makes it harder on the rest of us." May and Michi continued to speculate about the news. May: "I don't see why they had to put all those people in the same place, anyway. They should have known there would be trouble. After all, some of the people who had to go there are just peaceable persons who decided that they didn't have any opportunities in this country and thought they only could go to Japan, or they were members of families who had to go even if they didn't want to. The troublemakers are the kibe like N., I imagine he's still there, and all the wild ones who were going around

trying to beat up people during the registration. The rest of them wouldn't make trouble if they were placed by themselves. They should have separated a lot of these young irresponsible kibe and bachelor issei who were going to make trouble anyway." Michi was commenting on the part in the story where it declared that the Caucasian personnel were held prisoners for five hours: "I'll bet the newspaper story isn't accurate at all. Why would the people want to hold the administrators prisoners, and how would they do it. If the Caucasians wanted to go out, the people couldn't very well stop them." Probably the staff was just afraid to go out, and so the newspaper just wrote it up that they were held prisoners." May: "Well, they might have held them prisoners. You know how those gangs were. They might have threatened to beat up any Caucasian who showed his face." Michi: "That's true. I wonder what actually happened."

May: "I feel so sorry for Mr. Myer. He seemed such a nice man, and all he gets from this work is a lot of headaches. I wouldn't blame him if he hated the people. Mr. Best seemed a very nice sort of person too. He spoke very nicely to us when I heard him one time. I thought he was probably a good man."

Michi: "Yes, Shig says Mr. Best was at Minidoka for a while, and everybody thought he was a good man. I think Mr. Myer is a very good man, and it's too bad that the people cause all this trouble for him. Gosh, I should think he'd become discouraged when the people riot on him when he's trying to help them."

May: "It says here that Dr. Pedicord was beaten up. That man. I'm not surprised they beat him up; nobody liked him. He used to get drunk, and he'd never think of the patients. Of course it's true. Mrs. Akamatsu (Dr. Akamatsu's wife) used to say that nobody liked him at the hospital, and she told me that he used to drink a lot. It says that Dillon Myer reprimanded Dr. Pedicord for striking the first blow. I guess one of the evacuees knocked off his glasses and then kicked him in the shin---that's what it says here---and then Dr. Pedicord struck at the evacuee. It says that Dillon Myer says Dr. Pedicord wouldn't have been beaten so seriously if he hadn't struck back. I guess he was due to get in trouble with the people sooner or later."

May: "Do you suppose all this will affect us?"

Ambivalence of Resettler Status

The comments on today's news story bring out one very significant feature of the status of resettlers. The evacuee gangsters are blamed in one breath for the uprising, and in the second breath the situation and the American race baiters are blamed. In the last analysis, the problem for the resettled evacuee of such news as this is, How will this sort of thing affect me? In such a situation, the people out here see themselves as 'islands' shaken by storms from both directions. The threat is from the Americans as well as the Pro-Japs in their own ranks. The Pro-Axis gangsters are senseless,

but so are the Hearst papers, the Dies Committee, and the uncritical condemners ^{among} the American public. One of May's comments bring this out: "I see the Dies Committee is going to investigate. I suppose they'll raise a big fuss about this. I don't see why a Committee like that that goes around spreading lies is permitted to continue. Why can't the Government control such people. Just because this country is at war with Japan, and just because we've got Japanese faces, people like those of the Dies Committee blame us for the conditions of war. What can we do about the affairs of government? After all, we're just trying to get along, to live as honestly as we can."

Shig's Job

This morning Shig received a letter from the Ewahl Chemical Laboratories asking him to phone for an appointment to take an aptitude test for the junior accountant position for which he applied about a week ago. The letter went on to say that the company considered him fully qualified for the position, but that it was a routine of the company to give an aptitude test to all its employees.

Shig is now again torn between the choice of staying within the accounting field, for which he's trained, and of accepting the teaching position in the Japanese language department at the University. He's been thinking about the problem all day, and yet he hasn't made up his mind, but he'll have to let the Ewahl Company know his decision before long. As far as the wages go, the University position will pay more, at least at the beginning, but the changes for advancement are greater at the other company. Furthermore, Shig admits that he's not cut out to be a teacher by the nature of his personality, and the teaching job won't lead to anything permanent after the war. The advantage of the latter position is that there is an opportunity of improving his Japanese. The most important consideration, however, is that Shig recognizes the shortcomings of his own personality---his lack of impressiveness before others, lack of aggressiveness, the need to improve his speech, the need for more poise in front of others---, and the teaching position would give him experience along these lines that may contribute more by improving his personality and character than if he were to take a job that might lead to a position after the war.

The difficulty is that the present is entirely too uncertain. If Shig is to be drafted anyway, he might as well take the teaching position---assuming the draft of nisei will come quite soon---and get such experience teaching as he's able to get in the space of a few months. If he's to stay with some company through the war, taking the position with the chemical company would give him assurance of something to do after the war since they declare that it is a permanent position. Still, the latter promise is an uncertain one for there's no certainty about the post-war situation, and the companies activities may be considerably diminished by the end of the war. The problem thus tends to boil itself down, for Shig, to the alternative of taking a position that will improve his personality and character immediately, or of taking a job that may not contri-

bute to his improvement in any way right now, but will possibly offer him security in the post-war period.

This was the line of discussion that Shig carried on with Michi and myself as he tried to come to some decision about the question. Although he asked us what we thought, neither of us urged him in either direction since we felt that the decision would have to be up to him. The consensus of opinion among Michi, May and myself, however, is that the Chicago job may be better. As May put it, "I kind of like the idea of the teaching job," and that's about the way all of us feel about it. Shig ~~also~~ also said to Michi, "If mother were here, she'd tell me that it was up to me to make up my mind and she wouldn't force me into either position. But I feel that, while she wouldn't say anything to bias my decision, deep down in her heart she would want me to try the teaching position." Michi explained that before we left Minidoka, her mother expressed some concern over the fact that Shig was going around with a bunch of young fellows there, all of whom were nice young men, but who didn't have any ambitions in life nor any interest in the better things of life, and that she was hoping that by coming out to live with us, Shig might make a different type of contact by which he would take a greater interest in improving himself. I myself feel that Shig is sufficiently stable and wise to make his own way, but Michi's point was that even the small everyday contacts come to influence a person's character. Shig expressed the same view, and he's quite aware of his mother's view of the subject. All this conversation was carried on in Shig's absence.

The one thing that Shig hesitates about concerning the teaching position is the way it is set up. Halpern and his wife are the heads of the department, but they know very little Japanese although they are capable linguists. Because of their lack of understanding of Japanese, they're inclined to select people like Doi, for their staff, whose Japanese is really very poor. Among Japanese the correctness of spoken Japanese is an extremely important matter because of the usage of honorific and humble forms. The ability to distinguish between these forms is a mark of a cultivated man. There is a split in the department already between the linguists like Doi, and the Halperns and some of the issei who place greater emphasis on the language itself. Shig feels that if it came to a showdown he would tend to agree with the issei: he couldn't support the view that a knowledge of linguistics will overcome the lack of understanding of correct Japanese. If Halpern is to continue hiring second-rate nisei for the teaching jobs, the standard of the department is bound to fall, and the Chicago department will become the "laughing stock" of all the Japanese language departments. Shig doesn't want to be identified with anything in which he can't take some pride.

I assume that Shig will make up his mind by the week end.

Shig's Job

This morning Shig was still troubled by the question of whether to take the accounting job or the teaching position. It is urgent that he makes some decision soon, for the accounting office wants to know whether or not he's going to take the aptitude test for the position or not. During lunchtime we discussed the matter all over again. Michi asked me what I would do if I were Shig and I were in his shoes.

Although I had no desire to influence Shig's decision, I declared after a little thought that I would take the teaching position if I were he. My argument went something like this. Although this accounting position looks rather good, it is not such an exceptional job that Shig could not find another one like it if he were to reconsider later and look for an accounting position. Furthermore, Shig needs to learn how to speak in front of others and to gain a little more confidence in himself, and the teaching position would be especially designed to improve him along these lines. He does not intend to make accounting his lifetime career, but rather is interested in foreign trade which is the subject in which he majored. If he is to work into some importing and exporting business, it will very likely be in some firm doing business with Japan, and a knowledge of the Japanese language would be a decided advantage to him. Teaching Japanese, he would be required to brush up on what he already knows about the language, and further improve himself in its understanding. For all these reasons I felt that it would be to his advantage to take the teaching position rather than the accounting job.

Michi felt more or less as I did, and Shig himself had considered all these arguments and had been inclined towards taking the teaching position. He finally decided, after this "family council", that he would take the teaching position and agreed to call the accounting office in the afternoon to tell them that he was no longer interested in their offer.

Togo's home

I visited Togo at his home this afternoon to gox over with him the kind of material he had on the Los Angeles Japanese community and the JACL in L. A. I was quite impressed by his four cabinet files full of letters and documents of various kinds. Togo is a very systematic person, apparently, and he's been gathering excellent material for the last five or six years. I wish I'd been smart enough to keep as complete data on the Seattle situation. I felt that there were enough material for a thorough paper on the Los Angeles JACL, and probably enough, if supplemented by his memory, for Togo to do a neat job of reconstructing the life of the Los Angeles Japanese community. The latter is something that's more or less a complete blank in the sociological literature, although it's the most important Japanese community of the pre-evacuation days, and I should like to urge Togo that he do an thoroughgoing study of the Los Angeles community.

I felt somewhat envious of the home Togo has made for himself in Chicago. His family has an apartment on the third floor of the Morgenroth home, a large substantial building on Blackstone opposite the International House that's built for comfort and is spacious enough to shelter a couple of families and some students. Although Togo and Jean's place is an attic apartment, I gathered that they have at least three or four rooms, their own bathroom; and the living room was spacious and comfortable with the only handicap that windows were somewhat limited. I could imagine that Michi too would have been envious about the spaciousness of their place.

The scene might have been described as the "Tanaka family at home on Saturday." Togo was helping Morgen in putting up storm windows, and he had some old clothes on for the job. Jean was in the kitchen cooking. Their little girl was in her crib looking out from behind her bars and through the open door at us uttering ejaculations to let her presence known. The baby decidedly added to the homelike atmosphere. There was a fine console radio-phonograph in the living room---playing soft music of course--- that Togo had bought for his wife on their wedding anniversary. Something about all this gave an atmosphere of stability and semi-permanence that I haven't found in most evacuee homes. I felt our own situation contrasted to Togo's, for although he may not have any more permanence in his position here in Chicago than we, his home gave a settled feeling that we certainly don't have. They have the good luck to be living with the Morgenroths who, of course, treats them as part of the family, and the Tanakas have the use of the spacious living rooms downstairs with its grand piano and shelf of books which add much to the feeling of being at home.

Jean is a charming girl, and their baby is no less so.

Bataan, a movie

The selection of movies is discouragingly poor these days. Most of the pictures seem to be war films, and we're rather tired of seeing them, particularly because they're mostly of rather ordinary caliber. However, we'd had a rather hectic week of work, deciding on Shig's job, and giving some thought to Christmas, and we were in a mood for a little recreation and change. As far as we could tell there was only one good movie in the neighborhood, a picture called "Mr. Lucky" with Cary Grant playing the role of a gambling tough who reforms under the influence of a girl and joins the Merchant Marines. We didn't like the picture, "Bataan", that went with it, and Michi particularly hesitated about the worthwhileness of seeing a combination like that. But we went.

We enjoyed the pictures well enough, especially the melodrama romance of "Mr. Lucky". "Bataan" rather disturbed us. It was the story of the defense of that ill-fated peninsula during the early days of the war, and it showed how the American soldiers stayed the advance of dirty slinking Japs who annihilated the countryside as they moved forward. Pictures like that are hard for us to look at

It was a miserable day. It was cold outside, and there was a steady fall of rain all day. I stayed in and spent the day organizing the material on Tule Lake.

Heat and Fule Problem

Sometime during the afternoon, Tom and Rose Okabe came up from their apartment downstairs. They declared that it was so cold in their room that they couldn't sit around, and they came up to our apartment to get warmed up. I couldn't understand why Tom and Rose didn't complain to the landlady about the lack of heat. After all, they're paying the ~~rent~~ rent and they have a right to demand heat if it's too cold even to sit around in warm clothing. When we were cold in our apartment, we waited for about a half aday hoping heat would come, and then we asked the landlady about it. Whe gave us the heat.

Tom's Job

Tom~~x~~ Okabe has been dissatisfied with his job, as a chemist in a laboratory for making rubber rollers, for some time. He has been intending to look for something different. The present job, while referred to as a chemist's position, really demands nothing from his training and is almost completely routine. However, since certain occupations have now been frozen by the WMC, Tom is afraid that even if he were to find another position more desirable than his present one, he wouldn't be able to change. I asked Tom whether he was interested in teaching Japanese at the University. Tom replied, "I went to see Mr. Gulick about it, but I don't think I'm interested in teaching Japanese. He said that he wanted ten teachers including himself, and that he'd already signed up eight teachers. He only needed two more, and I was being considered for the last two open. The pay was to be \$185 a month." Tom is an extremely intelligent person familiar with both Japanese and English, and I presume that Gulick would like to have him on his staff. However, his primary interest is in his field of chem. engineering, and I doubt that he would give up the hope of advancing in this field unless it became very evident that there were no prospects open to him.

When I was in Idaho, I made an application to Boulder about teaching in the language school there, but they never wrote me a reply. I was surprised to find that Mr. Gulick already had my application to Boulder in his file when I went to see him. I don't know why Boulder never sent me a reply."

We talked about Shig's difficulties in finding a suitable accounting position, and Tom remarked, "I sometimes think we nisei want too much. We expect too much for ourselves. Actually, even the Caucasians have a hard time getting positions that are satisfactory."

Bridge Game

Tom has become something of a bridge fan since working at the laboratory since the men there play a few rounds every noon hour. We decided to learn something about the game from him, and spent the evening playing bridge. Tom is quick in picking up games of this kind, and his play was considerably superior to ours. Once or twice, when Rose who was his partner made rather obvious mistakes, Tom showed some impatience with her. Rose is not as keen as he, and I suspect Tom is impatient because he wants his wife to do well before others.

The Tule Lake Riot

The riot is still a matter of conversation among us. Rose's sister, Lily, and her husband Tom Uyeno, are still in the Tule Lake Center, and until their new born infant is ready to travel, they will not be able to leave. Rose expressed some concern over the fact that Lily and Tom were caught there. Tom Uyeno's folks also remained behind since they wished to be with Lily when the baby came. Their plans are to move to Minidoka when Lily and the baby are able to go.

The Okabe's received a letter from Al Morioka describing the tense condition of the camp before his family left for Granada. It was said that a bunch of kibe and issei broke windows at a nisei dance because they regarded this form of recreational activity undesirable in their community. The windows of the canteens have been broken by gangsters who felt that the co-op was charging too much and taking too much from the people. A girl in the administration building was slapped when some of the new segregees in Tule Lake felt they weren't getting the kind of apartment they wanted. I shall have to get hold of this letter to find out some of the conditions that must have prevailed at the time of the riot.

Rose's Demoralization

Michi tells me that Rose doesn't seem very happy with her present life. Rose says, "I just don't seem to have enough time to do anything that I want. I have Saturdays off, but I spend the whole day catching up with the housework that's piled up during the week. I really should catch up on a lot of work on Sunday, too, but I make it a point to take the day off and enjoy myself doing other things." Michi's impression is that Rose works all week at painting figurines, which is not very stimulating work, and then is too tired to enjoy herself at home. Tom and she get along very well, I am sure. It's simply that the role of the working wife takes out more from her than Rose can quite stand up to.

Rose is also afraid that Tom may sooner or later get drafted.

Rose's demoralization is not serious, but she does look overworked.

partly because we can't believe that the Japs are as bad as they're made out in these pictures, but also because we instinctively feel that people identify us with the Japs of the movies. We entered the theater in the middle of the picture, "Bataan". When we finally got around to the first part of that picture after having seen ~~most~~ all of the second feature, Michi raised the question, "Shall we stay to see the rest of "Bataan"? I rather don't care to see it." We stayed, however.

After theater snack

We were all hungry after the theater. Michi made some toast and opened up a new bottle of cider, and we sat around eating and chatting. It was like the midnight snacks we used to enjoy in the kitchen of the Morita home in the old days.

Nothing much doing today except work at the office on the Tule Lake report. The day was extremely cold, colder than any other day we have had this year in Chicago. The wind was extremely strong across the Midway, and there were flurries of snow all day. Michi dropped in on her way home from teaching the Hughes' child because she was so cold that she could hardly stand up against the wind.

Shig's Job

Shig was finally able to catch the chief accountant of the Edwahl Chemical Laboratories, with whom he made an application for a job, in at the office. Shig told the accountant that he had decided in favor of accepting the Japanese language teaching position, and that he would not take the aptitude test to determine his acceptability to the company. The accountant was very sorry to learn of Shig's decision, and suggested that Shig take a couple of weeks more to make his final decision. Shig declared that his mind was made, and he preferred not to let the matter drag on. The accountant then said that he was teaching accounting and thought that it was very interesting work too, and talked in a very friendly manner over the telephone about his experiences. The latter ended by saying that if Shig ever decided to accept a job with the company, he should make inquiries, and if ~~they~~ he wished to work during vacations, that the company might be able to find something for him to do. Shig said, "He's one of the nicest employers that I've run into yet."

May's Job

May was somewhat upset today over the fact that she learned of a bookkeeping opening at the Warshowski office where she works, but when ~~she~~ inquired about the position, the office had already hired a nisei fellow for the position. What irked her was that she had asked about just such a position when she first came to the company, and had accepted her present filing and typing work only because they declared they had no ledger work to do. She can't understand why they didn't consider her before bringing in somebody else when the office knew that she was interested in a bookkeeping position. However, the office manager declared that if the nisei fellow didn't accept the position, that May would be considered for the post.

There is another nisei girl, Doris Sato, a young thing about nineteen or twenty, working at the office. She is doing typing for the advertising agent in the office, and May says that the girl is very flighty and excitable, and doesn't do a very neat job of her typing. Doris is constantly afraid that she might get fired, which apparently means to her a return to domestic work of the type she was doing before coming to the office. May has told her repeatedly that there's nothing to worry about in that respect since the office is obviously ~~madly~~ in need of workers, but Doris is not at all sure of herself. May tells Doris to learn all she can while she's there. The two of them go out to lunch together. May feels

that Doris is yet too immature; at one moment she's very much concerned about losing her position, yet at another she's much concerned to have a good time, and she doesn't combine the two well since the latter desire disturbs her stability at work. Doris asked May what she was getting, and May told her \$27.50. Doris is getting \$25 a week, but is happy because she hadn't expected more than \$20 a week. May's comment was, "I'm glad she's getting \$25, but I think that it's unfair that those of us who are trained in office work can't get more. Doris could afford to start at \$20 a week; she's never worked in an office before, and her work just isn't up to what it might be. But when one has experience in office work, I think some recognition of it should be given."

May said that two of the Negro girls hired recently were fired. One girl who was doing filing couldn't file properly. She would get mixed up on numbers like 7,347 and 7,346 on the files, and she wasn't able to place the orders properly by geographical areas when the states were written in abbreviation. May felt sorry for the girl. The other girl was told by the manager to type some material in a dark part of the warehouse, and since she didn't want to do that, the manager told her that her services wouldn't be required for at least two weeks. It's doubtful that the girl will return to the office.

May's respect for the company that she works for isn't very high. They frequently get letters asking the return of checks that were sent in pre-payment for goods that were to be delivered but were not delivered. Apparently, the demand for used car parts is so great that auto companies are willing to send blank checks to get the parts they need, but the Warshowski's are not able to fill the order either. May feels that the office does not do its work very systematically.

The Job Problem

Much of my journal recently has been given over to the discussion of the occupational concern of the people whom I meet. Almost everywhere I go, the question of the relative merits of jobs, and the opportunities available, the discontent with the present job, etc., are among the main topics of conversation. There is undoubtedly a great amount of concern among the resettled nisei over the question of the job. They have not yet got themselves settled in position with which they feel satisfied.

One thing that comes out clearly in my discussions with May and Shig is that there is much concern over the kind of company they become identified with. May, for instance, wants to feel that she belongs to an outfit that does things systematically, and is respected among other companies. This was the same state of mind with Shig; he quit the Maling Bros. shoe stores because the outfit simply did not seem to operate efficiently nor with any standard of workmanship. He wasn't able to identify himself with the company.

Another cold day. Winter has definitely set in, and we now go around trundled up in our heavy clothing. Nothing much doing today except more work at the office. The Tule Lake report goes frightfully slowly, and unless I get the thing under way soon, I imagine it won't be finished before the draft catches me. I assume the draft of nisei is coming.

An Out-of-Town Visitor

Masao Tsutakawa, whose family is considered relatives by the Moritas, although I've never been able to understand what the nature of the relationship is except for the fact that they both come from Okayama-ken, dropped in this evening for dinner. He called up about the first week he arrived in Chicago, just about a week ago, and we've been trying to arrange to see him although it wasn't until today that he came out. Masao has been working in Spokane, Washington, in an auto repair and tire shop, but he became ill and the doctor ordered a rest. Apparently he's out this way on a vacation. Masao's training is in art and painting.

Myself: Are you out here looking for a commercial art position?

Masao: No, I'm not really looking for a job although I'm looking around to see what the prospects are. I got sick and lost forty pounds, so I told my boss that the doctor had ordered me to take a rest. The boss didn't want to let me go, but he said it was all right and for me to come back within a few weeks. They're really shorthanded, and they don't want to let anyone go. I have to handle big truck tires, and it takes about half a day to test some of those great big tires. It's not the kind of work for which I'm suited and in which I'm interested, and I'd like to find something else. What I really want to do is to go to school.

Myself: How do you like Chicago?

Masao: It's rather big and unattractive, isn't it? But even if you say it's big, it's no bigger than Osaka or Tokyo, and if you've lived in a place like Osaka, it doesn't take long to get used to a city like this. I lived in Osaka for a long time while I was going to school, and it wasn't very much different from this.

Michi: "That's what mother was saying the other day, Frank. She lived in Osaka for several years, didn't she. She was saying that she didn't find it hard to adjust here because it wasn't so different from Osaka. Aren't there a lot of different types of people here, though. You ought to come out here, Masao, and do some paintings of all shades of people.

Masao: There certainly are all kinds of people. I've never seen so many Negroes in all my life, and half the hakujin seem to be Greeks. You know, they've got that dark hair and dark complexion. But I was surprised to find that the Negroes are living in fairly decent places. It seemed to me that some of their homes must be superior to some of the places that the hakujin live in. It wasn't

as bad as I'd expected.

Myself: Did you visit any of the other cities on your way out?

Masao: Yes, I was in Denver for a short while. They've got a big Negro district there, too, and it's terribly run-down. I went through the Japanese district on Larrimer St. I was surprised to find so many nisei running their own stores. I understand there are 5,000 Japanese there, although I'm not sure that's correct, but I guess most of them are from California. The California nisei are older than those from the Northwest, maybe on the average of ten years difference, and I guess they prefer to run their own shops. There are a lot of stores making Japanese foods like shoyu, tofu, miso, and tsukemono. I was surprised. Nisei are running these stores, too, and they are doing quite well.

Michi told me later that Masao's friends in Minidoka had asked him to find out about Kansas City. They are apparently very much interested in that city, and had heard favorable comments about it from other people. She also told me that when Masao's uncle, George-ojisan, came back from internment camp and found that Masao had left his family to go out and work. George-ojisan got very angry at Masao and the latter had some tall explaining to do. The Tustakawa family relationships are very close for Masao's father and George ojisan, who are brothers, ran an exporting and importing business together in Seattle. Masao's father has been ill with paralysis for some time, and it was probably for this reason the his uncle got very angry at him. Masao, being the oldest son of the family, is supposed to look after the family in George-san's conception. But now George-san's family has repatriated and they moved to Tule Lake, while his own family is remaining in this country.

Masao: No, I don't think I'll go to Japan, as far as I know. I'd prefer to stay here if I can get a job. Think of George-san's children in Japan, though. They're going to have an awfully hard time. Japan isn't like America. Marion is so tall, too. She's taller than I am, and she's big. There won't be very many Japanese girls as tall as she.

Masao was in Japan for twelve years, and is a kibe. He has a Japanese accent, but he's got a very friendly personality that makes him easier to approach than many nisei.

Dorothy Maynor Concert

Howard Beale asked us about two weeks ago whether we wouldn't care to join him in going to the Maynor Concert. We went down with him this evening. Beale had been raving about Dorothy Maynor, and I'd heard others speak very highly of her, but I was a little disappointed in her. Perhaps it was the Women's Orchestra that was largely at fault---Michi certainly didn't think very well of it---, but neither of us enjoyed the concert as much as we'd hoped. Beale talked a blue streak both going and coming on the elevated, and what

got us was that he kept talking about the Negroes. We didn't talk about the Negroes when there were no Negroes around, but when they were around, it was the subject that he would turn to. Perhaps he's one of those chain-talkers who find their stimulation for conversation in the objects of association in front of him, but Michi and I felt a little uncomfortable for it seemed to us that no racial group wants to be the subject of conversation when they know they're being talked about but can't hear enough of the conversation to know what's being said.

What struck me was that Beale kept protesting his love of the Negroes. There's something unnatural in his "racial equality" attitude towards the Negroes. He treats Negroes on an equal plain as a matter of principle, but he can't treat them so naturally. One story he told, over which he more or less gloated, was that he was supposed to attend a high school here in Chicago when he was growing up that was 60% Negroes. Because his mother was afraid to have him associate with Negroes, the family sent him to the University High School. But because of the liberal racial attitude at the University High School, Beale developed a liberal attitude towards the Negroes, whereas, as he declares, if he had gone to the other school, he probably would have gotten a life-long hatred of the Negroes. So he goes on, telling of all the situations in which he's done the unconventional thing in his relations with Negroes.

Michi's State of Health

Michi has been complaining of being tired for the past two weeks. Two days ago on the elevated, she says, she almost felt like throwing up, and she could barely hold herself until the El got downtown. Today at the concert she felt a pain in her chest that lasted for about five seconds. Michi's a little worried that she may be getting TB. She's lost weight, and she's been tired.

Said she, "Actually, I think it's partly psychological. You know, this room is so small and there's no color to it so that I find it unstimulating and confining. Then, too, when I was taking mother out shopping everyday on 63rd St., it got so I felt there was a drag on me. (Michi and I had discussed the problem of taking mother shopping. She's old now and slow, and since she can't speak English well, Michi had to do all the work for her on these shopping tours. Michi became rather tense as a consequence, and complained about upsets.) Now, of course, mother goes out herself, and I don't feel it any more, but I guess it's just a hangover from it. This city is so dirty too, that I imagine I don't get very much sunshine even when the sun is shining. I think we ought to take more vitamin pills to keep up our energy. I think I'll drink more milk, too."

Miyamoto Journal
Nov. 12, 1943

Job Hunt

Yesterday when Masao Tsutakawa was here, Shig told him of the Japanese language program at the University and of his part in teaching it. Masao was interested and wanted to make an application for the position. He had expressed dissatisfaction with his tire shop job in Spokane, and although Masao denied yesterday that he was specifically looking for a job here, he's apparently interested in finding a job somewhat more congenial to him.

Shig agreed to make the contacts with Halpern for Masao, and Michi went to Halpern today to arrange an appointment for him. The department still needs about five or six more teachers, and Halpern was interested in Masao and will see him tomorrow, but H. said that he preferred college graduates because he's found so far that ~~the~~ he's had more success with them so far. Masao has only completed one year of work in art at school. Halpern told Michi, "One thing I like about your brother, he has a mature appearance," and guessed Shig's age at about twenty-nine years, which is two or three years more than the actual age. Masao is only twenty-three, but he's had excellent training in the Japanese language in Japan, and while his English isn't quite up to what it might be, we feel that he ought to get along.

Masao called this afternoon to thank Shig for the dinner last night, a common Japanese practice after having been a guest, and then inquired further about the prospects of the teaching position.

White Collar Job to Manual Labor

Masao tells us that Teruji Umino, who used to work at the bank with Shig, is now working in the tire shop at Spokane. Masao used to see Teruji when the latter would drop into the Tsutakawa market to buy groceries in Seattle, and had thought of him as a somewhat snooty bank clerk because of his appearance and his failure to even say anything or crack a smile toward Masao. Masao would never have thought that Teruji would even consider taking a mechanics job, let alone do a good job at it. Even in Minidoka, Teruji had a job as the Japanese head of the post office, and it seemed to Masao that all Teruji could do was white-collar work. However, when Masao told him of the work in Spokane, Teruji seemed interested, and then one day he ~~tuned~~ turned up at the tire shop in an overall. Masao was quite surprised to see him in the outfit. What surprised him more, however, was that Teruji went right to work and showed a good deal of competence in the work. Now he's the spark plug of the crew---he keeps the boys working together, and keeps them entertained with his dry humor.

I knew Teruji a long time ago when he used to drop over at our home to visit with my sister, and I knew that he had capabilities in mechanical work. It doesn't surprise me that Teruji fits into the tire shop, but people who have known him only as a bank clerk probably have an entirely different conception of him. I was quite surprised while at Minidoka to learn that Duncan Tsuneishi was one

of the strongest and hardest working beet field hands. In Seattle he was an optometrist, and he always struck me as being a tall weak looking sort of physical specimen. I imagine that a great many of these nisei white collar workers have a background of training in manual labor and are perfectly capable of doing it. That's the typical American background of the nisei.

House Hunting

Togo dropped in at the office this afternoon and told of some of his experiences hunting apartments for the Friends' Service. He never realized until he started hunting apartments for other people quite how hard it is to find anything. He estimates that he finds about one decent apartment a month of the type that is within a reasonable rental scale and yet is comfortably liveable. There are any number of apartments of the very second rate variety that few nisei would care to live in, or of the variety that rents for over \$100 a month, but the comfortable middle priced apartments are devilishly hard to find. Togo told of an apartment he found on Dorchester that is really very good---good landlady, a living room, kitchen and bedroom, with a private bath---that rents for \$12 a week. He placed a deposit on it with the idea of bringing out his parents to live there. The description of the place made me envious, for I've become increasingly conscious of the limitations of our own place and feel the need of Lebensraum. During the summer months, we were able to make use of the sleeping porch in the back of our apartment, and this gave us an additional living room, but now we're confined to the small inside rooms.

What surprised me was to hear of Togo's and his wife's disappointment with their attic apartment at the Morgenroth's home when they first took it. As I wrote the other day, I felt envious that they had as nice a place as they do, but now Togo tells me that they were so disappointed that they started looking for something else and even tried a few other places to live in. If I had his place, I should feel quite happy about it.

We agreed that in the process of house hunting, a man's values about homes go through a transformation. The typical pattern is: (a) one starts out with the idea of finding something comparable to the homes available on the Pacific Coast and tend to reject even those apartments that one would later consider rather decent places. (b) During the course of two weeks or so in which one hunts for a place, a rather rapid transformation of values takes place, and the home seeker becomes much less fastidious about the home he's willing to take. (c) In this period, however, various contingencies arise that cut into one's savings, and brings economic pressures on. As a consequence, the apartment hunter becomes frantic and suddenly is willing to take almost anything. The chances are that he takes the worst sort of place, the kind that an experienced house hunter would pass up without a second look. (d) After settling in the apartment for a while, however, all the undesirable aspects of the place begin to make themselves evident, and there is constant discontent with

the home circumstances. Generally, this discontent gives rise to a further search for an apartment, a search that may continue for some time.

This process is so typical, especially of couples and those with families, that one may almost generalize it for all nisei resettlers. I should say that the two major sources of discontent among this group of resettlers is: (a) with regard to the job, and (b) with regard to housing. One might almost generalize and say that the family with a good home and an interesting job with decent pay will be relatively quite content. Social adjustments for couples and families do not loom as a major difficulty; it's the discontent about the home and the job that is the most persistent.

Loneliness among Single Individuals

Among those who are single, however, there is definitely a problem of social adjustment. Last night I dropped in at the Okabe's apartment, downstairs from ours, to ask when I might interview Tom to complete the work we started. Tom was out to night school, but Rose was home, and Toshiko Sekiya was visiting. The Sekiya's are an old family friend of ours, and I've known Toshiko since she was a girl. She's rather plain, hasn't much of a social personality, and has developed some of the rigid habits of bachelor women although she's only about twenty-six yet. Apparently she hasn't very many friends besides the Okabes here in Chicago, and so every time that Tom goes to night school, and her brother also attends trades school, she drops over to Rose's apartment to visit. I remember when Toshiko almost caused a crisis in Tom and Rose's life just before they were married at Tule Lake because Toshiko persisted in hanging around to hear all about the details of the marriage preparation, even when it was evident that Tom and Rose wished to be left to themselves. Rose's sister, Lily, had to go to Mrs. Sekiya and ask in a subtle way to keep Toshiko at home. Toshiko was offended at the hint.

When I told Michi that Toshiko was around again, her response was, "Doesn't that girl know any better. She ought to realize that she ought to leave Tom and Rose alone sometimes. After all, Rose has her own life to lead, and she's got a lot of work to do around the home which she can't do when Toshiko is around." We've had similar experiences with Toshiko and Michi feels rather strongly about the matter.

Toshiko lives about nine blocks away in an apartment on 54th and Woodlawn with her brother. I suppose she gets pretty lonesome in this city. If she could find a boy friend, things would be all right, but her folks have tried to get her married without success. One feels sorry for the girl, and yet she exasperates one.

Worked at the office as usual. I'm getting discouraged about the Tule Lake report. Somehow it seems that all the material I gathered in my daily journal is hardly of any use whatsoever. I needed to get more attitudes of people, to follow a few groups more systematically, to maintain wider contacts in the community, and in general to have held a more systematic view of the research in the writing of the journal. In reading over my journal now, however, I find that most of it is concerned with the limited circle of friends whom I maintained in camp---Tom, Tomi, Naj, Keiko and Keiko, plus a few others---and in telling of what I thought others were thinking and doing. It isn't sufficiently behavioristic. It doesn't cover the important aspects of the camp life. By contrast, the journal I kept ~~kept~~ during the registration is much more meaningful; it has meat to it. I wonder now why I didn't follow things as carefully at an earlier period. The difference is, of course, that the registration affected the whole camp, the activity was sharply defined, and it was easier to follow the events even within a limited circle of friends.

Tom's attitude bothers me sometimes, too. I told him, for instance, that my journal was a bunch of junk, and his remark was, 'We sat around too much,' or 'Have you worked out any mechanical techniques for using the material. You know, some of these techniques will often show up points that don't come out in just reading the stuff.' What I wanted, I suppose, was sympathy, but instead I felt that he was criticizing me. He tries to tell me how to handle this material when I feel I know as well as he how I propose to use the data. Actually, I think there is some attitude of feeling of ~~an~~ increased confidence in dealing with sociological data developing in Tom, especially since coming out here to Chicago and studying under men like Blumer, and he likes to give vent to this newly found confidence. Tom has a habit of coming into the office with some new bit of information which the others of presumably haven't got, and of telling us in a manner as if to say, 'Here's something I've found out which you probably don't know about.' Tom is extremely competitive, and I suppose he feels some insecurity about the kind of work he's been doing and needs to reinforce his ego with attitudes of the kind, and at the same time what he says strikes uneasy cords within myself about the work that's been done.

There is a kind of occupational psychosis among the staff here as a consequence of the competitive pressure and the need to feel that the work he's doing is worth while and appreciated.

Job Hunt

Masao Tsutakawa expressed interest in applying for a position with the Japanese language department here as soon as he heard about it from Shig. Today he has an interview with Halpern about a position, and was turned down. I saw him immediately after he'd seen Halpern, and his remarks were:

"Halpern said that I was too young. I was afraid of that, anyway. It doesn't matter so much because I wasn't sure I'd take the

job if I were accepted. I was thinking about it last night when I went home, and I wasn't sure that I should take the position. I didn't care whether Halpern accepted me or not. I talked to him for a while and he said something about my being rather young, but he didn't give me any definite answer. I wanted something definite, though, you know, so I told him I wanted to know definitely, "Yes" or "No". There was no use talking in an indefinite manner. He told me that maybe I should take the job at Michigan because there they're much more interested in teaching technical Japanese. Here he said it doesn't matter so much whether the teacher has so much education in Japanese, but he wants somebody who can get people to learn to converse and understand spoken Japanese. He thought that a college graduate would be better suited to this kind of work. I'm not interested in going to Ann Arbor, although I've communicated with them. So I asked him for a definite answer, and finally he told me I was too young."

"Another thing, too. I told him that I wanted to go to school and finish my art training. I guess he thought that wasn't so good for his department. I think that made him hesitate, too, about taking me. Maybe I shouldn't have told him that."

Michi and Shig came along, and they took him over to the apartment because, as Michi explained later, she felt that Masao was really disappointed about not getting the job and she wanted to cheer him up a little before sending him off. Masao was probably really disappointed although he was rationalizing in talking to me, for after hearing about the opening, he called two or three times on the phone to inquire about seeing Halpern, came out twice before having a chance to see him, and all this within two days after hearing of the position.

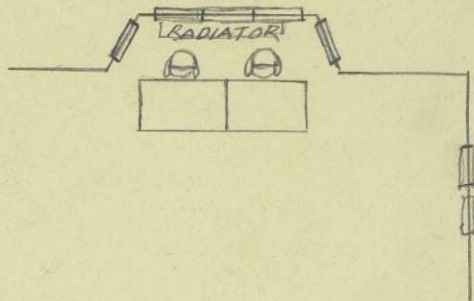
Michi and I agree that Halpern decided against Masao on the following counts, (a) he is too young (only 23 years), (b) he is not a college graduate and would probably have trouble dealing with grammar and with organizing the course, and (c) his command of English isn't all that might be desired. Halpern told Michi that he liked Shig because he looks mature. He has also said that he feels it almost more important that a teacher in this department have had a good sound training in American college education even if his Japanese is not as good as that of others, but with less education in America. His aim is to get the students to talk the language, use it, and gain some confidence in it. In this sense, Masao's kibe background was more a handicap than an asset, for he has a less aggressive personality than a fellow like Doi who isn't any older than Masao.

Japanese Language Dept.

Michi and Shig went up to 401 today to pick desks for themselves in their office. All of the teaching staff have been placed in that large room. Michi said that Wakukawa and Suzuki were there when she entered, as was Doi, but as soon as Wakukawa greeted her, he turned

and looked at Doi as if to say, 'Here's another of your gang,' and then turned to Suzuki and started to talk about something entirely apart from Shig and Michi in Japanese. Michi feels that Wakukawa makes a definite effort to distinguish himself from the nisei on the staff.

There were several desks to choose from. Michi noted that Wakukawa and Suzuki, the two kibe, had their desks in a special alcove right next to windows that gave excellent lighting. But they had their desks arranged in such a way that their backs were to the light, and with the radiators right behind them. Doi whispered to Michi on the side, "Those guys are right next to the radiator, and they're going to get so warm that they'll fall asleep working at their desks." Michi further remarked, "They should turn their desks so that they face each other. It would give better lighting and they wouldn't have their backs to the radiator." Michi definitely feels that Wakukawa assumes a superior air towards the nisei, but she ignores him, although she's not going to do anything to cause friction. While Wakukawa was around, Suzuki seemed to maintain the same attitude as the former, but when W. left, Suzuki became very friendly and she learned a lot about him. Mr. Uratani is friendly, of course, and so is Doi. "Doi isn't such a bad fellow, although he's got his faults," Michi said.



Michi selected a desk near the window where she would get very good lighting, a matter of importance to her because her eyes are poor, and she made sure that she wasn't too close to either Wakukawa or Doi. She doesn't want to get involved between them. Her desk is near Miss _____. Shig selected a desk between Doi and Uratani. Shig likes Uratani, though he's afraid he may squabble with Doi.

Interview with Tom Okabe

I went downstairs to complete my interview with Tom. They're as friendly as usual. Rose looks pale and tired; she's quite unlike the healthy person she seemed when she was still in camp. Rose is dissatisfied with her present position painting figureines in an art shop. It happened that she and two other girls got into the organization at a time when they wanted girls to do work by the hour rather than by the piece. The others are making twice as much doing piece work than are Rose and her group. Rose is thinking of quitting, but she has no training in secretarial duties, and she'd probably find it difficult to find something better than what she's doing.

Michi and I took easy this morning as we usually do on Sundaymornings. Lollled around and read the comics.

Visitor at Okaves

Ichiro Hasegawa, we call him "Ichy", came in from Gambier, Ohio, where he is teaching in a samll Episcopalian College named Kenyon. Tom told me on Friday, when I interviewed him, that he expected Ichy on Sunday. Mrs. Morris, our landlady, had one room open on our floor, so Ichy will stay there during the week he's staying here. As usual, Mrs. Morris stopped them to tell of some of her experiences as a Mexican---she doesn't look like a 'furriner'--- and she told Ichy that she's always ready to help the little man. Mrs. Morris feels strongly about racial prejudices, as a consequence of her experiences, and would probably ~~w~~ave a room to a nisei although she wouldn't to a hakujin.

Ichy's Activities since Leaving Tule.

Ichy was in Tule Lake while we were there. He'd evacuated out of Highlands, Washington, to Pinedale with the White River Valley people, and then came up to Tule Lake with the Pinedale people. In fact, he was best man at Tom and Rose's wedding. Ichy made a very good scholastic record at the University of Washington in the chemistry department, but didn't quite complete his courses for graduation. He was anxious to get his ~~BxKS~~ B. S. so he applied with the Student Relocation Council, and got into Kenyon College. Kenyon has only about 3 or 400 students ordinarily although right now there is an army ASTP unit there which adds about a couple of hundred students.

Ichy got his B. S. in chemistry in December 1942, and although the college wanted him to stay and teach on the faculty, he rather asked them for recommendations and went out to the East Coast to find a job. He spent three weeks in New York City hunting for a position, and he tells the story as follows: "One of my friends told me about a pretty good hotel up on 75th and Broadway, so I stayed there the first night. The following day, I heard that there was a room open at the ~~Japanese~~ Methodist Church up on 105th, so I stayed there the rest of the time. I had only one~~x~~ chance to go around to the Miyako Restaurant."

"I went around to several companies where I thought I might get connections, but I didn't find anything. I had one offer from a small paint company, but they got their oils, pigments, and lead, already made so that all there was for me to do was to mix them together. They offered to pay me 75¢ an hour for a forty-eight hour week, but I wasn't interested. I had one other favorable opportunity from the Merks laboratories. They're a big outfit, you know, and the personnel manager seemed interested and wanted me to fill out an application, but he said he couldn't give me an answer until they could hear from the University of Washington, and Kenyon."

"The WRA in New York is pretty good. They have their office in the Empire State Bldg. Mr. Colum, a young fellow who is the head of the office there, was quite helpful. He contacted several companies for me, when he heard what I was trying to get, and got interviews with them for me. Mr. Colum also happened to know the personnel manager of the DuPont Company in New York, so he wrote him a letter asking consideration of my case, but nothing ever came of it. I imagine it was pushed down from one level to the next, and I don't know how long it takes to get down to the bottom. I imagine that right now ~~ix~~ my application is sitting in some pigeon hole. The DuPont Company has never hired Japanese as far as I know, so I don't ever expect to get in there. What's Taft Toribara doing? (Taft is working for the University of Michigan, although it was said at one time that he was taken by the DuPont Co.) I heard that DuPont had taken him, and I was wondering how he'd got in."

"I stuck around New York hoping that Merks or somebody would come through with some job. About then I got another letter from Kenyon asking if I weren't interested in teaching there. I felt that I'd better take the position because otherwise I might not have anything at all to do, so although I wasn't particularly interested in going back there, I accepted their offer. I phoned up the Merks Lab. first, though, to find out if they'd made any decision about my case, but they answered that they hadn't heard yet from Washington or Kenyon."

"Kenyon's all right, but it's in a small town and I get tired sitting around. There are about fifty people on the faculty now, and some of them are pretty good fellows. One Frenchman, who's teaching French, translated several of Romaine's books, but he's an old sour looking guy. They have several Frenchmen and Germans teaching in the foreign language department there because they've got the language unit of the army there. But there really isn't much to do. Usually, I'm through with my classes early in the afternoon, and I go home and nap for about four hours. I get up and go out for dinner, and then I return to my room and study a bit or get together with others for a bull session. We often go down to a beer tavern in town, and sit around drinking and talking. Once in a while we go out to Mt. Vernon, which is the closest large town, to see a movie. Funny part of it is that I seldom get to bed before 12:00 at night."

"The quality of students is very poor now. They're mostly youngsters just out of high school, 4-Fs, or something like that. They're all men. I'm teaching physics, no chemistry, because the school didn't have anybody to teach physics."

"The faculty members there do a lot of drinking. One Frenchman starts drinking at six o'clock and keeps it up until midnight. He drinks anything, wine, beer, cocktails, or anything. There's nothing else to do."

"Oh, you hardly get to know the townspeople. I had only one instance of trouble, or near trouble. It happened in a beer tavern. I was sitting there drinking with some fellows. There was one young chap who had been drafted, and he wanted to get a "Jap" before he went into the Army. He was yelling around about it. The tavern was a pretty tough place anyway, and they always had a couple of cops stationed there. When this guy started yelling, the cop and the manager of the place called me into the office, and they told me the fellow was after me and that I'd better stay there for a while. I asked the manager to call the young fellow into the office so that I could talk to him, but the manager wouldn't do it. He made me wait around there for a while. That's the only time I ever had any trouble whatsoever at Kenyon."

"Philadelphia is a nice place for the nisei to settle. The city isn't so very clean---it's like all the eastern cities in that respect---, but it's a nice place to live, I think. The industry there is diversified, and it's not limited to war industries so that nisei who get jobs there should have opportunities even at the end of the war. Cleveland's a nice place, too, but the housing problem is acute. I've visited Cincinnati, too, but it's too close to the Kentucky border where they can get cheap labor from the South so that wages are pretty low. It was then, anyway. But Cincinnati's a pretty little town."

Sunday Evening at Home

We all stayed at home this evening. We spent most of it reviewing Japanese, reading character~~s~~ off to each other and trying to identify them, and I read some and moped over my research problem. The weeks go rapidly. We don't do much, yet the weeks go by as if all the weeks were telescoped into each other.

Ichy Hasegawa

Ichy was at our apartment when I went home for lunch. Michi later told me that he'd been there all morning, and she wasn't able to get any work done as a consequence. Ichy says that he started out downtown this morning intending to go ~~downtown~~ to the WRA to look up some of his friends' addresses and look them up. However, it was raining just at the time he left the building, and it was extremely cold so he decided to stay in until it cleared up. That's how he landed up at our apartment this morning. He'd got a room down at the end of the hall from ours, and it's convenient for him to drop in.

While Ichy's primary purpose in Chicago is a social visit, he is nevertheless on the lookout for some chemist's position that he might fit into. I gave him the address of the Friends' Service office so that he might drop in there as well as the WRA to inquire about possible openings. He tells us that he's able to eat for a \$1.20 a day at the men's dormitory in Kenyon which is reasonable by comparison with what one has to pay for meals out here.

Michi's Piano Pupils

Michi went to the Hughes's this afternoon for her piano instructions to Mrs. Hughes, Cherie Hughes, and Jamie Redfield. She feels that they're getting along nicely, although she wishes the Redfield's had a piano at home where Jamie could practice. Michi remarked, "Mrs. Hughes is taking a lot of interest in her piano work now. I think it started when Jamie started taking his lessons. I think she hopes that she can learn enough so that she'll be able to help Cherie with her lessons. Right now Mrs. Hughes doesn't sight read very well, although that's what she wants to improve on most, but there are a lot of other things wrong with her piano playing too. The trouble is, there are so many things wrong, I don't know where to begin, but I can't start by criticizing everything about her playing. She's picked up enough on her sight reading even in the few lessons we've had, though, so that today we were able to take up some of the more interesting problems like that of her touch."

There is just the possibility that this may be the beginning of a group of piano pupils for Michi. It's a difficult problem for a piano instructor to break in in a new city, but now that she's got Mrs. Hughes interested, and the Redfields, if she's able to demonstrate to them that she knows her stuff, as she seems to be doing, it may be that they'll go out publicizing her and gaining more pupils for her. Musicians have always had a problem of keeping themselves in bread and butter for the reason that they have only limited institutional channels for getting aid in finding jobs or pupils.

Thanksgiving Dinner

May and Michi had quite a discussion today about what to do for the Thanksgiving dinner. The problem arises from the fact that

we have no roasting pan big enough to handle a turkey. On the other hand, we don't know of any dining room that we could go out to dinner. There will be seven of us including Kaz and Nobu, who aren't working at their domestic job on that day since the family is going out, but that's quite a crowd of "Japs" to dine out.

May: "What do you think we ought to do?" We could ask Kaz and Nobu to borrow a roasting pan and bring it out."

Michi: "Kaz wouldn't like that, would he? If we asked them, don't you think he'd say it's better to eat out?"

May: "Oh, I don't know about that. Kaz likes to eat in and take things easy when he has a big dinner. I think if we asked him, he'd possibly be willing to bring a roasting pan out. I don't think the Knodes would mind lending them the pan."

Michi: "That's true. We could have chicken, and the roasting pan we've got might do then. The chicken we ~~have~~ had the other night was very good, I thought. Of course, on Thanksgiving, turkey would really be the thing."

May: "Thanksgiving wouldn't be quite Thanksgiving unless we had a turkey. Of course, we could eat out, but where would you suggest that we go to. I wonder if there's any place where we could eat at leisure. I wouldn't care to go out and be rushed out after the dinner's over. Besides, there will be seven of us, and it might be hard to find a place where seven Japanese could get together for a dinner. Still, we're one family; it's not as if seven young fellows were going some where to dinner."

Michi: "That's true. We'd look like a family group. I wonder, maybe we ought to buy a large roasting pan. Frank and I'll need it anyway. There's the Christmas dinner, and then Thanksgiving will be coming every year."

May: "Oh, no, there's no use your getting any more equipment. We have to move around too much to load ourselves down these days."

Michi: "Isn't it too bad that we aren't back in Seattle. We've got a great big roasting pan at home. Maybe we should send for it. Doesn't that get you; to think we've got the equipment somewhere, but that we can't use it."

May: "Yes, we've got a large roasting pan too in Seattle."

Michi: "Well, anyway, I'll find out how much a turkey costs."

Christmas Shopping

Michi went Christmas shopping today, and I met her downtown in the afternoon. When she left this morning, Ichy Hasegawa came in to inquire if he might tag along. Michi thought that he perhaps wanted to do a little shopping for himself, get acquainted with the downtown area, and then go on for himself, but when I met Michi some two or three hours after she'd left home, Ichy was still with her. He followed along patiently as we went from one shop to another looking for appropriate gifts to give the family members. He just looked on with interest at everything that we went to see, and we didn't know what to make of it except that he just wanted to see the department stores in our company or that he was lonely and didn't have anything else to do alone.

Ichy's an intelligent fellow, but I imagine that he's much less self confident and independent here than one might expect. Yesterday he left for the WRA office in the morning, and turned back to return to our apartment when he discovered that it was beginning to snow a little. If he had been determined to go to the WRA, a little snow shouldn't have stopped him, but perhaps he's afraid to tackle the city of Chicago alone and can't make up his mind about going out into it.

George Hara: Newcomer in Town

George arrived in Chicago last Thursday from Granada from where he relocated. On Friday night he called us, and we invited him over but the telephone conversation was interrupted by a drunken woman on the party line, and I told him I'd come out and see him at the Bretheren's Hostel where he's staying. When we got back from our shopping, we were a little surprised to find George there. Shig was entertaining him. George had come down to the South Side to look up Rev. Yamazaki for some reason, and failing to find him in, had dropped into our apartment just at the time that Shig was on his way out to get a haircut.

It must be a common pattern for all these newcomers and visitors in town to look up all their friends the first thing after they get here. During the past two weeks, we've had a steady stream of such guests, and Michi's getting a little worn out under this onslaught. It was Masao Tsukakawa first, then Ichy, and now George Hara. We don't know any of these two people too well, but when they come out to Chicago, even rather casual friends back in Seattle seem the closest of friends here.

Santa Anita

Shig remarked that I should line up George for an interview since he had a lot of interesting experiences to tell of, especially of Santa Anita. Said George: "I've certainly had a lot of interesting experiences. I was on the police force both in the assembly center and at the relocation center, and, you know, you can see a

lot more when you're on the inside than the ordinary person can. Sure, I was right there when the riot happened down at Santa Anita. They really went after one of the Caucasian guards; they beat him up. There was a Korean fellow there, too, and there was something funny about that guy. They said he was Korean though I'm not sure of that. You know, a lot of those Koreans take on Japanese names so you can't always tell."

Helping his Sister

George lived in Seattle most of his life, and he was there the last I knew of him. I was wondering how he'd got down to Santa Anita, so George explained. "I went down there right after the war broke out---I mean to Los Angeles. My sister and her husband were down there, and on the night of Pearl Harbor, the FBI picked him up. I don't know why he was picked up, and my sister can't figure it out to this day, and the only reason that we can see is that he's been up in Alaska several times and knows that coast pretty well. We think maybe that's the reason he's being held, but I believe he's going to have a rehearing down at Santa Fe where he is, and he may be able to get out. His name is Mikichi Sato, used to be head bookkeeper for the A.B. Canneray Contractors. (An Alaska salmon cannery contractor for Japanese labor.) I guess he had quite a bit of money put away too, and that may have been another reason. My sister almost had heart failure when her husband was taken, and she was sick for a long time. I didn't want to go down to Los Angeles, but I felt that I ought to help my sister, so I went down there and stayed with her right up to the evacuation. We used to live in Seattle, but the whole family moved down to L.A. about seven years ago, including my three brothers and except for me, so they were all down there when the evacuation came."

Santa Anita

"We lived in West Los Angeles, so we went to Santa Anita. They had people from all over there. There were some from Marysville (near Sacramento) and from as far south as Terminal Island. It was a mixed population, and at its peak there were close to 20,000 people there. Oh, it was terrible down there. It was the administration that brought on the riot. They were inefficient, and they misused the funds. After the riot, the Army came in, and, boy, we had good food after that. Well, maybe I shouldn't say it was good food, but it was all right anyway. Some of the hakujin stewards were fixing the invoices and taking a big cut on all the food that was supposed to be coming in, and that's why we had lousey food at first. We just weren't getting everything that the Army was sending us. I was a member of the men's glee club at Santa Anita.

Granada

"The West Los Angeles people were sent to Granada from Santa Anita. They split up the Santa Anita crowd because it was a big camp, and we were sent to Granada. I believe the Boyles Height people

were sent to Poston. We had a good camp at Granada. The Sanata Anita crowd formed about one-third of the people there, and the rest of them were mostly from around Livingstone. The people at Granada were relatively quiet and well behaved; there wasn't so much of the rougher element there. Besides, it was a small camp, less than 10,000, and I think that helped a lot. The West Los Angeles people are mostly gardeners who kept up the landscape on big estates and that sort of thing, and they're a pretty conservative group. They're Methodists. The Livingstone people are mostly Christian too, although there was a Buddhist influence in the camp. But the Christian influence was stronger than the Buddhist influence. (George is an Episcopalian from Seattle). They're a conservative group mostly, not the rowdy type that you find among certain California groups."

Californians: Sectional View

"Californians are a kind of a fast bunch; they're not as conservative as the Seattle and Portland people are. They don't have as much community feeling as in the Northwest, and everybody's out for himself. Up in Seattle people are friendlier, and they're more genuine, but you can't tell what these Californians are after. You might think that some of those fellows are your friends, but they'll take advantage of you if you don't watch your step. There were all kinds of people down there, a lot of the undesirable element from the Northwest, Hawaiians, fishermen, and so on. I wanted to evacuate with my friends in Seattle; I kind of missed them. Most of my old friends were with the Seattle group."

On the Police Force in Granada

"I was with the internal security in Granada. That's why I put on weight while I was in the center. I was working out in the open, and we used to eat more than the regular people. Every three months we worked the night shift, and I was eating at midnights and having snacks between times then. The food was good, and we had nothing to complain about. We had plenty of meat, and we even had our own herd of cattle, although they didn't kill very many steers at any one time. But there was plenty of meat and eggs in that area so we were well fed. We had some interesting experiences with people who went off the beam."

Visiting the Town of ^{Lattar}Granada

"The town of ^{Lattar}Granada was only about two-and-a-half miles away. I went over there quite often. You remember Frank Tsuchiya? He used to live in Seattle before he moved down to Los Angeles. He owned one of the biggest fish markets down there, the Santa Monica Fish Company, and he still has his connections with that outfit. He started a fish market in ^{Lattar}Granada, and he's doing a good business now. He sold maguro (tuna for a Japanese raw fish dish) and all kinds of stuff that he had the Santa Monica Company ship to him. He also had fish shipped from New Orleans. He had his connections.

He branched out into all kinds of business once he got started, and used to sell poultry, meat, and so on. He even started a taxi service between Granada and La Mar which he ran at a loss---charged only about 25¢ round trip---but he made it up in his store. There was always plenty of people coming out of the center to buy in La Mar, and a lot of the business men who were almost going bankrupt before the war were cleaning up after the relocation center was put there. Frank was elected councilman of the town, and they respect him for his business ability. That fellows always one jump ahead of the people. He sells fish to the WRA, and he's got the fish contract for Heart Mountain. That fellow's really making dough now."

"It was easy to get out of the center at Granada. You could get a pass to go out to LaMar almost any time, and it was even possible to go out to Denver if you'd state your business. I didn't even need a pass because I knew the MP guards at the gate. The guard told me one day, 'George, any time you want to go out, you can just walk out.' Me and the MP were just like that (he showed two fingers together). I could have gone out night or day without a pass or anything."

Reasons for Leaving the Center

"I wasn't intending to leave the center until next spring. Most of the people are figuring it's better to stay in until after the winter is past, and I guess they won't start coming out until spring. But I couldn't stand it there, so I came out. Ah, everybody wanted me to get married. My sister used to bring up the subject now and then before, but she'd about given up. But all my friends kept telling me I ought to get married, and they'd get girls lined up for me. I didn't like that. I don't want to get married to just any girl, and I'm kind of particular, you know. Besides, the way I figure, it doesn't appeal to me to get married behind barbed wire fences. I've got more pride than that. A lot of these people figure that it's easy to get married in the center so they go ahead and get married, but I don't see it that way. Hell, you have to think of the future, too. There are a lot more girls in the center than fellows now, and there are plenty of girls looking for a husband these days. Everybody tried to tell me that it would be better to stay in for the winter, but I didn't want to stay there."

Job Hunting

"I thought I'd look for a job right away after getting out, and I went down to the WRA the day after I got in, but Mr. Olson down there told me to take it easy for a while. I went down there in the clothes I'd travelled in, I wasn't shaved, and it was a pretty hard train ride out, so I guess I looked kind of worn out. Mr. Olson told me there wasn't any hurry about looking for a job right away, and the Smeltzers have told me the same thing. I've been taking it easy for a while, although I've inquired about one job that looked like a pretty good proposition. It was with some

hotel and would have paid \$150 a month, but I went there in the afternoon and the job was already taken in the morning. I guess I was too late."

"I've got enough so that I could take it easy for about three or four months. But I don't want to do that. I get tired of sitting around, I've always been active, and I've got to think of the future too. Some of the fellows with whom I came out from Granada already have jobs and there going to start working tomorrow. I've got to get started too, and I think I'll go down to the WRA and see what I can find tomorrow. Still, I don't think it's a good idea to jump into these jobs, and then quit because a fellow doesn't like what he got. If a fellow takes a job, I think he ought to stick with it. It's bad to irresponsibly flit from one job to another, and the nisei ought to have more sense than to shift around the way they doo. It makes a bad impression on the hakuin employers."

"I think I'll look around for some job with a hotel because that's what I've always done; or anything else that I can find. I'll find something."

Housing

"I'll have to find myself an apartment somewhere. I don't want just a room and eat out. That runs up to too much, and anyway, I like to cook my own meals. I've always cooked for myself. Back in Seattle, I used to have a room with two gas plates, and I got along all right. When my brother came up from Los Angeles we had a flat up on 17th, and I did all the cooking. He worked during the daytime, and I worked nights. I know how to iron my own shirts too. I've had to learn all those things. I've never had a mother, you know, and I've had to learn to shift for myself."

The Hostel

"The Bretheren's Hostel's pretty nice. It's a pacifist group like the Quakers, isn't it. It's fixed up okay, and it's quite comfortable. Those hostels have been doing a good job. We ought to be thankful to the Bretheren's and the Friends for what they've done to help the Japanese."

Friends

"Is George Tokuda around here? I've got to look up that fellow. I helped him a lot when he was just starting his drugstore in Seattle. Yeah, I helped him put up his stocks and everything. Is he still wolfing around? That guy! I know him and his brother; they're two of a kind. I know all about them from way back."

Kara
George left because the Hostel's doors close at 10:30 p.m. George is a cripple from infantile paralysis, and though he's a good fellow, I can imagine that he's a little left out in nisei society because of his crippled condition. He's thirty seven, tho doesn't look it.

Memorial Day for Father

About three days ago, May dropped in at our apartment and asked us to keep Saturday night open for dinner. According to mother, May wanted to keep this dinner a kind of surprise, but mother pointed out to her that Michi would ordinarily cook her own dinner unless she were forewarned. It turned out that the dinner is, in a sense, for the commemoration of my father's death. My father died on November 18, 1928, and mother felt that the dinner rightly should be held on that day, but because it's easier to have these affairs on the week end, the dinner was set for this evening.

Mother has an enlarged photograph of father hanging on the wall of her bedroom. She's always carried it around. And she always has these memorial dinners, or at least some kind of affair in his memory. In the old days before we left the community in which we grew up, mother used to have the church people over on that day, for dad was a strong church supporter, and a kind of prayer meeting would be held and then we'd serve some refreshments. Mother has real sentimental feelings about dad, I'm sure, but in part it's a matter of Japanese tradition too. The Japanese have traditionally made much of the matter of remembering members of the family who have passed away.

Last night in bed Michi and I discussed the question of what we should bring for mother. Mother doesn't want Michi to help in getting the dinner, for she says the dinner is really in part to repay some of the dinners we've given them, so Michi feels we should do something. Said she, "I think we should bring something as osonae (Buddhist and Shinto term for gifts at the altar). I don't know if you've ever had anything like that in your family, but mother used to always present an osonae at the altar we had in our home, and dad and mother would pray while we kids were supposed to stand behind them quietly. Shig and I would always want to giggle, and sometimes mother would turn around and give us a dirty look. You know, the Japanese have an old saying that says something like, 'Oji to oba no meinishi wa mago no omatsuri.' (The commemoration days for the grandfather and grandmother are the grandchildren's festival) It means that after the rituals are over, sometimes after the gifts of food have been on the altar for several days, the children would be given the gifts. We used to get the osonae at home; Shig and I always cleaned up after."

Michi argued that mother would probably like an osonae even though she may not be Buddhist, since it's a general Japanese custom, and I agreed because I remembered that mother used to make a kind of informal family altar on the mantle over the fireplace of our home in the old days. We discussed flowers and fruits. ~~We discussed~~ I left the matter to Michi and she and Shig went out this afternoon to buy some persimmons and grapes from us, and Shig wanted to have something too so he bought the flowers, some crysanthemums. Mother was very pleased with it, but I rather felt that

Barry Saiki: Job and House Hunting

Barry, Tom's friend from Stockton and Berkeley, came in a couple of days ago, and has been turning up at our office occasionally. He's a nice fellow. Today he came in and said, "Well, I found myself a job. It's going to pay over \$50 a week, the boss told me, and it's machinist work. He offered me a typist position at \$35 a week, but I couldn't type fast enough. The boss is a Jewish fellow, but he seemed to be all right. He's never hired a nisei before, so he asked me how I thought I'd get along with my fellow workers, and I told him I didn't know how they'd accept me racially, but that I usually made friends with those with whom I work. I got the job through the WRA. I happened to know the assistant supervisor of the WRA office here, Mr. Olson, because I met him when he visited Rohwer. He got the job for me. Oh, if I don't like the job, I can look for something else. I can try it out anyway. Now that I've got the job, I feel better. I don't have to worry about that any more. I'll have to find myself an apartment; I want to get something out here in the University district, although it'll take me forty-five minutes to get out to my job every day. There aren't any decent places to live around the area where the shop is. It's almost all Negroes out there; there aren't any good places to live."

Rev. Schlurb: Nisei Adjustment Comm.

Mr. Schlurb called me late at night and introduced himself as the pastor of the Hyde Park Baptist Church. He'd just been over to Redfield's home, next door to his place, and they'd apparently recommended me to ~~serve on~~ help them with their church's committee to aid nisei adjustment. The church has a program in mind of contacting some seventy or eighty nisei in their general area and attempting to draw them out into Caucasian society. Apparently this is a part of the program that Walt Godfrey and Smeltzer have been working on. Mr. Schlurb's request was that I join their committee, along with Togo Tanaka and some other nisei, at Mr. Epstein's home next Tuesday night where they want to give a preliminary discussion to the problem before going on to the actual carrying out of the program. I consented to attend, for I'm interested to know what sort of thing is actually done.

Hi Doughty: A Nisei Friend

I went over to the psychology library in the afternoon to look for some descriptive material on individual insecurity, hoping I might get some hunches on the problem I'm working on. The librarian, a young fellow, tried to help me find something, but I quickly realized that there was nothing he could do for me and that I could only go through the material myself and decide for myself what books might be useful. He even called in a faculty member who dropped into the office, and enlisted his aid in helping my search, but this only embarrassed me. From the discussion of the type of material I was interested in, he gathered that I was interested in race relations and when he saw my name as I signed

out some books, he recognized that I was a nisei and thus started a conversation.

I told him that I was connected with a study of the evacuation and problems of adjustment. He remarked that he'd been asked by Ralph Smeltzer to invite some nisei over to his home and entertain them. He's been wanting to do so, but he's been so busy as a student at the university who works part time that he hasn't been able to make his contacts yet. "I'm a Quaker," he said. "I'm a pacifist. there's one young nisei fellow over at the seminary, his name is Yosh, who's also a pacifist. He's one of the best adjusted fellows I've ever known." Our conversation drifted along from one thing to another, and then he asked the significant question, "What can we do to help the nisei?" I've heard that question before from other Caucasians, from Men of Good Will. It always makes me want to withdraw from such conversation. This fellow was a very friendly young fellow, neat looking and clean cut. Said he: "I'm from Oklahoma. When the Okies moved to California, I hopped on a freight car, and went out there to see what it was like. I saw a lot, and when Steinbecks Grapes of Wrath came out, I thought it gave a pretty accurate account of what had happened. I don't know why California's the way it is. I can understand the treatment of the Negroes in the South, but I can't understand why there should be such strong feeling against the Japanese on the West Coast, or any outside group for that matter. Understand, I don't condone the treatment of the Negroes in the South; I almost got kicked out of the state once for trying to ignore the caste system there, but I can see the historical reasons for the existing treatment of the Negroes, whereas, in the case of those out in California, it seems to me that people can do something about it."

There are these people who are anxious to help the nisei. Some people have guilt feelings unless they're helping others. It makes me uncomfortable to be the object of "help".

Michi might have disapproved mother's rather informal treatment of the osonae, for her mother handles such situations much more formally. The gifts of flowers and fruits were first on a corner end table, and then later it was brought out as a centerpiece for the dining table. However, everybody was in good humor over the tasty chicken dinner we had. After the dishes were cleared, we played Chinese checkers until late into the night.

The whole affair was more in the nature of an exchange dinner rather than a commemoration dinner. When the table was set, we merely sat down to eat, and after the tables were cleared, we sat around at social conversation. Nothing was said that would have given an outsider any idea that this was an anniversary.

Father's Memorial

This day is the fifteenth year, exactly, since father's death. I'm sure I should have forgotten it if mother weren't here to remind us. Mr. Hidaka, an old business partner of dad's, wrote a letter from Minidoka so that it would arrive just on this day. Mother wrote to him concerning this day because, as she remarked, "He's the former business partner, and we at least had to notify him." Mr. Hidaka is kichō-men (rigorous, punctual, formal) about such affairs; he never forgets to do the proper thing. There are two types of issei in this regard, (a) the purists and (b) those not quite so pure. That is, there are those who follow Japanese tradition rigorously and can't stand to see an oversight of proper conduct, and those who make leeway for the fluid condition of American situation. W. I. would roughly classify these people as Pharisees and Bohemians. Mr. Hidaka is of the former. I tried to read Mr. Hidaka's letter in Japanese and told mother it was difficult, to which she replied, "Yes, his writing is difficult. He's stylistic in both cryptograph and composition."

Shig's Mother's Letter

Shig's mother wrote in reply to his letter of last week. The main point of her letter was regarding Shig's choice of job. She declared, "I am very glad to hear that you've accepted the teaching position. I was secretly hoping that you would take the language teaching position. I am sure your reasons for accepting the job are good." She was undoubtedly referring to the view, which both Shig and Michi expressed, that this position would give Shig the opportunity to gain poise and confidence for himself, something that he hasn't as yet acquired.

Mother also mentioned in her letter that Sado Sako, who is a corporal in the army, was in camp recently and visited them. Before, Sako was almost boastfully proud of the recognition he'd received from the Army, and he rather preened himself on the neat uniform he was wearing. But this time, according to mother, Sako remarked, "I can't understand what made me volunteer. I wish I hadn't". Sako volunteered before the evacuation.

Ed Marks

Ed Marks called this afternoon asking if he might have a chance to see us. He's out here to help set up the social adjustment section in the field offices of the WRA, the job that Jacoby is taking over in Chicago. I promised to see him tomorrow afternoon, so we'll find out what's on the ticket.

Margie Abe

Margie and Morris Abe live just around the corner from us. They have a new infant, their first, who's about seven weeks old now and whom we've seen once so far. Michi and I went to visit them this evening to bring over the bib for the baby which Michi finished a

short while ago, and which Michi had promised for Margie's baby. Margie was home alone darning socks, while Morris was out this evening to a dinner of the shop group where he works which they're giving to their boss. Our conversation, eliminating our side of it, went somewhat as follows:

Margie: "The baby's seven weeks old now, and he's gained quite a bit of weight. He weighs ten pounds now. Masaye (Margie's older sister) stayed with me for 10 days; she helped me a lot. Gee, it was good to have her around, and I felt quite lonely for the first few days after Masaye left. I guess Masaye wrote mother (in Granada) that I was having a little trouble giving the baby its milk during the first week, and that I was reading the books and pamphlets on the care of the child. My mother wrote me a letter and she mentioned at least three times in different places, 'You can't bring up a child on a book.' I guess all mothers feel that their method of raising children is the best."

"My oldest brother Ed (Kawasaki) was in town until yesterday. He left this morning for Rockford where he's going to work on a poultry farm. He came over Sunday, but it just happened that Morris's brother came up from Shelby so we decided to have our Thanksgiving dinner together downtown. It happened that Kumeo (their closest friend here) was staying in, so we left the baby with him and went out. Ed came over just when we were out, and he slipped a note under the door. When I got home, I saw the note which said, 'Dear Margie and Morris, Can you guess who's come to town. I dropped over but you weren't in, so I'll call again. E. H. K.' I told Morris that it looked like Ed's handwriting, and Morris remarked too that it was the way Ed expresses things, but we couldn't imagine his being in town. Then the lady downstairs told us that my brother had been here just when we were out. He's always been a practical joker like that. Ed was out in Idaho until before he came out here. I guess he heard of all the people in Granada going out to the sugar beet fields, so he thought he'd try his hand at it, but he decided it wasn't work for the nisei. He's interested in the poultry business because he feels that after the war the nisei are going to have a hard time finding something to do, and he wants to learn a trade that he can go into. The poultry work at this farm near Rockford will last only till spring, but Ed feels that he'll be able to learn quite a bit by then."

"The poultry work at Rockford is similar to the work Harry's doing (Harry is Masaye's husband). Harry's rather disappointed with what he's doing though. It's mostly raising young chicks to chicken after which they kill them off. It's quite different work from what he expected. Harry likes the kind of poultry farming he was doing out in Tule Lake, raising eggs and chicks. I guess that's what he thought this work was going to be. (Harry has had quite a bit of technical training in poultry farming.)

"I was so glad to see Ed that we just kept shaking hands like this (pumping hard to demonstrate) that my shoulder was sore after. It's good to belong to a big family. There were seven of us, but one died. Ed is the oldest and then Corky came. After Corky there was a girl who died as a baby. That's why there's such a gap between Corky and Masaye (Frances). Corky's ten years older than I am. After Masaye, I came, and then Verniece, and finally Sally. The boys came together, which was good for them, I think. I guess mother must have had quite a time bringing all of us up. No, I'm sure I'll never have as large a family, though I think it's nice to grow up in a big family."

"I think camp experience was good for us, although I wouldn't want to go through it again. Sometimes when I'm trying to take care of the baby, I begin to wish that we had another room. But then I think of all the mothers who had to take care of babies in camp without any of the conveniences here, and I think to myself that I'm lucky to have as much as I have. Back there they don't have baths handy, nor cooking facilities; it must be terribly inconvenient trying to bring up a child there. We at least have a bathroom of our own, and we have an extra room. Think of what Lily (Tom Uyeno's wife who has just had a baby) had to go through. I hope they got out of Tule Lake all right, we don't know where they are now."

"Morris is happier with the job he's got now than he was before. He's making more than he did, and I think he likes the work better. Right now it's all right, but I don't know what we'll do after the war. We have to keep thinking about it. Frank, what do you think will be the situation after the war for the nisei? (I replied that it was hard to tell, but I felt that it would be tough.) I suppose so. Things like the Tule Lake riot don't help much. Isn't it awful. We heard that the MPs were just itching to get into Tule Lake. Tom wrote us a letter just before the riots started---here let me show it to you. ~~When~~ Have you seen Young's picture "Behind the Rising Sun"? I haven't either, but I understand that it presents the Japanese as rather vicious people. When you read some of the things that the Japs in Tule Lake are doing, though, you can almost believe that some of the things that come out in the newspapers about how brutal they are are true. I guess some Japanese are just that way."

"I don't feel so very different that I'm a mother now. When I look at the baby, though, I sometimes wonder that he is our own, that he's of our own flesh and blood, and I can't get over it. I have to feed him at 5:30 in the morning, at 9:30 a.m., at 1:30 in the afternoon, at 5:30 p.m., and 9:30 p.m., and at 1:30 in the morning. Every four hours. I found it awfully hard at first to get up at night---it's so cold at 1:30 in the morning---, but I've gotten used to it now. I get only four or five hours of sleep every night, but I take a nap for about two hours every afternoon. I'm used to it now so it doesn't bother me any more. I used to count on the baby to cry when it gets hungry in the morning to wake me up, but he sleeps

right through it now so that I have to use the alarm clock. When he'd cry at night, it used to irritate me---I guess I'd be so sleepy that it would get on my nerves---, but he's generally pretty quiet. I go out to the grocery right after I'm through feeding him, when he's quiet, and dash around the corner to the grocery on 61st. I manage that way."

Morris Abe: Party for the Boss

Morris came in just about 9:30 in the evening from the party for his boss. He joked around quite a bit as he usually does. I asked him about the party. "The boss gave a party to the workers at the shop, that was before I got there, and this was a kind of return party from the workers to the boss and his wife. We had a good dinner and a good time. There must have been about fifteen of us there tonight down at the Chinese Pheasant where we had the dinner. That place has pretty good Chinese food; it's right down in the Loop."

Chinese-Japanese Relations

"We went down to the restaurant last night too. I guess I got in a little later than tonight last night. I guess they thought we were Chinese at first, and they treated us rather well. ~~Wax~~ were getting good service, and they were pretty friendly. Later on they must have found out that we weren't Chinese, but nisei, and then we felt the difference in their attitude right away. They were kind of cold to us. We went down there to see if we could make reservations for the dinner tonight, and we liked the waiter who waited on us so we asked him if he'd wait on us tonight too. He said he wasn't going to be on duty tonight and declined, but we noticed tonight that he was around. The waiter tonight was all right, though. He was giving us good service. The Chinese restaurants in Chinatown are the same way. They're kind of cold towards any nihonjins (Japanese) who come in. It kind of scares you; you wonder if they're not going to poison your food or something, but we've never had any trouble so far."

Morris's New Job

Kumao Yoshinari was one of the first Japanese to get into the chemical products factory that Morris is now working at. Kum has been making fairly good money right along, and since he's Morris's closest friend, he probably got the opening at this factory for Morris. They turn out cosmetics and things for Sears Roebuck and other firms. The factory is located at around 43rd South in the negro district.

"I like the place where I'm working now. It's better than Cuneo Press; the boss is nice and the work is better paying. It's not as clean as the chemical products factory I worked in first, but it's a much better place to work at. The boss is Swiss, and the girls

who are working in the office are mostly German. That's why it's good. They were all there tonight, and they were talking in German sometimes. This boss isn't like that Jewish fellow I was working for first. He doesn't drive the workers the way the Jews do. He let's us assume more responsibility, and he pays us pretty well too. I'm getting 75¢ an hour during a 40 hour week, and time and a half for overtime. The rest of the workers quit at 4:30, but some of us stay on until seven or so at night. Lots of times I don't get home until about eight in the evening. There's always something to do. I generally average over 60 hours a week, and I can make pretty good money that way. (Adds up to at least 52 dollars a week.) Like last Saturday, we worked from eight in the morning until eight at night, and it was all overtime. When we work late, we just get things ready for the next day. The boss doesn't mind because he knows were trying to improve the place."

Negroes and Japanese

We have four nisei working at our place: Kum, George Adachi who's from California, a Hawaiian fellow, and myself. There's a quite a few Negroes working in the plant. I guess the boss would like to bring in a few more nisei, but I think he's pretty careful not to antagonize the Negroes. The plants right in the Negro district, and he can't very well bring in more nisei. That means that the jobs for Negroes are fewer, and being in the district, it would be noticeable. He told me, when he took me on, 'I'll have to be careful about hiring too many nisei although I like them because the Negroes won't like it.' He's thinking about moving the plant to a new location, he's mentioned it himself, and it may be that one of his reasons is that he wants to hire more nisei. But right now it's just right. There are four of us, and we get along swell."

Two Rumors:

Morris gave me two rumors. I wasn't inquiring for rumors, of course. Said he: "I hear Harry Shiozaki was picked up by the FBI. Somebody told me; oh ~~h~~ yeah, it was that California fellow whom I got to know at Cuneo's. I see him on the El now and then. Harry was working down at Cuneo's. Harry came back from Japan on the last boat from Japan; that's the only reason I can think of for his being picked up. I tried to check up on it with Mr. Shirrell, but I couldn't find out. Harry's a good fellow you know, and he wouldn't do anything."

Rumor No. 2. "Say, I hear that some of the New York foreign trade offices are starting to take nisei into their company. I guess they figure that trade with Japan will boom after the war's over, so they're starting to train them now. Have you heard anything about it?"

I suppose very few nisei are concerned about being picked up by the FBI and the first rumor has circulation only because Morris is Harry's friend. But this sorty of story would tend to make the

nisei cautious of doing anything out of line. The second rumor would have distinct interest for those with foreign trade training, of which group there are plenty among the nisei. Morris is a Business Administration graduate from the University of Washington, and would have interest in such a job. It would hold professional status, and New York has an appeal if a decent job can be found. It settles the post-war problem if the job is any good.

Cuneo Press Occupational Group

(See Miyamoto Notes on Cuneo Press) Morris discussed the Cuneo Press situation briefly when I asked him about it. We didn't have sufficient time for this discussion.

Verniece Kawasaki's Family News Letter

Verniece (Margie's younger sister), who is in New York staying at the International House at Columbia while she goes through some sociology courses for training in group work, sent Morris and Margie an ingenious family news letter. This was a letter to family members of the whole related group, and told of the activities of the various scattered members. The Letter is called "NYAK" representing the first letters of the names of each related family, as, N - Nakamura, Y - Yonagor, A - Abe, and K - Kawasaki. "NYAK" is used for its humorous "rejecting" sound effect, I suppose, but it occurs to me, as it must have occurred to Verniece as she shuffled the letters, that an American family would have used the letters to form the word YANK.

NYAK is done up like a newspaper with a NYAK title at the top drawn in, and a three column page of typewritten news items about the families using small headlines for each item, etc. The news comes from all parts of the country, indicating the wide scatter of the whole related group, and deals with such items as marriage, engagement, births, movement, school records, and various activity which Verniece must have gathered from her correspondence with family members. The whole thing is four typewritten pages long. On the last page was given the addresses of all the family members in different parts of the country.

Attitudes toward the JACL

Tom received a letter from Yatabe, this morning, in reply to a letter which Tom sent. The IPR had expressed interest in the activities of the JACL in a letter to Tom, and Tom had passed this information on to Yatabe. The latter's reply to Tom declared, "I shall make it my duty to keep them informed of our activity....." Tom's reaction was a snort of disgust. "Why the hell do they have to talk of it as their 'duty'? The JACL speaks of everything as a duty, privilege, honor, and so on. Look at this where it says 'for a bigger and better America.' I don't know why but everytime I get a letter from the JACL, it makes me sick in the stomach to listen to their nonsense." Louise who was sitting there listening to Tom remarked, "He thinks of himself as a martyr, doesn't he?" referring to Yatabe.

There's no doubt of the constant use of platitudes among the old line JACLers. Jimmie Sakamoto was the same way, and George Ishihara, and Clarence Arai, and all the old JACL boys. It reflects their lack of sophistication in social thought for one thing, but it also indicates how close they are to the issei way of thinking about problems of the kind. Duty, obedience, leader, and so on, are just the kind of words the issei would use to describe their function in a community.

Sectionalism in Chicago

Tom mentions the growth of sectional feeling among resettlers in Chicago. He told of the attitude in a group of Stockton boys who regard most of the Seattleites as "snooty" and the exceptional Seattleite with whom they can get along as a "good guy". I've certainly found the sectional attitude present among the Northwesterners. George Hara remarked only the other day, "It's harder to get along with the Californians. They're not as friendly as the people from Seattle. They're much more individualistic and don't have any community feeling." The other night at the Abe's apartment, the conversation was full of the designation "Californians" and "Seattle people", as if they were two groups apart.

At bottom, there is a real cleavage here, for the Seattleites feel a strangeness among Californians that comes from their difference of background experience. They can't talk of the same areas of experience, when Californians get together and talk about their old life, and there's no doubt that feelings of difference arise. Cliques are likely to form along these sectional lines. Even as between the Portland and Seattle boys, there's a feeling of difference. Charlie brings this out in his document on Daiki Miyagawa.

This similarity of background experiences, or its absence, is an important factor determining the contacts one makes. When I meet a Californian, I have to start, in a sense, from scratch in building up my acquaintance with him, but with a Seattleite it's different. There's already something common in our background that

gives a ready-made basis of conversation. Even if it's a stranger from Seattle, I can roughly place him in our former society by asking a few questions, and I know just about where I stand in reference to him in the further conversation. But with a Californian, I have no such advantage, so I have to feel my way along for a considerable time unless I can get advance information about the fellow from others.

The Relocation Program.

Ed Marks of the Washington WRA, Community Activities, came out to have lunch with me today and discuss some of his problems. He's been assigned the job of helping to set up the social adjustment program in the field offices of the WRA, the one Jacoby is undertaking here, and also seems interested in the whole question of relocation. Most of the lunch hour was spent in his asking me questions which I endeavored to answer.

Ed's concern was (1) Isn't it necessary to have some form of nisei activity and nisei society in order to permit favorable adjustment to the local scene? (2) What can be done in the way of counselling at the centers to further the relocation program? and (3) What may be done among the resettled evacuees to stimulate their cooperation in increasing the pull element out of the center? Ed is of the opinion that some degree of nisei organization of activities is necessary if a healthy adjustment is to be made by the evacuee resettlers to Chicago. "We'll agree that the idea of integration is necessary, and that's the ideal we should work toward, but isn't it better to have activities of the type that Kimi Muaki is trying to push rather than to let the nisei just drift into activities which aren't as desirable for them?"

But Ed was even more concerned about the counselling program in the centers. He declared, reflecting the Washington WRA opinion no doubt, that the relocation program has to be pushed faster. They have a program outlined and in its early stages of discussion which proposes to establish trained counsellors (social workers) in each center who can give individual evacuees advice on the problem of relocation. But the problem is of encouraging people to make use of these counsellors. Marks assumes that once the people go to the counselor for advice, they will change their minds about not leaving the center. He sees the problem as that of getting the people to the counsellors. To overcome the latter resistance, Ed proposes that the program be first presented to the councils, and that they in turn announce to the people that each family in the block will be interviewed by the counsellor for the relocation program.

I objected to this plan for it seems to me that this will arouse all the distrust latent among the people concerning the WRA relocation program. The thing the evacuees fear the most is that they will be forced out of the centers and thrown on their own, and while this may be a good thing for them if they're unwilling to go voluntarily, but it'll create difficulties in the centers if their feelings of insecurity are definitely aroused.

N. Clark St. Area

I went downtown to the N. Clark St. area this afternoon to get some idea of the general character of life there. There is a fairly large concentration of Japanese in that district, and it is desirable that some picture of the district be built up for our files.

I went directly to the Maple Manor Hotel looking for some of the Northwest boys whom I know living there, but not one of the three fellows I know ~~was~~ there. I ran into George Watanabe and Daiki Miyagawa on Clark St. a little later, and so we came back to Maple Manor together to sit in the lobby and talk.

Resettling Parents

Daiki Miyagawa's parents are still in Minidoka. "They're the only ones left there now," Daiki said. "There are two of us as well as our sister out here, and my older brother is in Washington, so we could bring out our parents, I suppose, if we wanted to. Do you think it would be a good idea to have our parents out? It would cost quite a bit to maintain them here, and I don't know if they'd be happy living in a place like this." Daiki's closing remarks were to the effect that the parents would probably remain where they are for the duration.

Cuneo Press

George Watanabe (everybody calls him G. T.) works at the Cuneo Press right now. Said he, "I'm working in the press room running one of their machines. No, I'm not doing copy work. All that's handled mostly by Caucasian women, and I believe they've got a union for it. Right now I'm making 62½¢ an hour and get time and a half for overtime. It's not much, but I make about \$50 a week by working long hours. Last night I worked until 1:00 in the morning. That's the way it goes all the time. It's a hell of a job, but I'm hoping that I can save enough and then look for something better. I can make money anyway, although I have to work long hours for what I get."

"Most of the fellows down there are thinking along the same line. There's quite a turnover of workers, and the fellows who are staying on just hope that they can make enough to get started in something else. Most of the fellows there are Californians. I don't think there's any large organization of nisei there. Even the small cliques are hardly noticeable. They have staggered lunch hours, and if the nisei eat together at the company cafeteria, they do so in their own work groups. Fellows working at more or less the same jobs go out together for lunch. Some of them bring along their lunches too."

"The largest part of the workers are Negroes. They're the biggest bunch down there. Quite a few of them are doing the same type of work as we, but they only get 50¢ an hour or so. No, they don't seem to object to the fact that the nisei are getting more than

they. Maybe they object to it, but at least no difficulties have appeared between the nisei and Negroes. The Cuneo Press hired almost all Caucasians before the war, and it's only since the war that the Negroes have been able to get into the Press. So they're happy to even get in although they don't get as much as the others."

Relations with Caucasians

"We have no problem getting along with the people around here. Chicago is so full of second generation immigrant families that they're no different from us. They never pay any attention to us. We're just another element in the population as far as they're concerned."

American Legion Magazine

"Did you see Howard Imazeki's picture in the American Legion Magazine. I'll bring it down to you; I've got three copies of it. We put it out at the Cuneo Press. There are two articles in there, one favorable and one against."

Leisure Time

I asked George how he spends his time~~x~~ outside of work. He replied, "We don't do anything. There really isn't much time to fool around because I work most of the time, and the ^{other} fellows are like that. By the time I get home in the evening, there's not much time to do anything more than have supper and then sit around for a while before going to bed. Once in a while we go to a show. The other night Daiki tried to get some theater tickets to the stage show "Oklahoma". We didn't go because the line was so long and Daiki didn't feel like waiting to get the tickets. Naw, I'm not going to the dance tonight. I didn't even know about the thing until Daiki told me about it. I don't think very many of the fellows living here are going. How's Morris and Margie and their baby? I went out there with Tootie one Sunday but we missed them. How's Shig Wakamatsu; ever see him?"

"Well, I've got to be going along. I'm moving today to another place farther north. I'll see you again sometime."

Shig Okada

Shig Okada, whom I knew in Seattle, came along and we got into a brief conversation. He was working for C. T. Takahashi in Seattle, and was indirectly implicated in the trials which the Justice Dept. directed against Takahashi for his commerce with the Japanese Government in scrap metals. "How are you, Frank," he said. "Gee, it must be five or six years since I've seen you. I was just on my way out to get a haircut. Somebody told me you were around here. Who was it? I think George Tokuda told me about it; but somebody else too. Teru (his wife) is out in New York.

She got a fellowship at Juilliard's and is now studying there. I can't go into the Eastern Defense Command because I was connected with C. T. Takahashi, that's why I'm out here. You heard about the case, didn't you? I was working in Cleveland until about six weeks ago working at a defense plant, but they kicked me out of there too. The FBI told me one day that I couldn't work in the plant, so I decided to come out here. I don't know why they can't clear me. After all, I was only working at Takahashi's, and really had nothing to do with the business. Of course, I used to get travelling expenses and went around for Takahashi, but that was all. I hope that I can get the FBI to clear me. I could go out to New York then and join Teru."

"I'm working at a statuary plant painting Jesus Christs. I get ~~xxxhxxxxxx~~ a dollar an hour and it's easy work. It's all right, but it's nothing much. I've got to run along, but I hope you'll drop in if you're around again."

FBI pick-ups

G. T. insidentally told me that the FBI have been picking up workers at the Cuneo Press. Apparently the Press is a semi-defense industry, and those nisei who are suspect are thus eliminated from work in this industry. The nisei are released more or less immediately, but they can't return to the Cuneo Press for work.

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Sunday at Home

Nothing much doing all day. I cleaned up the mess that's been piling up in our very limited space and straightened out my desk. That was the ~~next~~ net accomplishment of the day. Otherwise we stayed in and listened to symphony programs on the radio.

Routine

Worked at the office all day catching up on my journal, writing up some other stuff, and thinking about the report I'm supposed to do. Amazing how much time I spend piddling around.

Hearst's 2Page Spread on Butokukai

Tom brought down the Herald American which gives a two page spread of an account by Ray Richards in the Pictorial Review telling about the Butokukai. The implication of the article was that at least 10,000 nisei were members of the dangerous and nationalistic Butokukai, a fencing school, allegedly, but actually a front for the imperialistic training of the nisei. These nisei, according to the article are the very ones being released by the WRA to the various cities of the Middle West and being placed in strategic position for ~~anxxtivck~~ acts of sabotage.

My reaction was, what another Hearst lie! I felt that the actual story of the Butokukai wouldn't make a news story at all, for most of the nisei actually did go into them for the sport that it was. I have no serious feelings about this article, although it does make me wish I could tell the American public the truth about these things rather than committing them to the lies of the Hearst paper. But somehow I don't feel that this story will have too telling an effect upon public opinion, and what can we do about it anyway.

Bretheren's Hostel

Today for the first time since the Bretheren's Hostel moved to their new location on North Sheridan Road, I visited them. The present location is in a rather fine residential neighborhood, an area composed mostly of large old homes and new apartments right on the lake front, and is rather superior to the former location on the West Side at the Bethany Seminary. I noticed at least two of the large old homes, now running somewhat to seed because they're not maintained as they should, but still reflecting the solid impressive character of a fine building, with "For Sale" signs on the outside within a block of the Bretheren's Hostel. I presume it's only because there is this transition that the Bretheren's were able to get into this new building of theirs. Anyway, it's fortunate for the resettlers who may get a picture of the better side of Chicago before they're forced to face the dirtier deteriorated aspect.

Immediately to the right of the entrance, there is a little study which has been converted to an office. To the left of the entrance there is a large living room with plenty of overstuffed furniture and chairs to comfortably seat a large group, and there are a radio, a piano, and other equipment to give a homelike atmosphere to the room. The dining room is down the hallway, and the kitchen and pantry are off the dining room. Mrs. Smeltzer tells me that there are enough rooms and beds upstairs to house 35 people, and I saw that the basement is equipped with a laundry and iron room, a drying room next to the central heating plant, and even a recreation room with a large number of chairs and small tables. The Bretheren's have leased the place for a certain sum, and bought the furniture to maintain the place.

I stayed for lunch, and found it as simple as usual, but quite edible. Today's fare was o-odon (Japanese style noodles) plus some left over salad and carrots for vegetable. It was enough to fill me. There were about a dozen people there having lunch; the rest must have been out hunting for jobs and apartments. There were four or five young nisei fellows and girls, a few nisei married women, one of them with a little girl, one older nisei named Oskie Taniwaki who interested me by his aggressive mentality, and one issei couple. The ritual at lunch is the same as before: Everybody gathers with the ringing of a bell, Mrs. Smeltzer leads a silent prayer while they remain standing and they seat themselves at a signal from her, the conversation drifts along dominated by people like Mrs. Smeltzer and Virginia Asaka or I should ~~have~~ say rather led by them for the others don't say much, and then they pick up their plates and walk to the kitchen at a signal again from Mrs. Smeltzer.

Closing of Friend's Hostel

I heard from Ed Marks the other day that the Friend's Hostel was to close. The reason he offered was that the Friends now have to move out of their present residence, but that they can't find

any other suitable residence. Moreover, there aren't as many coming out from the centers now, and the Bretheren's can take care of the number resettling at present. Mary Smeltzer again brought up the subject today in a brief conversation with her. She seemed a little disturbed by the Friend's retreat from this activity. "Did you hear that the Friend's hostel is closing? The way they put it, they say that their hostel is combining with the Bretheren's. Of course, we didn't know anything about it. I've seen the cards they've sent out to some of the evacuees telling of the closing of their hostel, and they state that the Bretherens and Friends are combining their hostels. I suppose they had to put it that way so that the closing of their hostel wouldn't give the impression that they were withdrawing from the work, and thus retard the relocation program. I wrote Ralph about it, and he was surprised to learn that we were "combining." Anyway, the way the people are coming out now, it's true that our hostel can take care of the inflow."

The Smeltzers obviously resent the implication that the Friends are continuing the hostel work, while actually they are throwing all the work on the Bretheren's.

Integration Program

Ever since Charlie went out to the Bretheren's to discuss the integration problem with ~~the~~ Ralph Smeltzer, the Smeltzers have been very much concerned with the problem of integration and much impressed by Charlie's arguments. Mary asked me, "What do you think of the integration problem? I'd like to know exactly what you think of it." I mentioned that I thought Charlie had perhaps been a little too blunt in his attack upon Shirrell's point of view, and Mary replied, "Oh, I don't think that Charlie was tactless. He was saying what needed to be said. I'd say that Mrs. Shirrell was the more tactless of the two. I wouldn't blame Charlie for getting mad about some of the things Shirrell said." I expressed the view that I agreed with Charlie in principle, and that I disagreed with Shirrell's lack of policy on the matter. But I felt that Charlie had nothing constructive to offer on the other side for an integration program. He's trying to push something faster than human nature can take it, and I feel that he's bound to failure if he hopes that nisei will become integrated by merely trying to prevent the formation of nisei organizations. The only answer as it seems to me is that the integration program should be pursued as hard as possible among the few who are likely to be integrated if the opportunity exists. The establishing of a few leaders in the movement is the best we can hope for in the immediate situation; there's no hope of bringing about a mass integration of nisei.

Saturday's Nisei Dance.

Mary wanted to know what I'd heard of the Saturday dance. None of those at the hostel went, apparently, and hence she hasn't heard

any first hand reactions on it. I told her what I'd heard from Doi. Said she, "I think it was Fujimoto and his Esquire group that promoted the dance. Fujimoto used to live here, and so we know him. He's now living with a bunch of boys and they were interested in having this dance. He came over to see Ralph about it one day, and asked if Ralph wouldn't help sponsor the thing. Ralph told him that he wasn't interested, and so I guess Fujimoto went somewhere else to get support. That's why I think it was he who sponsored the dance. I'm not sure of it, of course, but his coming around to see Ralph about it makes me think that he was the one mainly interested in promoting this dance. He's just a young fellow about twenty years old, and he lives with other boys who are interested along the same line. They call themselves the Esquires. I think they probably sponsored the dance with the hope of making money. They've been interested in other things of the kind, of making money by selling Japanese foods and that sort of thing."

I told Mary about how some of the dancers at the Saturday affair were drunk. She remarked, "That's one thing I can't understand about the nisei dances. Ralph and I went to one of the nisei dances some time ago, and I was surprised at the number who were dancing around drunk. Some of them were reeling around so they could hardly stand up. I've gone to Caucasian dances, oh, not so many but enough I think to have seen quite a few of them, and I've never seen people on the floor drunk. It's a little disgusting, and I can't understand why the nisei go in for that sort of thing."

Virginia Asaka asked the same question about the dance during lunch hour, and I replied about as I'd done to Mary. Said Virginia, "I heard that some awful things happened at the dance. I heard that some of the nisei were quite drunk." I was a little taken aback to have her regard drunkenness among dancers as "awful", for it's become something of a pattern at nisei dancers.

George Hara remarked that he'd heard some of the people were rather tense for a while because they'd heard that everybody expected some trouble to start there. However, the tension reduced as the dance went on and nothing happened. This matter of tension in the early stages, is in contradiction to Doi's statement that there was no tension whatsoever.

Interview with George Hara

I spent most of my time at the hostel, from 10:30 to noon and from 1:30 to 4:30 interviewing George, for which purpose I'd gone out to the hostel. He was very cooperative, and talked freely, but I couldn't get out of him the kind of thing I wanted, namely, his own reaction to the evacuation. It was always in terms of other people, and the conditions that he encountered, that he offered his story.

George is a cripple in his right arm and leg, probably from infantile paralysis. He's thirty-seven years old, though he looks younger, and ~~his~~ he worked for three years in the hotel business as a night clerk in Seattle. He's been making some effort to find work of this type here in Chicago, but so far without success. "I haven't found anything yet," he declared. "Course, I haven't tried very hard. I think I'll find something in time. I've been going around to the employment offices to see if I can get anything, but haven't had any success. I guess with my arm they're afraid to take me. I'm going out to see Mr. Fujimoto tonight. He's working at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, and he may be able to line up something for me."

Problem of Issei Resttlers

Virginia Asaka, George and I were sitting around talking after lunch. We were reading from Ralph Smeltzer's letters from Minidoka and Topaz. He seemed to feel that the relocation program is going to meet plenty of resistance, and the issei, he found, were mostly of a mind to remain in the centers for the duration. Minidoka, he said, was the one center where sentiment seemed to differ somewhat, and there is a half concession on the part of the people there that they might leave the centers in due time, but everywhere else there seems to be a strong barrier to the idea of resettlement.

Virginia: "I can't blame the issei for not wanting to come out. We've had quite a number of issei coming out to our hostel recently, and they're mostly having a hard time of it. One couple came out and they took a job with a farm out here. The man was to do farm work, and the wife was to do a little domestic work, but they came back here because they couldn't stand the work. The man's slightly ill too, and he's having to take it easy for a while. We've had another case of a woman who came out and whom we placed in domestic work. She's been there for a week, now, and the employer called asking us to take her back. They're very much dissatisfied with her. For one thing, she can't speak much English, and I guess they have trouble making her understand. Besides, I think she must complain about her work a lot. I don't know what we're going to do with her."

George: "Sure, it's pretty tough on the old folks to try to make a go of it out here. Some of them lost a lot of money on the evacuation. The WRA ought to give each evacuee resettler a thousand dollars a piece or so. Then they wouldn't have any trouble resettling. At least, they'd ~~have~~ have something to get started on."

Virginia: "Yes. After all, the evacuation has destroyed everything that the issei built up, and they're too old to start all over again. Something has to be done for them. I guess most of them will stay in the centers for the duration."

George: "When I left Granada, though, some of the people were talking about going out. They said they'd wait until spring. I think there may be quite a few coming out when springtime comes along."

Housing

Last Saturday Mrs. Morris, our landlady, asked Michi if she knew of any nisei who would be interested in an apartment in our building. The young Caucasian couple living on the first floor rear have to give up their apartment because the husband has been inducted into the Army. Michi's first reaction was that the Okabes, who live in the front room on the first floor might want the place because they have a poor arrangement at present with the kitchen and living room separated by a long hallway. The new rooms have a kitchen, a living room, and a bedroom (which was only recently finished and painted). Mrs. Morris replied, 'No, I don't want my tenants moving around within the apartment. I'd just as soon have them move right out than to have them move around within the building.' Michi figured that Mrs. Morris realized the rear apartment is much better than the ones Okabes are in and hence easier to rent, which is the only reason she doesn't want the Okabes to move in there.

But Mrs. Morris wants a nisei couple in the new apartment. Another hakujin tenant upstairs asked for the apartment when they heard of it, but Mrs. Morris told them she'd already got a bid for it. Mrs. Morris asked Michi, 'Do you know where I can get hold of that couple whose story was in the paper?' She was referring to a young man and his mother who had tried hard to get a place to live but couldn't. Mrs. Morris says she always wants to help the little fellow because she herself is Mexican and realizes how it is with people in a tough spot. I rather suspect her feelings are mixed on this matter. She perhaps does feel sorry for the Japanese and therefore wants to help us, but I think she regards the Japanese as fairly good tenants on the basis of her experience with us and the Okabes. So far, all the people moving into her place have been rather neat, uncomplaining, and prompt in the payment of their rent.

Saturday afternoon I ran into Rose and Tom Okabe, and they too mentioned that Mrs. Morris had asked them if they knew of any nisei couple who might take the apartment. Rose's first impulse was to call Ben and Sachi Fujimoto since they are looking for an apartment. Tom asked me the advisability of bringing in any more nisei into the same apartment house. Michi and I had discussed this matter, and we'd decided that it wasn't desirable to get too much concentration of Japanese so we hadn't told Mrs. Morris of any couple although I'm sure we could have several to take the place. Rose remarked that she'd asked Mrs. Morris whether they might have the apartment, but got a no for a reply, unless Rose and Tom could find somebody to take their apartment. In any case, Rose thought it a shame to leave the apartment to anyone when some nisei might profit by it. Tom seemed a little more reticent about it, partly because he sensed our attitude regarding the matter.

Tonight, Michi told me that Mrs. Morris told her that Tom and Rose had taken the rear apartment and one of their friends, a brother and sister, were taking the apartment the Okabe's had. We knew im-

mediately that the brother and sister could only be the Sekiyas. Michi declared, "Mrs. Morris told me that a brother and sister are moving into Tom and Rose's apartment. Can you guess who it is?" I hardly needed to guess. We've been gossiping frequently about what an impersonable individual Toshiko Sekiya is, and how we were glad she didn't live too close because she'd be over all too frequently to bother us. Mrs. Morris told Michi, we feel sure, because she thought Michi might have wanted the apartment, and an explanation seemed in order to tell why Tom and Rose had got the apartment and not us. She said that Tom and Rose had called one of their friends, but that they had already found a place. That would be Ben and Sachi. So they called the other party, a brother and sister, and found them willing to take over. The brother will sleep in the extra room where May and mother slept for about a couple of weeks before they were able to settle in their present apartment. When Toshiko Sekiya had seen the place where mother and May had slept, she remarked, 'Oh, I wouldn't think of staying in a place like that.' May was mad about it, and they in turn commented that the place Toshiko and her brother had found on 55th was nothing to talk about. Now Toshiko is putting her brother in to small room. 'Imagine,' Michi said, 'Toshiko tells mother and May she wouldn't think of sleeping in a room like that, and then she sticks her brother in there.'

Michi is quite upset, not so much because Tom and Rose got the large apartment downstairs, but because another Japanese couple will live in this apartment. Said she, "There are going to be five names on the mail boxes out front, two Miyamotos, one Morita, one Okabe, and then the Sekiyas. I wouldn't mind quite so much if it were anybody but Toshiko, but now she's going to be bothering May and us all the ~~inter~~ time. You know how she is. I don't see why Mrs. Morris insists on bringing in more Japanese. It's nice to have her help the nisei, but if she brings in so many Japanese, it's bound to attract attention and people aren't going to think too well of us. They'll say, 'Look how they go around in groups.' We've got to move out of here. As soon as we find anything decent, I think we ought to get away where there aren't so many nisei congregated."

May too feels the same way. She's quite upset over the fact that this place is getting to be a regular Japanese apartment house. "It doesn't look well for a lot of Japanese to come streaming out of the same apartment house," she says. And the way Mrs. Morris looks upon the nisei, one may suspect that she has in the back of her mind getting a whole house full of nisei.

Federated Council of Churches

I attended a meeting of the Federated Council of Churches' committee on nisei integration. (See Integration Committee Report of Nov. 23, 1943. Miyamoto document)

Nisei Dance

Today, May invited young Doris Sato, nisei girl of twenty, who works with May at Warshawsky's to supper because Doris hadn't had Japanese food for months since coming out here, and May felt that she ought to invite the girl out. May takes a big sisterly attitude towards Doris, "Because she's such a kid," but she's frequently disgusted with Doris because she's so limited in many ways. Tonight May was somewhat disturbed with something Doris said about the dance held by nisei last Saturday. Doris apparently hadn't attended, but she said, 'May, I heard the dance the other night was very good. They're going to hold a lot more of those dances. Why don't you go too.' May remarked to us, 'Imagine me going to dances at my age. But what gets me is that so many nisei get together for dances and that sort of thing. Don't they realize how much harm they can do by getting together in large bunches. It's just that sort of thing that makes the Caucasians point their fingers at us. I asked Doris what the WRA thought of it, and she replied, 'Oh, the WRA says a lot of things, but we can't always go by what the WRA tells us. We'd never be able to live our own life if we had to ask them about everything.'

Holiday Season

Everything is rushed around our home in preparation for the holiday season. Tomorrow is Thanksgiving, and there is the matter of getting all the ingredients for the festivity, but there is also Christmas just ahead, and we haven't finished getting all the gifts that are needed. Shig and Michi went downtown to complete most of their shopping since they must start teaching, or rather holding teachers conferences in preparation for teaching, on the day after Thanksgiving.

I was assigned the job of picking up a few of the items including the turkey, and I spent a half an hour during lunch hour fulfilling my job.

Nobu and Kaz

Nobu and Kaz unexpectedly turned up just as I was having lunch by myself this noon. We hadn't heard from them for some time, and didn't know when to expect them in from South Bend. Their boss, Mrs. Knode, wants them back to cook a Sunday dinner, so they decided to come in early and return early. When I inquired about ~~their~~ their work, Kaz replied, "Oh, we're getting along all right," and Nobu added, "They're so good to us, it's going to be hard to quit."

Changing Jobs

I talked to Nobu briefly about their plans in South Bend. She declared, "We think we'll stay on for the winter. Kaz thinks that we ought to remain at our job until spring, and then we may decide to go in for something else. We've been thinking of going into the cleaning business. Kaz got acquainted with the cleaners that takes care of the Knodes' things---he drives down there with the clothes and he talks to the boss---, and this fellow told Kaz, 'There's plenty of business. You don't have to worry about your nationality. People will come to you regardless of what you are as long as you do the job.' The other day we heard of a cleaning business in a hotel that wanted to sell out, so Kaz asked this cleaner he knows what he thought of the place. The Man went down there to see the place for Kaz, and he probably knew something about it. Anyway, he said the place does very good business, and has plenty of new equipment. It's in a hotel where people often want a quick job of cleaning done, so there's even a cleaning bath attached. The only drawback about it is that it's in a kind of a hole without any windows and sunlight, and this man told us he didn't think it was healthy. He said that he wouldn't work in a place like that regardless of the money you could make, because it wasn't healthy." Nobu and Kaz are thus beginning to think in terms of starting a shop in South Bend. Kaz has had about three month's experience in the cleaning business, which he took up just before the war broke out, and Nobu has a knack for sewing so that she could help a lot in the shop. I imagine that if they find a suitable location for a cleaning establishment in South Bend, they'll quit their domestic position and go in for that.

Nobu continued, "The Knodes have been so afraid of our quitting that they've been awfully nice to us. It's going to be hard to quit. Once when I got sick, Mrs. Knode became awfully worried when Kaz told her we might have to quit because I wasn't well enough to work in a home. She told us, 'If you're not well, you'd better take a few days off and get rested up. We don't want you to work yourself sick.' That's how we got three days off the first time long ago. ~~xx~~ I've been having a little hemorrhoid trouble, and Mrs. Knode has been insisting that I get my rest every day. She'll come along and say, 'Nobu, have you had your rest today? Be sure you rest up.' On one occasion Dr. Knode put Nobu on a particular diet to correct some of her difficulties.

Changing Attitudes about Home

"It's a funny thing," Nobu said, "but when we first came out here, Kaz kept insisting he wasn't going to make his home in the Middle West permanently. I guess he still feels that he wants to go back to the Pacific Coast, but he's beginning to think that Shuth Bend isn't such a bad place and he ~~doesn't~~ talk about moving away from here quite so much. Maybe New York and the East Coast might be just as well as the Pacific Coast."

"We've arranged with Andy (bookkeeper of the company they worked for in Washington, and an old friend) to have all our furniture sold. We've had it stored all this time, and it cost about \$133 for eighteen months. How much is that per month? We felt it wasn't worth it to keep paying storage expenses on it, and Andy told us we could get a good price on furniture now, so we've told him to sell the stuff. John (their former boss) has probably sold the car already. Andy says John will probably make adjustments with us in due time. When the war broke out, John kept telling us that it wouldn't last more than six months and he wouldn't let us sell anything because he thought we'd be right back there working for him again. Andy said the war would last at least three years, and he's been closer to right."

Kaz interrupted, "How long do you think the war's going to last, Frank? Some people think it'll be over next year; what do you think? I don't think it'll be over so soon either. Maybe Germany will be defeated next year, but it's not going to be so easy. It'll take a little while to beat Japan too. This war is no good. It doesn't do anybody any good. All it does is to stop everything for several years." Kaz was very much interested in getting my ideas on the progress of the war. He's been reading the American papers on developments, but I imagine he doesn't know what to believe is true and what is not.

Opinions: Doi

Doi dropped in late this afternoon. I asked him what's happening. "I think there's going to be a lot of job changing now. Some of the defense industry work is opening up, and the boys are interested in getting into them. No, I haven't been talking only to Stockton people. They're friends from all over. They're all

saying that they're thinking of quitting jobs they've got now and get into defense work."

Family Worries

Mother and May were quite concerned this evening, after seeing Nobu, about her state of health. May remarked, "Mother's very much concerned because Nobu doesn't look so well. She looks tired and hasn't got much color. She's been having hemorrhoid trouble, and house work isn't good for her. But mother worries so. I almost quarrelled with her because she wanted to ask Nobu if she didn't think she ought to quit the work. I told mother it was none of our business to interfere with their lives. Nobu knows when to quit." But both mother and May are great worriers, and they are very much concerned about Nobu's state of health. She's always been the weakest one in the family, and mother and May have always worried about her getting seriously ill, and in a way they've always coddled her a bit.

Michi's Beeve.

I don't recall just how Michi got started, but she was quite peeved about a couple of things this evening. To begin with, mother woke her up this morning rather early, and thus Michi didn't get as much rest as she wanted. Mother came over to the apartment and wanted to ask Michi to see if the front apartment was still open so that there would be a place for Nobu and Kaz when they arrived. She banged on the back door but didn't get any response from Michi. She knew that Michi was still in bed since she could see that our room was dark, so she told Mrs. Greer, the cleaning woman, that she was going around the front way and wake Michi up. That got Michi. Then mother added the remark, 'You know, we old people can't stand to see young people sleeping so well in the morning. The old lady in the front room turns on her radio out loud at six o'clock in the morning, but that's because she can't sleep herself and is envious of others who sleep so well.' That last remark must have irritated Michi, for though it was in a way an apology and explanation on mother's part, Michi realized that it is also mother's way of saying that she thinks Michi ought to get up earlier in the morning.

When Michi doesn't get enough rest, her eyes tire rather quickly during the day. It was this which set her off this evening. She was tired and irritable, and had a headache. When she's like that her temper is definitely on edge. She hadn't mentioned anything about her irritation with mother, until something irritated her in the evening and she blurted it out to me.

She was irritated too by the fact that Nobu hadn't come to visit us. I had mentioned that Nobu had been interested in the teaching position in the language department, and somehow the conversation got twisted in such a way that it seemed to be Nobu's attitude that, "If Michi can teach Japanese, I can too." Michi interpreted Nobu's failure to visit us as a slight because Nobu was jealous of Michi's posi-

tion. In a way it may have been. Nobu and Kaz dashed off downstairs to see Tom and Rose, but Nobu didn't even drop by to say "hello" to Michi. Of course, Nobu had come through earlier in the evening, but Michi hadn't returned from shopping at the time; still Nobu might have dropped around again before going visiting elsewhere. Michi has a very sensitive insight, almost too sensitive an insight, into the subconscious motives of others. I rather suspect that Nobu didn't realize it herself, but that she might have been motivated by just such an impulse. Anyway it wasn't an important matter, but Michi was tired and irritable tonight, and she was inclined to be temperamental.

Okabe's Thanksgiving

Nobu came upstairs later with the information that Tom and Rose are having their Thanksgiving with the Abes, Sekiyas, and Kumeo Yoshinari. They also hope that Harry Mayeda and Father Dai may be able to get there. Michi and I were somewhat put out by the fact that so many Japanese will be congregating. There are enough Japanese in this house already without bringing in outsiders. Our apartment house will be surely identified as a "Jap Center". We rationalize our position in this way. It's all right for Japanese to get together sometimes. There's nothing wrong with that. But we don't want to be identified as a group and thus close the door to individual treatment from the majority group. If people look on our apartment house as the place where Japs are congregated in this neighborhood, they'll look on each individual of us as a "Jap", not as an individual, and they may even start trouble for us. Congregating of Japanese is like inviting trouble for ourselves.

Michi remarked, "Doesn't Tom know any better? He ought to realize that it isn't good to have too many Japanese going in and out of our building." I agreed with her. May remarked earlier that Tom apologized to her for bringing in the Sekiyas to take over their apartment. Tom is extremely sensitive to our attitude about the congregating of too many nisei.

Thanksgiving Dinner

Everyone in the family pitched in to get the Thanksgiving dinner ready today. Mother and May arranged to get certain of the vegetables, and we also got some vegetables as well as the turkey. We pooled our silverware and dishes since there weren't enough from one set. We borrowed a large roasting pan from our landlady since the small one in our apartment wouldn't take the turkey. May and Nobu roasted the turkey, Michi made the salad and the vegetables, mother made the cranberry, and we fellows set the table. So it was that dinner was ready about four in the afternoon, and we sat down to the feast.

The conversation turned to the last Thanksgiving dinner we'd had, which was at Tulelake, and the ones we'd had back home. There were seven of us seated at the table: mother and May, Kaz and Nobu, Michi and I, and Shig. We wondered what Michi's folks were doing for Thanksgiving in Minidoka, and Fumiko, her sister, in Boulder. In spite of the limited and somewhat unhomelike setting of our apartment, we managed to recreate something of the old Thanksgiving spirit of home. Everyone was pleased with the dinner, and sat around after groaning from saturation.

We settled accounts before Kaz and Nobu left dividing the expenses on a per capita basis at a \$1.60 per person, which wasn't bad considering that there was something left over for lunch the next day.

Nobu's Birthday

The 28th is Nobu's birthday, so we celebrated that to boot. I'd hid Nobu's presents in our closet and had forgotten about them, but while the women were cleaning the table before dessert, Kaz sneaked up to me and reminded me of them. So I sneaked the gifts in and placed them on a seat near Kaz, and he in turn covered them with newspapers to hide them from view. Later Shig remarked that he was surprised Kaz played up to the occasion as he did, even thinking to cover the gifts to surprise Nobu. Kaz doesn't look like that kind of a person, for he seems to take an almost cynical attitude towards occasions of this kind and appears to be only practically interested in doing only so much as is necessary. When Nobu first married Kaz, he showed some indifference to such matters, and like most issei didn't consider birthdays, family dinners, and such occasions as of much significance. But of recent years, and perhaps especially since evacuation, he seems to have taken on a much more Americanized attitude towards these matters. The difference is that he no longer lives among the very Japanese people of the Eatonville lumber camp, and since the relocation center has associated mostly with young people of American habits.

Nobu spent much time opening gifts and admiring them, and Kaz seemed as pleased as anyone, especially when she opened a gift from him. There was much laughter and joking for it had been understood that the hat Nobu recently bought was to be his birthday gift to her, but Kaz had somewhere and at some unknown time bought

the compact which was his gift for her today.

Okabe's Thanksgiving

Tom and Rose teamed up with Morris and Margie and Kumeo Yoshinari to have their dinner today. They bought a 20 pound turkey, and apparently had a huge feast from wine to pumpkin pie. Toshiko and Wataru Sekiya, who took over the apartment that the Okabes just vacated, were also there. It was a housewarming party for the Okabes since they just moved into their new apartment on the first floor, and Rose probably felt elated at having more room.

Toshiko's Interest in Language Instruction

As we all sat around chatting, Toshiko turned to me and began to inquire about Michi's position instructing in the Japanese language. From her behavior, I could tell that she was intensely interested in finding out about the work, and I could see that she secretly wished she might get such a position. Toshiko knows quite a bit of Japanese since she studied for three or four years in Japan, and if she were of a more pliable type of mind, I would certainly suggest her for a position. But she has a stubbornly inflexible mind (one tracked) and has a rather poor personality for teaching. She inquired, "When does Michiko start teaching? What kind of work does it involve? I mean, how do they go about teaching the students? What kind of students do they have? Etc." I guess I didn't sound very encouraging. She finally asked, "I suppose they want a person who has graduated from university," to which I answered in the affirmative, and thus ended the conversation. I almost felt that she wonders how Michi, who has never been in Japan and doesn't have a good command of reading and writing Japanese, should get such a fortunate position while she's unable to get it.

I'm quite sure that quite a few persons feel envious of the teaching position. Nobu was asking, quite as intensely as Toshiko, concerning the job. It has status, it pays well, and sounds interesting unlike most of the drudgery that other work involves. There is almost a strain of jealousy about all these people who look with envy upon those who have the positions. Part of it comes from their personal sense of accomplishment, or even of knowing more than those who are teaching, in the Japanese language. I have heard people say, "What, is she teaching Japanese? I could teach Japanese better than he." And the reason is that Japanese language instruction at present is no longer on a professional standard due to the lack of teachers, and the schools often pick up a wide variety of amateurs for the purpose of instruction.

Bridge Game

There is some interest developing among our group in the game of bridge. Nobu and Kaz play quite a bit of bridge with the Nakanos out in South Bend. Tom Okabe has become something of an expert in it since he plays with his fellow employees down at the laboratory every afternoon. And it seems that the Abes and Kumeo Yoshinari now

and again get together for bridge. This evening at the Okabes, Kaz and Kumeo were teamed against Morris Abe and Tom, playing bridge when we went down. Wataru Sekiya was off in a corner by himself reading the Reader's Digest, somewhat out of place. Bridge playing, I assume, is becoming something of a pastime for these people in adjusting to the sedentary type of life one leads in such a city as this.

There were still a lot of the Thanksgiving dinner on the table and people were picking at olives and relishes as they conversed. Morris brought out some wine, and we also had coffee and pumpkin pie. We spent the evening in this way.

Nisei as Ambassadors of Good Will

Kumeo Yoshinari made a remark which is typical of him. Said he, "I think the nisei who have come out here so far have done a damn good job of promoting good will between the Caucasians and the Japanese. We've created a very favorable impression of the nisei. The other week, we had a party for the boss of our shop and we invited all the hakujin workers there. (There is a large number of Negro workers in this shop, but they were obviously not invited.) They all had a good time. You know, that sort of thing helps a lot to promote the right kind of impression of the nisei who are resettling. If each of us does promotional work of this kind, it eases the process for those who resettle later." Kumeo follows the stock JACL attitude of leading in the good work so that other Japanese may profit by it.

FBI Pick-ups

I mentioned something to Morris that we'd talked about before. He had heard that Harry Shiozaki had been picked up by the FBI, and I was about to tell Morris, what I had heard, that it was only a dismissal because Harry couldn't get clearance from the Joint Board. Tom Okabe immediately spoke up and interrupted, "No, Harry wasn't picked up by the FBI. The FBI has nothing to do with this. They are merely being given notices by the Army telling them they can't work in defense plants because they've been investigated by the Joint Board and didn't receive clearance."

Bretheren's Hostel

Went out to the Bretheren's first thing in the morning since George Hara had said he would probably be in this morning and I wanted to finish up my interviews with him. Unfortunately, it turned out that he'd left the place early in the morning. I didn't get the interview I wanted, but I talked to a few people to turn the trip to some profit.

JACL Publicity

Virginia Asaka showed me a letter the Bretheren's had received ~~by~~ from Saburo Kido in the Salt Lake office of the JACL. It was an enclosure with a shipment of Utah celery, some of the home grown products of Americans of Japanese ancestry to indicate their appreciation of the work done by their friends. From the wording of the letter it seemed apparent that the JACL must have sent a number of these small crates of celery to a number of organizations that had been helping in the relocation program. The crate that the Bretheren's received contained three such celery.

Oskie Taniwaki

The last time I visited the Hostel, I'd seen a fellow around there at lunchtime who interested me. The luncheon table conversation had turned to comparative religion, and this fellow began to speak almost authoritatively on the subject. Hara later told me that it was Oski Taniwaki who used to be a newspaper man in San Francisco with the Nichi Bei and was also formerly from Seattle. He was around in his room this morning, so I went and introduced myself. Perhaps it was because he'd just got up, or more likely it was because he felt that I was a stranger and was trying to find out all about him as I'd probed into George's life the other day; anyway, Oskie was in no talking mood, and while he didn't try to make himself objectionable in any way, he was monosyllabic in his answers to my question.

One thing was evident, however. He was somewhat discouraged with the prospects of job hunting. Said he, "It's kind of tough to find anything that you want." All these fellows at the Bretherens seem quite concerned with the matter of job hunting. One young fellow came into Oskie's room while I was sitting there, and asked him about the address of the U.S. Employment Service. Very few individuals were around the hostel when I came in about ten in the morning, but there were plenty of empty beds around. Oskie was quite evidently anxious to be on his way on his job hunt, and when I made a sign to leave him, he said, "Well, let's get together some time after we're settled and we'll have a good chat." Because of the closeness of life at the hostel, you get there a form of collective behavior on a small scale. When the newcomers see others busy at the matter of finding jobs, they invariably become anxious to find something for themselves in a hurry. It's as if they felt a limit on the number of jobs around here, and are afraid that if they're not out with the rest of them looking for something, that they'll be left holding the

bag. George expressed it the other day when he said, 'I've been loafing around enough and I guess I'd better start hunting for something. Some of the fellows who came out with me from Granada already have jobs.' George said it in a way that indicated his fear of being left behind.

Thanksgiving

Virginia said that she and Mary Smeltzer were invited out yesterday and went to a couple of places for their Thanksgiving feast. The Friend's Hostel held their Thanksgiving dinner in conjunction with their farewell (the hostel is to close at the end of this month) and they found quite a host of people at the hostel. The Bretheren's also had a Thanksgiving dinner. Said Mary: "We weren't sure that we'd have a Thanksgiving dinner at our place. We couldn't afford it on our regular budget, but George said that he'd contribute a turkey. He felt that we should have a Thanksgiving by all means. So George gave us a 20 pound turkey. Wasn't that good of him. That still wasn't enough because we had over twenty people there, but we decided that everyone should contribute a little extra and so we got another turkey. It didn't afford much for each individual, but I think it was enough and everybody enjoyed themselves." George was invited somewhere else so he didn't get to eat any of the turkey although he'd contributed it."

George Hara: Job Hunt

Virginia and I were talking about George's job hunting prospects. Said she, "He seemed rather discouraged over the prospects. It's too bad. He's such a nice fellow and a conscientious worker too." She was particularly referring to his handicap of crippled right limbs."

Mrs. Morimitsu

Mary Smeltzer suggested that we go down to the Loop together since she was heading in that direction also. Just as we were about to leave, an issei woman entered with a light bag. She seemed very much at home at the Hostel, and inquired immediately about her son who was apparently staying there. Mary told me about this woman on our way out. "Mrs. Morimitsu is a very nice woman. She's got a son on the West Side somewhere, and there's one staying at the hostel right now. It's her son that wrote the article in Asia Magazine the title of which was something like, "These Are Our Parents". Mrs. Morimitsu drops in at the hostel like this every so often, and she never gives us any notice before hand so that we don't know where to put her. We've been able to manage so far, but I don't know where we're going to put her this time since the house is all full. She ought to give us some notice, but she always just walks in and expects us to put her up."

Smeltzers

Mary says that she's going out to Los Angeles or thereabouts to join her husband for Christams. They plan to come back, but Ralph's draft status is in question, and the board is unwilling to consider him as in ministerial work. Ralph is now on his swing around the projects, and so far it seems he's visited Heart Mountain, Minidkoka and Topaz. His primary concern is, of course, with the relocation problem and his effort is to size up the resettlement situation in the camps.

WRA Office

I dropped in at the WRA office and had a good talk with Shirrell (See Miyamoto Notes on Shirrell Conversation, Nov. 27, 1943). Shirrell's main concern now, as with all other WRA officials, is with the relocation program. He emphasized that relocation has dropped down to only about 250 per ~~month~~(?) which is far below the average of the summer months. However, he's pleased with the fact that Chicago is still drawing it's "regular" one-third of total resettlers. His other emphasis was concerning the problem of public relations with employers, and he's planning a series of interviews with them to find out what their reaction to nisei so far is.

Rio Kayama

Rio was in the Washington office when Morton and I worked there, but she came out to join her fiancée and is now working in the WRA office here. "Oh, I wish I were back there," she remarked. "Washington's a much better city to be in." The work here she said was interesting, but it's evident that she doesn't think as well of it as she does of the Washington job she had. She's looking for an apartment, and seemed a little disgusted with the prospects here.

Mrs. Izumi

Mrs. Izumi, who has been working with Mrs. Platt, a Caucasian very much interested in the relocation problem, is now with the WRA as a counsellor. I plugged her along with remarks about how valuable her presence in the office would be and she replied, "I've done this kind of work before so it's right in my line. I used to work for the YWCA in San Francisco, trying to get the nisei girls to join and take part along with Caucasians. I've worked with the issei too so I know how to work with them too." She gave a lengthy account of one drunken issei who got into trouble with the police, and whom the WRA decided to send to Tule Lake. Mrs. Izumi told of how she advised against such action because it wouldn't be fair to the issei to have him sent to such a place because of this misdemeanor, and urged that he be placed under her care. Now, she believes, he's going to behave and she will have saved him from being sent to Tule Lake.

Mrs. Izumi has the greatest admiration for the work the Platts are doing. Professor Platt is in the Geography Department at the University, and his wife is noted around here for her interest in

international affairs. Mrs. Platt has shown considerable interest in the resettlers, and according to Mrs. Izumi she has opened up her house to enable resettlers to have a place to stay for avarying lengths of time. They've had as many as ten people living there, besides the Platts, at one time.

Al Morioka

I ran into Al Morioka, whom I knew at Tule Lake, and we chatted for a very brief time. He was on his way out to visit Yoshimi Shibata at Melrose Park, and he's on his way to Cincinnati this evening so there was hardly time enough to say hello to him. Al is taking things easy now, just travelling around to see what the country is like. I imagine his folks are pretty well off from what I've heard, so he doesn't have to hunt for work right away.

Taigo Miyahara

At the Social Science Bldg. I ran into Taigo Miyahara. He was coming down on the same elevator as myself from the fifth floor, so I introduced myself. Taigo said, "I was just up to see about getting a job teaching Japanese. Wakai told me about it. I only found out about it the other day. The fellow up there told me that most of the positions were already filled, and he said he couldn't take me. I should have gone earlier; if I'd only known about it. I don't read or write Japanese, but I've spoken it all my life in the family, you know. That job is right down my line. I know how to get along in Japanese. Yeah, I'm still barbering. I had a place with a Filipino, but you got to work long hours---it's not so good. I'm barbering in a place next to the Maryland Theater. Come on over."

Guilt Feelings

I guess I rather let Tom hold the bag yesterday. He arranged for Jim and Hattie's hotel rooms, but also went chasing downtown to meet them. Tom seemed a little cross about it today. He's got a lot of work to turn out, and he's probably anxious to get the stuff out.

Jimmie and Hattie.

Jim dropped by the office this morning, so Michi and I invited Hattie and him to dinner tonight. Jim had a lot to say about the segregation and about Minidoka. One thing about his remarks concerning the latter, I can't help feeling that I should defend Minidoka when he criticizes the place for its lack of organization, the passivity of the people, etc. I see where sectional feelings arise in a situation like that, for even as much Tule Lake as Michi and I are, we tend to rear up against slighting remarks about the Minidoka camp or its people. Invidious comparisons invariably arise in such situations, and there's a tendency to defend those with whom you identify yourself.

Hattie, I suspect, would like to get out of the relocation center. She apparently dislikes the dismal atmosphere of this place, yet by comparison with the kind of conditions she meets in Minidoka, I imagine she'd like to be out. Said she, "Oh, the stores here are wonderful. Mrs. Strauss and I spent two hours in Marshall Fields today. The shoe shop is awfully big; it's got more shoes there than in all the shoe shops in Twin Falls. Gee, you can't get anything decent in Twin."

We had a very pleasant time of it. Somehow Jim seems more a part of our group now that he's married, and we know Hattie. His new status has trimmed off some of his rougher edges. And being married, there seems something more in common between him and us. Some of it is illusion, I suppose, but there are some apparent changes in our situation.

Nov. 29, 1943

I felt the need to get out and meet the people on Sunday, but as usual I gave in to the pleasure of just sitting around at home reading a book. We listened to the symphonies as we usually do on Sunday. Michi cooked our meals, and worked on her Japanese. Mother and May went to visit Mr. and Mrs. Miyagawa whom they knew in Seattle. Shig was in and out of our apartment. Thus, the Sunday went very quietly, a quiet interlude between the business of the weeks.

Japanese Language Department

Michi and Shig were somewhat irritated today over the fact that Halpern didn't show up at 9:00 nor did any of the old timers who have keys to Room 401. As a result they had to sit around outside for quite some time until someone finally came along to open the door. Michi and Shig were somewhat peeved over the lack of concern which Halpern seems to show about getting there on time when he himself requested others to come on time. Moreover, they felt that others like Suzuki, Doi, Wakukawa, who have been on the staff before but don't work at the assignments that Halpern gives them are helping very much.

Michi dislikes Wakukawa most of all in the office. She says, "That fellow thinks he's so good. I guess he knows his Japanese, and I'll admit I don't know much, but he doesn't have to rub it in. Any time he talks to you, he barks at you. He just wants to impress you with how little you know. Today Sugawara was trying to think of the Japanese word for ~~wrist~~-watch. He went up to Wakukawa, and he barked at Sugawara "Kaichu-dokei". He didn't have to bark at Sugawara." If I were Sugawara, I wouldn't go to Wakukawa to ask anything. I'd ask Mr. Uratani or somebody like that. Mr. Uratani has that friendly sort of way about him and he's very much nicer."

Michi went on, "Don't you think Mrs. Uehara is a kind of a funny woman. She's going to be working only part time because her husband objects to her taking the work full time. But it's as you say, it takes almost as much time to prepare for part time work, so I'd take it full time if I were she. She jabbers away in Japanese in a loud voice. Gosh, you can hear her all the way across the room."

"Suzuki is all right, but he's kind of namaiki (fresh) and he doesn't get any work done. He's not so bad when he's away from Wakukawa's influence. He's so unsettled, he never really gets down to work, but flits from desk to desk bothering other people. Today he kept bothering us with jokes that weren't even funny, and I think it kind of got Chiyeko. She was telling him off, and I was surprised that she's like that but I was glad she did. She's supposed to work with him, but he doesn't do half the work. He lets her do it all." He's namaiki the way kibe and kids from Japan are. They have a special cockiness about them, a kind of strained way of joking about everything as if they're trying to make an impression on you."

"Chiyeko is a nice girl. The more I know her, the more I like her. She's open and frank, and she's not afraid to express her opinions. I don't think she likes Suzuki too well because he leaves her all the work to do. She's serious about her work. Besides she's very sincere and quite unlike that Sonoda girl."

"I don't know but there's something about Mary Sonoda that I don't like. She reminds me a lot of Mae Uyeminami. You know how Mae is, kind of affected and talks in amae-goe (spoiled child voice). Well Mary is a little like that, just too goody-goody. She's so sweet in agreeing with everything everybody else says, that you don't know what she thinks herself. I sometimes wish she'd open up and say what

she really thinks. I think her nice ways are her way of covering up for what she feels she doesn't know. But I think she's smarter than that Tajima girl. The Tajima girl, I'm afraid, isn't going to be much help. She's terribly slow, and she always seems confused about everything that's said. I'd hate to be working with her. Mary Sonoda is from Imperial Valley, I think, and I'm not sure where Tajima is from. I think Los Angeles."

"Wada reminds me of an old woman. He's got that awfully serious look on his face, and he's so worried about everything. I guess he's all right and knows his Japanese, but I can't get over that awful seriousness of his. He and Reverend Niwa talk about their teaching as if they were carrying the weight of the world problems. He's from Hawaii, and it seems that he knew Yanaga pretty well. They were in the same classes in the lower grades, so I guess they're about the same age."

"I think Sugawara is going to be all right. At least he doesn't like to sit around doing nothing, and he wants to get things done so that he can go home rather than to sit around fooling around. He's open and frank too, and expresses his opinions. I'd rather work with a person who speaks up rather than with some one who always counts on you to do all the thinking. Of course, I think he's inclined to jump to conclusions without thinking of what he's saying, but at least he expresses himself which is more than you can say about some of the others."

"I wish Halpern would organize things a little more. Of course, I guess we'll know better what we're doing when the classes begin on Thursday. The office is awfully dirty and mixed up. They ought to straighten out the desks and get them in some order. Right now the place looks as if it's a confusion of desks, chairs, and a lot of miscellaneous equipment."

Miyagawa's Hotel Enterprise

Mr. and Mrs. Miyagawa invited May and mother to visit them, so last Sunday (yesterday) they went down to their place. They are now operating a little housekeeping rooms next to Wacker Hotel on Near North Side. This is the story the Miyagawas had to tell. They had a hotel that they were operating in Spokane, Washington, right after they voluntarily evacuated to there. But the Army came in recently and wanted the hotel so they had to sell out, although not at a loss it seems. The Miyagawas had apparently some idea of coming out here quite early, for Mr. Miyagawa came to Chicago first and bought their present hotel at an alleged price of \$4,500 with \$2,500 down. He says that he paid more than he should have, but they are now clearing about \$500 semi-monthly, and he feels that they're doing well enough. They have 90 rooms in the place, and May says that some of the rooms don't even have running water although they're set up as housekeeping rooms. "It's cleaner than the hotel they had in Seattle," May said. "There were a lot of girls running in and out of the place."

The Moody Bible Institute

The Miyagawas are extremely religious. They're religious as hell, and go in for Holly Rollers, Pentecostals, and all the sects that go in for queer religious behavior. Mrs. Miyagawa is now attending the Japanese services held at the Moody Bible Institute by two Japanese ministers named Kuzuhara and Hashimoto. It must be extremely fundamentalist, and possibly a little off the normal line of religious denominationalism.

Japanese Language Dept.

Michi and Shig wanted to be sure to be at the office at 9:30 this morning to get their work started. However, they weren't going to get there at 9:00 as Halpern wants them to because he himself never gets there on time. They object to being called down there early when the head of the department doesn't himself get there on time. Furthermore, the old timers take things easy, as it seems to them, and they feel foolish working so hard when they kid them about it. The whole department is a little resentful because Halpern tells them to get there at 9:00 in the morning, and requires them to stay on until 5:00 in the afternoon when there's not enough work to keep them busy. Some of the members have homes on the North Side or the West Side, and they have to leave at 7:30 in the morning to get here by 9:00. Mr. Niwa who lives in Evanston didn't even show up yesterday. Sugawara, with whom Michi is working, didn't turn up today either although he lives close by and promised to be on hand. All this affects the efficiency of the office.

Lunch at Chieko Matsuoka's

Chiyeko invited Jim, Michi, Shig and myself to lunch as we walked out of the Social Science Bldg. She's rooming with Esther Uchimura, a Northwest girl with whom she got acquainted while staying at the Chicago Seminary dorm, and another girl from Los Angeles. They have a five room apartment in the basement of a building on Kenwood, a rather roomy place as apartments of nisei go, but not the prettiest apartment we've seen. The place is a little dark, and the furnishings are old so that the apartment has a somewhat drab colorless feeling about it. Chiyeko really put on quite a spread for us with ham sandwiches, olives, soup, et al.

Chiyeko Matsuoka

Chiyeko comes from a town somewhere near Los Angeles. They were evacuated to Jerome via Santa Anita, and the father who was interned shortly before the evacuation joined them at the latter point. She had an album of pictures to show us in which she appeared several times, as nice looking as she is, her brother in the army, another brother and a younger married sister. In fact, she says she's the only "spinster" in the family now. The mother apparently died in 1939. Chiyeko is an extremely serious sort of person, but knows how to take a joke and is much less straight-laced than one would believe from first acquaintance. Her interests run towards religion, in which she apparently is avidly interested, history in connection with religious movements, classical and semi-classical music, and other such serious interests. One gets the impression that this girl seriously pursues efforts toward self improvement, and in this respect she reminds me a lot of my sister, May, who also has these strong ambitions toward self improvement.

Jim and she knew each other from the time they were children, and they had much to talk about recalling their earlier life. They both attended the Japanese language school at Compton, one of the best

on the Coast according to them, and this was apparently the place where they both got their basic training in Japanese. It's quite evident that this group learned a lot more Japanese than most of the rest of us nisei ever learn, but I suspect that they are more Japanese for this reason too.

Housing Problem

The first apartment that Chiyeke and her girl friends had was somewhere on 64th and Greenwood. She tells of it, "When we first took the place, the landlady was very nice and she said, 'I don't care whether you're Japs or what. That doesn't make any difference to me.' But a couple of weeks later, this landlady threw ~~us~~ out on the grounds that at least ten neighbors had objected to ~~their~~ our presence in the neighborhood. She was quite mean about it too, so when we found this apartment, we still hung on to her keys because the rent was paid up to a certain date anyway, and we were going to hang on to the keys until then. The landlady came around here finally and demanded the keys back and told us she'd hold back our mail instead of forwarding it unless we turned over the keys to her. I told her I didn't care what she did with the mail, but we gave ~~xx~~ the keys back to her. We were going up there on that very day anyhow. That woman used to listen in on all our telephone conversations, and she was terribly snoop about everything. When we first went there she said, 'If anybody tries to bother you, just complain to the APO (OPA) about it.' I guess we should have complained to the OPA. Tom told us that we shouldn't have budged, but I don't know, it seemed as if it would only cause a terrible fuss about it all so we just moved out."

Helping a Friend

Chet Tomita (CH-308) called this evening by telephone for the first time in three or four weeks. When he first arrived, he used to call on Shig about twice a week, but we hadn't heard anything from him for quite some time. Chet said to me, "How are you Frank? Well, my wife finally came out with the baby. They came out about two weeks ago so we were able to have Thanksgiving dinner together. We've had to do a lot of work on the new apartment, but it's coming around all right. Fumi (his wife) doesn't mind Chicago. She says that I gave her sufficient information about the place, as to how dirty it was and what not to expect, so she didn't come here hoping for too much. I guess that helped out quite a bit. She's pretty busy too getting the place straightened out, getting settled down, and she gets out in the afternoon everyday for a walk with the baby when she does her shopping, so I guess she's happy all right."

".....You know Sat Miyahara? Well, I got a letter from him today---he and his wife are working up in Detroit---and he seemed pretty discouraged with his situation there. When he went out there from Minidoka, he was supposed to work for a doctor and his wife, but before they got out there the wife died and the doctor didn't need the Miyaharas as domestics any more. Well, somebody got a job

for them in a family with five children, and Sat says its awfully hard work. Both he and his wife are on the go from morning till night, and they never get caught up on the work. Sat seemed pretty discouraged about his work, and even tried to get the WRA to take back his wife and child."

"I was thinking I'd like to help them out. When I read that letter, I felt awfully sorry for them, and I showed the letter to Fumi too and she almost cried over it. We thought that if we could get them to come down here, they'd probably be a lot happier. From the letter it seems to me that it's not so much the work as that they're lonely which gets them down. You know, it can be pretty demoralizing to be lonely, and its not good for a person. I remember when I first came out here, I was so lonely that I felt like going right back to camp. If you folks weren't around, I'm sure I would have gone right back. I was pretty demoralized, so I know what the Miyaharas feel. You remember the dinner you had me to the first time. Incidentally, I want to thank you for it because that was really my turning point here. After that I felt a lot better, and I got myself straightened out."

"Well, I was thinking I'd write Sat tonight and tell him to come down here. But before he comes down, though, I want to see if I can't find something for him. I don't want to encourage him to come to Chicago unless he's got something because a person can use up a lot of money in no time while he's looking for a job. I want to have something definite for him. Fumi and I thought too that we might lookaaround this neighborhood for an apartment for them. We're up here on Armitage and Sheffield, and it's a pretty good neighborhood. If we could find something around here, we'd be able to see them now and then, and I'm sure it would do Sat and his wife a lot of good. If they have friends around, they won't get so demoralized. Sat says that they've gone out to the movies a couple of times since getting there, but that's about all they've done. I'm sure they're awfully lonely."

"I could get a job for Sat in our shop as a mechanic, but I'm a little afraid to do it. We've got three Japanese there already, and I'm afraid that if we bring in any more Japanese, the other workers will begin to object. Otherwise, Sat could come down and go to work the next day, because they're shorthanded and they need men. Another thing, Sat isn't a trained mechanic and so it isn't quite as easy for him to get a job in a shop like ours. They have no trouble getting unskilled workers. Then, too, Sat would be getting only about thirty dollars a weekh, while most of the fellows are making over fifty a week, and I'd hate to see him getting so much less when the others are doing so well. I'd like to find something for him where he can make about fifty a week, and then it won't be any trouble for him to get along even if he has his wife and baby with them. I don't want you to tell this to anybody, but we get along on \$80 a month. Our rent is only \$14 a month (unfurnishedapartm.) and the other expenses don't run too high. If we could get the Miyaharas something like that too, why, they'd get along all right."

"I wonder if you'd let me know if you hear of anything that Sat might do here. He's had a lot of experience as a furniture remodeler, and he'd do a swell job of anything like that. You ask Shig or anybody who knows him; I'm sure they'd tell you that he does really fine work making furniture. Why, back at camp, Sat made some furniture out of scrap lumber that was better than the stuff you can buy in the stores. If he worked at cabinet making or something like that, he'd really be good at it. He's a good truck driver too, but that wouldn't be so good because he doesn't know the city so well, and there are a lot of other people who would know how to get around much better. He used to help his father at the market, so he knows how to handle that business too. Anyway, if you should hear of anything good, I wish you'd let me know."

"I feel awfully sorry for Sat and his wife. Sat is really a swell fellow if you get to know him. I hate to see them take a beating, and I think they ought to come out here to Chicago. I'm sure they'd be much happier if they were here, and I think they'd make a good go of it if we could find something for them. I'd appreciate it an awful lot if you'd let me know if you hear of anything. Fumi and I feel we've got to do something for them."