

EVACUATION & RESETTLEMENT STUDY  
SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI  
MATSUNAGA 10-22-43

INTERVIEW #1

TOSHIO MATSUMOTO (pseud.)  
Student

Filled out schedule and explained nature of study



Int. #1 - 10-22-43  
filled out schedule, explained  
nature of study.

INTERVIEW #2

MASO ULINE NISEI STUDENT #1

I. Brief History of the Individual

My grandparents brought my father over to Hawaii when he was about 4 or 5 years old; I suppose they came for the same reason as everyone else. # My mother was

#This symbol will be used after <sup>statements</sup> ~~sentences~~ which will be explored at a later interview.

born in Hawaii. My father worked for a hardware store ~~xxxxx salesman~~ before he got into his present firm, the Hilo Rice Mill. He started out as a salesman and eventually became the manager; he's been with the firm for at least 20 years. My father is a very much more interesting man than I am--he was a very active leader in the community and <sup>was an officer in</sup> ~~xxxxxx~~ the Rotary Club, was the President of the Japanese Chamber of Commerce, and held offices also in various farming societies. He was very Americanized and was very active on the Hilo Recreation Committee, which was a group sponsored by the town with school principals, teachers, Rotary Club members, and community leaders on the committee. My father used to be the umpire for <sup>high school</sup> interscholastic football games and baseball, too. The boys used to tease me when I played catcher and my father was the umpire behind me. He was very active in the Boy Scouts of the Buddhist Church and also was a member of the Hawaii Tourist Bureau. He paid my uncle's way through the University of California until he became a doctor; <sup>(he was 10 years younger than my father)</sup> my uncle was president of the Young Men's Buddhist Association. He was also president of ~~the~~ an organization something like the JAOL in Hawaii-- I don't know the exact name.

My father wrote a letter to me that he thought that it was his duty to be active in his community--this was after he was interned here in the United States by the FBI. You see, he was ~~the leader~~ the leader in the community--oh, I should say was one of the leaders. But, anyway, he was a prominent man.



The funny thing about him was that he was taken <sup>one</sup> year after Pearl Harbor. The reason he was ~~it~~ taken for so long was that he had a lot of contact with the Rotary Club and the Chamber of Commerce which had many Caucasians who knew him well. He hasn't done anything wrong, but they took all the officers and leaders of organizations; he didn't know what these organizations were doing so much. You know, he came to <sup>visit</sup> the Middlewest about 15 years ago, and he's very Americanized. About 6 months ago he wrote from the internment camp that he wanted me to get him some Spanish books so that he could study.

My family life was very good and comfortable. I was the oldest. One thing, though, I was away from home for the last 6 years. When I was at home, I ~~didn't~~ never went around with my brothers and sisters. My sisters went around in their own group, and my brothers were too young. My brothers even played on teams ~~opposing the team~~ that I played against. It was a good family.

/What was your language use in the home?/ You see, every Hawaiian speaks what you might call Pidgin English--it's predominantly English, but it has Hawaiian, Chinese, and Japanese mixed in with it. When I was up in Chicago before this semester began, I saw some friends there; and one of them said, "Good wahini!" A Hawaiian says that with a peculiar rise and inflection in his voice. <sup>I can't even do it any more. (I haven't heard that in</sup> (The subject demonstrated.) Gee, ~~it's~~ such a long time! But anyway, my father used to correct me and tell me to use all Japanese or all English. But I went to a language school for 11 years./Then you know the language pretty well, don't you?/ No, I don't know it at all, but I used to get all A's and was valedictorian. But I never used it; in fact, when I was a sophomore in high school my uncle said that when you go away to college for 4 or 5 years you don't use it at all and so you'll forget, and you might just as well forget now. Unless you're in some kind of work where you have to speak to Japanese people, you don't use it at all; my uncle is a doctor, though, and he uses it to his patients. I think that it would be easy for me to pick up the language--easily--enough of it to get along; you can do that with any language in



Hawaii. But if I tried to speak in Hawaii as I do now, I couldn't get along. They'd say that you think you're better. Everybody, when he goes back to Hawaii, reverts back to the old-style Hawaiian. At the University of Hawaii, they try to teach you not to go back to the old-style, but they do. Everybody has to speak that way--you know, being a regular fellow.

Almost all my friends were my classmates. You see, in Hilo there is only one high school for the 30,000 people who live there. People come from a 25-mile radius around the high school. When I was there there were only 1,000 students, and you get to know everybody in the whole school. I used to go around with a bunch--it was a neighborhood bunch. Well, I really had 2 bunches, because there was one was at school. *There were 5 of us and I was a Caucasian.* The neighborhood bunch was not formal at all, but we got together to practice baseball and football and go camping. Oh yes, and I belonged to the Boy Scouts, of course. But most groups were athletic--baseball, swimming, football, and things. We used to have leagues according to weight, like the 70 lb. league, the 95 lb., the 105, and the 150 lb. league. The Hilo Recreation Committee made the rules, and any district could report its team and be put on the schedule. Under this system, every neighborhood could have a team. I already told you how this was sponsored.

There's no racial discrimination in Hawaii. In fact, one <sup>of</sup> our bunch was Chinese. There was no feeling or consciousness about the war--until Pearl Harbor, of course. We were indifferent to the Manchurian Incident of the China Incident; we didn't care at all whether you were Chinese or Japanese or Hawaiian or Caucasian. We used to say that the Happo Haolis (Half-Caucasian) were the prettiest girls. You see the Hawaiians have a good physique, so you have a happy result of interracial marriage. There isn't too much intermarriage, though. There is some pressure. I guess they don't tell you not to marry, but since there are so many Japanese boys and girls, it's natural that the great majority will marry each other, but they don't care.



/How do you think you happened to decide to become an architect?/ You see, I have no ambition. I don't know why. I liked mathematics and engineering, and I thought that architecture was all that and a little work in mechanical drawing. I <sup>h</sup> didn't know that there was so much art work involved. I like to do watercolors, though.

/What was your relationship with girls?/ In Hilo High School, it was ideal. It's a funny thing. All the girls used to come in a group and the boys came in a group to the affairs, especially dances. We didn't have to bother about dates or anything, yet we could have a dance. At the University of Hawaii, it was different, and I used to date then. One of these girls just got married. Most of my classmates are now married.

I didn't belong to any political organizations and I never voted.

In Hawaii, I never used to go to church. My father was active in the Young Buddhist's Association with baseball, but none of us went to church. It was only <sup>in name</sup> ~~nominally~~ that we were Buddhist.

## II. The Individual on December 1, 1941

Just before the war I was a student at Cal and living with Mr. and Mrs. Yatabe and their son. I didn't belong to any organizations of any kind. For recreation I used to go to shows and some of the affairs on campus. I used to date occasionally, though. While at Berkeley, I wasn't religiously inclined. I used to sleep every morning until about 11 o'clock, had breakfast, and read the ~~papers~~ funnies. Oh, I used to go to San Francisco a lot.

## III. The Individual on December 7, 1941

I was home on December 7th; it was an ordinary Sunday morning. I got up and turned on the radio and heard the announcement that there were planes bombing Pearl Harbor. I told the lady, and we speculated as to whose planes they were. We didn't think they were Japanese; we thought they might be German or Russian. Then, later, they announced that they were Japanese. I wasn't worried



about my family--my family doesn't live near Pearl Harbor. Remember when they announced that the Hilo Harbor was bombed <sup>on January 1st?</sup> It was really a joke, because I know that the Hilo Harbor is only three small piers. Hilo is the largest city in the territory but there's nothing important there. My friends, some of them, I knew were working at Hickam Field like a lot of Japanese boys. I guess I felt like everybody else; I was surprised. Yes, I heard rumors--like the one about the McKinley High School Ring, but like everyone else. I didn't make any changes in plans about anything; I was going to go on just the same.

IV. The Individual Between the Day of Pearl Harbor and the Day of Evacuation

I felt this directly when Mr. Yatabe was taken by the FBI, because he had been secretary to the Berkeley Nihonjinkai (The Japanese Association); he didn't even want the position; he wasn't interested in politics, but he was the oldest and most honored man, so he was asked to be secretary as an honor. He later was released when he explained to them that his position was purely as an honorary position.

I thought that I would be the last one to be evacuated. I thought that since my home was Hawaii, and if they bombed my place that I would be the least to be suspected. I thought they would leave me alone. But I was caught from the start. We lived in a place which was very early declared a military zone--it was 2 months before I was evacuated ~~in~~. If we had lived just across the street we wouldn't have been in this restricted area from which the aliens had to move. So the Yatabe's son and I moved and lived someplace else, ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ and the Yatabe's lived separately in another place. We used to go their place for meals.

We heard a lot of rumors about that time--and a lot of rumors have a tendency to come true.

At school none of the fellow students showed any antagonism; they were really nice and understanding. For a while, we heard rumors that Japanese couldn't



ride buses; I think it was a rumor. But it didn't bother me ~~though~~, because I could easily pass as a Chinese or a <sup>Filipino</sup> ~~Philippino~~ or a Mexican or anything. Even when we had the curfew, I used to go out to the show. One time, they put on the light during the intermission, and I had to ~~stay~~ <sup>sit</sup> in my seat ~~instead of getting~~ <sup>nonchalantly</sup> up and going to the back--I felt a little funny. I wasn't scared though. At the architectural school we used to be able to work all night if we wanted to <sup>work</sup> on our drawings. One night I was coming home real late and I passed a policeman--but he didn't say anything.

The last night before the curfew went into effect was the big dance for the Charter Day at Cal. Gosh--you should have seen <sup>all</sup> the Japanese kids there; you know, they knew this was the last time for a while. I had a plate that was due in architecture the next day, and I asked ~~xxxx~~ my prof for an extension until Saturday because this was the last dance and things like that. I had to go, after the dance that night, to the Japanese Student Club basement, and worked all night to get my plate done. It was the only time <sup>in my life</sup> that I ~~had~~ ever stayed up all night to study. At Cal, they were real nice and understanding.

In general, I continued with my studies. My grades didn't suffer; in fact, I got better grades. But they couldn't go down much, because if you're an average student, you don't have so far to go down.

On December 7th I was classified as 2A; shortly after that I was reclassified as 1A. I went to see my draft board about being deferred for 2 more semesters because I could graduate in the summer. My architectural <sup>1</sup> ~~prof~~ wrote a note that I had very high grades (my records showed that I had very average grades) and that I only had 2 more semesters to go (my records showed that I had about 2 years); it was real funny, but that's what he did. So my draft board put me back in 2A. You see, he was the head of the board. If I had finished through June, I would have gotten my degree; ~~but I was evacuated~~ because of the special arrangements made for drafted students. But I had to quit school in May and got credit through <sup>u</sup>



that time. I took my finals OK.

School at Washington is easy; you get one grade higher for the same work at Cal--don't you think? If you got a C at Cal, it's likely that you'll get a B here. The University of Hawaii was easy too--like Washington university in its rating, I guess. /If you were going to graduate in June of 1942, how did it happen that you had to start over as a Junior here?/ They wouldn't accept a lot of my credits, but I've been given a lot of credits now that they wouldn't before. The registrar arranged it so that I'd graduate a semester earlier than I would have when I first came here. You see, the credits from the University of Hawaii were bunched together in a single number on my transcript from the University of California, so he had to take my word for what they were. I've got to graduate by hook or crook after being put back so far. This is strictly off the record. I wouldn't have come here if I had known that I would have to start over as a Junior; and they wouldn't evaluate my credits until I came here in person, even though I wrote out a detailed description of my courses.

#### V. The Individual in the Assembly Center

The whole evacuation didn't affect me much. I was sure that I would get out of camp, so I didn't work. I had been accepted at Washington in May, the first month that I was in the center; but since the architectural school didn't have a summer session, I waited in camp for the fall semester. Sure, I felt sorry for the others, but I wasn't worried about being stuck there because of any family ties like some of the ~~men~~<sup>people</sup> had. I was the first undergraduate here; Gyo Obata was here then, but he left before the evacuation.

Our room in the center wasn't bad at first--it was an office formerly used for counting money under the grandstand. The 500 men bachelors were placed ~~in the grandstand~~ under the grandstand in this long hall, but 3 of us went into the office, which even had venetian blinds, and shelves, and running water just outside,



and plenty of lights --big ones, which certainly were luxuries, because the others had so little--maybe just one little forty-watt thing for their whole room. Our room was the best place in the whole ~~center~~ camp--that is, until they moved us out of there when the newspaper took over the place. The place for the other bachelo/ers was condemned, so they moved to another place which used to be used for dancing when the place was a race track. About half of the center people lived in stables. We did, too, later.

The day before I went to the center, it was rainy and the track was very muddy. It was very bad for the autos. Some people had to wait until late in the night for their blankets and other things which came on a moving van. I worked in helping to deliver the blankets--it was the only time that I worked in ~~the~~ camp. It was a lot of fun, because I go to see the whole population.

Personally, I took my life in the center as a vacation. It was probably the only time in my life that I'd not either be in school or working--here, I didn't ~~have~~ to worry; food was provided and so was housing. I took a good vacation. I read and went to the art school in the center to paint when I wanted to. Mr. Obata\*was there, and he helped me a lot; <sup>I used to be his stooge:</sup> I think I learned a lot in camp. Tanfora n had real nice weather. You know, it's close to San Francisco: it's not hot in the summer. In fact, I'd rather be there than in Saint Louis in the summer.

---

\*Mr. Obata was an art professor at the University of California before evacuation.

---

I heard that a lot of the mess hall Caucasian employees were chiseling food: I just used to hear about it.

One of my profs at school used to bring me candy and soap, and all kinds of ~~things~~ things. I wrote him a letter <sup>mentioning</sup> telling him about the things we didn't have



and he brought them to me; I didn't mean for him to bring them. He used to visit us a lot. Visitors were allowed any time from 9 to 5. We used to meet our friends in the grandstand. They used to stand in a long line to be questioned about such things as the color of their eyes, and build and things. At first they didn't care about anything, but they later became more strict. We were able to bring them around the camp, but they couldn't go into the barracks.

I used to read a lot and study a little. The art school was a good help; I think I got something out of the school. I worked as Mr. Obata's stooge. I took clay modeling, and there were 3 architects in camp, and I used to study with them. They had some good art exhibits. The government even sent some picture men to take shots of the exhibits.

Nothing exciting happened in camp; everything was calm. A girl was beaten up once. There wasn't much of a morals problem, especially after they cut off the tall grass around the track.

We used to have a roll call at 7 am and 6 pm. It was a curfew, when we were supposed to be in our barracks. The man who came to check used to call in the door, and we used to answer "here," but we had to keep our doors open. This started about a month before I left.

I thought that the administration was pretty decent. Some were pretty bad especially one man who lost his temper all the time. I asked his secretary if he was that way all the time, and she said yes.

I wasn't concerned though, just as long as I was fed and housed. The first ones who got there got the jobs. Later on some experienced people came, but the others had gotten there first. I was asked to work as an architect, but I didn't want to. And as long as I was healthy, I wasn't concerned.

I used to go to church every Sunday ~~in the summer~~. It was summer and it was close. In Berkeley, I was about the only Japanese in the community; there wasn't any close church.



10-26-43

Dr Thomas:

Several other documents are on their way via Chicago.  
Hereafter I shall send material to you directly, sending  
a copy to Chicago. As much as I understand that  
there is a shortage of stenographic help at Chicago -  
I hope you will be able to tolerate my typing.

Good wishes.

Sincerely yours,

Robert M. Turner-Jr



Third Interview  
Document StL- K  
October 28, 1943  
Matsunaga

11:40AM--1:00PM

Chicago Office  
Toshio Matsumoto (psuen.)  
Student

VII. The Resettled Individual

Washington University was the only school to accept me out of the five schools that I tried. Just before I was evacuated I sent telegrams to Penn State, Ohio, Minnesota, and Michigan--and, of course, Washington--to find out if I would be accepted. Ryo Tanaka, <sup>(psuen.)</sup> a student from Cal who used to be in my class was here, and his father in the center used to tell me about how he was getting along in Saint Louis; Ryo left Berkeley before the evacuation. I didn't know much about Washington; I guess it's as good as any other school. The state schools, which have the architecture departments, weren't accepting evacuees, so I didn't have much choice--only the small private schools. After I was accepted here, I didn't even try anywhere else. I really wanted to go to a big school; I like the name of a big school. You know, it has a collegiate atmosphere--football and dances and things like that. I guess I was a little disgusted that I couldn't go to a big school, but my instructors said that Washington was a pretty good school, so I didn't care much. It was really a matter of elimination--and here I am.

I had some contact with the National Student Relocation Council, which had the final say about whether I could go to school or not. I had to give them evidence of acceptance from the school, of enough money for a year, and written permission from the city that nisei could come. The Council got the OK from the city, I think. They tried to help us, and they cleared you to go out of the center. From the very beginning, they helped the students.

There was provision made that the people from Tanforan leaving the center would have transportation into San Francisco. I was one of the earlier ones leaving the center, and I was given 3 days to reach Saint Louis. We left the center about 5 o'clock and got to the station about 5:30, I guess.



The later people got to visit around; gee--I would like to visit Berkeley, go across the Bridge and get a last look at the Campanilla. But I left on the train that night. They told me about my release about three days before I left; we had parties and a lot of celebrations. When I got to San Francisco, I went to a drug store and <sup>had</sup> a coke and an ice cream soda; I made up for the ones that I missed in the center. Gosh--it felt good to be free again!

On my baggage on the train, I had a big Hawaii sticker from the Matson line prominently displayed. I wanted them to know that I was Hawaiian. There was a fellow from Hawaii who was going to Kansas City who rode with me all the way there; he saw my sticker and came and talked to me--that's how we got acquainted. I sat with a soldier, though; I guess he didn't know that I was Japanese. He knew that I was Hawaiian, but that was all; he didn't even ask. Being from Hawaii has advantages over being from California. I'm really not like a Hawaiian any more, but it was convenient then. People are interested in Hawaii as a very romantic and pretty place; they all want to travel there, so they want to talk about it. I don't play the ukelele or do the hula or sing or anything, but I am from Hawaii.

If I were making that trip now, I could stop at a lot of places and visit friends who have resettled, but at that time there were very few people who had come east, so I didn't stop anywhere. The trip was a little boring on the Challenger the one which takes the overland route. I wasn't self-conscious. <sup>nobody said anything to me,</sup> Oh--maybe I was a little at first, but I can pass as anything. I can tell them that I'm Hawaiian, and that can be anything. I guess it's the last thing that occurs to people <sup>to think</sup> that I'm a Jap; you know, they think that we look like the <sup>crazy</sup> cartoons ~~of Japs~~ -- nobody looks like them, of course, but it's the last thing that <sup>they</sup> think of--even today. When I was at Berkeley, they asked me what my name was. I told them, and one person asked me if I was French--they got it mixed up with Kazamodo of the <sup>(ok?)</sup> Hunchback of Notre Dame. I once told a Japanese girl that I was Spanish and she really believed me. There was another <sup>very</sup> funny thing that



happened to me. One time the laundry <sup>1</sup>couldn't find my clothes because it was listed under the name of Casanova.

The first night that I was here, I stayed at the Kingshighway hotel; then I lived at Lee hall for one month until school began. For that month I loafed all day--I slept all morning. There were some people there at the dorm who were going to summer school. We played baseball, football, and went to shows. I remember that on the first weekend that I was here, we had a beer bust; it happened the second weekend too. There were two nisei who were living there; one was Tom Sato, who had been president of the dorm the semester before (He had been at Washington for a number of years.) <sup>and the other was Ryo Tanaka</sup>. I got to know most of the boys in the dorm. They weren't particularly interested in me, even if I was a Japanese. I didn't have any particular problems, like some of the nisei have today. I used to tell Ryo about camp, because I used to work for his father, and he wanted to know about his family; Tom was interested too, because he had been in the middlewest, though he came from Hawaii and had never been in a center. The other boys in the dorm used to be there, so they heard too. We used to talk about it sometimes, but there wasn't any particular interest. We used to have bull sessions often.

I used to see some of the nisei who were already here once in a while during that month before school began. I met Ruth Yasuda, a graduate student in bacteriology, who came early in the summer, and I saw some of the boys who were at dental school early in the year. One of the dental students was a boy I had known at the University of Hawaii. I wired him that I was coming, and he met me at the station. Ryo's father had told me before I came that Saint Louis was friendly and that the school was good. But I knew that Saint Louis had a hot summer--and I was in it, too.

I wasn't lonely at all--I haven't been lonesome. I miss the raw-raw spirit of Cal a lot. Here, people don't even get excited about the big game between



Washington and Saint Louis U. At Cal, we used to have a real rowdy time before the game and afterwards--the dances and parties and things. These people here are gentlemen. You know--they wear ties, and nobody boos, even if they don't play well. They don't attach much importance to sports. I miss the big athletics of Cal--like every Saturday we went to the football games. It's part of <sup>the</sup> Joe-College atmosphere. We sure had fun before and after the big games. At Cal, we used to wear real sloppy clothes--real collegiate. The students here as a whole are not rowdy.

It seems that the people in the middlewest are more friendly than in California, but I think it's because we're new. I think that if we were new in California people would be especially friendly too. Maybe they did stare at first. We were self-conscious, and maybe that's why we thought that they were conscious of us. When anybody is new, he's a little self-conscious. Nobody has ever treated me any different than anyone else. Oh, yeh--once, Sho Watanabe and I went to a show; and as we were coming <sup>out</sup> I heard a soldier say that we must be "Japs." That's all.

Every Saturday night, practically, I go to Christ Church. I go to shows a lot. I used to go to the dorm dances when we had them; I used to dance with all the girls. At first I was a little uncomfortable, but not very. They didn't care; and I didn't care. I go to the Y office a lot and play bridge mostly. I help around with the art work for the Y publicity staff--I help with posters and programs and folders. It's a lot of fun, and it's a good place to meet people. Early when I was here, I went to see Arno, and I remember that I asked for "Mr. Hack!" (Mr. Arno Haack, pronounced hawk, is the Y executive of Washington University.) I don't know why I went to see him, but I did. Oh yes, I helped the Y with their bazaar, too; some of the dorm boys were in the Y and they asked for some helpers. Once, my roommate, who's a nisei, and I put out the candles at an evening vesper service.



I don't have any real close friends. Rev. Hyslop has been real friendly and invited me to dinner and things like that, and the people that I'm staying with now are real nice. /A note on Rev. Hyslop will be included in the completed document./ I guess I never have had any real close friends.

Some teachers in art have influenced me--the Goodwin style and the Obata style. You know, architecture is <sup>a</sup>very theoretical field. I didn't know that when I was in High school. It~~xxxx~~ has a lot to do with aesthetics--art, painting, sculpture, music. When I got into architecture, my whole concept of cultural things changed. In Hawaii, they'd think I was queer if I was interested in those things. Take music, for instance. In high school, I used to listen to the radio while I studied; it was a habit--and I listened to popular music. When I came to the mainland, I started to listen to the symphony while I studied. The people that I stayed with liked the symphony. Gradually, I learned to like the symphony and opera and ballet. I went to the ballet last season twice; I was really impressed--nothing has impressed me so much. When I was visiting in Chicago last time /He had gone to Chicago between semesters--Summer and Fall--for a vacation./ I went to some plays. There's a good ballet season on now there. Well, anyway, I learned to recognize symphonies and operas. Every Sunday afternoon, I listen to the New York Philharmonic. I'm surprised, though, that a lot of the nisei boys on campus are interested in classical music.

---

The accounts thus far in the Initial and Second Interviews are almost verbatim, inasmuch as rather full notes were taken during the interview, whenever the subject of conversation seemed of a less intimate nature, and were filled in immediately after the interview. The notes following, however, were recalled entirely <sup>immediately</sup> after the interview had been completed.

---



/Do you think that the Hawaiian nisei think themselves as different from the California nisei or do you think that they are?/ The Hawaiians in the mainland like to congregate, and it's not good. The Hawaiians have an accent, and when they stay among themselves, they never lose it. Take Sacramento JC--there are a lot of Hawaiians there (That's why Hiroshi knows so many--he went there before he came here.). It probably started out because there was one Hawaiian there at first. The Hawaiians here either have money or have brains--more than <sup>the</sup> average <sup>boy in the islands.</sup> They don't have to worry about money--most of them. They're here because their parents think that they have more on the ball or because they have a lot of money. The boys from the islands are easy going; they don't study as hard as the California nisei. The California nisei study hard and are conscientious. /Do you think that they're more studious and conscientious than the Caucasian students?/ In general, I guess they are. /Why do you think that's so./ Well, I suppose, it's because they think that if there's a Japanese and a Caucasian with the same ability, an employer would choose the Caucasian; they have to be a little better to have an equal chance. Maybe I'm assimilated into the ways of the California nisei, but I don't think that I have that feeling of having to be better equipped. You see, the Hawaiian people don't have any feeling of race difference; they don't care and they don't think about it. I know I'm not conscious of it at all. There's an advantage in being from Hawaii--people are interested in you as a Hawaiian, not a Japanese. They think of the Hawaiians as a group--not as different people in Hawaii.

The National Student Relocation Council gave us a pep talk at first when we came about being the representatives of the nisei and that we should make good because so many were going to be judged by how we acted. So, I guess, some of the kids studied hard; but when you get back in the groove of studying, you go back to your old habits. If you were conscientious, you're conscientious. If you didn't study, you don't.

But, one thing about the <sup>mainland</sup> California nisei--they're cutthroats. They really



<sup>are</sup>  
competitive in school. They're not easy going like the Hawaiians.

^ /What do you think is going to happen to the nisei after the war? Do you think that those who have jobs now will lose them, or do you think that they will have established enough individual confidence to hold their jobs?/ I don't think they'll be treated any different from other people. A lot of people who are working in war plants will lose their jobs--not only the nisei. Maybe it'll be harder after the war with the competition for jobs, but it'll be like everyone else. I think one of the main reasons why we're having it so easy now is that there's no competition for jobs--they're are plenty of them.

One thing that seems funny to me is that the nisei talk about prejudice and don't like to be discriminated against, but they're always talking about the "kuichi's" / Literally, in Japanese, ku means nine and ichi means one, which, when combined, equals ten, which in Japanese is ju./ I didn't even know what a kuichi looked like before I came to ~~the mainland~~ Saint Louis. Well, they do the same thing to the Jews. They say, "They're just a bunch of kuichi's," if they don't like some people; and they say that Saint Louis, especially University City, is a "kuichi" place. In Hawaii, we're not conscious of race at all; but the nisei in the mainland at Cal show it in their attitude toward Jews.

But the nisei in Saint Louis are innocuous. There are so few of us here and there's no competition<sup>ts</sup> for jobs.

/How do you think that the nisei here feel about the Negroes?"/ I don't know about the other people, but the students have no contact with them, so there's no difficulty. I really don't know.

We haven't been treated any different here than anyone else; maybe they're more friendly, but that's because we're new. People are usually helpful and more friendly than ordinary if you're a stranger. California<sup>people</sup> would be the same if we were ~~first~~ there for the first time now.

I don't date much; I'd just as soon sleep. I go to bed about ten o'clock every night. /Do you think that the nisei boys missed nisei girls to date when



they first came, when there were so few nisei girls in Saint Louis?/ I think that a lot of the boys studied pretty hard at first, so they didn't mind. Besides there are so few things to do in Saint Louis; studying was about the only thing that they could do. Some of the boys met some girls through the Y; it's a good place to meet people. I dated some Caucasian girls; at first, I was self-conscious about dating Caucasian girls, but they don't care. It's just that I felt self-conscious. Nobody seemed to say anything or stare or treat us any differently when we went anyplace.

/How does your father feel about being interned?/ He tells me that he feels that he's wasting his time. You see, there are no charges against him, and the hearings are so slow in coming up. Some of the mainland fathers of the boys in school here have been cleared and released. My father was just a leader in the community--they have nothing against him. He feels that there are so many things that need to be done, and he's sitting in camp wasting his ability. He thinks he can contribute a lot to the war effort; and now, he doesn't feel that he's contributing at all. They need people to work so badly, yet he can't do anything--just like the people in the relocation centers, though.

/Some people say that we ought to be scattered all over, so that there won't be any groups of nisei anywhere; and others say that we ought to have some organization so that people won't be so lonesome where they go and will have some feeling of security with others present in the community. What do you think?/ I don't think there should be anything against congregating, because we're all Americans and we should be allowed to choose whom to associate with--it shouldn't matter if we happen to be of the same background.



Evacuation & Resettlement Study  
St. Louis, Missouri  
Matsunaga, Oct. 23, 1943  
St. L-2

INTERVIEW #1      MASCULINE NISEI STUDENT--#2 (Michio Inouye, pseud.)

I. Brief History of the Individual

My father came to America in about 1909 to earn a lot of money and go back to Japan to study law. He worked hard until he was about 32 years old, when he returned to Japan and married my mother. At that time, he had bought several hotels and I suppose was pretty well off. He started out in America by working on all kinds of odd jobs, including a year's work in a salmon cannery in Alaska; he worked for a while in a railroad gang in Montana; then, he worked for a big Japanese hotel man in Seattle. When he was working for this hotel man, he went to a naturalization class given by the public school to learn the language, but he never did; he was too lazy. After working for this man for five or six years, he started on his own; he didn't actually own the hotels, but he owned the business through leases. A funny story about my father when he was working on odd jobs when he first came to America was that his employer asked him to bring some flowers from the garden; and my father went down to the cellar and got some baking flour. It was about 1916 when my father returned to Japan.

(How do you think that your father first got the idea to come to America?) My grandfather had had quite a bit of money, but he died suddenly when my father was 14 years old. Since he was the oldest he was supposed to take care of the property, but he was too young; his relatives borrowed a lot of money and by the time he was 20 the money was all lost. That was about the time that he was drafted--it was the time of the Sino-Japanese conflict--but he had ear trouble and didn't go. He left home and traveled all around: he went to China,



to that peninsula just north of Japan (what was the name of that?), and a lot of other places. He heard from somebody that he could earn much money in the United States, so he came here. And after working for a while in various places, he settled in Seattle, where he lived all along since that time.

My family life was very congenial and as good as any, I think. My father was home-loving and devoted to us and to my mother. He used to say to us that the reason he didn't go out and play go and drink beer like the other men was that he would be leaving his family, and he would do anything for the home. Gee! every Sunday the family used to go out together somewhere, and in the summer we went to the beach every day on our car (my father never used to do any work)--we used to bring our dinner, and we went on trips and all kinds of things like that! I used to play with my sisters (One is in Japan now--she's only a year older than I am and the other is three years older.). We were about in the same age group, and so we used to fight, and play, and cry together. Did you ever feel that sisters were a lot of bother or did you never think of that? When a person is growing up, between 9 and 15 years, sisters are a pain in the neck. We used to speak in broken Japanese to our parents and English to each other; but, of course, my parents spoke Japanese to each other.

My friends were neither exclusively Caucasian or exclusively Japanese. You see, we always lived outside of any Japanese district; we lived in a mixed neighborhood where the majority were Caucasians, but there were always some Japanese. I used to play around with a lot of Caucasian kids, but my closest friends were naturally nisei. I didn't have any real close friends, though there was one friend who just about grew up with me. Do you remember the Time Magazine article when you were mentioned? Well, he was the boy besides Kojima who was



mentioned--Kenji Okuda. We went to school together most of our grammar school and high school. I never had a close Caucasian friend, but I played around with them.

In grammar school, I used to go with a gang of about 8 to 10 Caucasian kids and 4 or 5 Japanese. We lived close together, but we didn't last long--only about 2 or 3 years. A couple of them went to university with me, but we didn't correspond. Most of them are in the Army now; some of them have been killed. I regret so much not to be able to see the newspapers of the place where I grew up, because I'm sure that I'd read a lot of news about people I know. You ought to go down to the public--that's right, you live too far out. Well, I go down there every once in a while to read my home-town papers. Gosh, it's good to read about home.

My parents were members of the Seattle Japanese Congregational Church before I was born--I think even before my sisters were born. I've been attending church since the time I was born, and I went to Sunday School regularly--church too. Frank Miyamoto was my Sunday School teacher; he was a graduate student at the University of Washington then. And you know how Sunday school teachers are; they don't know anything about the Bible. He used to tell us about his problems in research and about the Japanese problems in Seattle. I was sort of born into going to Sunday School; it was just the expected thing for me to do. I don't know a thing about the Bible, though. Something like Japanese school--you go through it, but you don't learn it. I used to do a lot of Young People's work--vice-president of the YP and things like that. I used to go to the conferences.

I didn't belong to any political groups unless you want to call the JAACL political. I joined for purely social reasons--I went to the dances. I couldn't see any reason for going to the other meet-



ings. ~~the~~ The one meeting that I went to they discussed--argued--about a very trivial matter all evening, something about hauling something from Tacoma to Seattle. The leaders were Kenji Ito, Bill Mambu, I guess. (Oh, do you know Bill Mambu? I met him when he was in St. Louis.) Yes, Jiro told me that he was here.

I never intended to go into medicine until I was 17 years old; in fact, I detested the idea of medicine. When I was quite young, I had a seige of sickness--I almost died of actue appendicitis, and then I had a lot of trouble with my stomach. My parents took me to 30 or 40 doctors, and I got so I de~~te~~stated the thought of a doctor--you know the smell of the office and things like that. My mother lost most of her health when I was born. She used to say that she wanted at least one of her children to become a doctor--and a good doctor! Naturally, she wanted me, the only boy, to go into it. But I hated it. Well, she said that if the boy isn't going to, one of the girls will. So when my sister, just older than me, was in the 6th grade she decided to go into medicine; she went through high school with that idea, but when she graduated, she had a chance to go to Tokyo Women's College, so she went there.

When I began high school, I took up engineering--mechanical drafting, mathematics, and related subjects. I found that I didn't like it; I wasn't poor at it, but I just wasn't interested. I was always interested in science; I was interested in birds and plants. So, in my junior year, I took ~~at~~ all the science that I could--zoology, botany--and I knew that I was in the right field. Now the problem was to pick out something in the field. I was thinking of bacteriology or zoology as my major and decided to get a Ph.D. in one of these subjects. But I thought that by the time that I got that far, it would become too academic and be of no good to anybody else.



I thought I wanted to give myself some satisfaction and do good to somebody else too. It was my plan then to first get a degree in bacteriology and then go into medicine. My sister in Japan was writing to me then to go straight into Pre-med, that I would be wasting my time otherwise.

My parents were very wise through all this. You see, when I started high school, I didn't know what I wanted. They said I could choose whatever I wanted. I could take business and go into my father's business, if that was what I wanted. Well, suddenly I decided I wanted to become a doctor. One day there wasn't any desire and the next day it became a passion with me. It's been that way ever since.

You know, I used to have a terrible inferiority complex in the 3rd to the 7th grades. It wasn't my fault, really. In 1930 my parents took me to Japan for 3 months--the semester had just begun when we left and I came back before the semester was ended. I had a real dumb and mean teacher who made me do all the work. Of course, I didn't know any of the arithmetic or anything, and I had to take the work all over again. I thought I was dumb, particularly since both of my sisters didn't have to do any of the work over. My behavior became the typical manifestation of a person with an inferiority complex; I was unruly and was hard to control. I was the worst kid in the class, and I never studied. I couldn't get over it until I was in the 7th grade, when I had a very kind, good teacher, who helped me a lot. She helped me to see that I was good in spelling without working for it--in fact better than the others. Then she helped me to discover that I was as good as any in arithmetic and then English. But it wasn't until high school that I really got going.

I belonged to the Honor Society in high school--it was called the Torch. I studied pretty hard, but I was more interested in making



the track team. And I was really disappointed when my dad wouldn't let me turn out for football. Boy, when I got my suit and my helmet and was set to go--the next day I had to turn them in--gosh! I was disappointed! He was afraid I'd get hurt. But the funny thing about it is that I've been doing judo since I was 10--until the war--and I used to get hurt often--broken fingers, sprained ankles and strained backs. In 1939 I was supposed to come down to Los Angeles for a tournament with the champions in Southern California, but was I mad when My father wouldn't let me go! He got the idea somewhere that I was going to graduate first or second in my class and thought that if I missed school, I'd lose my standing. I knew that I was going to graduate third, but I couldn't convince him. They sure had fun on that trip, too! (The subject was of the black-belt rank in judo.)

Other organizations in high school were the Science Club, the World Affairs Club, and I simply refused to enter the Japanese Club on the campus. It disgusted me. I was under the influence of Frank Miyamoto, and I had the idea that the cardinal thing for the nisei was assimilation and that contacts should be confined as much as possible to the Caucasians. If the Japanese formed a group, they'd go around together and never think of anyone else. I realize now that I was wrong; I think you have to know the problems of your own group well by knowing them personally to really work out the problems. I had mostly Caucasian contacts, and when you were a senior in high school was there a fad of slam-books, in which people wrote what they thought about a person without signing their names? When I was the subject of a slam-book, some girls wrote, "Stuck up," "Thinks he's tood good," and things like that. I was really shocked, because I thought that I was being a good ambassador by making Caucasian friends and getting along well with them. And I didn't like the nisei because



they were too clannish, and they had speech habits that I didn't have. They were terrible; you couldn't even talk to a girl without their teasing you for weeks that you go steady with the girl. I guess I had a real prejudice against them.

Let's see--we were talking about my inferiority complex. Well, I got over it, but I'm afraid I'm picking it up again. You see, college had been real easy; I was cocky and self-confident about school. In the first week at med school I got a 68 in an exam in biochem--I flunked it! I got worried and studied hard for the second and only got a 79, which took more air out of me. (By I've heard that you're going well now, and that Harvey is, too.)

Harvey<sup>1</sup> is not as conscientious as I am; he looks studious, but he doesn't sit around and study all day. He likes to do things--like in the summer, he went to play golf 3 or 4 times a week; he likes baseball too. We go with the gang at med school in a car to Tower Grove park and play football--it's a lot of fun. But I know that I'm a better practical man than Harvey; I want to be a doctor, work with people, but Harvey wants to do research. He puts up a glass wall around him that's hard to break. It's strange that around Caucasians, he's very friendly and more loose, but he tightens up with me or other nisei. Maybe it's because I feel tension.

I think I'm getting out of the complex now, because I came out OK in the end. Harvey and I had about the same grades last semester.

(What kind of relationships have you had with girls?)

In high school I didn't take much interest in girls. I never

---

1. Harvey Itano was the gold-medalist of the University of California at the time of the evacuation and received a great amount of publicity, having been the first student to have been placed by the National Student Relocation Council. He is the only other nisei at the medical school.



went steady in the strict sense. I used to pal around with a girl at college--a couple of years. It was quite a platonic relationship, because I was indifferent to her and she liked me very much.

When I was in Chicago, I went with a girl and had a very strange experience with her. The end of it came when I left Chicago. Since coming to St. Louis, I've taken out only two girls. I'm just too busy. Sometimes I want to go some place with a girl, but I don't know many. And when I do know of girls I can take out, I'd just as soon sleep. It's so much easier to go over to a fellow's house and say, "Let's go to a show", and go, than it is to get a date. Sometimes I think I am maladjusted, being unable to see or talk to any girls.

(Do you think the nisei boys are dating more now that they're away from home?) I guess some of them are, but they're pretty busy if they go to school.

(I have to go home now; thanks so much for being so helpful.)  
I enjoy talking like this.



Second Interview

Document StL-2

November 23, 1943 9:15-10:15 P.M.  
Matsunaga

Michio Inouye (psuen.)  
Student

---

The second interview for this individual was held a month after the first, inasmuch as the student was preparing for final examinations and found his time limited. ~~Each~~ For each of the interviews held thus far, the subject has appeared promptly on time ~~for the~~ and has appeared to be willing to go out of his way to be helpful, such as coming out to Washington University, on the outskirts of the city, even late at night after having attended ~~ed~~ classes all day. The interview took place in a seminar room in ~~the~~ Brown Hall, *Washington University.*

---

I've just finished my final examinations, but we're back in school again without a day's vacation. I guess I passed--and I say that <sup>not</sup> out of modesty, but humility. All I care about now is that I pass. They sent conditionals to 45 students in my class; there are about 235 (?) in my class, I guess. *you've got to be on your toes until you get your M.D. & then come.*  
/How did you decide to go to the University of Washington after your graduation from high school?/

I had decided definitely by that time that I was going into medicine. I was considering going to Harvard or Whitman or Washington. I could get into Harvard without taking an entrance examination, but I thought that I might just as well stay at home. Whitman is supposed to be a very good school; they call it the Harvard of the West--I don't know why; I guess it's equivalent to Pomona and schools like that in Southern California. But I'm glad I didn't go there, because it's too expensive. I guess it was pretty natural for me to go ~~there~~ <sup>to Washington</sup> because my sisters had gone there and liked it; I think it's the most beautiful campus on the coast--and I've seen UCLA, which is a pretty campus. I did a lot better scholastically than I thought I would. I made Phi Beta Kappa in my junior year.



/Tell me a about what happened to you on December 7th./  
 I remember that I had gone to church that morning and I went to pick up a girl to take her to a concert at school. Just as I got to her front door and was ringing her bell, a friend of mine drove up in a car all ~~hysterical~~ excited and almost hysterical. He had the car radio going real loud and was trying to tell me to listen to the radio. The girl that he was with was crying real hard. By that time my ~~girl~~ date came out, and she had heard <sup>about</sup> it in the house. She started to cry too. Well, we got in the car; and by the time we heard the announcement again, we realized that it was true. Gosh! I thought that it was just one of those "incidents" and couldn't believe that it was true. We went to the concert as we had planned; and we were sorta scared. We knew that everyone was going to stare at us. There were just four or five nisei couples there; of course, we couldn't tell, because there were so many there. But we <sup>had</sup> talked about it on the way over; and we wanted to act normal. I remember that the girl was with me started to cry ~~real hard~~ when we stood up to sing the Star Spangled Banner; I didn't know what to do. After the concert was over, I took her home, and then went home myself.

You see, it was just a week before finals; so we should have been studying pretty hard. As soon as I realized that happened, I thought I'd have to give up hope of getting into a medical school; ~~I think~~ thought ~~I think~~ wouldn't have a chance--it was hard enough anyway. But then, I thought that it was no use giving up; it was just that I was so shocked at first that ~~I think~~ thought I would have to change all my plans. I thought that my family would continue as before in Seattle, but I was thinking about my schooling. I went through my examinations and I got pretty good grades--what I had expected to get.

Some of the ~~them~~ students, niseis, used to talk about what we ought to do; I think all of the nisei pre-meds in my class got through the semester all right, except one. I thought that there was no use giving up and wrote letters of application to ten schools: Yale, Pennsylvania, Duke, Michigan, Illinois,



Washington, St. Louis, Marquette, Oregon, and Chicago. I sent them all at once so that they'd all get them at about the same time and have ~~about~~ the same kind of thing to go by about the Japanese ~~examination~~. That was still in December; by the first week in January, I was so determined that I was going to med school, that I was sure I was going. That's how sure I was. I expected to get in at Oregon and Chicago. In fact, in the second week of January I went down to Portland to have an interview with the dean; and I was accepted. Gosh, I remember ~~that~~ my father met me at the train; he said, "How was it?" I told him, "I was accepted." He smiled and smiled and was so happy. ~~But he had a letter from Chicago~~ Before that, I had gone to about thirty doctors around Seattle and asked them to help me by writing recommendations and giving their advice. I ~~was~~ did everything that I possibly could. I expected to be able to get in at Chicago, because my father knew a man at Chicago, who was on the faculty there; he's a Japanese. Gee, he made me so mad! I found out later that he hadn't done a thing. You see, he's done a lot of work with the dean in some research; all he had to ~~do~~ was just mention me, and I could have gotten in. ~~When~~ I got to Chicago, I looked him up. He asked me if I had sent in my grade sheet and if I had a grade sheet with me. It happened that I did, so I showed it to him; and he said, "With these grades I could have gotten you in easily." He hadn't even done a thing about it. Chicago was the school that I wanted to go to from the very beginning of my pre-med work; I wanted to go to a school where ~~there~~ I knew there would be the best equipment and the best men and things like that. Just one little slip like that prevented me from going there, too. Saint Louis U. is all right, but it doesn't have nearly the facilities that we ought to. Saint Louis doesn't have any endowment; I looked it up, and it doesn't have any. Washington University has millions. I guess that eventually, or in the end, we'll all have about <sup>no matter what school we go to</sup> the same training; but I like to feel that the school that I go to will have all the facilities and teachers that are best. As Juniors, we ought to be doing more clinical work now, but we



don't have the facilities.

Well, anyway--that was a Friday that I came back from Portland, and it was the next Monday that I got my acceptance from Saint Louis U. I waited around for a while before accepting though, because I thought that I might hear from ~~them~~ some ~~other~~ of the other schools. But I sent in my acceptance; I decided that I'd better go there, because it has a good reputation. /How ~~did you~~ do you think that you think that you got in at Saint Louis?/ There was a Catholic father of the Maryknoll Mission in Seattle that ~~ax~~ four or five of the pre-med students had gone to see about getting into some Catholic med school. He didn't ~~help~~ any of them and said that he didn't know much <sup>about how he could help</sup>. Well, I decided that I'd go and work really hard on him. I flattered him about the work that he was doing with the Japanese and things like that and talked about all kinds of things that had nothing to do with what I really went to see him about. You see, I can really sling the bull--and I put it on thick. Finally, I told him that I wanted to get into Saint Louis U. Med School, <sup>that</sup> and since it was a Catholic school, I thought that he might know somebody there who could help me get in. I was kinda flattered, because he hadn't done anything for the other boys. But he said that he knew a Father Martin, who had worked with the Maryknoll Mission in Los Angeles, <sup>who was now at St. Louis.</sup> and he wrote a letter to him. I'm sure that's how I got in.

When the war broke out, I was real afraid that I wouldn't be accepted at any school, because here I had just finished my junior year. I thought that if I could get a few more credits my record would look more impressive, so I thought I'd go to Chicago and take some undergraduate courses there. Well, as soon as I was accepted by Saint Louis U., I decided I'd go to Chicago to take those courses. It so happens that Chicago runs on a quarter system just like the University of Washington, that's why I went there. I had ~~written to the President~~ written to Rob O'Brien of the National Student Relocation Council who had contacted President Hutchins; I had also sent in my application and transcripts. At the time, ~~the~~ the President wrote that there were no regulations against



Japanese students registering, so <sup>as far as I know.</sup> armed with that knowledge, I went. Another girl from the University of Washington and I were the only undergraduates that were nisei who got in since the outbreak of the war. She just followed what I did. I took Abnormal Psychology and Neural Anatomy, which was a graduate psychology course. I sure got rooked on the Abnormal Psychology course; I couldn't stay there to take the final examination, because ~~the~~ <sup>my</sup> med school semester was opening before that. Gosh--I had taken two exams and even spent four whole days writing a term paper; and I went up to the prof to ask if I couldn't take the exam earlier to finish, but he said that by paying the extension division five dollars I could take the final exam by mail at the end of the quarter. I was going to <sup>be</sup> at school here, so I knew I wouldn't have time to study or anything, so I just let it go; gosh, that was a dirty deal--I paid \$35.00 for that course too. I didn't have to take the final in Neural Anatomy--I haven't even bothered to find out what grade I got though.

I really had a good time in Chicago. I lived at the I House. The University of Chicago is in a very pretty part of the city, with the parks and the lakes close by. We used to go bike-riding, boating, walking, and picnicking in the park. It was such a pretty part of the year too. It was fun. I went around mostly with fellow students, mostly Caucasians. There were only 2 nisei undergrads--this girl from Washington and myself.

Gee--she disgusted me! I almost never hate anyone, but I think I do her. You know, she won ~~the University~~ a \$150.00 scholarship in the Graduate School of Social Service. She just won it by her charm and scheming. She's smart all right; but, oh, she burned me up! I was never so disappointed about anyone. I asked her one day why she came here, and she said, "Just to have fun and find some one." She used to play around all the time. After she schemed and had everyone helping her to get the scholarship, she didn't know whether she wanted to take it! She decided not to take it--and she got married to a soldier. She could have done so much, too.

When I came down, school had already started so I had some difficulty



Insert p. 6

Early in the summer,  
Dorothy ~~was~~ asked Ruth and me to speak to a group of industrial girls at the Y, and an equal number of sailors, whom the girls were entertaining. When the sailors heard that a couple of ~~missionaries~~ people of Japanese ancestry were going to speak to them, they all went upstairs to play ping pong and things. But the girls stayed, and we each talked to them. I spoke to them about twenty-five minutes on how the evacuation was unjustified and cited case after case of the economic basis of the evacuation. I told them that it was entirely unjustified and that the whole basis of it was economic. /What was the reaction of the group?/ For the most part, they understood pretty well. Of course, you'll find in any group, some people who wouldn't understand. ~~Like~~ One girl said, "What do your people in Japan . . . ." They just couldn't understand that they're not my people. It's funny; it's the hardest thing for them to understand.



finding a place to stay. You see, the University keeps a list of all the approved housing for med students, and the trouble that I had in finding housing was not because I was an Oriental, but because most of the rooms were already rented. There were some rooms, but all the nice ones were already rented. It was the trouble that all late students have.

I didn't know anyone in Saint Louis except this Father Martin, who helped me get into Saint Louis. I went to see him. Oh yes, and I knew Dorothy Murdock of the YW in Saint Louis; I had met her at Chicago <sup>(We used to go to dinners and shows together)</sup> and we promised to look each other up when we got to Saint Louis. I later met Ruth Yasuda (psuen.); she was at a gathering that Dorothy gave. Harvey came in June, about four and a half weeks late. But I was so busy that I didn't do anything but study.

I guess it was just the sudden change from an easy-going, carefree life at the I. House to the grind of med school. I studied hard. At first, I tried to memorize everything--and I think that was a mistake. That's what I used to do at the University of Washington. It just didn't work ~~at the University of Washington~~ here. It took me about a month and a half to catch on. The first two exams that I took certainly woke me up; I studied all the time. I think that whole summer I didn't even go to one show!

The first gathering given for nisei <sup>that I went to</sup> was the one at Eden Seminary given by the FOR at Christmas time. I thought it was pretty nice bunch; they were a lot better than I expected. And it was nice that there were a lot of Caucasians too. ~~Exhibit~~ They mixed ~~xxx~~ well with the Caucasians. I think they did, because they didn't know each other. If they did, they would have bunched up the way they usually do. I didn't mind going to such a gathering, because I figured that you had to meet them some time anyway, and I thought it might just as well be then.

Then, in June, I went to the Christ Church gatherings. I met Miss Phillips that night, who came over to me and wanted my advice about how we could get the group more active in the social affairs. At the time, they weren't having



much success, because they couldn't get any of the girls to come out. She asked me what I thought about the group and what she ought to do about it. I told her that I didn't <sup>think</sup> that she understood the psychology of the nisei. After all, the purpose of resettlement was to assimilate, or attempt to assimilate, into the larger society; and here we were starting groups again. It was nice to have the place for recreation and all, and have the kids play ping pong and swim and dance, but that doesn't help assimilation any. There are hardly any ~~Caucasians~~ people except ~~nisei~~ who go there. I admire her hard work and good intentions, but I still don't think that she understands the psychology of the nisei. After all, the majority of them have only high school education and they certainly didn't have any success in assimilation back on the coast. They need to have a group tell them or teach them how to get along with other people and make them understand how necessary assimilation is. Maybe you and I were assimilated; we know how to express ourselves; we're Phi Beta Kappas. /Too! ~~to~~ myself./ Some few of us were assimilated, but look at the rest of them. Well, anyway, I was asked to be on a committee, but I haven't done anything. Even last Saturday, when the committee met and I was there, I didn't go to the meeting. All the kids come late, about nine or ten--straggle in, then straggle out. There's no program at all. A couple of weeks ago, we had a Halloween party, and we had about 100 people and a pretty good proportion of boys and girls. I guess they had a good time.

\*I really don't have much recreation myself, just the kids at school. We have a lot of fun playing jokes on fellows. When a fellow ~~takes~~ goes out of the lab, we take out a part <sup>from his microscope</sup> or disarrange his slide. Once, a bunch of us got together and we decided to heckle a fellow who had to fill out his income tax report and study for a big exam the next day; about eight of us decided to call him and talk about everything under the sun but what he was trying to study. He finally caught on, though.

---

\*The conversation from here ~~was~~ took place on the way to the streetcar line.



I don't know what I'll specialize in. All I know is that it won't be surgery.

~~It's~~ It's too messy. /Isn't surgery becoming more and more clean?/ It's

the beginning of  
been clean since the use of aseptics. /I mean, isn't it more precise and less bloody?/

But I've seen some awful butchery-- Like in taking out the <sup>ovary</sup> uterus, cutting the  
*Did you know that most appendectomies today are unnecessary? It's dirty!*  
uterine duct. I'd rather work in a clinic somewhere, where I'll work eight hours

and have the rest of the day for my own. I'd want it in a well-equipped and staffed

place, though, like the Mayo clinic. Then I'd have all the best facilities and

people to help me for research if I wanted to. *I don't want to live a hectic doctor's life and take care of spoiled old women, even if there is money in it.*

No notes were taken during the interview, and the above near-verbatim statements were recalled the following day. The subject appears to be extremely well-dressed, in the appropriate collegiate fashions ~~fixe~~, not of the raucous rah-rah fashion, however. The investigator remarked about his sweater with reindeer knitted into the pattern; he replied, "My mother knitted it for me. I like it, though I don't wear it very often. I'm afraid to wear it when I return to the center, because everyone will ~~have~~ probably have one like it." In other less informal situations, the subject was observed to be always clothed in a suit; even in the heat of the Saint Louis summer, when most men ~~even~~ college professors--appear in sport shirts, the subject was wearing a suit. He is approximately 5' 8" tall, is well-proportioned, has relatively large eyes for an Oriental; the central portion of his face, the nose and upper lip portion, seems to sink into his face. Though his speech is free from grammatical errors, it is recognizably that of a non-Caucasian.

---

*I wouldn't have gone into medicine if it wasn't money I wanted anyway.*



*Transcribed to Berkeley after numbering*

First Interview  
Document StL- 3  
October 28, 1943 2:00-3:15 P.M.  
Matsunaga

Roku Horiuchi (psuen.)  
Student

I. Brief History of the Individual.

It was in 1906 that my father came to America. He told me that the main reason that he came was to pay off a family debt. My grandfather was a co-signer of a note, and my father had to pay it off. Partly, it was to see what America was like. I guess he was planning to go back then; he was only 19. He went to Bellingham Normal School in Seattle, but before that he worked as a cook's helper and things like that. In 1913, he went back to Japan and married my mother. He came again to America and became <sup>a</sup> reporter and then the editor of the Japanese American Times in Washington. We used to talk a lot at home, but not as much as when I went to the center during my vacation after he had been released from an internment camp. We talked for hours about the early politicians among the Japanese in Seattle; he knew about them as a newspaperman. He told us about the dirty deals that went on in the community--arson cases, smuggling, blackmail--right among the Japanese. He had a lot of letters in his desk that people asked him to keep--blackmail, I guess. They were afraid to keep it themselves, but they wanted the evidence.

He worked in the North Coast Grocery and Trading Company, which did importing and exporting of Oriental goods. It was a wholesale company that dealt with Japanese grocery stores and railroad gangs. In 1926 it folded up, but he reorganized it, and <sup>it</sup> was incorporated under the laws of Washington in 1927. It existed until 1942. At that time, my father was interned, and the bookkeeper sold out the goods. We still have its legal existence, though. There ~~were~~ was \$20,000.00 credit outstanding when we closed out; a lot of the people couldn't pay their debts with the evacuation and all, but we let it go because they were Japanese who were unable to pay,--and a lot worse off than we were. The corporation was worth \$20,000; we still have \$20,000 in the bank and \$18,000 yet



in assets. Dad kept the \$100 stock up to 180 all the time, so that when it went down, it wasn't so bad. There was no court action; because the debtors were Japanese grocers, who had to let their <sup>goods</sup> ~~stocks~~ go at a greater loss than we did. My father had an income of \$5,000 to \$6,000 a year; he had a stipulated salary and credit to the company.

Of course, my father had contact with both Japanese and Caucasians in his contacts. He was a leading figure in Seattle--very well known. We could get credit anywhere, and we always got a discount. Until I came out to Saint Louis, I never bought anything ~~at~~ a standard price--I never paid a full price.

My mother said that we had a difficult time getting started, but that from about 1933 to 1934 we were fairly secure. My dad did a lot of borrowing--you know, borrowing to pay back other borrowed money.

We were luckier than the average family ~~in Saint Louis~~. Of course, there are very few people with ~~an~~ incomes of 5 or 6 thousand plus whatever there was in a bonus--it was a good income. We had a nice brick home, which we rented, and we had some property. In fact we own<sup>ed</sup> a building ~~now~~, which <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ paying for itself.

I used to talk most of the time with my father; he can speak both English and Japanese. If we wanted anything, we went to my father; but my little brother went to my mother. My dad gave us anything that we wanted. He said that we could have a car if we could pay the bills; that's why we worked in the company, because the company ~~paid~~ all the automobile expenses. Well, my brother and I got a 1940 Chevy; my father used to get a new car often,--then when he wanted another one, he just turned it into the company car.

Our family used to do a lot together--the five of us. All of us used to play golf, even my mother. We used to take trips in the summer, too, for about two weeks every year. We went down to California and Yellowstone and places like that. Everybody used to look up to our family from the whole community. (In Puyallup, everybody came to see our family.) We lived in an area where there <sup>2</sup> ~~were~~ <sub>1</sub>



very few Japanese; in fact, there was just one family a block away. They were well off, too; the man owned a furniture company.

In grade school they were all Caucasian kids that I knew. I didn't realize at all that I was any different. The school had quite a student organization and a police force; in the eighth grade I had a chance to run for treasurer of the student body or be chief of <sup>the</sup> police force. I chose to be the chief of the police force.

In high school there were ten out 440 in the graduating class that were Japanese; and I had to make up half a semester to graduate with the bunch. I never went with any gang. I belonged to clubs such as the French club and Japanese Club. My relationship with the Japanese Club is a little hazy, but there was an advisor, and it was more of a social club than anything else. Once I conducted an informal panel for the PTA. The advisor wanted to show what nisei could do, so we had five speakers speak; I organized it. One of the comments was, "Why did all the students on the panel have Honor Society pins?" I guess they/the nisei/ were better than average students. /Why do you think that they were better than average? They studied hard, I think; but I didn't. I guess they wanted to beat the other fellow. I was more interested in Judo. I got as far as the black belt rank. I used to play-around with Michio Inouye (psuen,)-see Document StL- ); he used to beat me up. I started when I was 5 or 6 years old and ~~continued until~~ continued until <sup>after</sup> the war broke out. You see, I'm the kind of fellow that took 5 subjects in 4½ hours, so that I could work in my father's company. Then, I could use the car and go to football games and play around.

I didn't belong to any church organizations. I quit going to church when I was about 15, because I became interested in golf, and so I played every Sunday. I'm not a very religious person.

Besides judo and golf, I used to have tropical fishes. Sometimes I used to play pool and ping pong in the basement. Another thing that I did was to edit



moving pictures. My brother used to take pictures and I used to edit them. I didn't read much, though we used to have the best sellers, that I used to read.

I'm more of an extrovert than an introvert, I guess. /Why do you think so?/  
I'd rather be with other people--I'd rather fool around than read and things.  
I don't know; I may be wrong. I'm a playboy.

I never did have any feeling of being different in school. I guess it was the evacuation more than anything else that hit me. I was disgusted at the evacuation as a dirty deal. At school, things didn't change at all; it was just like pre-war days. There was no difference in the way the students and teachers acted toward us. You know then, the students were all still there, so it didn't seem like anything happened. But at home after school, I felt the change. The dimouts and my father's being interned and all made the atmosphere quite different.

---

The ~~interview~~<sup>account</sup> thus far was recorded during the interview and is therefore<sup>a</sup> near verbatim ~~account~~<sup>record</sup>. The following notes, however, were not recorded until later in the evening from conversation on the way to the streetcar and in the company of several Caucasian friends of the investigator<sup>met</sup> on the streetcar.

---

I guess that I was just a playboy. My father used to let us get whatever we wanted. I used to go down to the photographer's shop and run up a terrific bill. He used<sup>x</sup> to tell me to get what I wanted, and I guess that I just picked out the most expensive stuff. I guess that I had about ~~three hundred and fifty~~ \$350.00 worth of equipment. I didn't do the photography much; my brother did, and I used to edit it. We had a real good screen and all the best equipment. /The investigator mentioned a friend in Saint Louis having a German-make camera and equipment for projecting slides./ We used to have 5 cameras in the house, you know, and we use<sup>d</sup> to have a lot of fun showing our pictures

/



*Send to Berkeley after filling in it*

First Interview

Document StL-4

October 31, 1943

Matsunaga

5:30-5:00 P.M.

Hideo Kawata (psuen.)

Student

# I. Brief History of the Individual

My father died when I was about 12, so I don't remember much about him. I think that he came to America in about 1910 and went back to Japan in about 1919 and married my mother. They came to America in about 1920, and I was born the next year. I don't remember much about him. He had a laundry and my mother used to help him. He died very suddenly: he went into town to see a kendo match and took my little sister with him, (She was then in kindergarten.) and he was killed in an automobile accident. I guess that it was about the most important thing that happened to me in my life, because it was unexpected and I had to suddenly start helping my mother so much. I used to help before around the house, but now (We had two homes--one at the laundry and one our house) I even had to miss school sometime. Of course, there were my brothers and sisters, but ~~she was~~ they were too young. We had a hard time then; and I really had to take care of myself. I started working in the summer cutting fruit, and, after that, I worked in the fruit orchards, every summer. At the laundry, we had a helper, but I had to help to keep up the business.

I didn't have much time; I used to come straight home from school to help at the laundry. There were quite a few Japanese children in the school. I went to Japanese school, too, a long time, but I didn't learn anything--I guess like everyone else.

One of the important things that happened after my father died was that I stopped going to the Buddhist Church and the Buddhist Sunday School. I became an atheist and didn't go to any church. After my mother married again, there was a lot of pressure on me from my step-father's church people and my parents to go to the Presbyterian Church, which was my step-father's church. But I didn't



want to join. It wasn't that I had anything against the church, but I just didn't want to join. I didn't think I'd get anything out of it and that I could spend my time just as well in another way. Well, I finally started going to church at the Japanese Presbyterian Church in Hanford, and eventually got to be pretty active. ~~At the time of the evacuation~~ I used to be chairman for the Young People's meetings; I was presiding at the time of the evacuation.

The Buddhists and the Christians were two distinct groups. We used to have separate teams and separate parties, and we thought that we were quite different. We didn't know each other. The Buddhist groups in central California are larger than the Christian groups, and I think that there was some antagonism. I got along better with the Christian group, and it changed me a great deal.

~~At the time of the evacuation~~

I had decided to go into some field of science when I was in the sophomore year in high school, I think. The sciences seemed to come so easily to me, whereas the other things I had to work over. I used to work hard over my studies. I really wanted to go into medicine, <sup>and</sup> but I don't why but I decided to go into dentistry; but anyway, I knew that I was interested in the medical field.

II. Dec. 1, 1941

Up at Cal, I worked for my board and room; I had so little time, and I used to study hard. I went over and over my work. When I finished with my housework, I just didn't want to go anywhere, so I just studied. I didn't know anybody there, but once I went to the Berkeley Fellowship, which consists of nisei students who are interested in more serious things. It used to meet every Sunday evening at the First Congregational Church and had a faculty sponsor. We had speakers, discussions, and things like that. Well, when I first went, I liked it so much, I went every time after that. It was just that the people were more interested in the kind of things I was interested in, and there was food for thought. We used to have meetings with other groups on campus and from other churches, especially after the war when we tried to enlarge our contacts. I made



most of my friends there.

III Dec. 7, 1941

When the war broke out, it was about the time of finals, so I was studying hard. I came downstairs ~~and~~ about six o'clock, and Mrs. ~~Sproul~~ <sup>Auncan (prien)</sup> told me. I couldn't believe it, and I wondered what was going to happen to us. But I thought that I would be able to go on <sup>as</sup> before. I wondered about how the students on campus would treat us, though I expected them to understand our position. Some months before, President Sproul had said in an assembly which featured a speaker who had recently come from Europe that the situation between the United States and Japan was reaching a crisis point, and that Cal was proud of its many Japanese Alumni and that he expected the students not to change their attitude toward these students. ~~I wrote to my family a few days after December~~ I tried to go back and study; I guess I made a pretense of it. I didn't go to the Berkeley Fellowship that night--I always went. I didn't sleep very well--I thought of all kinds of things, but I ~~had~~ decided that I would go on as before. I got a letter from my folks several days later that they wanted me to come home; I went after finals were over.

The laundry business had fallen off a lot; but it soon resumed a pretty good working level, though it never reached what it was before the war.

---

No notes were taken during the interview, inasmuch as the investigator had made her first acquaintance with the subject that afternoon, having made arrangements for the interview by telephone. Difficulty was encountered in being unable to find a place with sufficient privacy to insure more confidence. There were distractions of people passing and pausing to view things near the <sup>where</sup> place the interview took place. This record was made the following afternoon; ~~inasmuch as~~ the inadequacies of such delayed recording are well recognized, but a number of evening engagements and ~~my~~ morning classes prevented an earlier notation. The following notes ~~however~~ were a part of the conversation



that took place on the way to the streetcar. The interview had ended, because the subject had said that he had a lot of studying to do<sub>x</sub> and that he had planned to study the latter part of the afternoon.

---

I learned to plan my time wisely, especially when I was so busy at Cal. I have to study harder than most people. You see, I'm not an A-calibre student; I'm on the borderline between A and B. So if I study a little harder, I can get an A; but I have to study hard. I can't just read over something and get it easily. I have to write it out, outline it, and read it again.

Because I am so busy, I ~~xxxxx~~ don't go out much. I don't even go to shows. I've been down to the Christ Church Cathedral several times. I went last night; they had a Hallowe'en party. It was the biggest crowd they ever had; there were about a hundred people./ Did you have a pretty even number of boys and girls?/ Yes, they were just about even; I was surprised that there were so many girls here. I guess it's the largest gathering there has ever been of nisei in Saint Louis. I don't get much pleasure out of parties and dances, though; I can't go to sleep for a long time after I get home. I don't feel at home. That's why I liked the Berkeley Fellowship so much; it was restful and calming. *I really felt that I belonged.*



*Burkley*

First Interview

Document StL-5

November 18, 1943 8:40-10:00 P.M.

Matsunaga

Hisako Yamada (psuen.)  
Student Nurse

The subject was first observed at a party at ~~the home of~~ the home where Roku Horiuchi (psuen.--StL-3) lived, on September 29, 1943. Of the seven girls there--all nisei-- she seemed to be the most talkative and appeared to be conspicuous because of her loud <sup>abandoned</sup> laughter usually accompanied by the smacking of her hands. During the course of the evening she moved from one group to another, there having been formed ~~about~~ five informal conversation circles in various sections of the house. Several times, when the scores and answers for the various games were being given by the host, she made remarks that were obviously unexpected by the other guests, who seemed to ignore the intended humor.

~~Hisako~~ The initial interview was held in her room in the nurses quarters of St. Mary's Hospital. No notes were taken during the interview; the following notations were made on the day following.

My father came to America between 1910 and 1915 when he was <sup>(he first went to Canada)</sup> below twenty, and my mother came when she was 18. She sure was young--and I'm 23 <sup>already</sup> and still not married--she already had kids at my age. Both of them were born in Niigata, Japan. /Asked about her <sup>mother's</sup> education, the subject replied, <sup>(with some hesitation & looking away,</sup> Gosh, I don't know; I think she finished grammar school, though. She didn't go to school in America at all, unless you consider evening classes and things. The ~~in~~ classes were in English; it was given by the church. She did repair work in the cleaning and dyers place. She went to the Methodist church; it was a Japanese church. I think my father finished middle school in Japan and went to night school in America, like my mother. He was a dye work man--and you don't have to say this-- /some hesitation and embarrassment was noted/ he was sorta like a business agent for AF of L. I suppose he had some kind of religion, but he never



did go to church, because he used to drink. Boy, can my father drink--and can he hold it! Maybe it runs in the family; I'm just getting over my hangover from last night. Some of us girls--four of us--had a whole quart of Scotch last night in my room. We had it with cokes.~~last night~~ I guess I drank the most. I sure got sick though. I just drank and drank and then threw up and flopped into bed, out like a light. ~~It's~~ It's a good thing there's a basin in my room. You know, we aren't suppose to have any of the stuff; it's on the QT--we get away with murder around here, though. I really just started drinking. When I was in the relocation center, a married couple got me started; I was over their house for New Year's, and they had a lot of liquor. They told me when to start and when to quit. They really taught me how. Then in the hospital at the center, we used to spike the punch at the parties with grain alcohol. The kids who used to go out of the center to work used to bring back stuff to the hospital--there always <sup>was</sup> a lot of all kinds of liquor at the hospital. We used to just drink it with water or with cokes. My Italian girl friend who lives at Firmin DesLoge Hospital--she's in some of my classes--has invited me to her place, and we've gone on binges there too. Well, anyway, to get back to my father--he didn't go to church. But my parents used to read that Seichi no e religion; you know that thing. /The investigator doesn't know that thing./

My brother is three years older than I am. He graduated University of Washington with a major in aeronautical engineering; he was real smart--not like me. He was real quiet and serious. He didn't care at all about dressing up or anything--sure, he was neat, but he didn't spend a lot of money on clothes. It was a good thing; I guess he realized we didn't have much money for such things. He went to the Methodist church until he was in High school, I think; but he quit, because those kids are so darn hypocritical. He couldn't stand it any more. They're so cliquish and hypocritical! If you ~~don't~~ belong to one group you don't belong to the others--and vice versa. They're so narrow-minded; they talk about you and are so small. He couldn't get a job in any



of the aircraft companies, like Boeing,--you know, because he was Japanese; so he went to Japan kinda disgusted. <sup>That was in 1940.</sup> <sup>as an aeronautical engineer</sup> He got a job with Mitsubishi, but he's probably in a concentration camp or in the army now. He used to write me that he hated it. He told me never to come to Japan. He said that he'd rather work as a garbage-collector in America than work at any kind of job in Japan. That's why I think they made him quit his job--I don't know for sure, but if they read his letters, they would have made a prisoner of him or stuck him in the army. /Do you miss him?/ ~~xxx~~ The subject turned away and batted her eyes a little. ~~xxxxxx~~ /I cried when he left. But there's no use thinking about it. It doesn't help anything. I just don't think about <sup>it</sup> ~~it~~. That's my philosophy about it. Funny, isn't it? He used to be so quiet; I was the noisy one.

I went to Japanese school for about 12 years from the time that I was about 8 years old. My father used to pay my tuition; he wanted to do it--but he ~~w~~ just wasted his money. I used to miss going all the time; I only went to school a few times a week. I didn't learn a darn thing. I sure wish I knew some now; it'd sure be useful. The name of it was the Kokugo Gakko.

Do you know Alice Ogata(~~psuen~~.)? Were you with her at the party that night? ~~xxxx~~ Alice and I are just like that! /She demonstrated by holding her second and third fingers apart to signify separation./ She always seems to look at me and not approve of what I'm doing. She was my big sister at the University of Washington, you know. We never did anything; she just sent me cards at Christmas time. I guess she's all right, if you get to know her. I hear that she's OK if you get to know her,--but she sure is hard to know! That's the system they worked with the Japanese student club at Washington. I didn't do much with the club; but I just belonged.

At the Harbor View Nurses School--that's the University of Washington School of Nursing--I lived at the dorm. We used to go out in a car and smoke every once in a while. They were Japanese kids--yeah, we were fast kids. ~~xxxxxx~~ Do you smoke? How long have you been smoking? Did you smoke before you came



here? Well, I used to smoke at home a little with the girls--and a little in the center. Last night ~~at~~, I finished a whole pack. Gosh, we just drank and smoked until we got sick.

I used to work at Christmas time and sometimes Thanksgiving--it was really just in '40 and '41 -- at a flower shop. In '39, I worked during the summer, picking one crate of peas a day at 25 cents a crate; for the whole 3 months, I bet I didn't earn \$32.00, which wasn't even enough to pay for ~~the~~ my food and my own allowance. It was around in Washington somewhere. While I was in the centers, I worked all the time as a nurse--really a student-nurse, but I did nurse's work. In the assembly center, I got \$12.00 a month and \$16.00 in the relocation center. I went early to the ~~senior~~ assembly center to help with the hospital; I left a month before my Mother ~~some~~ was evacuated. You see, by that time my father had been taken. I stayed <sup>in the center</sup> til the very last, too.

The food was horrible at first. It sure was muddy; it was a good thing that I had high boots, 'cuz I did some public health nursing around at the barracks and <sup>my</sup> feet used to sink way <sup>too</sup> deep above my ankle. We had those country toilets, too. I used to get sick to my ~~stomach~~ stomach all the time, so I used to ~~light~~ smoke a cigarette and sit for a long time. It sure smelled terrible. But after a while, we had real good food at the hospital, because the Caucasian employees at the hospital were being fed by the same cook. He sure was a good cook; he used to be a chef at some big hotel. We had waitresses, who served each course--from soup to nuts; it was quite some thing! That was nice about working at the hospital, we used to have a lot of privileges that other people didn't have. At Fuyallup, ~~we~~ <sup>they</sup> couldn't go from one section of the center to another; but the hospital workers could. We even got to go into town a couple of times.

I didn't go to church once in the center--not even once! Yes I did, I went on Easter; isn't that something? /She seemed to enjoy this very much, laughing and slapping her sides/ I worked at night and slept in the day time; so, I couldn't  
~~be~~



go. I worked from 12 to 8 and 4 to 12. We sure worked hard. It's all free, so everybody used to come for every little thing; we hardly had time to take care of the people who really needed the care. That's what's wrong with free service.

~~W~~ I had a lot of fun there with a gang of young boys--about 18 or 19--all younger than me. All the boys I've known, I've just been a friend to; they never think of me any other way. Just like Roku Horiuchi<sup>(psuen.)</sup>--you know, he's only 19. His family was quite rich--they had a big company. But we just horsed around; he's just like a little brother. They used to come around and listen to my records; I had stacks and stacks of them. They used to line up around my room to listen to records. I never jitterbugged, but I used to watch the other kids. That was fun!

I guess I'm the kind that boys like to have fun with; that's the way it was at the University of Washington and in the centers and here, too. I never go out. I went to the Christ Church Cathedral a couple of times; I went to their Hallowe'en party. That's where I met this Hawaiian boy, who called me up once, but I wasn't here then. He's the only one that's called--and I wasn't available. That's what's nice about knowing boys, you can go out on a binge with them. This Hawaiian boy took me out to eat after the party at the Cathedral. He's real nice; only thing, though, he's Korean. But there's nothing to do here; I just stay here at the nurses home and go out to the show with some of my nursing student friends. This Italian girl at Firmin DesLoge wants me to go home with her to Omaha at Christmas. Maybe I'll do that. There's nothing else to do. You know, when I saw Roku at the Christ Church party, I said joking to him, "How about going someplace to eat?" And he said, "How much have you got?" I said, "Eight bucks," and he ran away. Yeah, I have fun with him. ~~Ixxxx~~ probably won't get married for a long time; am I getting old! Imagine! Twenty-three. /Earlier, on the way up to her room on the elevator, a fellow student nurse was met. The investigator remarked of the comfortable arrangement of the dormitory~~xxx~~ and the convenience of midnight snack provisions in the residence



hall kitchen on the sixth floor, where the subject took her to get ice for grapefruit juice. The fellow student nurse, said that everything was swell except for the too few late leaves for dates. The subject said, "That doesn't bother me; I never go out anyway."/

I should be graduated by now with a B.E. But here I had to start all over again as a freshman; I had to take all those courses like History of Education, Philosophy of Being, and ~~Literature~~ Religion, and things like that. Imagine taking History of Education! Can you beat that?! Everything is taught in the Catholic way--and you know me and religion! ~~That's exactly what I~~ I've had a whole lot of science, so I'm way ahead on that. It's real easy for me now, but I'm not getting too good grades, in those courses though. I guess, it's because I don't study at all for them. I didn't do so bad though--I got 2 A's, 2 B's, and 1 C. I don't study at all; I'm not a scholar. The practical side of it is real easy, because I've had a lot of experience. Gosh I wish I knew some of the things that I know now when I was in the center. There was one boy who a brain abcess--he was just there in the hospital dying. I used to go in there and take care of him--make him eat and try to make him laugh. They were so busy, that they couldn't do it. They finally took him to an outside hospital and operated; but he died. Gee, he was in the center just like that for so long.

I tried to go to Michigan or Minnesota, but I couldn't get in. I thought a Catholic hospital wouldn't be prejudiced, so I decided to come here. Besides, a Catholic father at Hunt wrote a letter for me. But it's not bad. I joined the Nurse's Cadet Corp--it pays for my tuition, \$125 a semester, and books and an allowance every month. I'm getting \$20.00 a month now, but in January I'm going to <sup>get</sup> \$55.00. Boy, will I go on a lot of binges then! I'm all out of money now; in fact, I had to borrow a dollar to pay for my share of the party last night. I'm sorry that I couldn't get something more for you besides this



grapefruit juice; I'm out of money. I got this before I gave up my points.

---

The subject asked if she might not accompany ~~the~~ <sup>the investigator</sup> home on the streetcar, but after learning the distance involved, she was persuaded that it was not necessary. On the way down the hall to the elevator, she stopped in ~~at~~ her neighbor's room to ask ~~if~~ if she wanted anything to eat. Meeting several other people in the hall, she asked the same thing. After some discussion as to whether the sister in charge would allow her to go out, even to ~~accompany her to~~ the streetcar line; she decided that the sister would allow her to do so. "The other girls did it all the time," she said. At night, only the main entrance to the hospital is open, in order that late comers could be checked. The Sister at the desk said that she could not go ~~with her~~. The subject argued with her that she was merely going to see ~~the~~ <sup>her friends</sup> the streetcar line and <sup>to</sup> get something to eat for the girls; the Sister told her that her friend could find her own way to the streetcar, that jam, bread, and milk ~~was~~ <sup>were</sup> available in the kitchen, and that these weren't her orders but a superior's. Still, the subject argued, reluctant to give in; it appeared that she was embarrassed to be unable to carry out this small courtesy, and she apologized as she walked the rest of the way down the hall to the door. She said, "You know, she lets the other girls do it all the time; they told me."



First Interview  
Document StL-6  
September 16, 1943  
Matsunaga

Thomas Masanori Unoki (psuen.)  
Student

The following interview was undertaken for practice in the presence of Mr. Shibutani, with the use of his suggestions of problems. The investigator has outlined the suggested problems: **B**

I. Role

- a. What is his concept of himself? Level of ambitions, aspirations.
- b. Does this concept differ from what he thinks others conceive as his role?
- c. What were the changes in his concept of himself?
- d. Were those changes connected with factors that he himself can recognize? People, events, places, etc.

II. Mode of adjustment to crisis-situations

- a. What does he consider to be the crises of his life?
- b. Is there any characteristic pattern of response to these crisis-situations?
- c. Is there any recognizable parallel in his adjustment to the evacuation and resettlement crisis and his adjustment to the earlier crises?

*This was omitted in the interview because of the lack of time.*

/What is the fundamental purpose of your living? How do you think you'll carry out that purpose?/ I want to be of use to humanity as a whole. I want to make a notch in Japanese American history, even a slight indentation--put the Japanese Americans on the map. I think that I can do this through law or medicine and by going abroad--foreign travel. All of these would be service to people. /How do you think that foreign travel would be of service?/ The trend of the nisei is toward diffusion; in America, it's pretty well on its way--why not extend the diffusion process abroad, to Europe? Life is like the piper's song; somebody leads or does something and the others copy and follow. That's the way it is with the nisei, too. Somebody needs to take the initiative. It would hasten ~~in~~ diffusion.

/What other things did you wish to do, say at ~~like~~ earlier periods of your life?/ When I was in the eighth grade I started thinking of what I wanted



to be. In grammar school I wanted to become a mechanic. I used to watch the garage men, and ~~my~~ I enjoyed mechanical things. I liked to work with mechanical things. Some of my Caucasian friends were talking about engineering; I wanted to aim for something higher than just a mechanic then. I'm a congenial person, you see; I like people, people as a whole, and I have few enemies. That's why I wanted to do something higher.

When we moved to Stockton from our previous home, there was a family across the street that was on relief. Our home in Stockton was the best home in the vicinity, and the neighborhood children used to come to our house to play. They were of all kinds of backgrounds--Irish, German, Italian, Portuguese. We had the respect of the neighbors, and I had a desire to hold people's respect.

Another boost to my wanting to be of service <sup>by foreign travel</sup> was going around with a gang of 2 Japanese, 1 Greek, and 2 Caucasians. We went around together through Junior college and had a lot of bull sessions. We discussed all kinds of important issues; I became engulfed in intellectual life, ~~and dispersion of the nisei was the cardinal thing.~~ <sup>and dispersion of the nisei was the cardinal thing.</sup> I had the same thought through junior college. In my classroom associations, I had this idea too. I made it my business to meet as many nisei as possible. I knew that a problem existed--that the nisei congregated too much. They couldn't get along with Caucasians as I could; I wanted to know them. The more that I thought about it, the more I desired ~~that~~ dispersion of the nisei. The East is now open to the nisei; it's time to go abroad to make dispersion wider.

I wasn't aware of the problem of the nisei before high school. Before this I wasn't aware of it because of my home and friends. Children aren't aware of such things, anyway. There were mostly Japanese children in the <sup>early</sup> schools that I went to. There was a possibility of going to a school where there were few Japanese children when we moved, but we moved in the midst of grammar school; so, I stayed where ~~the~~ my records were.



Those pals that I had through Junior college were rather advanced intellectually and were superior--sociologically minded. They were good students and outstanding as individuals. I don't think they had much effect on my goals directly, though.

I wanted to have a well balanced life. I liked extremes--I ~~wanted both~~ had a desire for ~~an~~ cultural and intellectual group, and I also wanted to belong to a group for cruder pleasures.

/What influence have your parents had on your goals?/ My father put his foot down as far as schooling goes; he wanted me to go into something in which the return ~~was~~ good. But I wanted just a comfortable life--just so there aren't any lacks. I guess I rationalized that medicine would ~~be~~ fit my wishes, because my father was so insistent. My mother is the one who had more influence on my true thinking and desires. She said that I should go into anything that I wanted. You see, I had a liberal mother; she used to say that the folks would go, and it would be my own life. Both of my parents are going to stay in the United States. They aren't the so-called upper class. My father has had a sordid personal history, such as being robbed out of his inheritance.

/What do you consider ~~your~~ obstacles to reaching your goals?/ My greatest obstacle is intellectual inability; I lack confidence in my intelligence. I used to study very hard to make up for it. In grammar school, I used to be in a quandary, and in the eighth grade I was stumped. I wasn't overly popular, and I didn't have any social affiliations except the Scouts and the church.

The Scouts had a great influence on my goal. <sup>I became connected with it when I was ten.</sup> It was through the Scouts that I met people that the average nisei couldn't; I realized how swell people were to us.

In Japanese society you have to either belong to the Christian Church or the Buddhist Church for social reasons--the socials, etc.

I think that religion is helpful to humanity. It teaches you to be honest and just and you learn that life is not just hell. I went from a Christian



church to the Buddhist; then to the Catholic and the Jewish. This made me unprejudiced towards the different types of religion. It made me appreciate the basis of true religion; it's basically a matter of personality and character.

As to my early love life: In the 8th grade I was infatuated, but I was too young. I was made to feel self-conscious; I had no outstanding points to make me desirable. In high school, I wasn't interested in girls or dances. I was interested in scouting. Even through my junior year, the social life of my pals was not well-developed; we were somewhat indifferent to girls.

/What do you think people think of you?/ People think that I'm a happy-go-lucky-Joe. I express ~~the~~ more jovial side of my personality; others like to see that side. Why should people worry others by showing the darker side? Different types of people think different things about me. Some think that I'm pleasant company; some think that I'm a good listener to emotional outpourings; some think that I contribute to conversation in the abstract; and others think that I'm a good party man, like the JAOL. The older group thought that I was an upstart with fanatical ideas. The Christian and the Buddhists thought that I was radical; I went around California making speeches and talks on assimilation and dispersion--progressive ideas. As the groups changed, they came to have the ideas that I did earlier.

/What kind of groups do you like to lead?/ I like to lead groups that are responsive and open-minded, that can face the facts and weigh the arguments on both sides--like the College of the Pacific students. They were eager to learn and were above average in education. I like to be the follower in such groups as the Inter American House at the Christ Church Cathedral. There you have a conglomeration of nisei of all kinds, but they have stereotyped ways of thinking. All I want to do with such a group is be "on the in," so that I'd have the latest on what's going on. They're so inadequate in their social graces and complacent.



They tend to segregate and group themselves into certain groups. I hate to waste my time on such trash. Some nisei groups are repulsive to me.

/If you successfully accomplished your goal, what would these people think?/ They'd be surprised; they don't expect anything of me. People are realizing the possibility of going out of the Japanese community--there's no chance in Stockton for me.

/Whom do you admire?/ I admire my mother the most; she's had the greatest *influence*

/Whom would you most like to be?/ TS--he has the ability to converse in the abstract without fighting.

~~/How do you feel about your associates?/ I feel sorry for anyone who dates.~~

/Whom do you disdain?/ I hate those who use you for a means to their end.

/What do you think is the future of the nisei?/ The future nisei are going to do a lot to destroy the reputation that the issei have made. There will be more relief cases; the people will lose their self-respect and pride and become complacent about it; they will want others to look after them. Financially, however, they ought to be pretty stable.

As far as I'm concerned, nothing would matter if anything happened to me, except my family. I don't feel that I belong to anything. If you make ~~them~~ people feel that you are of ~~an~~ benefit to them, they'll be good to you--treat you as big shots. But all of my relationships have been spotty--I've had no continued relationships, and nobody cares.

/What do you think are the crises in your life?/ I don't attach enough importance to anything to let it upset me. /Then what do you consider your turning points?/ Taking Kendo when I was 12 years old, ~~going away from~~ and scouting since I was ten. I had been going away from my home, though, since I was seven. Mom said that I should take care of myself.



First Interview  
Document StL-7  
November 22, 1943 12:15-1:00 P.M.  
Matsunaga

Lillian Nagano (psuen.)  
Student

T

The subject is one of the five nisei girls attending Washington University, Saint Louis, the current semester. The investigator has been acquainted with the subject in a somewhat casual manner since ~~September~~<sup>October</sup> of 1942 as students on the same campus and as joint speakers on several programs. In December, 1942, she was extensively interviewed by the investigator in connection with the Japanese Family Study under the direction of Dr. Leonard Bloom; notes from this interview of nearly a year ago will be incorporated into the final document. Inasmuch as the subject is working in the Business Library, Washington University, interviews can only be conducted during the noon hour. In the first interview, the schedule was filled out, but her casual remarks are noted here.

I'm just like an adopted daughter to the Ogatas (psuen.). /The following was related as she explained the nature of her present household while the schedule was being filled out./ I wish ~~she~~<sup>Mrs. Ogata</sup> had someone to talk to so that she wouldn't be so lonely in the daytime when everybody is either away at work or at school. I wonder if Mrs. Ito (psuen.) speaks Japanese, even if she is a nisei. I guess she does, because her husband is an issei. It would be nice if they could get together. /Mrs. Ito is the mother of two sons who are attending ~~school~~ Washington University, who lives with her family in the servants quarters of a large home where she and her husband are employed./ I guess Mrs. Ogata would like to speak in Japanese to somebody. You know, she can understand English, but she doesn't enjoy having to try to speak it. Lillian Robertson used to take her to the missionary society meetings and things like that, but I can understand ~~what~~ the Mrs. wouldn't have a good time. /Lillian Robertson is the "International Relations" worker for the Third Baptist Church in Saint Louis, one of the largest and most powerful churches in



Saint Louis. Though Miss Robertson says that the title is a misnomer, inasmuch as she works with minority group representatives and newcomers to the city, the church people didn't know what else to call her./

While I lived at Lillian's/Robertson/ I had a lot of fun. We used to discuss all kinds of things. Even while she was in the bathtub, I used to sit on the toilet seat and continue talking. Lillian's a real Bohemian. You know she was once engaged to a Porto Rican when she was a missionary down there; and she'll pick up a colored baby and everything. She's a real Bohemian!

I've been just like a rolling stone since coming to Saint Louis. From September to May, I lived at the dorm, and moved when I got my board and room job. I worked at that place only three months and quit because I didn't have enough time. When I first started, I thought that I'd have very little to do; I had to do the cooking, and it ~~took~~ took a lot more time than I thought, even if the menu was already planned. Well, I quit there because I felt that it was my duty to go out speaking and doing club work; and I couldn't do that when I was working. I thought that things like that were more important, and I ~~was~~ had to turn down requests to do things like that with this job. *I just told her that I was too busy, and I was, then, with summer to deal.*

/How is the Cosmopolitan Club getting along?/ ~~There's~~ Right now, too many people want to join, but we want to keep the number down proportionately so we'll have people with all kinds of backgrounds. We have plenty of nisei and some exchange students, mostly from South America. //The Cosmopolitan Club is an organization under the Campus Y, which was reorganized after the coming of nisei to the campus. It was felt by the Y secretary that such an organization whose function was to integrate people with varied backgrounds into campus life would be a suitable outlet for expression by the nisei, while avoiding the disadvantages of an all-nisei group. See <sup>field</sup> notes on the Cosmopolitan Club./

/The investigator had been asked by the subject to speak at the Third Baptist Church the previous Sunday but was unable to do so. Asked as to how the program came out, the subject said,/ The idea of the program



was to have these women, who were representatives of all the Baptist Churches in the city, learn more about the Oriental minorities; Lillian wanted to have representatives from all ~~these groups~~ Oriental groups, the Chinese, Japanese, ~~the~~ Filipino, and Korean--but only myself and a Chinese lady and her little girl were there. The chairman of the program gave the background of the Oriental groups in America, so I spoke mostly about the immediate aspects of evacuation and relocation. What she said was all right, but the material that she used was so old that it was way out of date. Things have changed so much. She said that other Oriental minority groups were in the city, but that they were more shy than we were about expressing ourselves.

Once, I took Lillian/Robertson/ down to the Christ Church Cathedral, because she wanted to know what that group was doing. She remarked that it was an almost exclusively nisei affair except for Mr. Brauner, who's the chairman, I think, and a few others and three Negro girls. I told Lillian that it wasn't carrying out the purpose of introducing the nisei to the community. She thought it was all right for the nisei to have a place to go, but it wasn't carrying out the long range program.

I suggested that she ought to have the people of the church group, the bunch that I spoke to last Sunday, to contact the members of their own churches to invite the girls who are working as domestics especially to lunch at their homes--and then have a party--but always have an equal number of nisei and other Caucasians. I told her that adjustment of the nisei wasn't going on as it should. They aren't assimilating as they should. At the Christ Church, there are too many nisei. I think it's the same bunch every time. They had a party on Halloween; I wasn't there, but ~~Lill~~ Mary Taniguchi(psuen.) said that they had about 100 people.

By the way, did you get a card for a gathering at Eden Seminary? I think the FOR is giving it, but I don't think I'll go.

/While filling out the ~~the~~ part of the schedule concerning her job history, the subject made these comments./ You don't have to worry about getting



a job now, but in the depression it's going to be hard. That's what worries me. There'll probably be a depression just when I finish; that'll be just about my time.

I don't know what I'm going to do after graduation. I want to go to Columbia; it has what I want. /The subject's major is foreign trade./- Everything about international relations fascinates me; and everybody says that foreign trade is going to be very important after the war. I just sent in my application, so I haven't heard yet. But I don't want to depend on the folks for support any more. When I do my graduate work, I want to do it on my own. I guess I'll need some help, but I want to do most of it myself. It's a terrible feeling to know that your folks don't have any more income, but you have to ask for help. I suppose it's different with some families that are relocated, but even then the income is so small.

The ~~Foreign~~ Ogatas have all their freight here now. It was shipped at government expense, and I guess it cost the government a lot of money. They even had their refrigerator shipped. They pay all the way, right to the door. I remember, at first, we had to plan our meals to use only three pots and have some things that could be eaten cold.

/How is Alice (Ogata)psuen. getting along with her new job?/ She likes it a whole lot. She even has a big desk and office to herself, and, of course, there are secretaries for the whole ~~gx~~ firm. She was real surprised to get the job, because she knows that several other women lawyers with ~~much~~ real experience tried to get the job. Her prof in taxation was very pleased with the way she wrote her examination paper; and he's ~~employed~~ one of the big men in the firm. I guess they took his word for it. But Alice wanted to be sure that it would be OK with the Law Library here at school, because she was in the midst of reorganizing the whole system; and the dean was very pleased. One of the things she wanted to have very clear before she took the job was



whether the job was permanent. She was very frank about it and asked; they said that they definitely meant to keep her permanently. She was real glad.

/Speaking of her vacation trip between the summer and fall trimesters to Amache, she said,/ I went to Denver to see how things were there and to hear Carey McWilliams speak. I visited the Denver Y then, which has parties like the Christ Church. They're a different type of group, though. They seemed younger, and all they did was to dance. They didn't have a program or a leader as far as I could see, except one person who just changed records all night. There were a lot of Santa Anita--Los Angeles--people there.



Berkeley  
Second Interview  
Document StL-7  
November 23, 1943  
Matsunaga

Lillian Nagano  
Student

~~On~~ On Pearl Harbor day we all stayed home. We were making arrangements to transfer all of my dad's estate over <sup>to</sup> either my name or my mother's. You see, it takes a year for a will to ...../mature?/. My dad had died about a year before, and even before that he was gradually having the stock moved piece by piece to my name. The Caucasian lawyer was over that morning. I guess he went home about 11:00 o'clock.

My brother came in and said, "You know, war's been declared!" I didn't believe it, and my mother said, "Honto ka shira!" (I wonder if it's true!). We listened to the radio and by the second or third time it was said, we believed it. My heart sank. /The subject dropped her hands in gesture./ You know, everything seemed to have been let down.

Since my father died, we felt insecure anyway, because here we were, just two women who didn't know anything. My mother could understand the business and all, but we were so uncertain about things. After he died, she said that we had to pull ourselves together so that we could go ahead as before--so that wouldn't lose all that my dad had built up. That morning we were making plans for selling.

When we heard the announcement, we knew that we would be subject to exploitation. We knew that we had to pull ourselves together. We weren't hysterical or anything like that, but we knew what we would have to face. Sure enough, the next day the lawyer who was here on Sunday came to see my mother while we were at school and intimidated my mother. He knew he had the upper hand and told my mother so. He threatened her by telling her about the helpless position she was in.

But I thought we'd be able to go on as before, because I never thought the citizens would be evacuated. Not even at the end of February did I realize that we'd be moved.



Well, we stayed home all day. We just sat around and talked and went to bed early. I wondered how the kids would be at school and things. I planned how I would answer all the questions, and I wondered how people would act. My mother kept saying that we've got to pull ourselves together, and we worried mostly about what was going to happen to our property, because that's what my father had built our future on. We didn't want all that to be lost.

I drove to school the next day. Golly, that's what I miss here--my car. School was about five miles away, and we had all the gas we wanted because we used to get it in large quantities in an underground tank for the ranch. But the day at school wasn't nearly as bad as I expected. The kids and the teachers were overly nice, just like here at Washington when we first came. The president of the junior college called all the nisei kids together and told them not to worry--that the school was willing to help them, and academically, the school would give them all credit if anything happened. He assured the nisei of the continued good relationship, ~~despite what had happened~~. There were only about 20 nisei in a student body of 1200.

He was real nice and helped a whole lot. He had been in China and knew the Chinese language. He didn't know the Japanese language, though he lived in Japan a while, but he knew the Oriental people.

Remember when the five-mile limit rule was made? Only a few of us lived in the city and the rest had to come far by car. He went to the chief of police and made arrangements so that they could continue school. Gee, even late at night, they used to call him at his home and he used to help them. He said at the meeting that he was willing to help in any way.

I continued with my school work. It was kinda hard because they asked so many questions, and you felt that even if they were your friends, they were



Caucasians; and it isn't that you really distrust them, but there was a barrier. All these questions from students and teachers and things were kinda distracting. I wanted to continue going regularly and keep up with my work--even if most nisei were now very irregular--went one day and didn't the next. Lot of them just stopped coming. Everybody was talking about the latest on this and that. Some families were just picking up and leaving. Like, one family I know just picked up and went over the weekend!

Once my mother wanted to go see Walter Tsukamoto, who knew quite a bit about Japanese property processes. She insisted that it was all right for her to go, but I wouldn't let her go. I took her after coming home from school.

But I was planning to take exams and everything and keep up with my work.

When evacuation was announced, I was just sunk! I gradually came to believe that we were going to be moved, but I thought that it wouldn't be until June; that's why I thought that I'd even take my final exams. ~~In the meantime we had moved~~ into town. I remember that day well. I drove to school--that was May fifth--and I noticed signs on every ~~telephone~~ telephone pole. By that time we had moved into town, you know. After I got home and put away the car, I went straight across the street and read the sign from top to bottom. I was sunk! I went in the house, and everything was in in an uproar. My mother was in a room with everything upside down, packing already. It was announced only a week ahead of the time we were to move. When we moved into town from our ranch, we stored our furniture at the Japanese church, so it was just our personal belongings that we had with us. The apartment was furnished. The storage was under private auspices, because we paid for the watchman and things. Later it became a government storehouse.

The people downstairs were in utter confusion, and they were so mixed up they didn't



know what to do. I was just kinda dazed--I didn't do anything; I still couldn't believe it.

You see, we heard rumors at first--I guess a lot of people did--that only the aliens were going to be put in camps. My mother said that they couldn't take us because we were citizens. For a long while, we made plans and got a lot of instruction about taking care of the property, how to take the money to the bank and making payments and things like that. We were stuffed with it.

It sorta grew on me that we would probably be evacuated too. It took a long time. I remember that when we were living at the apartment, everybody used to come over and talk about all the new things they heard day by day. There were rumors that some of the nisei had snitched on their parents, and we heard stories about <sup>venial</sup> ~~subversive~~ activities. Like, one boy, Jack Noma, was supposed to've snitched on his parents. They used to gossip that the son never did get along with his parents. You see, he was married to a divorcee--that how it all started. Anyway that was the rumor.

We heard that all we could take was what we could carry. We were all ready to go on a camping trip. We made some cheap cotton seersucker dresses and skirts, because we heard that we wouldn't have ironing facilities for a few weeks. I even made a cotton seersucker dirndle that made me look ~~like~~ just like a balloon.

I was asked to work at the registration and information, but I didn't have time. I think they got my name through the junior college--and I went to look for the man I was supposed to see, but I couldn't find him, so I let it go. My mother went to register for our family, because she was the head of the family. The registration was held at a ballroom!

Manzanar and Bainbridge Island had been before us, but we didn't expect to go so soon.



I remember when we went down there the day we went. We all got our tags with our family unit, and we were checked. We waited around all morning, talking, discussing what it would be like. The Greyhound buses were there. We were real curious as to what it would be like. It was only 30 miles away. When we passed Turlock, which was halfway between, all the heads stretched in that direction; and we saw some people ~~in that direction~~ who were already there. Everything seemed so forlorn-- long rows of barracks behind barbed wires. We thought, "Is that the kind of place we're going to be in!"

I remember the gate very well, and we were in! The people who had come earlier were real glad to see us, and I looked for some friends that I hadn't seen for some time.

~~Thereafter~~ We went through the examination line, and some guides showed us the direction of our barracks. I won't forget the way I felt when I went into the barrack--empty, barren, with only the ~~beds~~ <sup>cots</sup> and mattresses piled in the corner. I just sat on the bed and cried and cried. And my mother kept saying, "<sup>nakase</sup> ~~Nakase~~ ga nai, <sup>nakase</sup> ~~nakase~~ ga nai!" and kept looking around the ~~barrack~~ barrack. /The investigator does not know the translation of the mother's statement./



*Berkley*

First Interview

Document StL-~~22~~x 8

November 28, 1943 3:30 to 4:30 P.M.

Matsunaga

Richard K. Hirota (psuen.)  
Bookkeeper

---

The subject and his wife and <sup>their</sup> infant live in a second story flat above a doctor's residence and office combined. It is situated in a neighborhood of many such flats ~~with~~ set back from the sidewalk, <sup>thus</sup> making room for the lawn approaching the house. The first interview was spent in explaining the nature of the study, filling out the schedule, and beginning the interview from the outbreak of the war. The interview was cut short, however, by ~~a~~ visitor. No notes were taken during the interview.

---

I was working alone that Sunday. It was during the rush season when we worked seven days a week. I didn't have a radio or anything in the office so I didn't hear anything about the outbreak of the bombing. A Caucasian friend of mine phoned and said, "~~Well~~ Well, Dick, (psuen.) I guess things are popping!" I said, "What do you mean?" So he told me that Pearl Harbor was being bombed. I said, "Go on. I don't believe it." He told me that it was being announced on the radio. I telephoned a Japanese friend of mine to see and confirm the report and find out what he had heard. He said that he'd been listening to the radio and that it was probably true. I still couldn't believe it, but if it was true that was that. I went back to my work. I worked for a while, then the reaction that I had was funny. I got mad! I cussed up and down. I got mad at those guys for starting such a thing. I finished my work, though; it was about four o'clock.

My reaction to the whole thing was much like anybody else. I was shocked; I couldn't believe it. My immediate fears were about physical harm to my person, especially in the district where the office building was located. Everybody felt that way. That fear became worse later when we learned that Manila and the Phillipines were



being bombed.

There was one man in our community who was shot./See later notes./

I worried about what would happen to the Japanese firms. But we expected to go on. I'd still have my job today, if I didn't have to be evacuated. Of course, we didn't expect that the American citizens would be evacuated. Well, I worked at this firm until evacuation; but those people working for the state and places like ~~tax~~ that lost their jobs--like Helen (psuen.- his wife) who was working for the state as a stenographer lost her job. We didn't dream of evacuation.

I went to eat with some Japanese friends. /Helen said, "Probably at some Chinese place."/ Yes, it probably was. We talked about it; we kept wondering if it was <sup>n</sup>tue. We decided to go home early, and not go around so much, especially in certain districts where there were young kids in gangs--roughnecks.

There were a lot of things that happened that made the people afraid. There was a man who was watching the parking garage who was killed. He lived at Helen's place. /Helen said, "They couldn't even have a funeral for him at the church, because they didn't want a crowd. We had policemen guard the place. We had to have the funeral at the mausoleum./ There were a number of assaults also. There was another man shot. Men were being beaten up in the street. I don't think anyone broke into homes, however.

That parking lot was the place where I parked my car, and I would have been there when the man <sup>was</sup> shot, but I was out of town.

---

At this point the interview was interrupted by the arrival of guests, who apparently were ~~friend~~ a friend met at the Pilgrim Congregational Church where the two are members and ~~her mother~~ this friend's mother, who was visiting her daughter on the way to Colorado from Massachusetts. Mr. Hirota and she had much to discuss about Massachusetts, particularly Boston, inasmuch as he had gone to Tufts College. There was much conversation about the rapid growth



*(Caucasian)*

of the baby and comparing her growth with that of a mutual friend's baby.

The subject expressed appreciation of the shower that had been given for his wife by the women of the church--how much it had helped. He didn't realize how rapidly clothes were outgrown by babies. The guest then showed concern about <sup>whether</sup> ~~that~~ sweater-gift would still fit the baby; and the sweater was put on.

~~by~~ The discussion turned to places to eat in Massachusetts, then elsewhere--particularly San Francisco. Scenery and weather ~~werediscussed~~ at Massachusetts and San Francisco were discussed and compared.

Mrs. Hirota, in the meantime, prepared tea and coffee, after putting the baby to bed.

/The Hirotas appeared quite at ease in entertaining their guests. There seemed to be no strain in finding things to talk about of mutual interest nor was there observed any change in the manner of speech or behavior with the arrival of the guests./

---