

Evacuation and Resettlement Study,
June 3, 1943. DST.

SCHEDULE FOR INDIVIDUAL RESETTLERS

Date of interview Feb. 24, 1944 Interviewer C?K.

1. Name Henry Endo 2. Sex, M F 3. Married stat. M S D W O

4. Present address 4667 Drexel Ave. Feb. 1, 1944

5. Later addresses _____ Date _____

_____ " _____

6. Birthplace Stockton, Calif. 7. Birthdate June 18, 1921

8. Alien or citizen Citizen 9. Nisei, Kibei or Issei Nisei

10. Addresses between Dec. 1, 1941 and evacuation

(a) San Francisco, Calif. Date 1928

(b) _____ " _____

(c) _____ " _____

(d) _____ " _____

(e) _____ " _____

11. Assembly Center Tanforan Date April 28, 1942

12. Relocation Center Tonaz Date Sept. 10, 1942

13. Addresses between time of leaving Relocation Center and present

(a) Salt Lake City, Utah Date March, 1943

(b) Price, Utah " May, 1943

(c) Provo, Utah " 2 month

14. Persons living in household on Dec. 1, 1941. Relationship to Re-

(a) Sao Endo settler Mother

(b) Henry Self

(c) _____

(d) _____

(e) _____

(f) _____

(g) _____

(h) _____

(i) _____

(j) _____

(k) _____

(l) _____

(m) _____

15. Persons living in household on evac. day
(If same as 14, enter symbol, e.g. 14(a).) Relationship to Re-

(a) _____ settler

(b) #14 _____

(c) _____

(d) _____

(e) _____

(f) _____

(g) _____

(h) _____

(i) _____

(j) _____

(k) _____

(l) _____

(m) _____

13. (d) Gilnsite, Utah

(e) Roosevelt, Utah

(f) Idaho

(g) Tonaz

2 months

1 month

Oct., 1943

Oct. 1943 - Feb. 1, 1944

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15. continued	-			Grade compl.	Educ.in	Occupation	Relig.
Age	Sex	M.S.	Birthplace	Amer.school	Japan	Dec. 1, 1941	Affil.
(a) 45	F	M	Japan		Elem.	Domestic	None
(b) 23	M	S	Stockton	13th		Gardener	Budd.
(c)							
(d)							
(e)							
(f)							
(g)							
(h)							
(i)							
(j)							
(k)							
(l)							
(m)							

16. If immediate family (parents, siblings, children or spouse) were not included in household group in 15, because of different residence or because deceased, give details regarding them)

Name	Relationship to resettler	Residence (if deceased write "dec.")	Age (if dec. age at death)	Sex	Mar. Stat.
(a) Ichiro	Father	Japan	55	M	Sep.
(b) Taro	Brother	"	27	M	
(c) Toshiko	Sister	"	22	F	
(d) Saburo	Brother	"	10	M	
(e)					
(f)					

16, continued -

	Birthplace	Grade compl. Amer.school	Educ. in Japan	Occupation Dec. 1, 1941 (for dec. last occupation)	Religion
(a)				?	
(b)				Army in Japan	
(c)					
(d)					
(e)					
(f)					

17. What members of household and immediate family evacuated together to Assembly Center or Free Zone (give symbols used in 15 and 16).

#14

18. Composition of household in Assembly Center or Free Zone (Give symbols from 15 and 16; if others, give sex, age, relationship) Upon arrival:

#14

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18. continued -

Just before departure to Assembly Center or Free Zone _____

#14

19. Composition of household in Relocation Project (Give symbols; if others, give sex, age, relationship).
Upon arrival: _____

#14

Just before leaving Project: _____

#14

20. Composition of household in Chicago at date of interview:
(Give symbols; if others, give details)

Name	Relationship to resettler	Residence (if deceased write "dec.")	Age (if dec. age at death)	Sex	Mar. Stat.
(a) Sao Endo	Mother				
(b) Henry Endo	Self				
(c) Hiroshi Hirashima	Friend				
(d)					
(e)					
(f)					

20. continued -

Birthplace	Grade completed American school	Educ. in Japan	Occupation Dec.1, 1941 (for dec.last occupation)	Religion
(a)				
(b)				
(c)				
(d)				
(e)				
(f)				

21. Changes in composition of Household in Chicago: Note departures by symbol and dates. Give details for new households or entries:

Date	Name	Relation- ship to resettler	Residence (if deceased write "dec.")	Age (if dec. age at death)	Sex	Mar. Stat.
(a)						
(b)						
(c)						
(d)						
(e)						
(f)						

SCHEDULE FOR INDIVIDUAL RESETTLERS, page 4.

21. continued -

Date	Name	Relation- ship to resettler	Residence (if deceased write "dec."	Age (if dec. age at death)	Sex	Mar. Stat.
(g)						
(h)						
(i)						
(j)						
(k)						
(l)						
(m)						

21. continued -

Birthplace	Grade compl. Amer. school	Educ. in Japan	Occupation Dec. 1, 1941 (for dec. last occupation)	Religion
(a)				
(b)				
(c)				
(d)				
(e)				
(f)				
(g)				
(h)				
(i)				
(j)				
(k)				
(l)				
(m)				

22. Educational history of resettler

Elementary schools (name and location)		Dates	Grade completed
San Diego elementary		1927-33	5th
Raphael Weill, San Francisco		1933-34	6th
Grammar schools (name and location)		Dates	Grade completed
John Swett, San Francisco		1934-37	9th
High schools (name and location)		Dates	Grade completed
Galileo High, San Francisco		1937-40	12th
Colleges, universities and vocational schools (name and location)		Dates	Grade completed Degree
San Francisco J.C., part time		1941-42	13 incom.
Attendance at Japanese language school, location		Dates	
Kinmon Gakuen, San Francisco		10 years	

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22. Occupational history (begin with first job). Note periods of unemployment by entering dates continuously and writing "unemp" in Job column to cover such periods. Include employment in Assembly Center and Relocation Project and continue with employment since resettling.

Dates		Nature of job	Type of industry	Location	Av. mo. wages	Reason
From	To					for termination
		Did odd jobs	until after high school graduation			
12/40	3/41	Delivery boy	Shumate stores	S.F.	\$40	quit
8/41	12/41	Scaler	Union Fish Mkt.	S.F.	\$125	Union closed it
12/41	1/42	Janitor at Mark Hopkins Hotel		S.F.	\$80 & rm.	
1/42	5/42	Student-work	WVA at San Luis Obispo		\$8	
5/42	4/42	Stockroom	Nippon Trading Co.	S.F.	\$60	evac.
5/42	9/42	Server in mess hall		Tranforan	\$8	
9/42	10/42	Coal crew		Topaz	\$12	
10/42	12/42	Farm work	sugar beets	Utah		
12/42	3/43	Blacksmith Shop		Topaz	\$12	
3/43	4/43	Scaler at Cudahy Packing Co.		Salt Lake	\$150	quit
May, 1943		Unemployed at Salt Lake City				
6/43	7/43	Laborer in coal mines at Price		Idaho	\$200	quit
7/43	8/43	Worker at Gilsnite Mine			\$170	quit
8/1-15/43		Picked peaches at Provo		Utah	\$10 day	season end
8/43	10/43	Sugar beets & potatoes		Idaho	\$200	" "
10/43	12/43	Unemployed		Topaz		
12/43	1/44	Turkey farm in American Fork		Utah	\$80	quit
1/1-31/44		Unemployed		Topaz		
2/8/44		Burner at Duffin's Iron Factory		Chicago	\$50 wk	

23. Religious connections (begin with first, include assembly center and Relocation project and status after resettlement)

Dates	Attended what church	Where attended	What Sunday sch.
	Buddhist in S.F. regularly		
	quit since		

24. Political activities

Dates	Voted in what elections	For what party
	Never voted	

2. Central Utah, 10/1/42
3. Tanforan, 4/30/42
4. 1508 $\frac{1}{2}$ O'Farrell Street, San Francisco, Calif.
5. Endo, Genkichi (dec.)
Shigemura, Sao Japan
- 5a. U.S. Soft drinks Abroad Farmer
7. Grammar school, Raphael Weill, S.F. 1928 to 1934
Junior high, John Swett, S.F. 1934 to 1937
High school, Galileo, 1937 to 1939
Business school, San Luis Obispo-airplanes, 1940 to 1941
College, California 1940 to 1940
- 7a. Major-Airplane engineering
Minor-mechanic engineer
8. Japan (visit) 1925 to 1925
12. 65 145 lbs.
13. No major defect
18. Single
19. Son
20. 6/21/21
23. No
24. Col. 1 yr.
25. Speaks Japanese
27. Delivery boy
- 27a. Airplane mechanic
28. 1940 Shumate's Drug Store Delivery \$45
San Francisco
29. Metal Craft-Wood craft
O.P. Metal and wood craft
30. Buddhist
- 31.

Hajime's mother, Sao Shigemura (legally restored maiden name)

2. Same
3. Same
4. Same
5. Shigemura, Fusajiro (dec.) Japan
Ewamatsu, Naka Japan
- 5a. --- Abroad Unknown
7. Grammar school, in Japan, Hizumi Grammar, 1901-1908
- 7a. ---
8. Japan 1894-1919; Visit, 1925-1925
12. 56 90 lbs.
13. No major defects
18. Divorced
19. Head
20. 3/25/94
23. No
24. 8 yrs. Japan
25. Speaks English
27. Restaurant cook
- 27a. Seamstress
28. 1940/1942 Mrs. Cornet 190 Funston Ave., S.F. Cook \$30.
1934/1938 Ginza Restaurant, 1729 Buchanan, S.F. Proprietor
29. Sewing, cook
O.P. Sewing
30. Buddhist

Charles Kikuchi
Evacuation & Resettlement Study
Chicago, Illinois
March 15, 1944

Harry Ando (psud.)
CH-31

Harry Ando is a single, 23 year old nisei youth who is at present living with his mother and his friend, CH-32. This is another example of a restless nisei youth who has traveled around to quite an extent before arriving in Chicago. Harry has a greater degree of stability and more sense of responsibility than his room-mate. He is not a typical zoot suiter although he has been going around with this group. Harry is a follower and not a leader and appears to be influenced by the gang's activities. It is too early to determine whether his life in Chicago will be more stabilized than his life in the period since he left camp to work in the farms of Utah and Idaho.

The writer was acquainted with this individual prior to the outbreak of the war when he was hanging around with a similar group which went into the center almost intact. It is largely the same group which CH-32 talks about. The former gang is pretty well scattered at present although there have been some attempts made to get together. The formal interviews were conducted between Feb. 24 and Mar. 15. Harry was very cooperative but he found it extremely difficult to remember the experiences of his previous life except in certain aspects of it.

59-68 (with omission)
shows a case (how frequent?) where
the war and America and Japan
mean nothing, but resentment of
discrimination.

Harry Ando was born on June 18, 1921 in Stockton, California. He has lived most of his life in San Francisco. Harry arrived in Chicago on Feb. 1, 1944 and during the past month he has been employed as a welder at Duffin Iron factory at \$50 a week. He works around 60 hours a week. Harry was evacuated to the Tanforan Assembly Center on April 28, 1942. He went on to Topaz on Sept. 10 of the same year. Since that time he has moved around considerably. Harry was not able to recall the exact places where he has been since leaving camp. He first went out to Utah in October, 1942 to do farm work. In between trips back to camp he has worked as a seasonal worker in Price, Utah, Provo, Gilsnite, Roosevelt, Utah; and many localities in Idaho. He returned to Topaz in January, 1944 and at the end of the month he resettled to Chicago.

Harry's entire work history is rather complicated since he has done so many different types of work. [He did odd jobs throughout his high school days. His first regular job was upon graduation from high school in 1940. He worked as a delivery boy for the Shumate Drug Store in San Francisco for 9 months at \$40 a month. In August, 1941, he was employed as a scaler for the Union Fish Market in San Francisco at \$125 a month but the Union forced him out of this job. He then worked as a janitor at the Mark Hopkins Hotel for \$80 a month. He was doing this ^{work} ~~at~~ at the outbreak of the war.]

In January, 1942 Harry was sent to San Luis Obispo to an NYA training camp where he took up welding. He remained there until March and then returned to San Francisco. The Japanese community

was preparing for evacuation so that Harry worked for a month in the stock room of the Nippon Trading Company for \$60. After his evacuation to Tanforan he worked as a server in the mess hall for \$8 a month. After four months he transferred to the coal crew in Topaz for which he received \$12 a month. He then commenced his seasonal farm work. The following is only a sketchy description of this work since Harry had a difficult time in remembering all the places he worked. In ^{between} many of these jobs he returned to Topaz.

[From October to the end of the year Harry went to the sugar beet fields in Utah. He then returned to camp for three months and worked in the blacksmith shop for \$12 a month. In March, 1943 Harry went to Salt Lake City to work as a scaler at the Cudahy Packing Company for \$150. He quit this job because of some injury to himself and he was unemployed during the month of May, 1943 in Salt Lake City. He then went to work in the coal mines at Price, Idaho and he claimed to have made about \$150 to \$200 a month in this job. He quit this job to go to the Gilsnite mines because he felt that the former job was too precarious, due to the lack of safety precautions in the mines. In August he quit his job at the Gilsnite mines to return to camp. He then went out to pick peaches at Provo, Utah immediately and the season ended in two weeks. He made \$10 a day during this period. Harry then worked from August until October in the sugar beet fields and potato picking in Idaho. He made about \$100 a month. For the balance of 1943 Harry was unemployed in Topaz. At the end of the year and for a few days in January, 1944, Harry went to work on a turkey farm in American Fork, Utah. He quit this job because he thought the wage was too

low. He returned to camp for the rest of the month where he was unemployed. At the end of January, 1944, Harry resettled to Chicago in order to join his mother, ^{who had already obtained a job there.} After being unemployed one week Harry obtained a job as welder and ironer at the Duffin Iron Company. He earned about \$50 a week and he is still doing this job at the present time.

Harry was living alone with his mother prior to the war. She is about 45 years old and she was working as a domestic before Pearl Harbor. At present she is employed in a garment factory as a sewer for 50 cents an hour. The rest of Harry's family are in Japan. The family was separated a number of years ago. The father is 55 and Harry does not know exactly what type of work he is doing in Japan. Harry's older brother, Taro, was born in Japan, and it is believed that he is now in the Japanese Army. Toshiko, a sister was also born in Japan and she is now 22 years of age. A younger brother, Saburo, 10, was also born in Japan and he is also living with his father at present. Since resettlement Harry and his mother have lived with CH-32, a friend.

Harry has received an average education and he never was very interested in his studies. He went up to the fifth grade in an elementary school in San Diego. His mother then moved to San Francisco so that Harry finished the sixth grade at Raphael Weill school. He then went to John Swett junior high school where he completed the ninth grade in 1937. Harry went on to Galileo high school where he graduated in 1940. He attended the San Francisco junior college for a short time before the war but did not complete the semester. Harry has received about 10 years of Japanese language school training. He is a regular member of the Buddhist

church although he is not religiously inclined.

Harry does not use very good English. He uses a number of slang expressions interspersed with profanity. Harry is a stockily built nisei youth about 5 ft. 4 inches in height. He weighs 158 pounds and he is quite solid, due to his muscular activities in the sugar beet work and the coal mines. He has a rather broad face ~~and his exp~~ which tends to be rather expressionless. Harry is smooth skinned and he shaves only once a week. He does not have long hair and his clothes are more conservative in contrast to his room mate who wears zoot suits. Harry has gone around with a more or less rowdy element of nisei in San Francisco and he has continued ~~his~~ these associations throughout camp and work experience until his recent arrival in Chicago. His present associations which are slowly being developed tends to be of this group. Harry is not exceptionally bright and his responses tend to be a little slow. He is a very hard worker and conscientious about keeping his job. Because his mother is out here, Harry tends to have more of a sense of responsibility than previously. At the same time, he easily gives in to the pull from the nisei group in which he is slowly drawn in. This group occupies itself primarily with gambling and sex. Some description of this group will be given in CH-32.

Harry has few definite opinions of his own to express himself. He does not likes to talk on abstract subjects since this tends to confuse him. A greater part of the following interview was a discussion of his work and sex and gambling experiences. Harry was able to recall his sex experiences down to minute details but on other aspects of his life he was rather vague. There is no doubt

that some exaggeration of his experiences were made although Harry was not particularly anxious to attempt any justification of his action to the interviewer. He told his story simply and his sex and poker and work experiences were the most easily recalled to his mind. The interviews were spread out over a period of about a month since it was quite an effort for Harry to sit still for ^{John} ~~an~~ ^{as long as} hour ~~in order to recall his past life~~. He was quite cooperative throughout this time and most anxious to please the interviewer. He felt that by giving a straightforward story, the interviewer would help him make adjustments to Chicago as he is ~~still in the~~ lonesome ~~state of mind~~. For this reason he talked quite freely during the frequent visits which were made. Some of the comments which follows were based upon notes taken during periods of free association. ^{John} ~~Harry~~ did not object to note taking in the slightest. At the present time he does not have any definite ideas of his future life and he has only vague ambitions, to be a welder. He is not conscious of the fact that his life experience is identified with that of the general evacuees. He felt closer to the evacuees during his stay in camp and during the period when he associated with other evacuees rather closely. He thinks of his life in terms of the associations with his gang to a much greater degree.

With this introduction, Harry's story will follow and some attempt will be made to include his views and opinions on a number of related subjects which are closely connected with his life. There will not be any attempts at interpretations at the present time. Harry considers himself a yogore (bum) and a rowdy, but not a zoot suiter.

Harry's story in greater details follows:

"I was born in Stockton, California on June 18, 1921. My folks were running a drug goods store in the Japanese section at that time. I don't know how long they were in Stockton. My mother never told me when they came to this country. I don't know when they got married or anything at all about them. I never took the trouble to ask them. Holy Christ, I don't know anything. I do know that I have four brothers and sisters. My two older brothers were born back there in Japan and I went to Japan when I was 4 years old with them. My old lady couldn't bring them into this country. The other two were born over there also. I'm the only kid in my family who was born in this country. I don't even remember my brothers and sisters. I was only over there for a year and then I came back with my old man. My old lady stayed over there and my sister was born. Then she came back alone. ✓

"We never had very much of a family life. My old man went back to Japan in 1938 to join my two brothers and sister over there. I don't know exactly what they are doing. My brothers are in the Japanese Army but I don't talk about that to anyone. My old man probably is retired by now. He was ailing when he went back and he thought he wanted to live on the farm back there. My mother was supposed to go back a little later when she made enough money for the trip, but she never went. I think that my parents are separated. I wasn't old enough to understand all these things and I don't care to ask my mother about it now.

"We moved to San Diego when I was about 6 years old and I started school there. Hell, I can't remember nothing. I know we moved to Los Angeles after that. They we went on to Santa Barbara. The reason we traveled around like that was that my father and

and mother were doing day work. Then we came to San Francisco and we stayed there until evacuation. In San Francisco my father owned a small candy shop in the Japanese section. It was sold out after he went to Japan.

"I don't care nothing about my old man] because I wasn't close to him. [He was always drinking and a drunk, and I never liked him very much. He was always arguing with my mother. He would bawl hell out of her and they never got along very well. I guess my old lady was glad when he finally left to go back to Japan. I know she wasn't any too ^{happy} happy living with him. Because we moved around so much, I can't remember ever having a good home life like a lot of guys.] ✓

"After we settled down in San Francisco, we had a little more home life than before. [In our home we always talked Japanese and my parents made me go to a Jap school for 10 years in order to learn the language. Goddam, I never learned a damn thing. I was too dumb. It was too much for ^{me} my anyway. Jesus, I had to go to public school for six hours and then I had to go to the Jap school for two hours. By the time I got to Jap school I was sleepy as hell and I never could stay awake. They tried to make us study like hell in Jap school but I never paid too much attention. My parents said that I was a Japanese and after all, I had to learn the language in order to get along later on. They thought that I might go back with them to Japan some day but I wasn't interested in it at all.] But altho most of us talked Japanese in our home, few nisei could understand the other old folks when they talked. We just learned the simplest Japanese and then we mixed it all up with English. I guess the old folks had to learn more English in ✓

order to understnad us because we were pretty stubborn. I didn't object to learning Japanese so much, but I hated to go to the Jap school instead of going to the public playground like the other kids. [I can talk Japanese with my mother now but I couldn't do it with the other old folks. My mother doesn't understand too much English but she seems to get along okay out here.] She says that they speak a funny English out here and it is different from California English. (Mrs. Ando is a very tiny Japanese woman about 4 ft. 9 in. in height. She speaks English with the greatest of difficulty, but she appears to be able to manage when she goes to her job or to the store. She is one of these withdrawing type of Japanese woman, but it appears that she has a more independent and aggressive nature than many of the issei women which is indicated by the fact that she resettled to Chicago alone. Her social circle is limited to a very small number of other issei.)

[When I was a kid, I used to go to the Buddhist Church all the time but I did not believe it. I just went there because the other guys hung around and it was a good place to meet. The Buddhist church offered us a gym later on too and that was what brought most of us guys to church.] I never cared to understand what they were giving sermons about because I am not the religious kind.

[At home we ate a lot of Japanese food and my mother always wanted us to observe all of the Japanese customs and holidays which were celebrated in Jap town.] Some of these affairs were pretty big events and everybody turned out. They even wore Japanese clothes too. [I never did any of that damn stuff.] These celebrations were just an excuse to play around. My mother wanted

me to be more serious about these things but I didn't pay much attention. [I always got along with my mother okay. At first she was very strict with me, but when I grew up we came to an agreement so that she don't bother me anymore.] She just told me what was wrong and what was right and I found out for myself. I don't like anyone to tell me what to do because I will learn from experience. [I got too big for my mother so she couldn't boss me around too much after I got into high school.]

[I always ran around with a nisei gang] because there were a lot of kids in our neighborhood. [We lived right in the middle of the Japanese town on Laguna St.] I guess there were about 10 of us kids who went around in a bunch. We just hung around together after school and sometimes we went on hikes and things like that altogether. We all went to junior high school together, but later we split up and went to different high schools.

[Jesus, I don't remember much of my school life. I guess I was a pretty sad case. I like sports the best in school.] My old lady was running the candy shop then because my old man was never at home. There was a lot of marbles in the candy shop so I never had to buy any of them. I had all the marbles I wanted so that I became a champ marble player. All the other kids hung around me because they wanted me to give them marbles too. I got interested in basketball when I was about 12 and all us guys used to go down to the playground and play hunch for a prize of a nickel. We would practically kill ourselves for a lousy nickel. It was pretty hard on our pants and shoes. None of the nicer nisei boys wanted to play with us because we were too tough for them.

[In high school I played on the high school football team and

that was my greatest achievement.] I was about the only nisei in the school to make the squad. I was too small to make the regular team but I got into a lot of scrimmages. [I had more fun playing with the San Francisco Slops. This was a bunch of us nisei guys and we were sponsored by the Buddhist Church. We used to go down and play in the playground league in the public park and we won a lot of championships. It was a pretty tough bunch and we could take care of ourselves in any scrap.] I hung around with these guys most of the time. [For a little while I went around with some Caucasian kids in high school and I used to cut classes with them. Most of the time I was with nisei guys and we just spent our time just playing around.] We would go to the playgrounds after school every day just to hang around. [Sometimes we would play basketball against the hakujin kids and we would always beat them even though they were much taller than we were. We played dirty so that a lot of those guys were afraid to ⁰ play against us. ✓

"I didn't do so hot in my studies. I got poor marks most of the way through high school but I managed to graduate in 1940.] The only fun I had in high school was in playing football and playing on the soccer team. I got on the varsity soccer team and that was pretty good for me. I didn't care much for the guys at school anyways. [Once in a while I used to get called a Jap by the other guys. I had to beat hell out of them so that they would respect me.] None of those Caucasian gangs wanted to fight with our gang anyway so they kept their distance. Most of the time the guys at school were okay and we got along fairly well and a lot of them were our friends while we were in school. We never went around together after school was over though, because they lived ✓

in different sections of Frisco.

["I made good friends with the Chinese kids, ~~too~~. I used to go to Chinatown until 8 o'clock at night to hang around with them. Once I even had a date with a Chinese girl at school. I went to her home and her old lady thought I was a Chinese so that she started to talk to me in Chinese. Then I had to tell her that I was Japanese. The lady was nice to me and she even invited me to have supper with them. That was the first time I ever ate with a Chinese family. After that the old lady told her daughter to tell me not to come up there any more because the other Chinese didn't understand.] Another time I took a Chinese girl to the Chinese theatre. I couldn't understand what it was all about and I was bored as hell. It seemed pretty silly to me. That Chinese girl took in everything. I think that the Chinese kids are much more influenced by their folks. They know much more about China than the nisei do about Japan. A lot of them talk Chinese right out in school and that used to gripe everybody. The nisei kids never did that.

["I was 18 when I finally got out of high school. I had all kinds of ambitions but they were all dreams and not very practical. I guess I didn't know what to do. I wondered how in the hell I could get a job. It got me worried because none of the nisei guys were able to get good jobs after high school. Most of them worked for their old men anyway. I didn't have anyone like that to work for and I had to go out on my own.] I had no definite plans and I didn't know whether to go to J.C. or not. [A lot of my friends were going ^{to junior college} ~~out there~~. I guess most of the nisei kids just went on to ~~J.C.~~ after high school because there was nothing else

to do. The nisei had a helluva time getting a good job because there was too much discrimination. They didn't get a chance ~~like~~ nothing like the hakujin kids. The hakujin kids were able to get good jobs if they had a high school education, but the nisei didn't have a chance even with a college education.] I used to laugh at Grant Ave. guys because most of them had graduated from Cal and then they had to work for \$60 a month. I wanted to go out to J.C. because it was an easy life. I was influenced by my friends out there so I went a year later. [I started going ^{by Junior College} there in 1940, I can't remember exactly. I just went out there to have fun and I didn't care to study or nothing. I just wanted to take the girls out if I could. I thought I could make the football team out there and that was the main reason why I went. ✓

"I got to know some dumb nisei girl from the country out at J.C. She came from Florin or some place and she was doing a school girl job. She didn't know nobody in Jap town or out at J.C. so that she was kind of hot for me. She was just an innocent girl and she thought it was pretty good to be going out with a nisei who was out for the football team. I took her out to the Golden Gate Park one night, ~~and I started to feel her up.~~ She told me that I couldn't lay her because I would not be able to make the football team if I did things like that. I was hot for her too ^{but} I decided to reform. I thought I would bear down on my studies and quit going around with a gang like before. But my cash began to run low and I got incomplete in my studies. Finally I decided that I would go to work so I took this girl out to the Golden Gate Park again and this time I laid her. I never saw her again after that because she went home to the country about a week

later. And that was the first time I ever had an experience like that. Most of the nisei girls didn't ^trust the guys in our gang because they knew that we had a bad reputation. I didn't give a damn anyway.

^{the S.}
"I got a job at ~~Schunke~~ Drug Store way out on the Ingleside district, past Twin Peaks. I was a delivery boy there and I held this job for 8 months. The only reason why I liked that job was because I was able to make some side money without the boss knowing anything about it. I only got paid \$40 a month and carfare. I thought that I could make some money on carfare so I borrowed a bicycle. We were supposed to get carfare for each delivery but I used the bicycle instead. I was able to make about \$30 extra a month that way because I was sent out on a lot of deliveries in that district. ✓

"After work I would go down to Jap town where I lived and hang around with the bunch. We would go play pool or go to the show. Sometimes we went to the basketball games. I didn't go in much for sports myself after I quit school. Every night it was that way. I didn't think about nothing and I had a heelluva lot of fun with the guys. I liked my job at the drug store okay and I was making more than a lot of those college graduate nisei who acted snotty just because they worked out in Chinatown. They were just a bunch of coolies and I had more money to show at the end of the month than they did. They thought they were too ^{high-toned} ~~high-toned~~ to go out and work with their hands.

"After I worked out in that district for a while, I got acquainted with a lot of nisei girls who were doing domestic work out that way. There were a lot of these girls who came in from

the country to earn money in domestic work so they could help out their families. They didn't know nobody in San Francisco and they were pretty lonesome. I got to know them because I had to deliver things to their employers. After I got acquainted, I used to go see them in between deliveries. They were fun for me and it helped pass the time. A couple of them I got to know pretty good and I took them out on dates. I always wanted to go up to their room and lay them but they would never let me. I guess they knew better.

"At my job, I used to swipe magazines ^{and cosmetics and other things} from the counters to take to these girls when I visited them. I would even take them cosmetics and other things that they wanted. They thought I bought all this stuff and they thought I was pretty generous with my money. I used to cop a lot of junk at the drug store and bring it home for myself. I bet I had the most tooth brushes, the best toothpaste and more razors than any other Jap in San Francisco. I got all of it free. Some of this junk I sold to my friends and I was able to make about \$20 extra this way. A lot of times I copped rubbers from the drug store and I gave them all away to the gang. Sometimes I made friends with the customers and they would make an order through me. If our store did not have the stuff, we would send for it ~~te~~ from the other big drug companies. We got a discount for this so that our store would be able to make a little profit. When the customers made the order through me, I never told the store about it and I kept the discount money myself. There was a lot of angles to making extra dough and I was pretty well set. I had just as much dough as a lot of those nisei guys.

"After I started working, I used to go to those big nisei

dances but I didn't care for dancing much. I just stood around with a gang. I wanted to dance like the rest of the guys but I guess I was the clumsy type and girls didn't got for me too much. Sometimes the gang would concentrate on one girl and we would all take turns cutting her out. If her boy friend did not like it, we would gang up on him afterwards and beat the hell out of him. I wanted to be able to cut in on girls by myself like the other guys but I never could get up the nerve. I never drank very much at that time but some of the gang were taking it up so I learned. I only drink now on special occasions. I get drunk as hell when I get real griped at something. I don't care too much for it because my old man was a slop and he practically deserted us. I guess it was my mother's influence because she said I would be like my old man if I began to drink.

"A lot of times us guys used to hang around the Chinatown night clubs and a few times I took out a Chinese girl that I knew in high school. She was a little afraid to be seen with me because she said the older Chinese did not like the Japanese. I didn't give a damn what they thought. After we got through fooling around, we would make the rounds of the whore houses. I never paid for one because I was afraid of catching a dose. The first time I stayed with a prostitute was in Utah after I left Topaz. I only got a few free pieces before evacuation. I wasn't the type to draw the girls to me. Once I went to make a delivery at some home and I got acquainted with a colored maid and I laid her right in the hallway while her employer was out. I told my gang about it and they razed me for weeks because I took on "black meat".

"The only reason I stayed on at the ~~Shamate~~^S Drug Store for 8

months was because I was trying to get eligible for unemployment compensation with the social security. I had to work there a certain time before they would start giving me a weekly check. I quit the job after I was eligible and I started to draw 10 bucks a week because that was the minimum they gave. I drew about \$150 in all from social security and it was during this time that I started at J.C. I didn't feel like taking another regular job while I was getting social security because I would not have been able to make much more than the 10 buck check I was drawing from the government. I held a school boy job for a while at \$20 a month while I was going to J.C. but that was okay because they couldn't find out about it.

"I didn't like the school boy job at all. The lady didn't like me either because I was pretty stubborn. A lot of times I felt like kicking her in the ass because she thought she was so superior to me. She thought I was a damn servant. I got even because I never went to work on time. As soon as I was through with the dishes at night, I always ran out to go to Jap town to see the gang. The lady didn't like me going out like that but if I stayed home she always had extra things for me to do. I just didn't care for the work and I rushed it through. I guess I was pretty sloppy. Finally the lady fired me and I was not unhappy about that.

"I went to the Japanese employment agency on Post St. and they gave me another school boy job. I only lasted one day on that job. When I went back to the employment agency, the guy got sore at me for being fired and he said I was lazy. He wouldn't give me another job because he said I would give him a bad reputation. I went to another Japanese employment agency and they sent

me out on a different kind of a job. By that time I had quit school. I had the job as a porter at an apartment house. I got \$60 a month and I had a small apartment for myself. I never stayed there because I always went to Jap town after work and then I would go home to sleep. I didn't care much for that job and I tried to do it as fast as I could. I was pretty sloppy in that job too. Then Pearl Harbor came along and I got canned right away.

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[National Youth Administration]
[I went to the N.Y.A. office] and I tried to get a job with them.
[I wanted to get into the N.Y.A. training school so I could learn a trade. I was tired of doing those porter jobs and I knew I would not get any place if I had to do it all my life.]

"I ~~was~~ signed up to go to the N.Y.A. aeronautic school in Sacramento. They kept putting off the date when I could go up there. I got pretty anxious and I told them that I didn't care where I went so they said the San Luis Obispo N.Y.A. training school was open. I signed up for that right away [and they gave me bus fare to go down.] ~~to San Luis Obispo~~ This was on Dec. 20, 1941.

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"It was the first time I went out of town by myself and I felt lost. I ~~wondered what San Luis Obispo would be like and I found out that it was only a little hick town.~~ There were a lot of other guys in the training school, about 200 of them, and we all lived in the dorm just like the barracks in camp. The guys were all different kinds of nationalities and I was the only Jap in the school. I got to know a P.I. ^[Filipino] guy good because he was from San Francisco too. He later went to San Quentin for robbing a warehouse or something. When I knew him in Frisco, he was a good guy and I got along with him best of all during the time I was in the training school.

✓

"I got along with the rest of the guys there too. They were always talking about the war and how they would like to get into the Army. They never bothered me. I wanted to take up radio, but the man in charge told me that it was no use because I could not get a job like that since I was a nisei. Then I wanted to take up sheet metal work and I was discouraged in this. They told me that the aircraft company^{ies} were closed to me too. Finally there wasn't anything else to take so I took the welding course and I found that I really liked it. Jesus, it's funny how things turn out that way. I wouldn't have picked out welding if I had the choice all by myself.

"I was working on a midnight shift and one night one of the colored fellows from our school got caught in a traffic jam at Santa Barbara when the Jap submarine shelled the coast. He came back and told me all about it. Then he started to make fun of me and called me 'Mr. Moto'. The other guys kidded around too and they used to call me a spy and joke around all the time. They said that I was in that N.Y.A. school on a secret mission for the Emperor of Japan. I didn't mind what they said at all because they were a swell bunch of fellows.

"There was a loudspeaker in our dorm and this colored guy went to the main office and he began to announce, 'Mr. Moto, wanted by the Emperor for a special mission, please report to headquarters at once.' While he was doing this, the superintendent of the training school came in and caught him. He was pretty made and he called me into his office and he told me that I should let him know if any of the fellows picked on me like that. I said they were only kidding and I didn't mind at all because they were not

trying to hurt my feelings at all. I was just one of the group and they accepted me like anyone else. Even the Negro guy was accepted by the bunch.

["One night a bunch of us went hiking up a mountain. We wanted to stay overnight and take pictures the next day. I said that I would try to get a camera but I was not able to rent one in town. We went hiking anyway and without knowing it we trespassed on the Army reservation. Suddenly we were stopped by a soldier with a gun. He took us to the main office and all of our names were taken. They looked at me kind of funny when they found out that I was a Nihonjin, but they let us go.

"When I got back to camp, I discovered that the Army officers had come down there immediately in a car and they were waiting for me. They asked me a lot of questions about what I was doing on the Army reservation. They didn't question the other guys at all. I was scared as hell because this was when a lot of stories about Jap spies was going around. They looked up my record and they thought that it was very suspicious that I was interested in cameras. I had put it down as a hobby. Then they found out that I had tried to rent a camera the day before and they got more suspicious than ever. They looked all over my things for a camera but they couldn't find one. Finally the superintendent of the training school squared me off. He said that I was a loyal American like the rest of the guys. I thought sure I was sunk and I didn't know what would happen to me. It was quite a relief when they finally went away after warning me not to go up to that reservation again.

"I continued on with my training after that. Guys were being

sent out every week to the aircraft company when they passed the test for these companies. They all got pretty good jobs. One of my pals got a job at the Lockheed Aircraft Company and he told me to come on down and work with him. But just before I graduated, this pal volunteered for the air corps. I decided that I would not go down there but I would try for another job. I took a test for the Wormington Shipyards as a welder. I'm positive I passed, but they cancelled all of my tests because I was a Jap. The superintendent said he was sorry but he could not do anything about it. I tried all over to get a job in one of the other big factories, but it was no use. Niseis weren't just getting jobs then because everyone was suspicious of us. Finally I got disgusted so I went back to Frisco in March, 1942. It was a good experience for me because it was the first time I had gotten to know hakujin guys real well and they treated me regular. It was just the big companies that were prejudiced and wouldn't give me a chance at a job because they thought I would sabotage or something like that. They were a bunch of damned fools and I was pretty sore about it.

"After I got back to Frisco I didn't know what a hell to do as it looked pretty hopeless to me. I didn't know how I could get a job because the public was getting more against the Japs and they were talking about evacuation. I guess I felt worse then than at the time of Dec. 7th. On Dec. 7, I got canned from my job but I didn't care so much then. Hell, I didn't even know where Pearl Harbor was when they started announcing it over the radio. When I first heard that war was declared, ~~that day~~, I thought we would get pushed around plenty and I was scared and confused. I thought that all Japanese would be fired from their jobs and that

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is why I got into the N.Y.A. It was too hard to get work after the war and the only opening was in domestic work and I didn't want to do that. I wanted to get into something better than that. My main hope was to get into the shipyards and that was another reason why I went to N.Y.A. school. I wanted to get out of Frisco too, because everybody was scared to hell. There were cops all over the place when I left and the streets were roped off for a couple of weeks. A lot of issei were getting arrested and most of the big Japanese companies were closed up. Those nisei working in those stores lost their jobs and they were up a creek. They was not much use to get a job in Frisco then and that's why I thought I had more chance by going to N.Y.A. school. I was pretty disappointed when I didn't get a job after I graduated from that school, but later on this training did do me some good. I didn't know what I was going to do then.

"When I came back to Frisco in March (1942) I tried like hell to get into Mare Island, Bethlehem shipyards or one of the other big shipyards. I didn't even have a chance because even before the war very few nisei got into these jobs. My instructor at the N.Y.A. training school told me that there was no chance for me on the Pacific Coast and he advised me to go to the midwest. I was afraid to take a chance and go way out to the middle of the country by myself so I didn't do as he advised. After all of these job refusals, I thought sure I'd never have a chance to handle a welding torch again. It looked like a helluva outlook for me.

"By that time the Frisco Jap town was in an uproar. A lot of Nihonjins were coming in from the areas which were restricted by the Army. There wasn't any work to be had. The cops would not

let Japanese get into bunches at all. Almost everyone had lost their jobs and the stores were all closed. The fishermen couldn't go out anymore so they were all hanging around the Japanese cafes. Everyone was worried because they didn't know how they were going to eat after their money ran out. There was a lot of talk about evacuation but I didn't pay any attention to it.] After I got disgusted with looking for a job, I quit doing it anymore. [I just hung around the pool halls till 2 o'clock every night and passed the time with the gang.

"After the curfew came in, we would go to Chinatown after 8 almost every night. One of the guys in the gang had a car and we went with him. We just fooled around and my pals went around to pick up girls. We would park the car and wander around. Once we wandered up towards Van Ness avenue and got stopped by a cop. He asked us where we were going and we got pretty scared. I thought sure that we were going to get the pinch. We said that we were Chinese so he let us go. He said that it wouldn't be safe for us to go to Jap town.

"Other times we would go to the Chinese bar and night clubs and drink here and there. All of the whore houses were closed by then so we couldn't pass any time in that way. To round off the evenings, we went to a midnight show if we had money. Then we would go back up to Chinatown and hang around all night bolwing alley or else play pool and the pin ball machines. We were always trying to pick up whores on the streets and take them to one of the cheap hotels in Chinatown. If we could not pick up a girl, we would sleep in the room or else go some place to play dice. After 6 in the morning, it was safe for us to go back to Jap town again.

"It was usually morning before we got home. I used to be all fagged out so I slept all morning. Sometimes I was all fagged. I looked for a job too as I needed the dough, but there was not much doing. I went to the ^{a Japanese} ~~Hosi~~ Employment agency every afternoon after I left my house and I stayed around a few minutes before going on to the pool room. My money was practically gone so I finally got desperate and I took a domestic job. I only worked there 2 days because I spilled some soup on the lady's lap and she fired me. She didn't fire me until after I washed the dishes. It sure griped me to hell because I really tried hard in that job and it was only an accident. I went back to the employment agency and I got another school boy job for four bachelors. I had to quit them after a week because they did not pay me enough. I didn't like the way they called me the Little Spy from Japan because it didn't sound like kidding to me.

"The next job was working in the stock room for the Nippon Trading Co. I was paid \$2 a day. They were selling out the store before the evacuation. This was the last job I had before I went to camp.

"I forget to mention a couple of other jobs that I held after quitting J.C. I worked for a while in ~~Concrete Masonry~~. It really was a gardening job and my boss was ^{a Japanese} ~~Ken Moricka~~. He had his customers over in the Eastbay district. I didn't know anything about that work at all but I thought it would be better than domestic work. The boss was a bastard and he never paid me so I finally quit. I was only getting 35 cents an hour too. Then I worked for another guy, ~~Mitome~~ who hired about 20 guys. All I did was turn on the water. I would take time out to go bowling

or play pool. We used to bowl every time on the working hours because the boss could not check up on all of his crew. After that I remember I got in the Mark Hopkins hotel. I was a janitor there. I tried to get a job in the Blue Room as a bar tender but they did not want any Japs to face the public. Every goddam time it was like that, all because I had a Japanese face. It was no use to have any ambition at all. The nisei just didn't have a chance even before the war. Some of the Chinese kids at the Mark Hopkins got better jobs than we did and these guys went to school with me. I got griped because I did not have a chance there so I quit.

"I also worked for a while in the Union Fish Market before the war. This was one of the best jobs that I ever had. It was a Caucasian Company. We were on piece work and we had to scale the fish. I made about \$5 a day. That was damn good dough in those days before the war, especially for a nisei. Finally the Alaska Cannery Workers wanted to unionize the place so I lost my jobs after two or three months of working there. I smelled like a fish all the time and the people hated us when we got on the street cars. There were about four nisei working with me at that place. After I lost that job, I sold fight programs at the Civic Center and Greenland. I got 2 cents a program and I usually made about a dollar and I got to see the fight free. But all the way through, it was like this; we never got any of the better jobs and it looked pretty hopeless. I can't remember exactly the time I did all of these jobs because there were so many of them. I know it was the time I graduated high school and the beginning of the war. After the war started it was much worse like I told you.

"Anyway, when they started to talk about evacuation, I wondered

what it was all about. ~~When they started to talk about evacuation,~~
~~I wondered what it was all about. I thought it was all talk and I~~
~~didn't pay much attention about it.~~ I just got ready and went
along with the rest of them. ~~It~~ wasn't sad or anything for me to
leave Frisco. It wasn't anything for me to stay behind for because
I couldn't get a job anyway. We were just a bunch of sad bastards
and we were always being pushed around even before evacuation. I
got sore a lot of times but I guess I didn't think about it too
much and try to figure it out. I only got sore when I was turned
down.

"Then when I did get into camp, I thought I'd never get out
and I wanted to be back in Frisco. I went to Tanforan in April,
I guess. I suppose I am a dumb bastard because I didn't have any
ideas on anything. I don't even remember all about my life. It
gives me a headache when I try to think of it too much. I guess I
was griped most about not being able to get a good job and I never
thought of anything deep like some of the college nisei do. I
just use my hands and not my head too much. I guess I was too good
natured about everything. Inside of me though I got sore plenty of
times. Hell, I wish I had more education ~~then-though~~ and then
maybe I could figure things out better.

"The first thing I thought of when evacuation was announced
was to wonder what it was all about. All the guys in my gang were
pretty sore about it and we cussed hell out of the government.
When I got to camp, my friends told me that all the food was slop.
That worried me quite a bit. I thought we would be practically
starved. I never saw so many Japs in ~~once~~ place in all my life.
I didn't like the horse stall that my mother and I were put into.

It smelled just like manure. I griped about that and later we got to move to one of the new barracks in the infield.

"I had the most fun in Tanforan. I worked as a server in the mess hall so I would be sure to get plenty to eat. I met all kinds of friends in this job and a lot of the old gang were in camp with me. They started up a baseball league so that our mess hall had a team. This was just an excuse to have big feeds afterwards. We would go to the mess hall and eat cakes and sandwiches after each game. The cooks were okay to us because they liked baseball too and nothing was too good for us. It was a good thing we had one of the winning teams. Gradually we began to hang around the mess hall all the time and we used to stay until 2 at night having bull sessions or playing poker.

"Later on I worked as a coal boy in the mess hall. I had to get the furnaces started in the morning so that I was the first one there. They had to give me a key so I could get started. I had free run of the mess hall. I never started the fire on time as I couldn't get up in time after staying up so late. One time I didn't get up in time so the people who ate in our mess hall couldn't have breakfast. I was supposed to get up at 5 in the morning and I played poker and then I would ~~and~~ go and light the fire and then I'd go home to sleep.

"The gang came over all the time and we used to get all kinds of food to take to our barracks to cook. We swiped everything in sight. There were about 8 guys in the gang and I was the only one who worked. My room mate ^B came into the gang then. (Ch-32) I knew him before in Frisco but I didn't go around with his gang at all. We had all kinds of guys in our gang.

< "There was one guy in the gang who was hot for a dame and he took her ~~fer-a~~ to all the dances. Finally he practically raped her in the grandstand. The girl quit going with ~~him~~ and this guy wanted us to beat the other guy for him. Hell, we couldn't do anything at all about it if the girl gave him the blow-off. He was feeling so low that we gave him a big party in our mess hall one night to show him we were his friends. We used to give all kinds of parties for ourselves. I even gave a birthday party to myself and we used everything.

["One night ⁵ of the guys of our gang were walking by the grandstand and ^D ~~Dai~~ made a crack at a kibeï going by and then they laughed. This kibeï didn't say anything but he followed ^D ~~Dai~~ home and then jumped him from the rear and knicked him down. ^D ~~Dai~~ came running to the dance to tell us about it so we got about 20 guys together and we started to look for the kibeï. We finally found him with ⁶ other guys. They had clubs in their hands. Christ, man, we had 20 guys against their ~~six~~ ⁶ so we were pretty confident. The kibeï acted brave too and they put up a pretty good fight. They swung their clubs first and then the fight started.] ^S ~~Shiba~~ of our group was so damn mad that he would have killed the kibeï he was choking if we did not pull him off. The kibeï was so stubborn that he wouldn't give up. [It was quite a fight and it made it less boring.] The kibeï wanted us to talk in Japanese and we didn't like that so we socked them all. Tak pulled out a knife on one of these kibeï and I had to take it away from him as he would have stabbed one of those bastards. ✓

["After that we had to go around in a bunch or else those kibeï would have brained us from behind.] They tried to take out ✓

their grudge on Shiba and they all laid for him. He had a lot of fights. One time he beat up three kibeis by himself and they had clubs. Another time they threw bottles at him in the dark and then ran away. [Hell, we had ~~so~~ ^{so} goddam many fights, I couldn't begin to count them. It was a lot of fun and nobody got really hurt.

"I didn't actually dislike the kibeis that much, but I thought they were too damn fresh. I never thought about the war very much so I didn't have too many arguments about this with them. I kept up with Japan's conquests and I thought it wouldn't last long, hell, I didn't care because we were discriminated against anyway. I couldn't bother about these things as I was having more fun anyway. To tell the real truth, I did not give a damn who won the war, but I hoped that it would be over quick. At times I thought that Japan would win ~~and~~ I thought of going back to the old country. I didn't think I could get a good job here afterwards. I thought we'd all get shoved around and we would never be treated right again.

"But then, I figured what the hell, I could go back to Japan any time and I wanted to stick around the U.S. for a while to see how things turned out. I felt pretty close to the people in camp though, except for the kibeis. They were too much for Japan and they talked too much against everything American even though I felt the same way as them at times. Maybe it was the way they said these things that griped me. They didn't even know how to speak English.

"I wondered a lot about my draft situation. I didn't want to go into the Army. I thought that the people in camp would not

like us to go into the Army after we were stuck in camp. The feeling of everybody was pretty low and the camp people didn't trust nobody. After all, we did get thrown out without any notice and that griped all of us. A lot of the old people lost their shirt. They lost their property and their businesses and they didn't have nothing left. Anybody would get sore if that happened to them. All of us in the gang thought that we shouldn't get drafted on account of all that. I felt the same way as they did. I never did like to get pushed around and all I wanted was a chance to make a living. Hell, it looked like we weren't even going to be given that chance.] ✓

"That is why I didn't give a damn about what was going to happen to us. I never thought about it too much. We just stuck to the gang and had our fun. [All of the fellows in our gang made girls except me. I guess I was more the truck driver type to them. I think I could have gotten further if I tried. I was too damn sleepy because of my work and I spent most of the time gambling anyway.] I just went to the dances in camp to hang around. ✓

[In September we went on to Topaz. I was worried about what kind of a place it was.] I didn't think it was much of a place because I heard a lot of stories about scorpions. The mothers in camp were all worried about that. [Hell, we were just getting settled down and nobody wanted to move again. It was too damn much trouble. ✓

"The trip up the/ire to Topaz was not so bad. Jesus, it sure was a long trip. We rode for 12 hours and when we looked out we were only in Marysville. After that the train went faster. We had to wait in Salt Lake City for about 3 hours. The damn soldiers

wouldn't even let us get off the train to stretch our legs. It was stuffy as hell and we were tired from the long trip. All the way up the food was the craps. I was curious about Topaz and I thought that maybe I could get a job as a welder if I went up there. I had the N.Y.A. training and I wanted to make use of it. They told us before evacuation that we would all have a chance to use our trade. I almost went to Santa Anita as a volunteer before the evacuation because I heard that the J.A.C.L. could get us jobs at white man's pay in our own trade. Later I went up to the J.A.C.L. office and I asked that Masaoka bastard about it and he didn't know anything. He gave me a lot of bull shit about the type of work I could do and he tried to act like a big shot. Later I learned that this was all the craps so I didn't volunteer for an advance crew again. That's why I didn't go up to Topaz in an advance crew because I didn't want to be fooled again. Hell, I never thought of anything after I was evacuated. I thought I would be in a concentration camp for years and years so I didn't give a damn about anything. All I wanted to do was to have fun.

[When I first got to Topaz I saw my pals, ^{B (C.H.32) K.} ~~Blackie~~ and ~~Kenko~~. They were just about ready to leave for the sugar beet fields. They tried to make me go, but I didn't know whatta hell was going on. They said I could have freedom and I could make a helluva lot of money but I wasn't too sure. I decided to go later on. The first night we were there we had a gang fight and we beat up a guy. He was a big bastard but we made this guy plead for mercy. It was over a girl too. I didn't even know what it was all about but the other guys had a grudge so I had to help them out. We were feeling as cocky as hell. The other guys in the gang didn't

care what happened as they were leaving camp anyway.

"After I was in camp for a week I couldn't take the damn dust storms. The damn food was all dusty as hell. That's all we saw, that dust. I decided to go to the sugar beet fields to get away from it so I went up to the employment office to sign up. There was a contractor there signing up sugar beet workers. I didn't know a damn thing about sugar beets because I had never done it before but I signed up to go to Lewiston, Utah. That was the closest I could get to my other pals who were out there already and it was only four miles away from them.

"I signed up with three other nisei guys I knew and there was also a kibel guy with us. We went out there and worked the first day. It was a tough job and my back ached so much that I felt like a goddam fool for ever leaving the camp where I could loaf around. We all got disgusted right away. The company gypped the hell out of us.] They were supposed to supply us with everything like they said in the contract. They only gave us two sacks of coal and we had to boil ef our bath water with that so naturally it ran out in a couple of days. We asked the boss for some more coal and he said that we would have to pay for it since it was extra. We moaned and said that we were supposed to get it free but we finally had to give in and pay the bastard for all the coal we used in heating hot water to take a bath after working in that damn field.

"The next thing that griped us was the electricity bill. We were supposed to get electricity free; it said so right in the contract. But we were there for a little while when the electricity man came around and handed us a \$3.85 bill. We told him that the damn farmer had to pay for the electricity. The farmer

refused to pay for it and since we needed the lights, we paid for it ourselves. We were a bunch of damn fool suckers because under the contract we were not supposed to pay anything. ~~Then~~ ^W we got so goddam fed up with it that we didn't feel like working hard. One of the guys in our group even quit and he went back to camp. We all decided to take it easy to get revenge because we knew that the farmer wanted his sugar beets finished fast.

"Goddam, the field man in charge of the Japs came over the first morning we slept late and he hauled us out of bed. We were so damn griped that we only did 9 acres in that place. We tried to get our fare back to camp like we were supposed to under the contract. The boss refused to give it to us and he said we had to use our own money if we quit on him before the season was over. He said that we had to have a guard to go back to camp and we would have to pay his expenses and wages out of our own pockets. Hell, that would have left us flat broke so we decided to stay. We were so goddam scared with all his threatening that we didn't even know our rights.

"We lost fight in the work and we didn't go it good. ^W We skipped all over the beets and did a sloppy job. The boss muttered that we were goddam Japs under his breath once but he knew better than to say it out loud because we would have ganged up on him. It was his own fault because if he had treated us right, we would have treated him right. All this time we had our own grudges in our group. Mas, the kibe guy, was the fastest and most conscientious worker and Dai was the slowest so that they argued like hell all the time. They would argue all night long. They hated each other's guts. Dai was a nisei so all he said was, "Fa-- you."

All the kibeï did was to cuss him up and down in Japanese. He thought everyone should put out as much work as he did. We had to live together so we had to make peace between the two of them. We told them that as long as we worked together, we had to stick together and get along. I had to sleep with Mas just to keep them apart. Every morning we were supposed to take turns at cooking and the other guys only made simple things like cornflakes for breakfast. That wasn't enough to go out in the fields and work 5 hours on. The kibeï got sore every time cause he cooked better breakfast and he got so snotty that we had to gang up on him. That kibeï bastard thought he was too good for us. He just wouldn't get wise. He made a lot of cracks about the nisei being lazy and we didn't like that. After that I made hot cakes when it came my turn to cook breakfast because I learned how to do it at Tanforan. The other guys kept serving cornflakes just to gripe the kibeï.

"I guess we were living too close together and we were getting onto each other's nerves. [We didn't have enough facilities. Cripes, even when we took a bath, we had to boil the water in a washtub. We were always glad when it rained as we could run outside naked and take a shower. We had to have a bath every night because it felt lousy to go to sleep all dirty and sweaty after putting in a day's work. ✓

"Every night we used to visit back and forth with our other pals who were working four miles away. My pals over there were even lazier than we were. They took a lot of smoke time and loafed around, but they were able to make more than us because they had a better beet field. Those guys were just out for ~~fun~~

fun too. Sometimes we had competition to see which gang could do the most ~~da~~ work in the day, but they had the best beets so they always beat us.

"On week-ends we used to go into Lewiston with these guys and one time we had a fight with some white guys. We didn't even bother them at all. They tried to shove us off the sidewalk but we didn't give way. There wasn't much to do in Lewiston so that we just went to show mostly and walked around. We hung around the pool hall too. We didn't go to town too often because most of the time we had to go to sleep pretty early in order to get our rest. Once in a while we had a poker session.

"The big day came in November (1942) when we finally finished our beet contract. We finished ahead of our pals so we went over there to help them out. We worked one day with them and we made \$5 apiece. Hell, we couldn't make that kind of money in our own fields. The next day it started to snow so we decided to go to Logan to fool around. It was still snowing at the end of the day so we decided to stay overnight since we did not think that it would be possible to work the next day. When we did go back to the farm two days later, the boss had hired some other guys to top his Beets and he was griped like hell at us for walking out on him. We explained why we had stayed over and he calmed down a little bit. By that time the season was practically over anyway.

"We took it easy the next day and we decided to go to Preston way out in the country because we were hard up and we heard that there were a lot of whore houses up there. We were damn fools because we walked up there when it was pouring rain like hell and the snow was all slushy. After we made the rounds we decided to

get a room in a hotel and stay over. We were refused room because we were Japs so that we finally went to a boarding house and took a dinky room for 50 cents each. There was a party going on and all of the coats were stacked in our room. We couldn't sleep at all because all night long people kept walking into our room to get their coats.

"The next day we decided to go home to the camp farm. When we got there the other guy said that they had gone into Lewiston and they lost all of their money in a gambling place behind the pool hall. Those guys took out about \$200 with them altogether and they gambled it all away. Jesus, it was waste time up there because those guys had less money than what they came out with. Finally we all decided to beat it back to camp. The field manager would not get a train for us to go back to camp so that we had to stick around for almost two weeks in all and spend our money up. He kept lying to us and telling us that he would charter a train the next day. That bastard sure gave us the runaround. He was griped because we had not stayed with him the last two or three days of the season. He had to get our transportation back to the camp like it said in the contract. (We finally got everything straightened out, ^[and returned to camp] and when I arrived in camp I had less than what I had left with. All I had to show for my work out in the sugar beets for a couple of months was a new jacket. I only had a couple of bucks in my pocket from all that work.

"In camp I loafed around for about a month ^{in the barracks.} at 14-1-B where the guys had poker sessions all night long. The block manager always complained about that. He said that we were making too much noise. The other fellows got jobs in camp and they worked

all over. It looked bad because the guys were working in the garage and warehouses and they would park all of their cars right by our barrack.

["Finally some of us got tired of loafing around so we decided to go to work. I got on a coal crew and we led the same life as before. We gambled most of the time. There was all kinds of money running around camp as a lot of guys came back from the sugar beet fields flushed. The guys who stayed behind in the gambling place in camp took it all away from them in a short time. After a while I got tired of the coal crew so I got in the blacksmith shop for a couple of months. That was a better job. ✓

"All of the gang was back in camp from seasonal work so we had a helluva good time once more. We sponsored private dances and some of the guys smuggled drinks into camp. The same old hags came to these dances and they all had a bad rep. A lot of the guys laid them after the dance. I kept on with my work in the blacksmith shop. The reason I took that job was because I had a chance to do some welding, at last.] The other guys used to work in the garage and they didn't know nothing about automobiles. They took cars apart and they didn't even know how to put them together again. That's why they had to junk one of the cars these two guys took apart.

["After a while I got bored as hell with everything in camp. It was the same old gang all the time. We went all over together and at midnight we would go to the hospital and eat steaks because one of the gang was working in the mess hall over there. I began to run low in cash because of the gambling losses so I decided to go out again. One of my friends] (Rabbi, who is now his room mate ✓

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Pasture

along with CH-32. Rabbi was disgusted with Cleveland so he came back here.) [was out at Delta and he got me a job with him. I owed him 10 bucks from a gambling debt so he wouldn't let me quit. I didn't like that job at all. After I worked 10 bucks worth, I got into another poker session and lost so I had to stay another week. It was a hay pitching job and I got used to it by that time so I didn't give a damn. Delta was only 18 miles from camp so that we commuted every day. We worked from 8 to 5 and we got 60 cents an hour. It was pretty good profit because everything was clear. Finally the WRA began to charge for room and board so we quit the job then. It was not worthwhile after that. I gave the reason for quitting that I was planning to leave camp to go out to school. That's why I decided to go to Salt Lake. A lot of the other guys were going out there too. This was March, 1942.] ✓

< "I was tired of the same old routine of camp life and I was fed up with it. I thought anything on the outside would be less boring if I didn't do one thing all the time. I thought that the WRA was hoarding all of the money for themselves anyway and they were taking advantage of the people in camp. The canteen made most of the profits and there was a lot of graft going on. The WRA didn't do all the things it could have done for the camp. They made life pretty dead for us. I didn't care for the people in camp either, altho the nisei I knew were okay. ✓

["I didn't give a damn about the war because the guys had to lose property on account of it. People in camp were griped and I thought like them after hearing some of these stories. I didn't think that they should have been given the boot like that. I was ✓

thinking about what was going to become of us after the war most. Some of our gang were always arguing about the war. They had the registration about that time and everybody was talking about it. ✓

One guy in our gang was for Japan. He was griped as hell because his old man had lost property at evacuation. We were always arguing about the war ~~that~~ country had the best airplane. A lot of the guys in the gang said that the Jap air force would knock hell out of the American air force in a showdown. I didn't like the way the newspaper put the news. I saw a lot of horse s--- about all the losses that Japan was suffering and I didn't believe it because they were winning all the battles. I didn't think Japan was that weak. I think that this war is going to last for 10 years.

"I wondered what would happen to us if Japan won the war. Then they would bounce us around if America won the war. The nisei were losers both ways and I thought the only chance was to go to the Phillipine Islands or some place and start out where you had some kind of a chance. My plan was to go to the rubber plantations in Singapore. Then I would think again and I didn't know what. I thought then that the nisei who repatriated were crazy because they can always go back to Japan after the war if they want. A couple of the guys in my gang signed up for repatriation because their parents did. They sure regretted it later. One of them writes me from Tule Lake all the time and he is griped as hell that he ever did such a crazy thing. I give him the horse laugh because I am out here having fun and he is locked up with a bunch of kibe bastards. I really feel sorry for him though. ✓

"I thought that the nisei had no chance anyway they turned. Japan really don't want us and this country don't want us either.]

That's why some of the guys were bitter and they went to Tule Lake. I thought they were dumb for doing this. They should have waited and played it safe to see what happens. Hell, they went to Tule Lake and now they can't get out anymore. The damn fools should have stayed out with us and have fun. They can go back to Japan later if things get tough. At least they could have come out and made some dough.

["I don't give a ^{damn} ~~damn~~ who wins the war just so they don't bother me. But we are getting a raw deal and we are just as low as the niggers now. As long as I look like a Jap, they make me act like one. Even if I want to be a good American, they think I'm supposed to act like a Jap and they don't want to give me a chance. They think I am inferior. That's why I want Japan to win the war in a way. Then in other ways, I want America to win. I don't know, I just don't give a damn. If I get drafted, I guess I will have to go serve for this country. I hope I won't get drafted as long as possible because I don't like to kill other guys. Maybe I am timid and chicken, ~~but~~, but it is not use going around killing other guys who want to live just like me. ✓

"I registered in camp in February, 1943, and I just wrote down what they told me to. Afterwards I wondered whatta hell I was answering 'yes-yes' for. The older folks reacted in a different way. They didn't want us nisei to be in a combat unit. They said we would all get stuck in the front line and get killed off like pigs. I guess a lot of nisei answered 'no' because of that. We used to argue about it in our gang and nobody knew what to believe. I had no intention of volunteering. I felt that they would have had to come and get me if they wanted me for the Army. We forgot

about this right away and we went on playing poker. I did not pay any more attention to all the yelling about registration that was going on.

"The gang didn't think much of the registration either and we only went through the formality. Some of the guys answered 'no' on account of their parents. A lot of the nisei did this but later they changed to 'yes'. At first most of the guys in the gang were going to answer 'no' because they were bitter but they changed their mind because they wanted to go out to Salt Lake with us and have their fun.

"Right after the registration I got my indefinite leave and I went on up to Salt Lake with some of the guys of the gang. The reason I went there was because there was an offer about welding. I thought it would be a good chance for me. The WRA made me take an indefinite leave because they said that the job was a sure thing for me when I got there and I could hold it all the time. When I went to find out about the job, the company told me that they had wanted 26 first class welders and there was no chance for me as I was rated second class and I didn't have enough experience. They told me to wait around and perhaps they could find a job for me later. I sure was griped about that. I went to the WRA office in Salt Lake and told them that I had to go to work soon because my money was starting to run low. We were sore as hell when the WRA said for us to look for another job by ourselves. We blamed everything on them because they had told us to come out in the first place. I didn't think they were treating us right. Some of the guys decided to go back to camp right away. A couple of others went to NYA school to learn a trade.

"I didn't want to go back to camp so I started looking around for a job. Another nisei guy told me that a lot of Nihonjin were working at Cudahy Packing Co. as scalers. I went on out there to apply for a job because I had some experience as a scaler in San Francisco. I got a job right away for 70 cents an hour. At that time there weren't too many nisei working there but later a lot of them began to come in. ~~I-only~~ They only stayed about a week because they were quitting all the time. They didn't like the smell of the place. The reason I quit after a month was because I got a bone infection in my hand. ✓

"After that I couldn't get a release to look for another job for a whole month (May, 1943) so I was unemployed. Jesus, I was flat broke then.] A friend of mind quit with me because he thought that he was going to be drafted, but he wasn't. He just waited around and he never did get a call. [I began to lead the easy life again.] All I did was to get up at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and go to a Japanese restaurant to hang around for a while, then I would go to the pool hall and hang around the rest of the day. I stayed there until about 2 every night before going home. I got in some of the poker sessions and I managed to make enough to pay for my room rent and eat. [Jesus Christ, every day we had the intention of going to look for a job but we would always end up by going to a show or a pool hall. I wasn't too interested in getting a job ~~that time~~ because all that was offered the nisei was dish washing jobs and my hand wasn't well yet. I was too proud to do that kind of work anyway. ✓

"I had no definite plans of what I wanted to do. After a month I heard that there was some cannery jobs up at Ogden so I

went up there with a friend, ~~Eddie~~. We found that the cannery were not opening for two weeks yet so it was waste time again. They didn't pay enough anyway. I heard about work in the coal mines so I had an ambition to go work in a mine for a while. ~~Eddie and I~~ ^{We} went up to Helper, Utah and we got a room there so we could start looking for a coal mine job the next day. They wanted \$6 rent for the room and we griped like hell so they lowered it to \$2.50. There was a juke box in the room when we went in and then I knew that it was a whore joint. We stayed there all night anyway. Eddie had some dough so that we went to visit the two whores in the next room.] After that we went back to our room. All night long the Indians would come walking up the stairs and make a lot of noise so that we couldn't sleep. The door bell was ringing all night long. During the lull time the two whores came to our rooms to listen to the juke box machines and fool around with us. The second time we got the pussies for nothing.

["The next day we were all tired out so we did not feel like looking for work. We just stayed around in that whore joint and fooled around with the dames. The third day, a man in the Japanese bait shop downstairs told us how to look for a job in the coal mine. He told us to go ask Pete. We found Pete at a Jap noodle shop so we asked him for a job. All the Japanese in town knew that we were sleeping in a whore joint so they treated us cool. We thought it wouldn't be so good to stay there and we decided to move on. Pete told us to stay and work in the mines so we stayed there a week. We had to quit the job because Eddie couldn't take it. It was tough as hell to go into that mine. There were about 6

Nihonjin and ⁶~~six~~ Caucasians. We worked in a tunnel shoveling coal and the boss said my pal was not working hard enough so we told him off and quit.] We did loaf for a while, but after all, it took us a while to get used to that job and we didn't feel like working our asses off the first day. [The thing that really made us decide to quit was when there was an accident in the mine and one of the guys got killed. We thought the mine was not safe enough for us. The damn rocks dropped on a guy and crushed his face in. It made me sick when I looked at him.] I had just missed the rock because I went in ahead of him. The boss wanted me to take the guy's place after he had been killed and I didn't feel like it so we pulled out. There was another nisei guy, Mack, who came up from camp to join us and he came along with Eddie and me. [We went on up to Price, Idaho and we got in a job in a coal mine there. We didn't like that job at all but we stuck around because there was three whore houses in town. We were living in a dump run by a Japanese and we paid him room and board. The three of us stayed in one small room. ✓

"We had some adventures up there too. The first night up there we met a drunk. He wanted us to take him to a whore house. I saw his wallet so we took him behind the house and rolled him. I just had to hit him once and he went out light a light. Then we put him on a box car train going out of town so we felt safe enough.] When I got back to my hotel room, I found two more bums sleeping on my bed. I told the Japanese manager of the hotel to kick them out so he had to call the cops. The room was so small that it stunk after the bums were shoved out, so I decided to go look for another room. One of the bums had puked right on the floor. There were

dunks all over the town. I couldn't find another room but I met another guy who wasn't so drunk and he told me to come to his room and I could sleep in a double bed with him. I was pretty tired so I took up the offer. After we got to his room, the guy stripped all of his clothes off and he wanted me to strip to. I told him I wanted to sleep in my clothes so I could watch my money. He told me I should trust him so I got on the bed and pretended to sleep. After a while he tried to get funny with me and then I knew that he was a homo. I knew what he was up to so I just said that I was going to a toilet and I would be right back. I beat it then. I told my ~~room~~-~~m~~ pal to go up to that room to sleep and he went up there. About 10 minutes later he came running down and said that the bastard was a goddam queer and he had to sock him one. After that we sat on the doorstep of the hotel until morning came.

["We got ^{the} job in the coal mine right away and we went to work for a couple of weeks and made \$100 each. Then we decided to go back to Salt Lake as we didn't like that work and there were too many drunks in Price. ✓

"We got back to Salt Lake some time in July and we just bummed around. I wanted to go back to camp so I could take a real rest. [I met some others of my Topaz gang out there and Jack and a couple of others wanted me to go out to work at the Gilsnite Mines with them. I told them that I was tired of being a coal miner so I went back to camp. [I only stayed ^{in camp} two weeks and then I got so damn bored that I decided to go out again. I got a pass to go out to the Gilsnite mines with the rest of the guys. I worked out there for about a month or so. We had planned to stay there until December ~~2~~ in remembrance of Pearl Harbor Day, but in August, we ✓

decided to quit as we did not have any fun out there.] ✓

"It was all work and sleep and we lived with four Indians and two white guys. There were four of us nisei there. The food was good enough and wages ran about \$170 a month but we got bored. All we saw was the same faces every day. Then we would go down into a shaft about 300 feet down and then work up a vein to dig the coal. The mine was too damn dangerous and we quit when they began to bore a new shaft. They offered us \$15 a day to stay but I got hit on the shoulder by a coal slate and we all felt that one of those unlucky rocks would kill us if we stuck around. That's why we decided to leave while we were still in good health.

"The nearest town was 50 miles away from the mine and way off the highway. We only got to go there about once every two weeks as it was too far. All we did was to go to shows and whore houses when we got to town. We decided that it would be better to get a job nearer to a town instead of being stuck way out in a coal mine.

["We went back to Topaz again and they let me in as a visitor. I was supposed to pay 60 cents a day while I was there but I never paid a damn cent. I stayed for a week and then I took a job on a peach ranch in Provo. It was piece work and I was able to make about \$10 a day. This was in August, 1943.] I signed up with the peach workers as all my friends were out there. I lost all the money I made in the coal mines after I got back to camp because the gamblers were too good for me. ✓

["I only worked on the peach farm in Provo for one week.] We were making \$10 a day as it was piece work and the picking was easy. We only worked from 8 to 4 and then we would call it a day. ✓

[Every night we went to town to fool around.] I only stayed there ✓

10 days in all and then the season ended. It was a lot of fun.

[We went to shows and got kicked out of beer joints every night.

Since it was close to the potato picking season, we decided to go up to Idaho for the next job. We went into Salt Lake City first, for a couple of days. Then we went on to Idaho.

"When we got up there we found that we were too early for the spud season. We got into contact with a WRA field man and we told him that we couldn't afford to hang around doing nothing. He fixed it up with a fellow from a sugar company to give us jobs as laborers building some spud sheds. They only paid 69 cents an hour and that was cheap. We had to work so we took the job and we went on up to Shelly, Idaho. ✓

"Over there we slept in a tent and we were the only Japanese in the whole place. There were five of us guys there. All of the rest of the workers were Mexicans.] Every morning we would go to the damn wash basin and the damn Mexicans would talk to us in Spanish. We wouldn't understand them at all. We didn't pick any fights with them as they were pretty friendly. I guess we were afraid they carried knives too. The sugar company had brought them up from Mexico by the car-loads. These damn Mexicans got gypped like hell every time they went to town to buy something. The store keeper would charge them high prices and the Mexicans wouldn't know any difference.

ms ["The five of us did odd work like lifting up logs on a roof, Me and a couple of other guys lifted 22 feet logs on a roof while the other two guys went out to chop willow trees.] They thought they had a harder job than us and we believed them. Later on I traded and I went out to cut willow trees. Christ, it was easy. ✓

All we did was sit around and loaf half the day as the boss was not always around. I had a guilty conscience about it and I wanted to put in a good day's work but the other guys wouldn't let me. It was always like that in all the jobs I did it. I guess I always worked more than the other guys. I had my fun too.

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Sentence* [When the spud season came along,] we went to the Mitomas where we had a contract. We lost a week getting ready to go and to collect our back pay. [We made pretty good money. I guess we made about \$56 a week as we worked seven days.] We wanted to stay on but we had to go to the spuds since we had a contract. I never picked spuds before in my life and I only made \$3 the first day. The spuds were all green. From the second day on, we did a little better. ✓

"Then the rain started to come and hell, we had to lay off for three days. Boy, we had a helluva lot of fun too in our crew of 10 guys. We ran all over hell and we played all those three days and had a helluva good time. Even when we went back to work on the spuds we fooled around. [To pass the time, we raced each other in competition. I usually was the top man and I always wanted the guys to race because we got the work done that way. The slow guys in our crew didn't make very much money and they got discouraged easy. The guys who loaded the wagons made the best money as they got 85 cents an hour and they worked 12 hours a day. ✓

"After we finished three-fourths of the contract, we had a big argument with the ~~field~~ boss. It was an American boss and our field boss was a Japanese. One day we were working and it started to snow ~~rain~~ about noon so we said we were going to lay off. After we had finished up the row. The keto boss said for us to keep working.

We told him it was foolish because pretty soon the snow would cover up all the potatoes. He got sore as hell then and said we were not being patriotic. I asked him whatta hell he mean and he said we should do the work for the country and be patriotic. What the hell, we told him that nobody was a sucker like that and that even the defense workers were doing it for the dough.] We told him we had brothers in the Army too and that he was full of s-----. [We all cussed at him and I was the last one to cuss so that he heard me mutter that he was a dirty, stinky bastard. Then he turned around and started for me as if he were going to beat me up. Us guys were already for him so the guy chickened out. He then started to change his tune and he said that we were trying to hit an old man. Then he said that he was going to call the marshal and tell him that we were sabotaging his crop.] We told him that we didn't give a damn so he went to call the marshal of the county.

["Pretty soon the marshal came driving up with the Caucasian boss and he wanted to know who the trouble maker was. The guy was a wop and he had the nerve to say that he would send us back to the old country if we did not get the hell back to work. We didn't like that so much so we said, whatta hell, we were American citizens and we had our rights too.] The sonabitch told us to go back to work or we would be thrown in jail. He took all of our names down. We had to argue for about a half hour with him. All the time it was snowing and the field was almost white. A lot of times we felt like taking a poke at the marshal but the whole town would have gotten after us if we did anything like that. [He just took the boss' side and believed everything. He wouldn't even listen to our story. Everything was against us so finally we de-

cided to go back to work.

"Our Japanese field boss was sore too so he didn't care when we started to throw the spuds and ^wsnoballs at each other. The Caucasian boss made us stay out in the field all afternoon in the snow just for spite. He lost money that way because we threw a helluva lot of his spuds away. Some of the guys went on and crushed them with their heels. We were all sore.] The Japanese field boss said that he was losing money on the contract because the big boss was a Jew. He only got 25% of the crop as his share. He said that the Jew owner did all the business transaction himself and he grafted like hell and took an extra 10% out for himself before dividing the share out. He said he wouldn't raise another potato crop for that Jew. He said he didn't care what we did with the potatoes because he was so mad.

["After that the sugar beets started again and we had a contract for a ~~whi~~ place right near there. We worked like hell at this place but we only made about \$5 a day. We worked from 7 in the morning until 7 at night and a lot of times we worked until 11 o'clock loading. The ground got frozen about October so we could not top beets anymore. We had to lay off a lot of times and we lost money every time we did that. Our profits all went just to feed ourselves and we couldn't even go to town anymore.]

< "We got pretty hard up so we bought a sheep up there. Some of the guys took the damn sheep behind the barn and used it for a women because they were so hard up. We had to pay \$15 for that sheep. Finally we got hungry so that we killed it and we hung it up to dry. We had to eat sheep stew for a lot of days because we didn't have any dough to buy other kinds of meat. Kiyoshi's girl

friend was up there with us and she was the only dame around. She was the one who got us all hard up because she let Kiyoshi lay her every night. They slept together and we used to peak on them every night. Later on he married her. She was only 17 years old.

"We used to have a Jap bathhouse out there. It was just a tub with a fireplace underneath it. There was just a wall surrounding it and anyone could see us naked. We just got used to we would go into the kitchen afterwards for a midnight snack with just a towel around us and Kiyoshi's girl used to come in all the time and see us naked like hell. It griped us when she teased us. God, we all felt like raping her, but she was our friend's girl so we couldn't touch her. That's why we had to get the sheep. Anyway, we got through with that contract in October and we were glad to get thehell out of there.

"During the evenings we used to talk and we all had the intention of going back east to New York, Chicago or Cleveland. All the guys said they were going east because jobs paid a lot more than farm work. When it came time to leave, only one guy from our gang went east and he went to Cleveland. The rest of us all went back to camp.

"I had about \$240 cash when I left that job because the contractor paid us in a lump sum and he wouldn't give us our money before the end of the season because he thought we were going to quit. He wouldn't give us money when we were practically starving. We had to use money we had brought with us and kept us broke. In the end we felt pretty good to get a lump sum like that, otherwise we would have spent it going to town all the time if we have been given that money before. We went to Salt Lake for a week before

going back to camp. I spent the time running around. I bought some clothes too. We went all around to the whore houses about 2 times a day and we drank up and took out dames. It was easy to pick up dames in Salt Lake. When I got back to Topaz I had only \$100 left out of my money.

"I stayed at Topaz from October until December and I didn't work at all. All I did was to play poker and I lost most of my money. For a while I was winning like hell but I didn't know when to quit. It's always that way. I didn't give a damn anyway. All this time my pals wanted me to go to New York with them. But I told him to wait until I got some dough as I did not have any money to go running around. I wouldn't have been able to come back to camp if I got stranded out in New York. Being broke in Salt Lake City wasn't bad because Topaz was close.

"Some of the guys heard of ~~the~~^a turkey farm and they said we could make a lot of dough out there in American Forks by working 11 hours a day. We decided to go out there so we signed up for that job before Xmas. There were ~~six~~⁶ boys and 20 dames out there when we arrived. The dames were all rugged so that we were afraid to try and lay any of them until we got to know them better. One of the other guys there said that these dames were all easy to make. He told us about Texas Mary but we didn't want to fool around her. At first we just played poker all night. We had a session every night. On Sundays we went to the shows. We were there about two weeks before we started to get around with the dames. One night we took a girl out to the apple orchard and six of us made her. She was a nisei from another camp and her name was Doris. I got to know her pretty good after that and she talked

to me frankly all the time. She told me that all the girls came out there from the camps for one thing.] There was one 26 year old nisei girl looking for a husband so we avoided her. Finally she went back to camp. Doris introduced me around and I met Haru. I didn't know what kind of a dame she was at all. After a while I found out that she was the talk of the town and she spread it around that I tried to rape her out in the orchard. Hell, I didn't have to rape her at all. She was the one who invited me to go out into the archard with her. Blackie wrote down from Ogden and he told me that he got her up there. I took Haru out to the orchard three or four ~~few~~ times and we went to town every time.

"After she started spreading that gossip around she wouldn't even look at me. I don't know why. I got scared after that and I thought I wouldn't be able to get around with the rest of the dames if that talk went around too far. I was interested in Mary then. She was one of the youngest girls in that camp. She was always too afraid to go out in the orchard with me. One day I took her out to a lonely road and I practically had to rape her before she gave in. After that all the boys made her. I didn't like to use the strong arm stuff but I knew she wanted it just as much as I did.

"~~June was~~ the last girl I had up there. ~~I had a helluva time with her because she was a virgin. I had to slap her in the face when she yelled. I guess I was sort of crazy that time because I didn't give a damn about how much she yelled. I couldn't stop after I went that far.~~] *After an episode with a virgin*] ~~When I went home to camp that night I got~~ scared because that was the first time I had ever laid a virgin, so, I decided that I had better leave the turkey farm.] I was afraid

to face June. When I met her in the shed the next day she said that she forgave me so I tried to do it all over again that night but it was no go. She left the turkey farm right after that to go back to camp and I did too. [I had about \$25 saved from that job and during that month I laid the dames there at least 10 times. The fellows in the gang nicknamed me "the sex fiend".

"I was back in Topaz right after New Years this year (1944). After I got back after camp I don't know what happened to me but I was always wanting to lay the girls. I never was that bad before. I guess the success at American Forks went to my head. I don't know what it was.] As soon as I got back into camp I looked June up. I tried to take her to a dance. She was only 19 years old and she said she had to ask her older sister if she could go with me. Her older sistersaid I was a bad character so I had an argument with her about that. I don't think June told on me but I thought I better not fool around her any more. Myabe I would have stayed in camp longer if I could get it regularly from June.

"It was easy to make some of the dames at Topaz.] I got to know another girl who used to sleep with a kibe guy and I took her to the dances. She gave me a helluva time afterwards because she would not go to the empty barracks with me. After that I saw June at the dances with a yogore and she was already engaged but she couldn't have been pregnant like she said. I think she was trying to scare me. It made me worry like hell though and I felt like leaving camp for good. I felt that I was a pretty low guy but I couldn't help it when I got hot under the belt. I began to get drunk a lot in Topaz at that time too. I was there most of January. Just before I left I took out another 16 year old nisei girl

and she was a virgin. When I found that out I had a guilty conscience and I left her alone. I didn't mind laying any experienced girl but I didn't want to fool around any more with those innocent kind. [All I did that month was to fool around the dames, gamble, and sleep. I got pretty scared though and I decided I had better leave camp before I got roped in.] I don't think I ever made any girl pregnant but I was scared then. ✓

[I was on indefinite leave and I wanted to get my grant money. If I had to pay my way out here I never would have come. My first intention was to go to New York. I didn't have a definite job offer there and the WRA said I could only come to Chicago as they could not give me any grant money to go further than that. The only reason they let me come out here was because my old lady was out here then and I told them I was coming to join her. She left in January to work in a sewing factory for 50 cents an hour. I had the intention of going all over the country, but I heard that I could get a job as a welder in Chicago so I got interested. That's what I wanted all the time and I thought this would be my chance to get into a defense plant. I had been sort of trying to get a welding job even when I was out doing farm work.] I had written to the WRA previously and they sent me a telegram from Chicago saying that jobs would start at 55 cents an hour as an apprentice welder. At that time I was getting 75 cents an hour as a common laborer at Cudahy's, so I wasn't interested. But I changed my mind in January. All the gang said that they were going out east and some of them had already started so I thought I would go too. They wanted to go see see the country and the big cities. It worried me when a couple of them came back and said it was not ✓

so good out eat. I wanted to save up some money so that I would not be left stranded out here. I didn't see any future for me in Salt Lake as a welder and I didn't care to be doing that farm work all the time. I really wanted a chance to become a welder and that is why I finally decided to hit Chicago. I was too chicken to take the step before and I didn't want to be cut off from all the gang.

["I left Topaz at the end of January and I arrived in Chicago on January 30. The first thing I did was to get a room on North Clark St. and then I went to the WRA office right away. They told me that rooms were hard to get in Chicago so that I had better look for a more permanent place the first thing.] I had influenced ^{B. had} Blackie to come out with me and he didn't want to stay as he intended to go on to New York. I talked him into staying for a while and he had to because he ran out of money after a while. We had to look for another place since the first hotel we went to had bed bugs. We went to the 'Y and stayed there for two days at \$2.50 per day. It was a good place but it was too expensive for us. [We looked around N. Clark St. and rented a place at Atlas Hotel for \$2 a week. We happened to see a sign and asked for a room and they rented it to us. We were the only Japanese there but it was a dump.]

"We then went back to the WRA office and they sent us to the ^{D.} Duffin Iron factory. This was on a Monday after I got to Chicago and I went out for the interview. They offered me a job right away but I didn't take it. I figured that it would take over an hour to get out to the factory by street car from the place where we lived. I wanted to get a job nearer to our room. Blackie B. didn't feel like working right away so we just played around for a

week

week.

"We went to shows and all that. Every once in a while we would drop in the WRA. They didn't like us very much. They made us sit around and wait for hours and we got disgusted. When I saw the interviewer, he wouldn't give me another job. He said I should take the job at ~~Duffin~~ ^{the D} Co. because I was interested in welding and it was a good chance for me. I told him of our transportation problem and so he said he would fix it up. He gave me a list of 7 ^{rooms} places that I could go down to see on the southside. I agreed to take a job at ~~Duffin's~~ ^{D's} if I could find a place on the southside. We went out to look for a house and the first place was no good. ^{We rented} The second place, ~~was here so we took it.~~ We rented two rooms so that my mother could come out and live with us and cook. We pay \$8 a week for the two rooms and that's cheap. My mother was living down on Wells St. in the Loop so I told her to come out here. She has to take an hour to go to work now, but she doesn't mind so much because she only works 5 days a week.

"After that I went out to work in the defense plant at ~~Duffin's~~ ^{D's} ~~Blackie~~ got the job too because he was broke. [The plant makes landing barges and bridges which can be thrown together quickly by the Army of Invasion. When I first went out there I was hired as a welder's helper. They started me out at 75 cents an hour but I didn't mind because I thought I would get a lot of promotions and get experienced. After a while they made me a burner. I did this steady for two weeks and then I squawked for a burner's wage. I heard that burners were supposed to start at 85 cents an hour and I didn't see why I shouldn't be paid that too. The boss didn't object too much and he gave me the raise.

"When you work at a job like that, you don't have much time to play around. We put in 10 hours a day and we work 6 days a week. We get time and a half after 40 hours. Sometimes we even work on Sundays and we get double time for that. When I first started out there I was tired all the time because I wasn't used to that work. We had to get up at 6 o'clock in the morning so we could be down to the plant by 7. The first week we went to bed every night after we ate but after we started getting around a bit, we got used to sleeping shorter hours. Now we stay up until all hours of the night and we manage to get to work."

"My job is okay but the wage isn't so high and I expected to get more. They have a funny system out there because you have to ask for a raise and it is not automatic like in some factories. It isn't such a big outfit. There are only about 200 employees and they have a night shift there too. At first the boss tried to use me for a lot of extra work because I was a greenhorn but I caught on and I started to talk back so that now they treat me okay and they don't try to shove everything on to me."

"There were only three nisei when we first went out there, but little by little they started coming in so that there are now about 20 out there. Most of the other workers are colored. I would say that the colored and the Japanese outnumber the white man in that plant. The only nisei I got a job I out there is my new room-mate who just came back from Cleveland. I don't mix too much with the other nisei except those guys we play poker with. We don't have too much time to talk around anyway."

"In the back of the plant there is a shop and a loading platform. Quite a few guys work out there. The freight cars back

into the yard and everything is loaded right away to be sent overseas. I could work a lot more extra hours but I don't want any more overtime as it makes it tougher for me the next day. [The wages are too low out there. Even the top Caucasian welder only get ^{\$1.10} ~~\$1.10~~ an hour. Some of those fitters have been working out there for a year and they only get 75 cents yet. They are frozen to their jobs.)

"The work gets pretty monotonous at times, but I think I am learning all about gauges on the burner job so I don't mind. It is still my ambition to be a welder for a while and I would like to do that steady while the war is on.] I gotta run around too much on the burner job with a hose and that tires me out. It is interesting too, but not nearly as complicated as a welder's job. I think I could be a welder if I had the chance because I've had some experience. Pretty soon I'm going to ask for a welder and maybe they'll raise my pay again.

[The other workers in the plant treat me fine and there is no discrimination by them. ~~They are Negroes, that's why.~~ The Negroes are swell to us and we get along with them the best. Blackie is always telling them that we are underdogs just like them. One Negro worker said to me that the Japs had been kicked around as much as them so that he knew what it was like. It makes you feel good when you know that a bunch of guys like to stick together after going through the same thing as you do.] I don't look down on the Negroes so much like I did before because they have a tough time too.

mt. ["We get along with the hakujin too. They are mostly young fellows and they hardly talk about the war. They didn't even know

about evacuation. That's why they became interested in where we came from and they asked us all about California. None of them have ever been there but they have heard a lot about it. We get along with them pretty good and they tell us that they can't help it if this country is fighting Japan. They say that we are in a tough spot but they believe we are really for this country like them.] The boss is a German himself so he treats us okay even though he does yell at us about our work at times. He does that because he has to get the work out of us and a lot of those Negro guys like to loaf when the boss isn't looking. We have all different kinds of Caucasians out there--Jews, Poles, Italians, etc. I don't know what nationality they are exactly. A lot of the Caucasians out there are pretty old too and I guess they were rejected from the Army.

["At first I was hoping that there would not be any more nisei brought in there but I guess the WRA is trying to put them all in. Quite a few come down for jobs. I don't think that it makes it much harder for us altho sometimes it is more noticeable. One good thing though was that the company never gave any raises until the nisei came in. They gave the excuse that all wages were frozen. ^BBlackie and I were the first ones to start asking for a raise and the other nisei followed. Now a lot of the kurombo and hakujin workers are getting raises too.]

< "The other nisei at the plant came from different camps and we don't know them from before. We just know the ones that we play poker with. I don't care if other nisei are hired now as I am getting used to it. I wouldn't like to see them outnumber everyone else though because that isn't so good. I don't think

that will happen now because of the draft. There are two or three new nisei coming in every week. They don't quit so much anymore because it's hard to get a job release. A lot of the nisei out there have the intention of quitting if they can. Most of us are just holding onto the job so in case we get drafted, we will have some money to fool around with. A lot of the nisei out there say it is no use hunting for other jobs now as they will not let us stay too long on account of getting drafted.

"Every nisei I have heard out there say that they will not stay there after the war as they have other ideas. They are just out there for the money anyway, like I am. They all think that the nisei will get kicked out from every defense plant anyway as soon as the war is over. Most of them think they will be drafted before six months is over. I heard a lot of the nisei are being taken in already. [I plan to hang on to the job right now because I may get drafted soon, ~~too~~. I ran around a lot before and I changed my job quite a bit but now I have to stick. It isn't because I love that job. I used to change jobs because I wanted to get higher wages. That's natural. If you think the other guy is getting paid more, you want to go over there too. Even now the nisei guys I know are saying Detroit pays more and they would like to go there next. I've got intentions of going out there some day unless the draft catches up with me first. In fact, I have plans to go to New York too, but all of these plans don't mean anything because I may not get the chance. ✓

"I haven't the least idea of what I will do after the war. I haven't much plans on that because I don't think about it too much. I would like to open up some kind of business afterwards because

welders will be a dime a dozen after the war and I will be one of the first fired because I am a Jap. I'll be satisfied if I get to be a welder once because that was my ambition for so long and I didn't have the chance before. Maybe after that war I can open up a grocery or a cleaner's shop. I don't know yet. I have to save some money up to start a business and I haven't been doing that yet.] There isn't much chance of advancement in my job now and the highest I could get there would be \$1.10 an hour. I don't think they'll let a nisei make as ~~the~~ high as the top hakujin workers. It would take quite a while to get that high anyway. Even if I do make as much as \$1.00 an hour out there, I expect to be fired just as soon as the war is over. There wouldn't be any use of keeping a lot of the workers on after the war because they won't need landing barges and bridges anymore. ✓

"All the nisei I know think that they will be kicked out too. It's going to be pretty tough. Blackie and I had an argument about what would happen to us after the war one night. He said that even if we were accepted as Americans, we would get bounced around and I sort of agreed with him. Even if Japan wins the war, we will still get bounced around. Blackie wants to go back to Frisco and be a fisherman and he goesn't give a damn what happens. I said he wouldn't have much chance for that and I wanted to go to Singapore and I said it would be easier for me if I left the country. [I just know it's going to be hard for the nisei after the war no matter who wins. We will all be in the same boat and it doesn't matter if the nisei has a college education or not. ^B Blackie said he would stay in this country no matter what happened but I'd take a chance and go to another country ✓

I know I'm not wanted here. I just think all this; but when the time comes, I guess I will stick around this country. I know damn well I wouldn't like it if they try to ship us out by force. I would fight like hell against that. It's hell not knowing whether ~~is~~ you're wanted or not. Christ, that's worse than being an orphan or a prisoner who gets kicked around by everybody.

"I don't think I am any worse off than any nisei. There is going to be a lot of depression afterwards and the Army boys will come back and get first chances of a job. If I get drafted and go overseas, we won't have a future at all. That's why it's no use thinking about after the war. We would just hope that we can come back in one piece. All of the nisei are about even and it will be tough for all of us even if we have ambitions or not.

"I guess I am satisfied with my life now and I'll just go on. I haven't done anything I regret yet. But I often wonder what I will be doing when I am 30 and 40 years old. Jesus, I wish I could figure everything out, but I guess I just have to go along and hope for the best. Chicago is too big for me, but I guess I will get used to it after a while. I don't want to live here all the time. It's hard to see my friends because they live so far apart. I'm fagged out on week-ends so I don't like to go a long ways to visit them.

"I'd like to see a Japanese hang-out here where we can get together, but I guess the hakujin don't like that. It is happening in Salt Lake all the time and a lot of hakujin don't like it. I think that it's all right to get together once in a while. I hear it's pretty dead out here because the nisei don't have any place to get together. Somebody should open up a pool so us guys

can have fun and get together. This town has a lot of night clubs and when I get some dough I will go to them. I'd like to see a Jap town here but I guess it's not possible. Maybe it's better that way. It's not so good to have all the Japanese in one place because the Caucasians might start trouble and they get ideas about us and they don't like gatherings. But I would like to get a place to go on week-ends. It's kind of dead staying here all the time and I don't know hardly anybody out here yet. I know some guys but I hate to go a long ways to see them.

"I don't know any Caucasians at all. I don't think I'd like to mix with them in socials ~~and~~ as it is hard to mingle and we are different nationalities. All they do is go bowling anyways and some of the Negroes invite us to go with them when we are at work. It's okay to mingle when you are working but I don't think that we will be accepted when it comes to other things. The Negroes are more willing than the hakujin to mix but that's because they feel ~~inferior~~ inferior.

"We made a couple of friends in the pool halls last night Sunday down in the Negro district but they hooked us for some dough. They just wanted us to pay for everything. I bet if they thought we didn't have any money they wouldn't accept us at all.

"I've been disappointed about the money I could make out here. Hell, I thought it was easy to save a lot of money but I've had a tough time making a living. I don't know where the money goes. Every time I am flat before the week is over. I get paid about \$50 a week and I only have to pay \$15 for my room and board. I should have about \$35 left for all my other things, but my room mates keep me broke because we have been going to poker

sessions and it costs a helluva lot for entertainment. I guess we do spend our money foolishly. We have to have our fun though.] Because otherwise it would be too dead out here. Most of my money went to the damn poker games and I haven't any more to hand out to them. That's why I'm going to quit going over there for a while. It costs a lot to live at first anyway. I figure that if I hold my job for two more months, I should be able to start saving a little bit. I don't know what the hell I would save it for because maybe I won't get a chance to spend it if I am drafted.

not "I haven't been doing too many things out here. For a while we went to play cards two or three times a week but we have cut this out now. [We go to shows, night clubs and pool halls and once in a while we go look up friends. We have a whole list of names and addresses that we got from the WRA office but we have been too lazy to look them all up. I write some letters to the guys I know back in camp and other places. It feels good to get letters from the gang.] We keep telling them to come out here all the time, but they are sitting tight because they expect to be drafted pretty soon. I guess they won't come out here now as they want to have their fun in Salt Lake before the Army takes them. Some of the guys are back in camp already and it feels good to hear from them about camp life and how the dances and poker sessions are going. They tell me that camp life is getting pretty dead so I don't feel like going back there any more. When I first got out here I wanted to go back but I have no intentions of doing that now. Besides, I have been out of camp for a year off and on and I feel different now. I just like to go back and visit some of my friends. There are a couple of our friends living up in

Maywood, but it takes a half a day to go see them and that is too far.

["I only took out one date since I've been here. I can't even support myself so I couldn't get married for a long time even if I wanted to. I don't feel like doing nothing and I don't want to get married for a long time anyway. Going to the whore houses don't satisfy me anymore, but that is better than nothing. Since I've been here, I've picked up about three hakujin women. I got a white woman upstairs and she isn't bad. She is only about 26 years old and she lets me sleep with her now and then. I won't move out of this place for a while as long as I can see her.] Man, it is good stuff and I get it practically free. All I do is buy her a bottle of wine once in a while. ✓

"I don't do around with any regular gang out here yet. The three of us haven't found a real group except those guys we play poker with. They are older than us anyway and we are just interested in winning their money. We know another group down in Melrose Park but we don't get together much. My new room mate knows quite a few guys out here and we are starting to go out with him and visit all his friends. Later on a couple of our friends may come from Cleveland and then we'll have a real gang again. Man, that will be a lot of fun and we can raise hell.

["I still don't think much of the war yet. I never read the newspapers and I don't like to listen to the war news over the radio. I worry more about myself and what is going to become of us. I haven't got anything against either country so why should I take sides in the war? All I can do is to sit tight and wait for it to end.] If I have to go into the Army, that is a different ✓

story.

"I want to find out as soon as possible if I am going to get drafted or not. Waiting for it is hell and I can't plan nothing. If I am called, I'll have to go. But I am asking for a deferment on account of my work. I don't think the boss will put it in for me though. A lot of my friends got their reclassification already and I hear they have to report for induction pretty soon. If I am drafted, I would like to go to Camp Shelby with the rest of the nisei because most of my friends will be there. At other times, I would like to mix with other Americans in the Army as I'm used to it since I mingled with a lot of guys when I was training for NYA at San Luis after the war started. I got along fine with them and it was just like the Army life. I think I could do the same thing if they mix me up in the Army now. At first I didn't feel so good being the only Japanese at that NYA school, but I found it was better that way and they included me in all their fun. I think that this would be the same way in the Army and maybe it is better if I wasn't sent to Camp Shelby. If there was a lot of discrimination in the Army, then I wouldn't want to be mixed up because it would be hell that way.]

< "My real ambition is to save a lot of money if I can and have an easy life afterwards. I'd like to be my own boss and then I wouldn't have to jump and do what the boss says like it is now. My present life doesn't satisfy ^{me} ~~this~~ life at all. At times I wonder why I keep working out here in this kind of a life. I thought I would like it a lot before I came but I haven't had the fun that I thought I was going to have out here. In a lot of ways it was better to be with a gang on the farm out in Idaho and Utah.

We got our money in a lump sum out there and it seemed like we were making more. Getting paid by the week out here, I don't even have enough to pay my income taxes. I'm not going to pay them anyways. Because why should I list all the farm work when they can't find it anyway. I don't have any money to pay the income tax because I haven't saved a single cent.

["I think I have reformed a little out here. ^{B.} ~~Blackie~~ is a zoot suiter and I think he is foolish.] People don't think much of it but Blackie don't give a damn. [Sometimes I hate to walk with him as it is too extreme. People notice it too much.] But he can't help it if he likes to dress that way. [Back in camp, I had a zoot suit but I don't wear it anymore. Our gang wasn't as tough as the reputation we had. We had our fun but we weren't that bad. Everyone was like us anyway. I don't like those lily white church guys because they are a bunch of hypocrites. At times we got pretty rough but we had to stick up for our rights. All of us will settle down like everyone does after a while.] Blackie is more like a real zoot suiter now but he will settle down too. [If any guy called me a yogore I would kick the hell out of him.] I hear there are quite a few rough ones over at the nisei dances. I'd like to go to a jig and see what it is all about. I bet none of those gangs would try to get funny with us because we know how to take care of ourselves. I'd like to go down there and see some of the guys I know. I guess I'll get drunk when I go because it's more fun that way. That is the only time I get any guts. I feel self-conscious if I don't have a drink and go to the dance sober.

["If I am not drafted, I guess I ^{won't} want to go back to the coast

as it won't be the same as before. I figure I will keep heading east. I'm not looking for nothing special but I'd like to see the big town while I can be on the move. Now is the best chance for that. Afterwards I won't be able to have the money to move no place. I guess I would have to leave my mother behind for a while but I wouldn't desert her all the time. She makes enough money to live by herself now so I won't have to worry about that. I feel I will have to take care of her when she gets old. She wants me to stick here, but I want to keep moving, because I don't feel too comfortable staying in one place too long. I haven't saved nothing so I can't go to another place for a while yet. I hope to hold my job for six months and then maybe I'll move on to New York or Detroit. I'm still at the age where I want to fool around yet.

"Sometimes I feel pretty cocky and other times I feel inferior to guys. A lot of times I'd like to know how to dance like a lot of the nisei. I've had a lot of inferiority in my work. I guess that's when I feel it the most because ^{I couldn't get} ~~I can't~~ as good a job as a Caucasian before the war. It used to make me mad as hell before but now it's better for me because there are plenty of jobs. I don't know if it is going to be the same old way after the war, but I kind of think that it will be. Even now it is that way because we don't get the choice of any job we want. A lot of the real defense jobs are closed to us. Even at my factory it is like that. The other day a Caucasian guy came in and he got \$1.00 an hour to start with right away. That griped me to hell because I know I can do the job better than he can and I get only 85 cents. I guess ~~if~~ ^{you} can't expect too much if you are a Jap. You just don't

all the chances that we should get. That's why it's not use getting too ambitious because you'll only get a headache. [Hell, I wish that there wasn't so much discrimination against us. It's hell to be a nisei sometimes.] When I get drunk, I feel a lot better and I forget all about these discriminations against us.] end

One of these days everything will all be equal and then we won't have to worry so much about all these things. That will be a long time yet and I think that nisei will be hated a lot more after the war regardless of who wins. That's not pleasant to look forward to so I only go as far as the Army now. Things will take care of themselves later. That's how I am thinking now and I suppose I will go on this way until after the war. I might as well have all the fun I can while I have the chance. "

Following is another excerpt from C.K. Diary which describes a little more some of the attitude of Ando and his friends.

Exceprts from C.K. Diary
March 2, 1944

CH 31

"I rushed home and ate a hasty dinner and then went to interview Ando again. Ando would only talk about his sex experiences so that I did not get too much data during the evening spent with him. Tadashi said that he would have to go back to his old job because the War Manpower Commission would not give him a work release. Tadashi said that he would not go back to work unless he got a raise. He felt that all keto were all dirty s.o.b.'s and that he was being kicked around. He doesn't know exactly what he is going to do but he said he would probably go back to work out there since it was no use losing \$10 a day by staying home. Ando is ~~being~~ hard to interview because he goes into great details about the miscellaneous adventures he has had and he forgets the main things. I have to guide him along rather carefully in order to maintain his cooperation. I think I will be able to finish this case after one more interview. The information is still scanty but that is all I have to go on since Ando and Tadashi do not remember much more of the details. It is too much of an effort to think back on their experiences except for their sex and gambling escapades.

".....Tadashi and Ando are getting out quite a bit now but it is in the limited pattern of sex, poker and bull sessions. Tadashi did not go gambling last night because he was a little worried about his job and he did not want to ~~be~~ take a chance on using up the small reserve that he has left. I don't think that his wife will arrive for quite a while. The girl is afraid to come out here now because she thinks Tadashi may be drafted and this will leave her stranded. The girl has not told her mother yet that she is married and that she is pregnant."

Excerpts from C.K. Diary
March 14, 1944

After dinner I went over to finish the interview with Ando (CH-31). He worked overtime at the factory so I was not able to start until about 8:30. I then had to spend a couple of hours figuring out his income tax. The way I figured it out he owed the government \$109. Ando said that he didn't have that money so that he wasn't going to file the returns. He wanted me to eliminate all of the farm work he did last year and after that I figured out the tax return for him and found that the government owed him \$1.75. Ando was quite satisfied with this and said he would submit this return and take a chance on it.

I discovered that Ando had quite a few worries about the future and that he does give serious thoughts to it at times. His thinking process is slow, but he is not as slow as I had assumed. Ando is quite confused about his general situation and the world he lives in is quite limited according to the way he sees it. I will try to finish the dictation on his case today and tomorrow.

Ando said that he was rather lonesome, 'All we do is work, eat and sleep. We feel too tired to go out at night. I've stopped gambling over the week-end, and last Sunday we went down to the Negro district. A colored guy picked us up and was quite friendly. I guess he thought we had a lot of dough. He took us to the jitter-bug places and we ended up in a tavern. We ran up quite a bill and then we discovered that the Negro did not have any money so we had to shell out for the whole bill. He wanted to take us to a Negro dancing place afterwards but we didn't have enough money so we gave him 40 cents for his admission and told him we had to go for another appointment. We didn't want him to think we were broke and cheap.'

Ando is still restless and he figures that he will go to

New York next.

While I was interviewing him, Tadashi (CH-32) and George Urata played hana in the next room. This is a Japanese card game and they talked just like Japs while they were playing. They used all sorts of Japanese expressions and about the only thing I understood was when Blackie said in English, 'Jesus Christ, what a headache!' They played hana for 50 cents a game and Tadashi was ahead about \$7 when I left there around midnight. Urata came back from Cleveland because he said the town was too dead and all the people went to bed at 9 o'clock. He wrote Tadashi and told him that he was coming to Chicago and he is now living with them. The three of them sleep in a double bed. Tadashi said that he was going to make George sleep on the davenport after a couple of days more since he would not be a guest any more. George is working in the same factory as Ando and Tadashi. Tadashi said that George kept them broke because he wanted to go to all the night clubs and they were spending up their money pretty fast. Urata is about 28 years old and the oldest of the group. He is taking over the leadership role in this group. They have more or less cut off contacts with the poker playing group because of the lack of money. Another part of their former gang is living around Maywood and they are making the chance to get together with them. Urata's brother, Kenji, may come out here from Cleveland a little later on and he will bring another member of the former gang with him.

"Tadashi went back to his job at the factory. He said that the boss treats him okay now and he couldn't do anything else since they would not give him a work release. George is agreeable

to an interview, but I don't know whether I will follow through with him since it is a little difficult to get one of them alone. I managed to interview Ando in the other room. His mother ^{went} ~~is~~ to bed while I was there. Ando said that his mother approves of me because I tell him to settle down. He said that he could tell when his mother likes somebody when she offered him ~~m~~oranges. Mrs. Ando brought the oranges out while I was interviewing Ando. She wants her son to settle down and not think of going on to New York, but Ando said that he has to get it out of his system. He said that he had a feeling of responsibility for his mother and he would not desert her. He moved down to the southside so that he would be closer to his work. He didn't stop to think that this was inconveniencing his mother since it now takes her an hour and a half to get to her job. Ando feels that this is okay since she only works five days a week for 55 cents an hour. He said that his mother did not mind too much.

I was a little surprised at the way these fellows talked before Mrs. Ando. They treat her quite rudely and she acts more like a servant to them. Whenever she asks some question in Japanese, they swear at her in English in very vulgar terms and then laugh. Mrs. Ando made a couple of attempts to join in the general conversation but they very rudely got up and walked into the other room while she was talking and they refused even to answer her. They do not hesitate to use obscene language in front of her because they said she doesn't understand anyway. I asked Ando about it ~~and~~ privately and he said that his mother did understand what was going on. He resented the fact that the fellows did not

respect his mother more. Then he excused them by adding, 'Anyway, they are my friends so I can't say anything. They really don't mean it.' Ando uses exactly the same sort of language in front of his mother.

Henry Endo's (CH-31) comments on his job activities since the last formal interview with him follows:

CH/31
(as of)
March
1945.

"I don't remember exactly the dates for the changes for jobs that I have had. [I think that it was last April, 1944 that I quit working for ^{D's}~~Duffin~~ Iron Works and I started at ^{N's}~~New City~~ Co. I got this job through a friend of mine who told me it was a better place to work. I was getting only about a dollar an hour at ~~Duffin~~ ^{D's} Co. and they wouldn't give me a raise because I was a boochie. At ^{N's}~~New City~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ I given the prevailing wage of \$1.20 right from the beginning.] The only trouble was that I never got a raise after that because it was the ceiling for my job then.

[The job was okay and I didn't have any complaints about it.]

not

"There were quite a few boochies working out there with me but I never paid much attention to them except my friends because we were too busy. [We had about 200 workers in the plant and I thought it was pretty interesting even though welding is pretty hard on the eyes. We made pre-fabricated parts of the Navy ships. I worked there for a while as a welder but my foreman transferred me to do set-up work ~~after that~~. I didn't mind this too much because it was a good rest for my eyes. I didn't want to stay out of welding work though because there was more money in it. It wasn't bad working out there at all because everyone treated me swell. There was no discrimination at all in the plant and nobody called us Japs or anything like that. Hell, we were all building parts for Navy ships, weren't we?]

not

"All of us guys were working on a contract so that we made pretty good wages. [On October 15 (1944) the contract for the company was terminated. They didn't need so many workers so I was released from the job.] I was planning to quit anyway because I already had some other places in mind where I thought I would

get better pay. While I was still working at New City, I thought that it would be easy for me to get paid \$1.20 an hour in some other plant and be able to get a raise after that if I made good. I sort of lost fight when I found out afterwards that the raises didn't come so soon. Then it wasn't important where I worked because the wages were the same anyway.

"After I got laid off from ~~New City~~ I loafed around for a couple of weeks. All this time I was inquiring around for other jobs as a welder though. I knew I had to go to work and I didn't like to be spending up all my money and not have any coming in. Hell, I have to think about eating, don't I? Since I was a boochie, I didn't have much of a chance in a lot of places where I went to apply for a welder's job. I figured I might as well stay in my line since I had training in it. A lot of company that I went to said they were willing to hire me, but they were not so willing to give me white man's pay for the job. That disgusted the hell out of me and I got pretty sore a couple of times. I knew that I was just as good a welder as a lot of those guys who got paid more than I did just because they had a white man's face. I thought that I should get paid for the work I did and the hell to what I looked like. I got pretty damn disgusted and a couple of times I almost thought that I would have to work for cheaper wages even if I didn't want to.

"Finally I asked around to find out where the other guys who were released from the ~~New City~~ company with me went. I found out that most of them had quit welding to go into some other kind of work because they didn't like to get all burned to hell from that kind of work. I wanted to stay in it because there was more money. There was one colored fellow who was good friends with me out there and he got fired at the same time I did. He knew all the

ropes about getting another job so he gave me some good leads. Nothing much came from them so I looked him up. [He told me to come out to 122nd St. where he was working because he thought I might have a chance to land a job there. I went right away and I was given the job. It was a small fabricating shop making mine-sweepers for the Army.] The company was pretty small because it had only started up since the war began. It used to be a garage before then. [My job was to weld the minesweeper parts together. I started working out there in November (1944). We were working by piece work so that I made damn good wages, the best I ever did. I was averaging almost \$2.00 an hour and I thought I would be rolling in dough after a few months. It took me the first month to catch up on all the money I had spent ~~anxing~~ that I spent during the between job.]

"I was the only boochie working in that plant and that was okay by me. There were about 8 of us working on the night shift, and 15 guys were on the day shift. There were all white guys except the colored fellow and me. All of us were making pretty good money with the contract we had so we had no kicks coming. Just when I was starting to make real good dough after one month, the boss decided to put us on a kind of incentive plan.] They wanted to time us to see how much we could produce in an average 48 hours per week and they said that the bonuses would be based upon how much extra we did after the schedule was set. [I found that I want' making nearly as much money as before with this kind of a set-up.] I didn't like the six nights a week work. Before that we were only working 5 nights, but longer hours. I decided to stick around for a while to see what would happen. They tried us on the bonus system for a week and I began to think that I could make pretty good at it if I worked hard. But then [Some of the

other guys didn't like the set-up at all so they quit. I decided to quit too. When I went to resign, the boss wouldn't give me a release at all. He said I couldn't get another job unless I got a release. He tried to hold me on that job with this threat but that got me sore so I just walked out.

"I went with the colored guy to apply for a job with the ~~American~~ Car Co. on a piece work basis. The colored guy couldn't get a job because he didn't have a release. I was put on as a welder because I used my old release from New City Co. and I didn't tell them about the job I had just walked out on. ~~I got hoosed on this new job though.~~ We were making freight cars and I figured that I could earn \$12 a day easy as hell. It was my job to weld on the bottoms of the freight cars. Pretty soon I found that I was only making \$9.50 a day. I could do the 12 alignments in 5 or 6 hours and after that I would have made a lot of money, but the colored guys didn't feel like doing any more work. They were satisfied with the \$9.50 a day and I got pretty disgusted. I could not go ahead and try to work on my own because the other guys wouldn't want me to scab like that and they would have gotten sore. There was another Nisei working there and he tried to put out more but his gang got pretty sore at him and he had to slow down to their pace or they would have beaten him up.

"I was netting \$50 a week but I didn't like the contract. I could have made a lot more if those damn lazy colored guys were more ambitious. [The contract expired in January (1945) so that I had to go on an hour basis at 80¢ an hour for a while until a new contract was made. I didn't care to stick around there after making good money from before on the contract so I decided to get another job.] I thought I was worth more than 80¢ an hour after my experience as a welder. They were just trying to pay us scab wages

Continue
Denton

and they were taking their time about drawing up the new contract. I just quit after that and they had to give me a job release.

"I went around to look for another job after that and it took me 2 weeks before I got my present job. I went to work 6 weeks ago on this job. (February 15, 1945). Most of the time I had gotten my jobs through my friends who worked at other places, but this job I got through the WRA office. A lot of the boochie guys I knew were getting drafted or quitting this kind of work so I couldn't get leads from them. I didn't want to go to any of the lousy places that I already knew about. I thought the WRA might be able to help me out for once and they came through. The interviewer down there told me to go down to the USES to ask about a job with the ~~Greve~~ Co. When I got down to the USES they told me that they weren't so sure this company would hire a boochie. Right away I got disgusted as hell and I thought to myself 'goddamit they're giving me another run around again'. The USES man told me to stick around while he phoned the company to ask so I waited there by his desk while he made the phone call. I was surprised as hell when the company told me to come down right away. The interviewer told me to talk on the phone there to give my qualification. I didn't want to make a trip down there for nothing so I told them I was Japanese. They said right away that it didn't matter what ancestry I had just so I didn't try to blow up any of the ships they were building. I said that I was loyal to this country like any of those damn welders so they gave me the okay. The USES man then gave me my release to go out there and take this job right away.

"The Greve Co. is located on the north side right on the Chicago river. When I got out ~~there~~ ^{to the G. Company} they told me I had to take a welder's test and I thought sure I was going to be screwed up

again. They said that the A-1 welders started at a wage of \$1.20 an hour and I would have to prove that I was fit to work with them by taking this test. I thought it was going to be a hard test but I passed it right away so they started me out at the same wage as the rest of the guys got. [That's the highest I can get out there as there is a ceiling on welders out here. It's not like in Detroit where the ceiling wage for welders is way higher. [I get just as much pay as the white welders so that makes me feel pretty good.

"When I first went out there I asked if I could work on the day shift. The personnel man ~~seemed to be a pretty good guy and he~~ advised me to take the night shift. [He said that it would be a lot better as there was only one boss and I wouldn't have somebody standing over me looking at my work all the time. I decided that the night shift sounded like a better deal so I signed up. [I found that it was pretty good to work at night. I never saw a job like that before in my life. [It was easier than a lot of other jobs that I had. [We worked 11 hours a night for 5 nights a week so we could get in our 55 hours. We had a damn good foreman and he never yelled at us at all. [We worked from 6:00 in the eveing until 6:00 next morning but at 8:00 p.m. we got a half hour off for coffee time. All us guys put two bits in the kitty and we bought coffee with it. We would make it down in the locker room and we would rotate so that each guy could take a little time off to make this coffee every night. At 11:00 o'clock we took a half hour off to eat our lunch and we usually took 15 minutes extra so we could have a little poker sessions. I was getting along pretty well on this night shift and I didn't mind it at all. It wasn't nearly as cold as before so that I didn't freeze myself like I did all winter on the other job.

["After I was there for a couple of weeks, the company decided

to abolish the night shift as there wasn't enough work going on so I was put on the day shift with the rest of the guys. I didn't like it so much but I find that it isn't so bad now. In fact I like working during the day like most people do. The only thing is that I have to work a lot harder now. I net about 50 bucks a week now but I get \$5.22 for war bonds now so that gives me a free war bond every month.

"Our company is located right on the Chicago river a little towards the northwest side of town and [O]ur big job is to assemble Navy ships. We do the landing crafts and some other small Navy ships which are for the fleet. We put the engine and everything in it so that it is a complete job. Right now I am working on the fo'castle of the ship. I'm learning a helluva lot more about welding. I thought I knew everything about it before but every day I'm learning new things. There's only one other boochie working there now and he came after I did. The rest of the workers are all Caucasians except 6 colored guys who work^{ed} there until just the other day. [T]hey really had discrimination against Newgro guys. One of the Caucasian guys told me that the company had a policy saying that none of the colored men could get a job as a welder. That's why they couldn't make as much money as we did. The top pay for the colored guys was \$1.08 an hour. Last week they decided to ask for a raise to \$1.15 an hour because they thought they worked just as hard as the welder. They had been griped about their lower pay for a long time. The personnel office wouldn't allow this raise. All of us welders are in the Boiler Markers' Union but the colored guys can't get into it and that's why they can't be welders. After they got turned down on the raise, these colored guys threatened to quit but it didn't do any good. That's why all of them quit last week. The company had to hire some old

timer white flunkies at a \$1.20 an hour. That is the same pay as we welders get but these flunkies have been working for many years so they have experience and that's fair enough.

"I don't have a grudge against anyone in the place but there is one bastard there that I don't get along with too well. But none of the guys there like him. He used to be a carpenter's foreman in the plant and he thinks he knows everything about welding. He's an annoying bastard and he's always coming around to criticize our work so all of us tell him off. He can't fire us but he is in a little higher position than us. The other workers in the place are all okay. When I first went out there, they asked me about it, but they didn't mean nothing by it. [Red is the guy that I get along best with because he tries to be friendly. I told Red that I was here in Chicago for a year and I liked the California weather better, but I thought that the Chicago jobs were best for me. I told him that I didn't care to work with Negroes too much as they were lazy. Red said that I shouldn't criticize them too much or look down on them. He's a sort of educated and one of them broad-minded guys. Red told me that he wouldn't like it if a lot of boochies came into the plant and did scab labor either. He said that he looked on me as an individual and he thought all us guys should do that to one another and there would be less of this racial stuff getting us in trouble. He doesn't believe in discrimination at all. Red would like to get the Negro guys into the Union but the rest of the guys won't allow them either.] He's a pretty good guy and I don't mind working with him at all.

me 91 ["There's one Chinese guy at the plant and I get along with him good. The other guys are always joking because they say they can't tell us apart. Nobody there calls us a Jap though. Most of

the guys never saw a boochie before anyway but they trust me good.] ✓
They never try to get funny with me because I'm just a welder like any of them. I wouldn't want a lot of other Nisei guys to come out there right now to work because the rest of the guys already there might start to look at us like those 6 Negroes who quit. They don't call Henry Jones by his name, they just refer to him as one of the nigger workers. I never called any of those colored guys a nigger though. But I don't like to work with them because they put on a slow pace and I can't make as much money. Hell, I think they're just as good as I am but we work differently. They have some pretty bad habits though and some of the guys at the plant told me that Negro workers never took baths. Hell, I can't see how they stand it after sweating all day.

["I'm working pretty steady out at the plant now and I got a good reputation for myself. The boss gives me a lot of the important jobs to do on welding, even over the more experienced guys. They don't get sore at me though because they know I'm trying to learn the job good. I never try to scab on them. The Navy inspector comes to look at my work once in a while because my welding has to be an airtight job and it is pretty important. The inspector never bothers me about anything else though and he never looks suspicious at me. As long as they let me alone, I don't give a damn. Hell, it feels pretty good when I talk to the other welders just like I'm one of them and they take me the same way. They don't believe in discrimination against me and I bet a lot of those guys would be in favor of giving the colored workers an equal chance if they wouldn't be so lazy.] ✓

• "My job won't give me any more pay raises as I have reached the top of the scale for this area. [I joined the labor union the first week I was out there. I had to join it or else they would] ✓

have said I was a scab. I got soaked at 58 bucks for membership fees right away. I have to pay 5 bucks a month dues. I don't know if it is worth it to me because it won't help me after the war. I just don't want to make no argument, that's all. I don't think that the union will look for a job for me after the war even if I keep up my dues all the time. But it keeps my pay up now so I can't kick too much even though I don't think it's worth it. I'm a full member of the union (AF of L) and none of these damn associate membership for me. Some of the boochie guys I know pay union dues but they ^{don't} have full membership like I do. That's the craps because it shows that there is that discrimination feeling against them.

"I like my job okay now but I still think that the ~~New City~~ job was the best one I had out here. It wasn't so hard and I made just as much pay as I do now. But I'm planning to stick with this job until the end of the war. Hell, I've got to keep doing this kind of work all the time because I don't have training for nothing else. Whatta hell are you going to do after the war? I bet all of us boochies will be out of a job just as soon as the armistice is signed. I'd like to stay in welding because I like it as much as anything else. I think welders will be a dime a dozen after the war so I might have a pretty tough time. I know that I'll lose this job after the war sure as hell. Maybe I'll lose it just as soon as the present contract run out. All the guys are saying that it might be pretty soon because the end of the war in Europe is coming and the government will cancel a lot of its contracts. Then I'll be out of a job sure as hell.

"All of the shipyards will be releasing thousands of workers pretty soon. Some of the guys say we're better off than the welders in the shipyards on the coast because our contracts might run a little longer but we'll all be up a creek sooner or later. Whatta

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not
Hell! The way things are now, I just can't consider after the war at all. At the present moment, I ain't got one real ambition. I guess that's cause I don't know what the situation will be after the war. [I hate to work for somebody else all of my life though. It's too risky that way. But I ain't got an education or a business head so I guess I'll just have to do some kind of work like this all the time.] I don't care just as long as I can make enough to live on and have some fun once in a while.

[I've saved some money in the year I've been out here but I don't save too much as I have to spend all of my money between jobs.] It cost me \$130 between the last job I had as it's pretty expensive to have a lay-off like that. That's where all of my savings seem to go. It takes a couple of months to get back to normal after I change jobs. [I've been making damn good wages out here compared to the 40¢ an hour I used to work for before the war.] I bet all the boochies worry about saving some money but it's hard to do. All the guys I know don't save a damn cent. That's cause they are getting drafted right and left and they figure whatta the hell. I know I ain't going to get drafted so I have to build a little cushion for myself. I could have saved a lot more money I guess, but I got to have a little fun now and then.

[Hell, I don't think that I squander my money. Out of my 50 bucks a week I've been losing around 40 bucks a month just on poker alone. I only play about 3 times a month but I think I'm going to give up pretty soon. I know there ain't much percentage in it but one of these days I'll get lucky and then I'll really take the boys for a ride.] I don't give a damn if I spend that much money a month for poker because the game fascinates me. I have fun at it too. And I figure that I would be spending the money on something else, so what's the difference?

mod ["It only cost me about 50 bucks a month for room and board but I eat out a lot of times too. It runs me about 10 bucks a month for my laundry bill and cleaning. I have a dentist bill of 25 bucks to pay up but I'm just about over all of my debts now. I don't have to pay the doctor anything as long as I am protected by the company.] I have this osteolymilitis on the bone and that's why I had to have an operation on my finger last year. The company paid for that though. [It cost me around 60 bucks a month just for entertainment and I don't go out any more hardly at all. I just go to shows, pool halls and dances once in a while. I bet that drug store up the corner makes a helluva lot of money from us guys making milk shakes. I don't even drink any more like the other guys. Hell, they think I'm getting serious and they rib me and call me a square.] But I don't like to throw all my money away after working for it so many hours. Even then my money just goes out all of a sudden and I always reach down into my pocket and find the last \$5 bill before I know it. It's hell. The only thing I've been saving during the last few months is the \$18.75 war bond that the company holds out for me. I don't think I'd be able to do that by myself. Hell, I worry about saving money sometimes and I think I should have some for post-war but it just goes out. Haven't you heard that living expenses are high? I think I will get started next month because I'm in the clear now. [I don't think I've done too badly because I've saved about 500 bucks in the year I came to Chicago and that didn't take any effort. I saved it during the time I was working on the night shift those long hours and I never had any chance to spend my money. I was getting good pay then too. If I can save up that much this year I'll be satisfied. Hell, before the war, it would have taken ~~more~~ 5 or 10 years to save 500 bucks at the wages I was getting paid.]

"I don't worry about the Army no more as I got 4-F last June. At times I wish I was in cause the cost of living is getting high and there's not much percentage in it. Whatta hell. I think sometimes it's better to be a veteran. In the Army you don't have to worry about paying room and board bill and stuff like that. Oh yes, I forgot to tell you that I spend \$5 a week at the plant in a lottery but I never win. We put that dough in and pool it and the guys that has the right number on the check wins it all. I don't have to put that dough in but those other guys wouldn't think much of you if you didn't do what they did. I figure that one of these days I might get lucky and win that pool so that all of this is part of my living expense. I hope I win it before I lose my job out there.

"The war's not going to last much more than one or 2 years yet so I have to start thinking of getting a steady post-war job. Christ, the war in Germany will be over this summer they say over the radio. The contract at our company already has been cut down so that we might get laid off sooner than we think. Our present contract is over on August 15 and there might not be anything after that. I'll have to go look for another welding job if I get released. I don't know what my chances will be and I bet I'll get pretty damn disgusted. I'll just keep looking for a welding job until I get so damn disgusted that I'll have to take something else. Hell, I might even have to take a laboring job if there's nothing else. Man, I wouldn't have all that worry if I were in the Army. Those guys will come xott and they will be bonuses and everything else. Naturally they will get the best jobs because they fought for the country. They won't give a damn about us guys who work at those plants and make all the bullets and other stuff for them. The guys in our plant say that we are getting our now

so that we should try to save some of it for afterwards.

["I have no intention of going back to California right now as the Negroes have taken over all of the boogie towns and we would not have any place to live. I wouldn't be able to get a very good job out there. I'm still looking for another place to live out here and it's tough as hell. ✓

now "This place is lousy as the landlord is always trying to gyp us by raising the rent.] He doesn't like me as he says I make trouble for him. My friends and I caught him opening some of my mail once and I got sore as hell at him. That's why he can't kick me out because he knows that he could get in jail for a federal offense of opening personal mail. The damn guy was so curious about mail coming from the camps that he opened my letter. Whatta helluva nerve. I felt like punching him right in his teeth. He's always trying to save money out here for charging us for extra things. He never gives us any hot water here and I have to have a bath after a hard day's work. The damn guys tries to get out of giving us even one sheet a week. [He tried to bully my old lady on that and I got sore as hell because she can't talk back to him.] ✓
We are the longest residents in this damn house. It's too hard to find another place to live. The next place will probably be just as bad as this.

"The landlord can't raise the rent on us anymore because we got wise and said we'd ask the OPA about it. He gets nasty as hell and tries to gyp us in other ways. The guy won't let us use the refrigerator in our room as he says it uses too much electricity. He charges us 50¢ a month to use the large refrigerator in the hall and about 6 families have to use that. I feel sorry for the boogie girls who have to run down 3 stories just to use the damn refrigerator. Most of the people upstairs are disgusted as

hell.

"Another thing is that the landlord doesn't like other boochies to come and visit us. He always gets sore when some of the boys come and stay overnight or a few days with me. Sometimes when the phone rings he answers it and he tells our friends that we don't even live there. I don't see why he tries to get extra rent money out of us when we put up guys who are passing through town. Rabbi doesn't live with us anymore and ^{B now lives} Blackie ~~is~~ with some other guys a couple of blocks over. My old lady, ^HHash and I are the only ones living here now.] There used to be quite a few Caucasians in this house but it's all boochies now except for one Caucasian family. That's why the landlord thinks he can get away with anything. He knows that it's damn hard for us to find housing so he tries to take advantage. That's why so many move out as fast as they find other places. I figure we might as well stay ~~xx~~ as the next place may be just the same. The landlord can't kick us out and he can't push us around too much either because we'll only stand for so much.

["Hell, it hardly seems that a year went by so fast. My mother still works at the same job in the sewing factory. She got a couple of raises since she started but I don't know if she likes the work or not. I never talk to her about it. I never talk to my old lady about nothing. She'd just as soon stick around Chicago as any other place. I don't think she wants to go back to camp or California because she's making more money now than she ever did before. My old lady don't care where she is just as long as I sort of stick around and don't get into any trouble.

"I haven't been playing around as much as I used to] before Blackie went to Minneapolis. He got his girl friend to support him now so I don't see him every night like I used to. Some of the

guys have gone into the Army or they have moved on to camp or some other place. I don't go nowhere anymore. Life is too tough to be running all over the country without any dough. [I'm not unhappy though. Life out here is not like it was out on the coast but it used to get pretty damn dull out there too. I know quite a few boochies out here but I don't see them all the time except for a few.] I've heard that there are some boochie clubs but none of my friends belong to any of them. The only thing I've done is to go to some of the boochie dances. They're not too much fun and I don't feel like getting drunk and going anymore. I hardly ever go to any more whore houses either but I know where everone of them are. Sometimes on Saturday nights us guys get bored and we make the rounds just for the hell of it. The guys I know now aren't as wild as Blackie and some of the other guys were.

ms ["I see about 10 or 15 guys pretty often but I don't know many dames.] Some of the guys go see them pretty often but they are mostly the dames with the bad reps. I don't care nothing about that ~~and~~ ^{but} I go see them once in a while too. Most of the guys I met out here I didn't even know before. Quite a few of them went to the Army already. Those that are left get together once in a while and have bull sessions, got play pool or fool around. [I don't go out on too many dates because I'm not the lady killer of the gang. Some of the other guys go visit dames all the time but I only go about once a week, if that much. I have no intention of getting married for quite a while. How in the hell can I support a wife? It takes most of ^{my} money just to have a little social life.]

"Most evenings I just stay home and take it easy. I can't fool around too much because I'll be too tired out the next day at work. About all I read is detective stories. I don't read the newspapers too much. On week-ends is when I relax. I either go

to a show, play poker or see my friends. Hell, it takes \$10 just to go out for an easy evening and fool around just a little. Hell, there's no percentage in it.

["One thing that surprises me is that I haven't met any discrimination out herex yet. In some of my job hunting they might have discriminated but nobody got nasty yet. I heard ~~ax~~ lot about discrimination ~~but I don't go around as many guys do so~~ ^{but} I haven't seen it.] I don't go around looking for it. I bet there would be a lot of discrimination if I went around looking for it all the time. After the war there might be a lost of discrimination against the boochies but it doesn't bother me as long as they leave me alone.

note ["I'd like to be sociable to more Caucasians as they have a lot pull and we have to ~~depend~~ depend on them for many things. After all, if we live here for a long time we have to be friendly to one another. There's no sense hating the Caucasians.] I don't avoid them but I don't get too much chance to meet them socially. I just see some of them at work and I found that a lot of them are pretty good guys. I hope they don't all turn against us when there isn't a labor shortage. I think it's good for Nisei guys and girls to mix more ~~ix~~ with Caucasians if they get a chance. I don't get jealous of them when they do that. I'm not the type of guy to mix with them too much ~~but~~ there are plenty of boochies who have good education and they can talk on a lot of things on equal basis with them. I don't know nothing.

"But I don't care to mix with the Negroes socially as I'm sort of afraid of them. You can't tell what they'll do to you if they catch you in a dark alley. They're living condition is pretty dirty. Jesus Christ they're so sloppy. No wonder they get the black plague all the time. They're not clean enough to suit me

but I don't hate them. I don't have a racial prejudice against the Jews either. I just let them alone. I try to take them as individuals as Red says. He's a white man but he doesn't hold a grudge against any race. At the last place I worked, the damn German foreman said in a joking way all the time that we Axis countrymen had to stick together. He was okay though and he treated me decent. I just take all the guys as workers and I don't ask them their nationality so they don't try to act superior to me. I never try to ask them what they are because I can't tell the difference between a Polak and a German and all the different groups out at the plant.

"I guess I feel a lot better if I had more of a social life. I waste a lot of time just fooling around with the guys and that doesn't make me too happy. There's nothing else to do. There's a boochie hangout on N. Clark St. and they have a lot of clubs down there but they are mostly drinking and gambling places. I never have too much time to go gassing around anyway so it doesn't make much difference. There's no place to go up around this way. The Nisei social out here aren't so hot so I don't exactly crave them. Whenever I got with the guys the other Nisei try to look down on us. You can see it all over their faces. Why in the hell should I cry about not getting into that kind of a bunch. I just want to live and be let alone. Hell, I have no intention of ever going to Japan to live. I couldn't even go to Cleveland right now as I don't have the finances.

"I don't know if I'm better off now than I was before evacuation. I think that maybe I am. A lot of the guys I know are much better off. ~~Like me,~~ I guess I would still be doing nothing if I was back in Frisco. I'd probably be an errand boy for ~~Schmidt's~~ yet. Now I can ~~at least~~ say that I am a welder. I have nothing

like a plan for the future, but I'm still better off. How in a hell can I make any plans? It never comes out anyway.

now ["At least I'm not a bum now and that's some progress I guess. I wouldn't want to live the kind of life I led when I was bumming around out in Utah on the farms and coal mines. That's all right for the experience but not for all the time. I got a trade now so I got some chance for after the war.] It will be toughx for all the boochies but I don't think I'll ever starve. The damn prices will be high for about 2 years after the war so it's best to work now and save a little if you can. After a couple of years things will cool down and get back to normal. I bet there will be a lot of vagrants running around after the war. At least I'll have the same chance they will. Say, what are they going to do to Hitler for causing all this? x

"I think that the war with Japan will last for a couple of years yet. I still think there will be a stalemate in the Pacific. Japan hasn't really started fighting for her homelandx yet. They are saving their strength until after Germany falls. That's why they are saving their Navy. They are fanatics and that's why it will be tough to beat them. They are just like those damn kibeis who don't know when to give up when you get into a fight with them. You have to practically kill them off before they give up. I know because I had some fights with those damn kibeis. I hope that this country don't try to take it out on us just because Japan is hard to beat. Hell, we have enough problems of our own as it is so it would be better if they just leave us alone.