

Interviewer's code

Sami Harada
Shimako Shibata (psued.)

Evacuation and Resettlement Study,
February, 1944 (Revised)

SCHEDULE FOR INDIVIDUAL RESETTLERS

Date of interview Dec. 7, 1944 Interviewer C. Kikuchi

1. Case number #60 2. Sex, M F 3. Marital stat. M S D W O

4. Present address 5509 S. Blackstone Entered 5-'44 Left --

5. Later addresses _____ Date _____
" _____
" _____
" _____
" _____

6. Birthplace Riverside, Calif. 7. Birthdate 1909

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

10. Addresses between Dec. 1, 1941 and evacuation

	Date	Entered	Left
(a) <u>Riverside, Calif.</u>	"	<u>1909</u>	<u>5-'42</u>
(b) _____	"	_____	_____
(c) _____	"	_____	_____
(d) _____	"	_____	_____
(e) _____	"	_____	_____

11. Assembly Center -- Date _____

12. Relocation Center Poston Date 7-'42 3-'43
Topaz " 3-'43 5-'44

13. Addresses since leaving Relocation Center
(prior to "present address")

	Entered	Left
(a) _____	_____	_____
(b) _____	_____	_____
(c) _____	_____	_____
(d) _____	_____	_____
(e) _____	_____	_____
(f) _____	_____	_____
(g) _____	_____	_____

14. Family members living together on December 1, 1941.

Relationship to Resettler	Age	Sex	Birthplace	Occupation	Religion
(a) <u>Father</u>		<u>M</u>	<u>Japan</u>	<u>Rest. owner</u>	
(b) <u>Mother</u>		<u>F</u>	<u>"</u>	<u>Housewife</u>	
(c) <u>Sister</u>		<u>F</u>	<u>U.S.</u>	<u>"</u>	
(d) <u>Self</u>			<u>"</u>		<u>Christian</u>
(e) <u>Brother</u>		<u>M</u>	<u>"</u>		
(f) <u>Foster brother</u>		<u>M</u>	<u>"</u>		
(g) _____					
(h) _____					
(i) _____					
(j) _____					

Brother	M	Japan	Doctor
Brother	M	U.S.	Dentist
Sister	F	U.S.	Housewife
Sister	F		

15. What members of family listed in 14 evacuated together to Assembly Center?

Give symbols

What other related persons?

Relationship to Resettler	Age	Sex	Birthplace	Occupation (as of Dec. 1, 1941)
(a)				
(b)				
(c)				
(d)				
(e)				
(f)				

16. What members listed in 14 or 15 above went together to Relocation Project?

Give symbols

What other related persons?

Relationship to Resettler	Age	Sex	Birthplace	Occupation (as of Dec. 1, 1941)
(a)				
(b)				
(c)	Self and brother, foster brother and 2 foster sisters			
(d)				
(e)				
(f)				

17. Family members living together in Chicago

Address symbol (see 13)	Entered	Left	Relationship to Resettler	Age	Sex	Birthplace	Occupation (at date of interview)
(a)							
(b)	Self and brother until he was inducted into Army in Aug., 1944						
(c)	Then moved in two 2 other girls.						
(d)							
(e)							
(f)							
(g)							
(h)							

18. Educational history of resettler

Grammar schools (name and location)	Dates	Grade completed	
Elementary school, Riverside	1915-23	8th	
High schools (name and location)	Dates	Grade completed	
Riverside Poly high school	1923-27	12th	
Colleges, universities and vocational schools, (name and location)	Dates	Grade completed	Degree
Riverside J.C.	1927-29	14th	
Attendance at Japanese language school, location	Dates		
Father taught in one			

19. 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.

[illegible]

20. Political activities

Dates	Voted in what elections	For what party
1930 on		
	Voted in Riverside	Republican
	Not registered since 1942	

2. Poston 5/23/42
3. None
4. 3356 Lemon Street, Riverside, Calif.
5. Harada, Shiashi Japan
Indo, Ken Japan
7. Grammar school, Lincoln, Riverside 9/15 to 6/23
High school, Riverside Poly. Tech. 9/23 to 6/27
College, J.C. Riverside, 9/27 to 6/28
- 7a. College preparatory--Business
8. None
12. 61 150 lbs.
13. Near sightedness corrected by glasses
18. Single
19. Head
20. 12/25/09
23. No
24. College 1
25. Speaks Japanese
27. Mgr. Restaurant
- 27a. ---
28. 5/39 to 5/42 Restaurant Managed and owned cafe Riverside
9/38 to 5/39 Nurse Receptionist Hospital Sacramento
6/28 to 9/38 Restaurant Managed Riverside
29. Writing, reading.
O.P. None
30. Christian

Sumi's brother, Shigetaka Harold Harada

2. same
3. None
4. Same
5. same
7. Grammar school, Lincoln, Riverside, Calif. 9/29 to 6/37
High school, Riverside, Poly Tech. 9/37 to 6/41
College, J.C. Riverside 9/41 to 5/42
- 7a. College preparatory--science major
8. None
12. 68 150 lbs.
13. Near sightedness corrected by glasses
18. Single
19. Brother
20. 8/15/23
23. Yes
24. College 1
25. Speaks Japanese
27. Tech. work
- 27a. Dental lab. asst.
28. Student
29. Tennis. O.P. Dental Laboratory
30. Christian

Sumi's brother W Yoshiharu Roy Hashimura

2. same
3. same
4. same
5. Hashimura, Yoshitaro Japan
Yamamoto, Itoyo Japan
- 5a. ---
7. Grammar school, Lincoln, Riverside 9/25 to 1931
Junior high, Central, Riverside, 9/31 to 6/34
High school, Riverside Poly Tech. 9/34 to 6/37
College, J.C. Riverside 9/37 to 6/39
- 7a. A.A. Pre-Dental
8. None
12. 67 130 lbs.
13. Near sightedness corrected by glasses
18. Single
19. Brother
20. 3/20/19
23. No
24. College 2
25. Speaks Japanese
27. Lab. asst.
- 27a. ---
28. 10/41 to 5/42 Optical Dispenser Private owner Oakland, Calif.
5/40 to 10/41 Restaurant helper " " Riverside, Calif.
6/39 to 5/40 Truck driver, veg. & fruits hauling, San Bernardino
29. Optical dispenser
Tennis, reading
O.P. Optical dispenser
30. Christian

Sumi's sister, Sumiko Hashimura

2. same
3. same
4. same
5. Hashimura, Yoshitaro Japan
Yamamoto, Itoyo Japan
- 5a. ---
7. Grammar school, Lincoln, Riverside, 9/33 to 6/39
Junior high, Central, Riverside 9/39 to 5/42
- 7a. ---
8. None
12. 59 92 lbs.
13. Arrested tuberculosis under the doctor's care at present
18. Single
19. Sister
20. 8/2/27
23. Yes
24. High 1
25. Speaks Japanese
27. --- 27a. ---
28. ---
29. ---
30. Christian

3/

Sumi's sister, Toshiye Hashimura

2. same
3. None
4. same
5. Hashimura, Yoshitaro Japan
Yamamoto, Itoyo Japan
- 5a.---
7. Grammar school, Ogata, Hiroshima 2/33 to 4/39
High school, Sanyo, Hiroshima 4/39 to 10/41
- 7a. None
8. Japan 4/31 to 10/41
12. 60 110 lbs.
13. Nearsightedness corrected by glasses
18. Single
19. sister
20. 8/17/25
23. No
24. Hi. 3 Japan
- 27.---
- 27a. Seamstress
28. None
29. Sewing; reading; writing
30. Christian

Evacuation & Resettlement Study
Charles Kikuchi
Chicago, Illinois
December 22, 1944

CH-60 Shimako Shibata (psued.)

Shimako Shibata, 35, is an older single Nisei woman who is very disorganized. She projects all of her difficulties to environmental difficulties and it was exceedingly hard to interview her because of her strong emotional feelings. Her over-aggressiveness is merely a cover-up for inner feelings of insecurity and it definitely is a defense mechanism. She was very willing to cooperate but the writer attempted to obtain expressions of her feelings primarily rather than a complete life history because Shimako seemed rather reluctant to talk about her past life and she was not willing to reveal her true feelings since absolute privacy was absolutely impossible to obtain.

Shimako Shibata, 35, is a very disorganized woman who has not been able to make adjustments to the resettled life in Chicago. Her pre-evacuation home was in Riverside, California. She managed her father's restaurant in that city for the 15 years prior to evacuation. Both of her parents are now dead and Shimako feels that the evacuation was directly the cause for this so that she is rather bitter about life in general. Her other brothers and sisters seemed to have made better adjustments. Her oldest brother was born in Japan and he is now a doctor in this city. Another brother is in the Army as a dentist and another one is a private overseas. A foster brother is also in the Army. Two of her sisters are married, one to Mr. Saburo Kidok, the president of the National J.A.C.L. (Miss Shibata wants this information to be kept absolutely confidential.) She is very reluctant to talk about any of her brothers and sisters and apparently she resents them quite a bit because they have had greater success in life adjustments than she has.

Shimako was evacuated directly from Riverside to Poston relocation center in August, 1942. She went to Topaz in March, 1943 in order to join her mother who died one day after her arrival. Miss Shibata took two foster sisters to Topaz with her and apparently she had a great deal of difficulties with them because they eventually rebelled and went off to marry even though they were still in their teens. Miss Shibata is holding a clerical job in Chicago at \$80 a month and she has had no other work experiences except in her father's restaurant which she managed. She has very few life expectations and her outlook is definitely pessimistic. Many of her expressions are typical of large numbers of Nisei although she was much more frank in expressing herself because she wanted to get it off of her mind.

Miss Shibata is short and rather heavy-set. She looks like an older generation woman. She speaks in a rather high voice and she is very sarcastic in her comments. However, she can be nice and courteous after one gets to know her. She appears to have some difficulties with her eyes which are constantly running. She mentioned that her health was very poor altho she did not state the exact nature of her physical ill health. There was no attempt to control this interview because Miss Shibata had frequent outbursts of emotions in which she expressed her emotions. Most of the interview was done verbatim without the taking of notes. The Diary entries which follow are verbatim comments which she made which were recorded immediately after leaving her apartment. No attempt has been made to incorporate this comment into her history document which commences after the Diary entry. It is probably true that some of the Diary observations are rather subjective in opinion and it certainly is not a true interpretation of Miss Shibata's personality which is extremely difficult to understand at best.

December 4, 1944: Last night I phoned Shimako Shibata and asked her about an interview. She seemed very willing to cooperate. She said that she had read Louis Adamic's book about my life and she didn't think that she would ever meet me face to face. I guess that's one case where Adamic's chapter comes in handy. I've never met Shimako since Dave Okada was the one who did the initial work for me. He said that she lives with 2 other girls and it may be difficult to talk to her alone since there are a number of Nisei living in the building and they keep running in and out of the apartment. Dave's opinion was that Shimako was very cooperative, frank, intelligent and interesting, but somewhat caustic at times. She is supposed to be about 30 years old. Her brother is the Dr. Harada located in a hospital on the North Side while she has another brother who is a dentist. A third brother is overseas. Shimako works in an office downtown and Dave said that she had some run-ins with the Caucasian girls there so that she seems rather dissatisfied with her job and prospects in Chicago.....

December 6, 1944: B was not home when I arrived because she had to go some place with her school friends so I had to prepare my dinner and depart hastily for my interview with Shimako Shibata. What a time I had over there! She lives over on 5509 Blackstone. It's a big apartment building full of Nisei. The place has a peculiar odor to it, like musty Japanese food. I guess it must be the pickles or something because I always notice this smell when I go into a Japanese home. I thought that the Nisei fellows I met in the hallway were very discourteous because they rudely answered my inquiries and rushed off. It didn't make such a favorable impression. Near the doorway, there's a large sign advertising a Nisei

dance on ~~A~~mas eve. When I got up to Shimako's room, I was taken aback when she acted so rudely. Immediately she began to wonder why ~~ix~~ I had come 10 minutes earlier than the appointed time. She had not eaten dinner yet so I was introduced to the 2 young girls living with her. One was rather attractive but the other 2 were average--all were quiet. I read the papers until Shimako was finished with dinner. The first thing she said was, "Why aren't you in the Army? My brother is giving his blood over in France and you Nisei are sitting here on your fat fannies and making money. ~~Am~~ All the Nisei boys should be in the Army. President Roosevelt and all those government officials should be right up in the front line. They should put those slimy Jews there up until they get sick of war and stop it."

I don't know why she made such a direct frontal attack on me but I took time to explain my own draft status. Shimako then went on to add that it was absolutely silly for anyone to fight a war because it didn't gain anything. "Do you think that those Nisei fellows are going to have it any easier after they come back from the War? None of them expect to come back. They are all fatalists and I don't blame them. What they they to come back to? They can walk around the street waving their little American flags and pointing out to themselves that they are loyal Americans, but that isn't going to make any bread and butter for them." This was in direct contradiction to what she had said a few minutes earlier.

Shimako is 35 years old, rather stout and there is a constant frown on her face. Before the evening was over I found out how bitter and frustrated she really is. She is so disillusionsed and cynical about everything. I think she hates anything and everybody who enjoys life. A typical old maid characteristic. I felt very sorry for her because her thinking was so distorted and twisted.

There are a lot of older girls who have been able to make adjustments because they don't feel sorry for themselves. Shimako was full of "sour grapes" all evening. She has a very sharp tongue and she was throwing insults left and right. I took it as long as I could and then my temperature began to rise as I forgot about my scientific quest. I threw back insults at her as she dished them out, but I soon found out that she could not take it. When I saw that she was ready to talk more sensibly, I began to use a different technique of flattering her ego and this had very good results.

I began to think to myself that it was such a pity that such a person could be so bitter. I tried to get her to talk things out and she gushed forth all of her likes and dislikes, mostly dislikes, for the next 3 or 4 hours. I didn't start the formal interview at all because I wanted to get a little better acquainted with her. When I left there about 11 o'clock, she asked me to come back tomorrow night so I could start the formal interview. I got the impression that Shimako just acts hard-boiled in order to cover up her real feelings. The other girls in the room have boys visiting them every night and the only way that Shimako can get attention is to ridicule these fellows and get them scared of her. Apparently she has been using this tactic for quite a while but I gave it right back to her so that she was much more pleasant by the end of the evening. In many ways it will be difficult to interview her because she is perpetually on the defensive but I think that it might prove interesting to carry it through because her sentiment are typical of so many of the younger Nisei who cannot give expression to it as well as she can. All I have to do is to remain tough-skinned and not let any of her insulting remarks bother me. She was even going to chase some boys out of the room on the second floor so that I can interview

her in privacy. Fellows were coming in and out all evening so that I did not wish to keep any notes at all on our conversation. One fellow, Johnnie remarked that he was going back to camp just as soon as the Amas Eve nisei dance was over and he arranged for a date with one of the girls there. He said that it was too cold to spend the winter in Chicago. The fellows who came in were ordinary workers and they were not very noticeable so they made no impression on me.

Shimeko speaks in a rather nasty and devastating tone of voice but she can speak in a mild manner as I later found out. I didn't try to argue with her on anything at all. She condemns any person who has the attitude that the world owes them a living, but she has exactly the same attitude herself. "I suppose you are invited out to a nice Caucasian home and you eat off clean tablecloths, well don't expect anything like that here. We live in a dump and we eat Jap food. We are Japs and I don't care ~~xxxx~~who knows it. I understand that you don't like Japanese things. Well, you haven't grown up yet. Wait till you work a couple of more years and then you're going to yearn for the protection of a Japanese community, because the hakujin certainly won't help you out any."

I immediately began to approach her in a different way by agreeing with her most bitterest and acide comments but still they came out. She doesn't realize that she is a suffering hero and she is full of self-pity. "Look at my clothes. You think this is a new suit. Well, I've had this suit for 10 years now and I can't squeeze any money out of my \$80 a month salary to buy any new clothes. It's a daily battle for existence. Look at my glasses. They were given to me by a Caucasian friend because I couldn't afford them myself. Don't you think I have pride? I don't care if I die tomorrow. The only reason I don't commit suicide is that I'm too much of a coward

to take my life. I don't care for anybody but I wouldn't lift my finger to help anybody. I'm all alone in the world because I don't care about my brother at all. My father died in camp. You know what the dirty WRA did to him? He had to have a special diet and they wouldn't even give him oranges. I had to send out for oranges and pay for them out of my measly \$16 a month salary. What do they expect people in camp to do with that limited salary? They should provide everything and I certainly let them know that I wasn't going to be pushed around when I was in camp. I hated the superior attitude they tried to put on, as if they were any better than we were.

"That WRA is the biggest mistake this government ever made. It hasn't done one single good thing for the people in camp. Look at how they pushed us out of camp? I came out because there wasn't anything else for me to do. I had no one left in camp and I had to make my own way. Sure, I wanted to walk on city streets and all that stuff, but I didn't know how it was going to be out here. The WRA didn't tell me that I would have to tramp the street and look for a job. I've never done that before in my life. If you go down to the WRA office now, they just sneer at you and tell you that you are on your own. How can I save up any money for illnesses when I barely exist?

["Why should I be happy about being resettled? Do you think that I am a free American citizen breathing the air of freedom, equality and justice? That's a lot of nonsense. I'll tell you how it is. It's dragging yourself out of bed at 7:00 o'clock in the morning and rushing down to a monotonous job and slaving away for that \$80 that we have to keep our bodies and souls together. We come back to our crowded apartment because the hakuji won't rent us better places to live in. We stay cooped up here and live from day to day. I have no

expectations out of life at all. I'll probably be one of those old women who has a dog following her and I'll end up by living in a two by four room. On the way home I'll pick up some muffins and eat them all by myself. ♪ That's all I have to look forward to. Why should I be happy and full of ideals? < You can be very smug and contented because you have a full stomach and a white collar job. > I don't even have any prospects of security so why should I care if I die? Nobody will miss me anyway. They'll probably be glad to get rid of me because I have such a nasty temper. But don't think that the other Japanese in our house don't ♪ feel the same way I do.] You can't blame these younger Nisei for going wild. I don't care if they get into trouble and I wouldn't help them even if they did. It's their business, not mine. I admit that I am not a very social-minded person. I was behind the door when God handed out the good looks and brain.

["That job of mine is practically driving me crazy. I've gone around and tried different jobs but one is as good as another. They won't take you on your merits. If they see that you have a Japanese face you will get offered a certain kind of job. Pretty soon you get used to that and you don't care anymore. You have to work in order to live but you don't like it. That's why I stay in my job as a shipping clerk.] ♪ I don't get along with the people down there because I speak my mind. Here I am, 35 years old, almost 40, and I haven't any training in anything special. I ran my own restaurant about 60 miles from Los Angeles, in Riverside, California and it's hard getting used to taking orders. I used to give all of the orders. We had mostly Mexicans and Negroes coming to our restaurant and you had to act tough so they wouldn't get any ideas. The Negroes were allowed only in one other restaurant in town. Do you think that they

believe in democracy? Don't be funny. I think that the Negroes are higher class than those dirty, slimy Jews though. Now don't tell me that I am of a minority too. I'm prejudiced against the Jews and I don't care who knows it. I haven't any ideals at all. The only thing I do believe in is God but I haven't been to church for five weeks so maybe I ain't so religious anymore. Religion is the only thing that anyone with a Jap face can depend on. But I bet that even God might try to keep you out of heaven if you have a yellow face. I don't mean that is blasphemy at all because religion is the only thing in my life that I hold sacred. I don't care for anything else. The Nisei do not have much of a chance and they might as well realize it instead of dreaming. They say that living in poverty is a joyous adventure, but that makes me laugh. It's a grim experience and you have to fight tooth and nail to hang on. Once in a while a little ray of sunshine comes through to brighten up your life, but most of the time this business of living is a nasty affair and I don't see why we go on.

["The Nisei certainly are not going to find the going any easier after the shooting is all over. There'll be plenty of job discrimination against them. A person can get batted in the face just so many times and then they will get wise. Why shouldn't the Nisei be pessimistic now? I think they are being realistic. They know what the score is.] It's guys like you with your scientific idealism who go around and try to give us common people the upright treatment. Well, don't try that stuff on me. I know what I'm like and I'm not ashamed of it. The only good virtue I have left is being honest. Once I went to a postoffice out here and the clerk gave me 10 cents too much in change. I thought that if any Caucasian person were that dumb it served him right. But when I got half way down the street my

conscience bothered me so I went back and gave him his filthy dime. It's usually not any use to help anyone. I used to give a lot of handouts at our restaurant to down-and-outers but they acted as if I owed it to them.

"I've never had any education and I'm dumb. That's why I don't have any foolish dreams for the future xxx sunshine which will come into our lives and make it perfect. I worked for 20 years in a restaurant. My father used to own it but I took it over after he got sick. We never had too much family life as we had to eat our meals in shifts in the restaurant. Everybody hoped out but we didn't get along too well together. There are 6 of us in the family. My brothers went off to college and my father helped put them through so that one is a doctor and another one a dentist. ~~My~~ I'm not proud of that at all because they mean nothing to me. My other brother practiced medicine in San Francisco and Sacramento for about 17 years. My youngest brother was a lab technician at Mt. Sinai hospital before he got drafted. (Louise said that a sister of hers is married to Saburo Kido, the national president of the JACL.) Everything I've got in life I've had to struggle for it. That's why I'm Japanese and I don't care. If they say that we are that way, then let them think so and why not act that way? It's a part of our blood anyway.

"I was in Boston during that time when they had that big strike up there and boy, did we put on a show. We played Japanese records and nationalistic marches that I had never heard of before. But I couldn't stay in camp life all the time and that's why I left. I can't make a living out here either. You come back tomorrow night and I'll let you interview me and ask all kinds of questions. I'll tell you the truth because I have nothing to hide."

Phew! What an interview that was! I think that Shimako blasted out most of the bitter juice from her system so that she may be much calmer tomorrow when I go to see her. What I have to go through for science! She said that I was stupid, complacent, smug, ugly, fat, selfish, a dreamer, and a snooper. But she doesn't mind me because I talk back to her. She was very friendly when I left and she anxiously asked if I had gotten so disgusted that I wouldn't come back. I told her that I would be back and that I would listen to some more of her blowing-off but I felt that she should not be so cynical about everything. It's too bad that any person has to have such a temperament. She is just making her own life more miserable and I don't know quite how to get her to view things in a more positive way with a healthier frame of mind. I don't mind her belittling me if it gives her any satisfaction because I know that she ~~tries~~ to act tough and gruff because she is not secure herself and she is afraid of the possibility for the future. She is wrapped up too much in her personal frustrations and so bitter that it comes out all over her ~~sex~~ and her every actions indicate this. I think that underneath she has a heart and probably she could be very human and nice if she were able to detach herself from her mixed emotions.

It won't be a pleasant interview at all but I want to go through with it because she typifies the bitter Nisei and she doesn't try to hide this fact. I'll probably get a much better impression of her and understand her present mental complexes when she tells me her life story. All of this tonight was just a preliminary introduction of getting acquainted as friends. That's the way she put it anyway...

December 7, 1944: This evening I went over to interview Shimako and I finished the entire case document up after 6 hours of discussion. I suppose I could have gotten another interview and extended the case but I doubt if I could ever probe into her real feelings in her past life. When I got over there Shimako came out very belligerently and said, "Well, let's go down and get the interview over with. I've got a terrible headache." I told her that I could come back some other time but she said that she wanted to have the interview this evening. I had planned on doing at least 2 interviews with her but her attitude indicated that this would not be advisable. I think that if I asked her too many questions she might get to resent it and then this might be a handicap if I ever attempted to interview another person in her circle. Shimako took me down to a second floor room where some boys live and she chased them out so that we were in there most of the evening. She has a habit of taking her glasses off and pressing her eyes. She mentioned that she has had a great deal of difficulty with her health so that she was quite worried about what might happen to her in the event that she became ill. She has been taking some sort of medicine.

After we started talking a bit, Shimako calmed down quite a lot and she wasn't nearly as belligerent as last night. However, she still had an extreme attitude of bitterness. When she told me about the orphan girl that she took care of in the camp, I began to understand some of her cynical attitude. It appears that Shimako's family took a young boy and he became the foster brother. He was no blood relative. This boy is now in the Army. A few months before the outbreak of the war, the boy's two sisters came back from Japan and they were evacuated with Shimako and her brother. She immediately began to have great difficulty with them. The girls were 16 and 18 at the

time. They ran around with fellows quite a bit and Shimako could not control them at all. She felt that the girls were too demanding. She wanted to bring them out to resettle with her but the girls finally ran off and married some fellows. Shimako didn't know if it was entirely ~~an~~ her own failing but she was criticized entirely and she said that her family name was hurt because of the actions of these girls. Her life in camp was further complicated because of separation from her parents. Due to the ill-health of the father and mother, it was decided to let them go with the oldest brother who was practicing medicine in Sacramento. From there they went to Tule, and later transferred to the Topaz center. In the meantime Shimako and her young brother and sister went on to Poston with the foster brother. Shimako felt that this was a great mistake and frantic efforts were made to rejoin the family. In March, 1943, this was accomplished but Shimako's mother died one day after she arrived at Topaz to join her. Her father became completely paralyzed and he died the following January. The two foster sisters got married so that Shimako and her brother were left alone. Shimako was also having trouble with the Issei in her block, the welfare department and some of the administrative personnel due to her unpleasant disposition. She finally came out to Chicago with her brother in May, 1944x and a short time later this brother was inducted and this left her alone in the world so it explains partly her extreme bitterness about everything. She has not been able to make satisfactory adjustments to life out here.

Shimako feels that she doesn't belong to anything so that she has no attitudes at all about the war except that her brothers are involved. She doesn't care who wins the war and she doesn't think it will make any difference in her life. At the same time she has

no particular fondness for Japan altho the Japanese government hasn't "persecuted" her as much as the American government. She doesn't think that she will ever be accepted as an American. She looks at her position like this: " If I remain in America I'll be an American with a Japanese face. If I go to Japan I'll have a Japanese face like all the rest of the people but I'll have certain American ideas. Either way I'd be in for a hard time and I guess I would have more chance in America because the position of women in Japan is nothing. I guess that is my only stake in the war but I don't believe in all that crust about democracy which they talk about. Sometimes I feel like walking down the street with a little Japanese flag and waving it around because they think of me as a Jap regardless of what I do. It doesn't make any difference if I supported the war effort or not."

Shimako had a great deal of off-the-record things to say about the JACL. She stated that her sister was married to Saburo Kido, the ~~president~~ president of the organization. The JACL seems to be about the only thing that she has any constructive things to say about even though she is not a member. It's a matter of upholding the family prestige. She said that many people have said nasty things about Saburo Kido and it was commonly believed that he accepted a bribe of \$50,000 to sell the Japanese down the river. Shimako was furious when she thought of this. "That's about the dirtiest thing I ever heard of. The Japanese are narrow-minded when it comes to things like that and they believe anything. They had better not say that to my face. I never tell anyone that my sister is married to Saburo Kido because I would have to be defending the JACL all the time and I'm not that fond of it."

She went on to blast away at the WRA and all of its present

weaknesses. She felt that it ~~x~~ should give each resettler at least \$500 in order to get started instead of the measley \$25. She pointed out how expensive it was to get resettled and she felt that it took at least a month for a person to get decent housing and a job. She felt the WRA was to blame for her present condition out here and she feels most insecure. There is a deliberate attempt to project all of her maladjustments to others, even though some of this may be justified. Her present life is very aimless and she is just existing from day to day. She gave a rather detailed account of her experiences out here.

I didn't attempt to emphasize much of her background because it was getting late and I didn't think that it was worthwhile to come for another interview. I think that the best way to get her real feelings is to have free association interviews because it expresses her sentiments more as she can get worked up easier. She made the interview quite difficult because she wants to argue on every point and I refused to enter into any debates. Whenever I asked her some questions about attitudes toward the future, she would say, "You tell me because I don't know." Then she went into a long tirade about why I should get out and do laboring work because that would be the best way for me to get my material. I agreed that this was a good procedure but I pointed out that there would be too much difficulty in getting actual experience in all the types of work the ~~Wisei~~ are doing out here.

I guess Shimako is naturally disagreeable and I feel sorry for her because she can be nice. She invited me to come and pay a social visit on her at some later time but "be sure you phone me because I don't know what I'll be doing and I might be out. I hope you have enough manners to do that." She had a great deal to say

about the residents of the house (included in the case document).

Around midnight the boys came back to the room. They had been upstairs celebrating. It seems that two of the girls living with Shimako have lost their jobs and they had not been job-hunting for several days. They were very disturbed so that they went to a fortune teller who told them that they would find good jobs soon and that one of them would get married. This lifted their morale up so much that they decided to have a party this evening and some of the boys were invited up. One of the girls had been deliberating about getting married so she finally made up her mind so they thought the fortune teller was a wonderful prognosticator of future events.

Two of the boys in the room are heading back to camp in a short time. They will report for induction in the middle of this month but they will be put on the reserves. The boys plan to go back to camp in order to spend their remaining months with their families. One is 17 and the other 20. They are quitting their jobs at International Harvesters this coming week-end so that they can relax for a week or so around Chicago before reporting to the Army in order to be placed on the reserves. Machi, the older boy, said that he was making about \$1.25 an hour, doing piece work at International Harvester so that he has quite a bit of money saved up and he didn't think he could spend much of it in camp so he wanted to buy a few things here before returning to camp. He has a girl friend back in camp and said he might propose to her before he is taken into the Army. Johnny, the 18 year old boy, said he didn't know much Japanese but he wanted to go back to camp in order to be with his folks. He said he might buy a Japanese flag so the Issei in camp might receive him better. He thought he would have a lot of fun with the girls out there because a lot of young ones are still in camp. "In

my block none of the mothers let their 18 year old daughters out of camp because they don't trust them out alone."

It seems that many of the resettlers in Shimako's building are from her former block in Poston. They all have called each other out. Shimako feels that this is the worst trick that anyone could pull. She said that she would never call anyone out of the center because it was too difficult for anyone to make a living. She then began to condemn those Nisei who falsely encouraged others to resettle. She thought that they should wait until things were a little more secure for them. I asked her why she didn't do this herself and she then began to describe how unhappy she was in camp. She felt that there was no sense in her remaining behind when all of her friends left and her family was broken up. She was a little bitter because she thought the government was the cause of the split up of her family and the death of her parents. She indicated that this would not have happened if they were not evacuated. Shimako doesn't plan to go back to California to the home which she owns because she said that it would be too lonely for her to live there by herself and it would only bring back memories of the past which would hurt her. She said that two of her brothers and a foster brother were in the service and she doubted whether they would ever come back alive. She felt that they were being sacrificed by the Jews who were making a big profit out of carrying on the war.

I mentioned that it was 3 years ago since Pearl Harbor and I said that many families in this country had also been hit quite strongly by the impact of the war. I pointed out that there were almost 125,000 deaths in the half million total casualties for the U.S. since the outbreak of the war. I also told her that this country was over \$200,000,000 in debt since 1941. Shimako said that

this did not concern her at all because it served them right for going into war in the first place. She said that it served Japan right too. She felt that the war would go on for at least 3 more years because the Japs were so fanatical. She ascribed this intensity of the nationalistic spirit to the Japanese blood.

Dr. J.F. Kikuchi's remedy for neurotic women of this sort: "You gotta lay 'em and they'll be happy." That's a blunt way of describing one of the main sources of the above maladjustments.

Shimako's life story follows:

"I had no special reason for leaving camp. I had no other choice. What can any of us do on our own when we are kicked around like this. I had no rosy dreams when I came out here. I had just to earn my own living because there was no other choice. My dad passed away in camp so that I had no more family connections in Topaz. My brother had just took his physical at Ft. Douglas and he was put on the Army reserves. He wanted to leave camp until he was called so I decided to come out with him since there was no other alternatives. < Two-thirds of my family were already married and they had their own families so there was no sense of any of us staying in camp. > They went their way and I went mine.>

"I didn't give a hang about anything when I came out here. I'm not young anymore so I didn't have any visions about being a great success. All I had to do was to get a job and make enough to live on. I didn't have a job when I first came out here but I thought they were quite plentiful. The WRA kept telling us there were all kinds of jobs out here. What did they have to do that for? They knew it wasn't that easy but they were in a hurry to get rid of us. They didn't care what happened to us once we arrived. I've never been in such a big city before so I was pretty naive. The WRA played a dirty trick on us. They do the same thing to all of us coming out here. I came to Chicago and I was 95% optimism and 5% pessimism. That's how good I thought the chances were out here for me. I thought all I had to do was to walk down the street and the employers would rush out and offer all kinds of things. I thought things were so different out here and I wouldn't have a single care in the whole world. But I can tell you right now that I am the opposite and I am 95% pessimistic about my own future. I haven't

had a happy time out here at all. I didn't know what to do when I first got out here except to get a job and try to find a roof to put over my head.] My brother came out to Chicago with me so that it wasn't too hard. He was a younger brother and I felt protective about him because I had a silly notion that I wanted to help him out. [I guess I'm just a cast off shoe because I don't feel close to anyone. I'm on my own and I know it. Why should I have any kindly thoughts for humanity? It's dog eat dog. I wouldn't have developed any of these feelings if I hadn't been evacuated.]

"I left Topaz in May, 1944. I had stayed there in camp that long because my dad was an invalid and I couldn't make any of my own plans as long as I had to take care of him. He died in January so I began thinking about leaving camp after that. I began to have vague notions that I was going to come out of camp at that time. Yes, I had some noble ideas when I left camp because I thought I could help my brother get through college. He is only 21 years old. When he first came out here he worked as a lab technician and then he went to work for Comfort Products. Co. The outfit moved to Texas because it had an Army contract. He was doing laboring work with them. He got kicked around too. I don't have a single kindly thought for Chicago because it hasn't treated me very well.

"When I first got here everything seemed strange to me. I didn't know what to do even though I'm supposed to be an adult. I was a babe in the woods and the WRA wasn't very helpful. They didn't realize what a terrible thing it was to come out to a strange place in order to get started all over again. Some of my friends who had lived in the same block with me in Poston before I left, wrote me letters from Chicago so I asked them to reserve an apartment for me in this building. My brother and I had a room on the

second floor at first. [I've lived in this building ever since and I know it's no use to go out and look for a better place because we can't get it. I don't think my housing condition has improved a single bit from camp. All that talk of going back to a normal life is a lot of baloney. We had a better time in camp and I don't think we deserve to go through all this. We should get more of a helping hand but what do we get? A kick in the face and we are called Japs. Why should I feel pleasant about the future when I know that these things will increase.]

"When I first started looking for a job, I went to the WRA to ask their help because some of my Nisei friends told me that jobs weren't so easy without experience. That took a lot of fight out of me. I finally got a job through them and it was located a block away from this apartment. [It was a cruddy job. I don't see how they expect any human beings to take jobs like that. I had to eat so I kept on with it for a while. We were just getting started here when my brother's work contract expired and he went to the Army in July. A week after he left me, the toy factory where I was working cut down on the help and I was one of the first to be discharged. I got very panicky because I was on my own and I had to bear all of my own expenses. I had to go out and look for another job right away so that I could keep my apartment.] I moved upstairs with a couple of other girls and we crowded in together so that our expenses would not be so heavy. It's the only thing we can do because we can't ~~work~~ live independently on the salaries that they offer us out here.

"I went over to Shotwell's to look for my next job. A sister of mine was working there at that time so I asked if I could get in with her. I was taken in and I started to work immediately. [I

thought that the job was fairly easy. It was factory work and I had to wax the dehydrated eggs. We had to put them in a waxing machine and spread the wax film over them. Then the boxes would be sent in on a conveyor and we filled them up. We had to work at top speed in order to keep up. After a while I couldn't stand the grind any more and it was too much for me. The hours were inconvenient for me and I was dissatisfied so I quit.]

"I went over to the Shoreline Hotel next and I worked there for a few weeks. [It was doing maid's work and I was getting only a cruddy \$80 a month for washing the baths out and keeping the rooms clean. <My job at Shotwell was better as it was piece work and I was able to net \$3.60 a day but I didn't feel like breaking my neck for that kind of wage.> I knew I couldn't stand the maid's work as I never did that before and it was degrading. The employer thought I was a low human being just because I had to take a job like that temporarily. I started to look around for another job.]

"One Sunday I went to the Baptist church because I didn't have anything else to do. I saw Rev. Morikawa there and I told him I didn't like my job. He told me about an opening with a Baptist Publication Co. so I went over there and got a job there. That's where I work now. [I'm going to stay in that job because they treat me fairly well. I had a physical check-up recently and I found out that I was not in such good health. That's why I don't want to take any other kind of job. Who will pay my doctor bill if I get sick? I realize that I don't have much of a future in making money, but gee whiz, I can't afford to take any chances on my health. If I get sick there will be no one to look after me. That's why I plan to stay on at that church publishing job because they might look after me as they are religious people.]

"I get along okay with the other Caucasian workers in the office but I don't get too close to them." One of the girls asked me to come visit her and I guess she is genuine. There are 4 other girls working in that office and I knew 2 of them at Topaz but I don't get too friendly with any of them. The boss is pretty sincere and I get along with him. I'm not crazy about that job though, but what else can I can do? (S himako is the other girl mentioned by Amy Manabe CH-57* who acted aloof from the other Nisei girls.)

"Right now I look upon myself as a leaf drifting on a stream. If I hit a snag I'll stay there. I haven't any control over my future and I have to go where the water takes me. I can't do anything to change the direction. Neither God nor man can help me now. That's the future I have to look forward to. Should that make me happy? I don't have anyone that I feel close to and I don't care for a single person. I mind my business and I want them to mind theirs. Maybe I should join the WACs. Isn't that what all frustrated girls do? Why should I kid myself into thinking I have a future. I know that if I get sick there is no one who will worry about me. I might as well die tomorrow and the world will be rid of one more person who wouldn't be missed by anyone."

"The two girls who are my room-mates mind their business so I don't interfere into anything they do. They go their way and I just go mine. Right now they have been going job hunting and they are pretty discouraged. They follow some newspaper advertisements and they were refused just because they were Nihonjin. The interviewer didn't come right out and say that but he might as well have told them directly instead of giving them the run-around. When a Nisei comes around looking for jobs, the company suddenly develops no need for workers because they are filled up. But I notice that

they continue to run frantic ads in the paper. There's something wrong some place. My room mates go to other factories to look for jobs and they see signs up for workers all over the place so they can't understand it when they are refused. I just know race plays a dominating factor. The employers just won't come right out but we know. I think that there are too many Japanese in Chicago now or maybe the white people don't understand us very well. My room-mates had a job last week but they quit after working for quite some time. They were in a sewing factory and they wanted to get something better because they were bored with the job.

["It looks pretty hopeless for all of us out here. I don't know what the future of the Nisei workers is going to be. It's sad and that's about all I can say.] I'm just wondering whether many of those Nisei girls will inter-marry or what will happen. Most of those Nisei boys in the Army are going to be killed because they will be sent in to do the dangerous fighting. That's what makes me so mad because my brother was taken in there are so many healthy fellows around with full who get out of it by paying off the right people. The draft is an individual problem for the Nisei fellows but I can't condemn some of those fellows for refusing to report for induction. They don't feel they are fighting for something and it looks that way. The draft does that to the problems of all of us. All these younger Nisei girls want to get married but I don't think they're going to have too much of a chance for a while.

"It's awful to ask us to come out here and start out a new life when everything is so uncertain. All of the younger fellows are away from home for the first time in their lives and they are sort of lost. They have been dependent upon their folks right up to now. These kids are planning to all go back to camp as soon as they get

an induction notice as they would like to be with their folks the last month before they report for service. There's no prospects for them in the Army so why should they be hopeful for the future. [They are all bitter but they try not to act that way because young people have to have some hope for the future. They don't want to accept a cruddy position like mine but it looks like many of them will have to do it eventually. There's no hope, there's nothing ahead of them. All they can do is to grin and bear it. That's a little more than I can stand because I know there's no cloud around the corner which will suddenly put the sunshine into our lives.] I think that most of the "isei fellows take the fatalistic attitude when they get called for the Army. They don't think chances for coming back alive are good. I really don't care what happens to anyone and I don't care about the war either. The only way it touches me is through my brother. If he gets killed, I think that it will be the most unfair thing that ever happened and I certainly won't feel good toward the Army.

"All I'm doing now is sitting around in Chicago and I'll stay here indefinitely. I wouldn't care to go back to California at all because I have nothing there which would make my life any happier. It would drive me crazy if I went back to my home town. Our old home would be there and I would be alone so that it would only bring back a lot of memories to me. Our family is scattered all over and it is gone now. I just wouldn't care to stay in that house by myself. We own our home there yet and it's in my name but I wouldn't go back unless I went with some of the family members. We didn't keep the restaurant at all as we sold it all out. We didn't think it was any use to keep it up when we didn't know when we were going to come back. I don't plan to go into the restaurant business out here as

I would have to hire some help and there wouldn't be any profit in that. The only reason we made any money at all in California in the restaurant business was because we put in on a family basis and we all worked without wages. It's grinding work and my health wouldn't be able to stand it anymore. I haven't any capital to start a restaurant on my own anyway. Besides I don't know what's going to happen and I don't want to get caught like in evacuation when we had to dispose of everything in such a hurry. The chances out here for the Nisei in keeping their jobs aren't so good. A lot of them are making money now but you know as well as I do that this isn't going to last.

"The set-up is that the older people are going to have their old jobs after the war and the younger ones won't have anything when they come back from the Army. Naturally they will try to shove out the Nisei among the first and I don't know what's going to happen when these Nisei lose their jobs. They won't have anything to turn to and they'll be in just a hopeless condition as I am in right now. My time came sooner but it is coming to them too.

"I don't know if there will be a Japanese town here by the end of the war but I don't see how it could help when there are no jobs for any of us. Maybe a Japanese town might be able to help some of them out. I can't argue on that point because I never lived in one. I don't know what the benefits of a Japanese community could be. I don't know what harm or injuries one could create either. I don't care if there's a Japanese town or not just as long as it doesn't interfere with me. But I do know that if the Japanese out here become segregated, they will be pushed around all the more and be discriminated against just like the Negroes and the Jews. It will be just as bad as ever and then what becomes ^{of} their dream of a normal

life in America?

"It's all right to have hopes for the future, but it doesn't help our lives right now. I guess most of us have said to ourselves time and time again that this is reality and we might as well make the best of it. I've never felt so insecure ⁱⁿ ~~than~~ all my life. I just don't know what is going to happen next. All of us feel that way. I know the Nisei in this house are no different from any others and they are just as worried as I am. Why should I try to encourage them on when I know myself that it's rather hopeless? The one good thing is that a younger person is able to buck these things much better than I can. [My life and habits were pretty well set by the time I was 30 and I can't change as easily as these young Nisei can.

"Before the war when any serious problems came up, I didn't have to let it prey upon my mind. I could talk it over with my family and we would all try to work out a solution. Dad was a very understanding person and we all thought that he was the best. We could look to him in time of trouble and we knew that we could depend upon him. Dad wasn't one of these timid Issei persons. He wasn't afraid to speak up for his rights.] My dad was the first one to have the alien land law test case up in the Supreme Court. He went through the hardest time that the Japanese had in California around 1924 so that he knew exactly where he stood. That's why he wanted all of his children to have a life similar to the Caucasians. My dad had been in the United States for over 40 years when he passed away.

"My oldest brother was born in Japan but he was brought here when he was a youngster so that he is just like a Nisei. I don't think he is able to write Japanese. He always planned to stay in this country and that's why he made it his career to be a doctor. He never was able to practice among the hakujin so that's why he went

to San Francisco and later Sacramento to practice. He could have been the best doctor in the world but he was never able to go on an equal basis with the Caucasian doctors he graduated with because of his racial ancestry. I don't call that democratic, do you?

["My family got places before the war because we all worked for it. We worked hard too and we didn't sit back and cry. We knew what a slim chance we had and we were willing to work for it because there was a little hope before all this mess broke out. Now we don't even have that slim chance to go on. Everything was swept away by the evacuation. We were pretty well established and going along in normal channels before the war.] Now our family is spread all over the face of this continent. I'm a rotten correspondent so I never write to the rest of the family. Why should I bother them with my problem? We were scattered all over California before the war but that was a little different. It didn't take over a day for us to get together if it was necessary. We couldn't do that anymore because it cost too much to travel and we are long distances from each other. I don't know what the rest of the family expects to do. I guess they are struggling along just like I am, but they don't have as hard a time as I do because they have a little more means and training. I have one brother who is a captain (?) (she said that he was a lieutenant previously) in the Army and I don't know what he is going to do after the war. He might even stay in the Army because there isn't much chance for him if he comes out. He is in the dental corps now and I don't even know where he is now. Some of my mother sisters are married. I have another brother who is a doctor here and my younger brother is ready to go overseas now. All of my brothers and sisters live their own lives and I live mine. I have a foster brother in the Army and there is another married sister and married

brother but it's no use talking about them. I guess they will come around if any of us get in a pinch, but we go our own way otherwise.

["All of the Nihonjin living in this apartment house are youngsters. They tell us some fine talk about spreading out and getting integrated but we have gathered here because of the housing shortage and the landlords are not too willing to take us because they have dirty, suspicious minds. Most of the Nisei in this house are from our home town back in California. We were all thrown together in the same block in Poston so that's how we got to know each other pretty well. We kept up the contacts afterwards. There are 9 or 10 living here who came from our block in Poston. I don't know how many other Nisei are living here. There is a whole houseful of them living here but I don't know them. Why should I go around and find out about them? There's a family on this floor who is from our camp too. The man was a good friend of my brother's and that's how he happened to come here. Most of the young ones are working in different plants but they seem to be contented but I know they are not. They get so restless and they don't know what to do sometimes. We just get together and gripe like all the rest of the Nisei do. Some of the fellows work at night and sleep all day so I never see them.

"I don't think that the fellows in this house run around too much as they have their own friends here and they behave themselves pretty well. They are not as wild as some of the Nisei I've heard of. But they are not angels either. There used to be quite a few more fellows living here but they all went back to camp when they started to get called for the draft.]

["All of us living in this building think that the apartment rents we are charged are much too high. My room-mates and I pay \$48 a month for a crummy 3-room apartment and we can hardly move around

in it. The landlady is slow about furnishing us enough things to make our apartment half way comfortable. She doesn't even provide clean linens for us. It's a bed bug infected place and I hate it, but what can we do about it when there is no other place for us to move to. Any place we go, we'd have to move in with the bed bugs because that's all the housing which are offered to us and we have to pay much more for it than other people. The landlord doesn't like it when we grumble and he just thinks one way. He complains that his expenses are high too and he isn't willing to improve the place for us even though we know we pay above OPA prices. He makes off that he doesn't understand us and we can't do anything drastic about it because we have no other choice. We are trapped just like rats. I don't know how much longer we'll be staying here but I haven't made any plans for moving. I don't feel like moving after getting into this place because it will be too hard to find another place. And if we do move, the place would probably be just as bad as this. We would just have to take it.]

"My room-mates and I don't get into each other's way as we all go off to work. [If it weren't for that, we would drive each other crazy. We have to live together in order to manage on our small salaries. The apartments out here come at a high price so we can't be too choosy even though we would like more privacy. God, it's much worse than camp here because I think he had more space in camp. I don't even sit in the upholstered furniture here because it is all filled with bedbugs. Once in a while the landlord comes around to spray but it doesn't do much good. It's terrible during the hot weather and I don't think I'll be able to stand it next summer if I am still here.]

② ["Some of the Nisei think that they will be better off if they

go to another city so they move around. I think they are only fooling themselves. We would have the same problems in any city that we went to so we might as well conform to the ways of living which is forced upon us. All that talk about the high standards of living in this country is not for us. I don't feel that I am a real part of Chicago, but I wouldn't feel that I was settled in any place that I went to. Time is the only thing that will tell whether I will remain here permanently or not.

"I certainly wouldn't tell others to come out of camp and re-settle out here. That would be punishing them too much. I live a very dull and routine life and it's no better or no worse than that of the majority of other Nisei. I am kept busy in my leisure hours doing my laundry and washing. I'm not able to save a single cent as most of my salary goes into rent and food. I'm just existing. I start out on Sunday with high hopes that the new week will be better, but by Wednesday all of my hopes have declined to a low hope and I know that it is useless.

"I don't have any set routine of living right now because I want to leave a little avenue of escape. Once in a while we go to a show downtown but we can't afford the 95¢ admission price very often. I don't do anything special for recreation altho I try to do a little light reading once in a while I never seem to have much time to read anything besides the newspapers though. Our friends are always dropping over and they stay until it is time to go home. There's nothing rosy about my life here and it isn't cheerful to have friends around because their presence makes us think about how bad off we are and then we feel griped about everything all over again. Most of the time it's pretty calm and dull around here and nothing exciting has happened in my life since I

left camp. I don't know what could happen to make our lives any fuller. There are certain problems that are not going to be solved overnight.

"Most of my friends are youngsters and I feel about twice as old as they are. They are all children of family friends. We just spend the time talking but I'm not a real part of the group. I don't belong to any groups out here. I get notices to go to the JACL meeting which are starting out here, but it's getting colder so I don't go. I don't feel that it would be worth my time to go out into the cold weather and risk catching a cold for any kind of a meeting. I don't have any attitudes on the JACL at all. The Japanese people are too petty and they are not big enough to see the goal ahead of them. That's why they all blame the JACL for everything that happens. I don't blame it at all.

"I might as well tell you that my sister is married to Mr. Kido. The JACL is his pet and he's really working his heart out for the Nisei but he gets blamed for everything and that really makes me angry. I never tell people that I am related to him because they are all against the JACL. I know that nothing shady was done by Mr. Kido even though he was accused of stealing money. I don't have any political interest at all so I really don't care. I can take the JACL or leave it. I just don't like to see dirty lies passed around about my brother-in-law though. I think he should wake up one of these days and realize that it's not use trying to help the Japanese out because they won't appreciate it. He might as well work for his family and not worry about the rest of them because they don't want him to help out in the first place. They still pass around rumors around about Mr. Kido and I know that they are a bunch of lies. I don't like my family name dragged in

the mud. That's the only reason why I get angry. I don't know enough about the JACL to defend it. If they have a good cause that's okay by me. I'm not interested in doing anything active myself because I have enough problems of my own to worry about. I don't want you to ever tell anyone that my sister is married to Mr. Kido.

The JACL here is trying to start up some sort of a club but I don't think they have many members right now because the people aren't interested in it. They don't trust the JACL anymore because so many rumors went around. I think the most important things now for the Nisei is a social gathering place where they can come together and forget the hardships of daily living for a while. It doesn't have to be exactly a club but there should be a place for them to meet so they wouldn't be so restless. I don't think the churches out here are approaching it right. They can't throw all the Japanese out here with the Caucasians and think that this is going to make everybody happy. Most of the Nisei are Buddhist or non-religious so that churches out here can't take care of all of them. The Nisei won't go out of their way to attend church just to listen to lectures. They would rather go bowling or to a show. It's difficult for them to make adjustments because social opportunities are not open to them. I don't know too much about what young people are doing here but I have heard plenty of stories that they are going wild but I don't blame them at all. It's the fault of the WRA for putting them into such a position and allowing them to sink or swim. The WRA ought to know better than that.

"Sometimes I think that the WRA is trying to do the best it can within its limits but it certainly has been quite a mess. It should attempt to get the Nisei into more permanent jobs where they

will have a better chance to get promotions. The WRA just pushed them into all of the leftover jobs right now. ~~Somex~~ of the Nisei are making good wages now but there's nothing permanent in any of their work. I just don't think about the WRA anymore because it's no use asking them to help you. I just depend on myself now. I know that I have a sort of nesty temper so I went to the WRA and told them that the Shotwell Co. didn't give me any slips to show the deduction of income taxes. I asked the WRA why they didn't send someone to investigate the jobs we were sent to, but they said they didn't have the time. I just told them off and I didn't waste any more time in arguing. I guess they don't like me down there because I didn't act timid like they expected me to.

"I think the WRA should give the resettlers more than \$25 when they first come out of camp. It takes a long time to get a decent job out here. The white employers won't take us on our own merits. They will ~~xxxx~~ give the Japanese the cruttiest jobs and then they won't give us a chance to work up from there. The WRA should make more of an attempt to get decent jobs when we come out of camp because we can't make ends meet on the low paying jobs that we are sent to. The WRA should give at least \$500 for each member of the family to resettle. We gave up plenty when we left the coast and we need something to get a start with. The beginning expenses out here are heavy. It would cost a family a fortune to get established in a simple way when they first come out here. They have to buy everything from iron, dinnerware, clocks, towels, etc. A family with children just can't get by on a husband's salary out here. Both the husband and the wife will have to work and it will be hard at that. None of us can replace the things we sold or left behind on the coast. We might have gotten a fair price for things like

irons and refrigerators but we just can't replace any of those things now. That's what happened to everything we owned so our loss from evacuation was even more expensive than we think. ~~ixdnnit~~

"I don't know what those people in camp will do as they get older. It will be much more difficult for them to make any adjustments out here. It will be just like the WRA to suddenly kick them out of camp one of these fine days and expect them to go out on their own. There will be a revolution in camp if that day ever comes because the Japanese can take only so much and then they will refuse to be kicked around anymore.

"It won't be hard for those Issei who have older children out. At Topaz some of the families from our block resettled in farming because there were 3 sons to help do the work. One family with older sons went to Minnesota to do farming. But very few of the old folks can go out like this. They couldn't make a go of it without their children. I don't know too many of the Topaz people but I think their problems are the same as those for the Poston ones. I know that very few of my hometown friends who were our block neighbors at Poston have resettled. Our old family friends at Poston just don't allow the young girls to come out as they are too strict. I don't know what is going to happen to all of those young girls in camp as they are getting pretty desperate. I think that it might even cause some of those families to break up. There is not a single family from our Poston block who has resettled. A lot of the older sons and daughters have gone out but they haven't sent for their parents yet because they couldn't support them on the outside. By the time I went to Topaz in March, 1944 to rejoin the members of my family, we were already split up and we really have been scattered since.

"The war feeling doesn't affect me very much out here because we never talk about it. I really don't know how I really feel about the war because I dislike it. I don't think it's ~~sz~~ a war for democracy at all. It's a race war and if Japan were treated just like we were then maybe she was right. The white nations have been trying kick Japan around and she couldn't stand it anymore. Look at what the hakujin did to us in California? They discriminated against us just because they wanted our property. They didn't want to give us a chance to raise our standard of living and we had to fight every inch of the way to come up. I think that's the way with Japan. I can't see fighting for democracy when England and the U.S. want to push Japan down and don't give her a chance. I don't think too much about all this war business because I want to live my own life. I can't do very much for the war very much myself even though I do feel I should support it more. The only reason why I do support it is that my brothers are risking their lives. I can't go around buying war bonds on my \$80 salary. My carfare and medicine takes care of all my spare cash. I can't even put a dollar in the bank to save. Why should I feel like a happy and free citizen when I know that I am actually a slave. I just have to go on because there is no other way I can turn. That's why I don't feel I have a definite stake in the war.

"That's my philosophy of life in general. I don't know or care who wins the war. I don't care who wins the war. I take it back, I do have a stake in the war and that's my brothers' lives. If they get killed they'll be paying a high price for nothing. That's what makes me bitter. Do you think that if my brothers got killed that the hakujin are going to lessen the discrimination against us? Only a foolish person would believe anything like that.

I read in the paper about the Nisei soldier who got kicked out of the barber shop in Arizona. Just think how much worst it's going to be for all of us when the Nisei boys take off their U.S. uniforms and people will judge them just by their Japanese face. A lot of the Nisei fellows hope that things will be better after the war and that's why they are willing to fight. But I'm past the age of dreaming.

"Most of the Nisei soldiers who are willing to talk about it tell me that they feel that they won't get equal rights when they come back so that's why they are not so happy about being sent to the front lines to fight. They're better soldiers because they have more guts than a lot of the Caucasian weaklings they are drafting now. I just can't convince myself that there is a real meaning to democracy for any of us Japanese. The citizenship papers really don't mean very much. I'd still be working for \$80 a month even if I didn't have the citizenship papers. When I was younger, I was filled more with idealism and I really thought that democracy was something for us. I certainly was fooled.

"There was nothing eventful about my early life. I just lived an ordinary Nisei girl's life. We had quite a strong family bond in those days and we always tried to help each other out. My dad liked adventure so that's why he came to this country with his wife and my oldest brother. He was filled with idealism about this country too but he learned that it was all false propaganda before 1924 but he still had hopes for his children because we were citizens. He felt that we had a new world to conquer. I guess my family did do pretty well in spite of the obstacles but I seem to be more like the average Nisei who doesn't get very far because we don't get the breaks.

"The only reason that my father was thoroughly satisfied with America was because of the progress of his children. It looked like his sons and daughters could have hopes for the future before the war. My dad knew that he could never realize his ambition. He worked for other people for a while and he just wasn't getting any place. Finally he started his own restaurant because that was the only way he could be fairly independent.

"We were just like any other Japanese family even though my father made all of the decisions for us. He was wiser in his ways and he wanted to help us from getting hurt. As we grew older we began to know our own minds and we didn't believe in a lot of the Japanese ways that our parents wanted us to follow. We began to make all of the decisions for ourselves. But we respected our mother just as much as our father because she had a fine character also. Our parents never forced us to do anything, even going to a Japanese school. There were 6 of us in the family and we all went our own way. There wasn't very much to my childhood days. I guess I was a typical Nisei girl. My parents were strict in their ways but they didn't force very much of the Japanese culture on us because there wasn't the time. There weren't many Japanese in the neighborhood to form a Japanese school which went on a regular schedule. I guess that's why we didn't have to observe as many of the Japanese customs as they did in the larger Japanese communities. Most of the time my parents were too busy making a living for the children and that's how it was with all of the rest of the Japanese families who lived around.

"About 10 or 15 years ago I took over the management of the restaurant by myself and my parents let me do all of the business transactions. We all helped out in the work that had to be done.

It was a very routine job in the restaurant. I just worked there all those years before evacuation. I had to develop a sharp tongue because we served the poorer class of people and they were mostly men. I never got married because I was too busy. I guess I thought I was too good for the fellows. My tongue was too sharp for them and they never came around anymore. I didn't feel I was missing out on anything because I was too busy.

My dad took in a 9 year old orphan about 12 years ago and this boy grew up as a member of our family. That just made one extra mouth to feed. I worked hard in that restaurant but I didn't mind it because we felt pretty secure. My brothers had ambitions of their own and they were able to get through with college training with my dad's help. My parents were willing to sacrifice to help the sons realize their ambitions. Eventually my oldest brother became a doctor but he didn't come home to practice because there weren't enough Japanese around. He went to another community. My oldest sister got out of J.C. and she got married. Another brother went into dentistry and practiced for himself. He is in the Army now.

"My dad didn't try to push any of us along as he wanted us to live our own independent lives. He was very ambitious for all of us and I guess we all got that feeling from him. It was more important for the sons in the family to have careers. It just fell on me to take over the restaurant after I got out of school because I was the oldest one left. I went through high school and J.C. but I didn't learn anything. Education didn't do me any earthly good as far as I can see. It didn't help me to run the restaurant any better because it took common sense. Maybe I missed out but it's too late to continue my education as I am already set in my ways.

"There were only about 50 Japanese families living in our vicinity. [My father was a fairly strict Christian and he used to say grace at the table. <I believe in a God but that's about the only thing I believe in now. It's the only thing I have left to hang on to but I don't think that God can help me out now because I'm really in a pickle and I know it. I'm not living a happy life now and that's all I ask. I thought religious would give it to us but I'm not sure. God knows I went to church long enough.>] During the time I was growing up I went to church regularly. My parents' attitude toward religion was that all of us should be a true follower of God. Most of the families in our community were Christian.

"We had a sort of Japanese church in the area but there wasn't a definite Japanese town. There were also some other Japanese organizations in our district but our community was too small to have too many of them. However, the Japanese people living around there were fairly unified. The minister of the Japanese church was generally looked upon for help in time of crisis. We didn't have too many big shots in the community except the president of the Japanese Association, Mr. Okubo. Quite a few Nisei went to college from our district. Mine Okubo, the artist, was one of them. I think that our Japanese community was more liberal than the ones in the other reas of the state because it wasn't so strict. Our family did fairly well in spite of the hardships. We had a lot of prestige because my brothers were in professional work. All of the families around were anxious that their children attend college in order to be successes too. Alfred Sawahata was another fellow from our district and he became an architect for some Caucasian company in San Francisco. We didn't have a strong Buddhist group in our midst so that the Issei weren't quite a conservative as some of the

other groups that I later ran across in camp.]

"By the time the war broke out, I was living a fairly routine life. I concentrated on the restaurant and I never gave a thought for the future. I wasn't aware that a war was coming on at all. I can't say that I was entirely contented with my lot in life altho I wasn't particularly dissatisfied with anything. The main thing was that I still had my folks with me and I knew that I could face any problem as long as they were around. There was a comfort in having others to which we could discuss problems with.]

"On December 7, 1941 I was working at the restaurant. Our home was a little distance away. My brother used to take food home to the folks. That Sunday he came back and told me about the attack on Pearl Harbor. I told him that he was kidding, but my brother said that dad had heard it over the radio. Dad could understand English fairly well for an Issei and he could read and write it well enough so I didn't know what to believe. He must have understood what came over the radio because he wouldn't have my brother come down and tell me a story like that just for a joke.

"I was busy in the restaurant so I just continued on with my work. I usually closed the place up between 2:00 and 5:00 on Sunday afternoon and took my folks out for a ride around the countryside in my automobile. I didn't know whether I could do it on this particular~~ly~~ day because I had definitely found out that the Pearl Harbor attack had really taken place. I was pretty worried by then. From that moment I had the war on my mind and I didn't know what was going to happen.

"I was afraid as I knew that I was a Japanese and anything could happen to us. If there were a riot, I knew that things could be very unpleasant and our homes and businesses could be all wrecked.

I was even worried about the safety of our lives. Camp Hahn and March Field were located near our town and I was afraid that anything could happen if those soldiers went on a sudden outbreak and wipe out suddenly all the Japanese in the community. By the time I got home I was scared. We were pretty scared during the early part of the war and were constantly worried about what would happen next. Nothing happened so we breathed easier and began to take things in stride.

"I expected some trouble at the restaurant because we had Mexican and Negroes and a few soldiers came occasionally. But nothing uneventful happened to disturb the peace and we all tried to make ourselves as inconspicuous as possible. We never had any incidents happening in our neighborhood. I guess the reason for that was that my hometown was a nice place filled with pious Christians and churches. The people were all pious and righteous even though they did pull some dirty business deals once in a while but that didn't count. On the whole they treated the Japanese with indifference and a few were even friendly.

"My first and foremost worry continuously for the next few months was for my parents. There were rumors about what was going to happen to the Issei and I didn't know if it were true that all the old people were going to be thrown into a concentration camp by the Army. I knew that my folks could never stand this because they were ill. My mother was paralyzed and my dad was a semi-invalid. The rumors about evacuation got stronger and stronger. Pretty soon it built up to the point where I could hardly stand it because of the suspense. Then the orders for evacuation came and I was stunned to learn that the Nisei were included. We were no longer American citizens of Japanese ancestry; we were just Japanese with ~~no rights~~ no rights

of citizenship. That's what it boiled down to anyway. When we were evacuated, that was the end of democracy as far as we were concerned. The Caucasian people didn't pretend any longer that it was for everybody and they made it plain that it was for white people only.

"There was no way for us to avoid the evacuation so we began to make our preparations and that was quite a hectic time for us. We didn't know what to take, we didn't know what to leave. We didn't know if we should sell our business. We didn't know whether to sell our home or furniture. Everything we had to dispose of was a problem because we didn't know whether we should or not. The WCCA office in our district didn't do a darn thing for anything. They just sat in their office trying to act important and they did not care if the Caucasians came and gyped us left and right. That's another fault with the government. They put in unqualified people into the WCCA so that it was of no earthly use to us. They couldn't give us any information on anything without writing a letter to San Francisco to find out. We couldn't wait that long as we had to sell in a hurry so we went ahead and did what we thought was best. It was all bad and a nightmare. I knew we had to go and I was pretty sore at the time but I didn't have any particular reactions at the time. I just accepted it as something that couldn't be helped. The more I think of it now though, the more bitter I get now because the whole thing was so unfair.

"It wouldn't have been so bad if the WCCA helped us with the disposal of our businesses. A lot of the Japanese families lost big amounts because there was nobody to advise them. My family put an ad in the papers and we decided to sell the restaurant so that we got a fair price for the things we had to sell. Our biggest loss

was in the location and there was no way of compensating us for that. I wasn't too bitter about leaving my home town because we were being uprooted. I was just sad. I guess all of us got bitter after we got into camp. Then we began to think of the harsh condition of camp, our losses, the WOCA and things like that so that our bitterness increased.

"My family went to Poston directly. They told us to take only 2 handbags and that's all that we were permitted. When we got there we had to fill our own mattresses with straws. That darn mattress was so uncomfortable to sleep on. I helped in the mess hall for a while and then I got asthma so I quit working.

"My big heartbreak was that my brother, who was a doctor, had to go to Tule Lake in the beginning and then he was later transferred to Topaz. We had quite a time deciding where our parents should go. After many family conferences we decided that it would be best for our parents to go with my doctor brother so we drove them up to Sacramento just before evacuation. That was a terrible mistake as my folks were never used to my oldest brother and he had his own family that he was more interested in. It's all done and water under the bridge now.

"After I got into Poston I made every attempt to join my parents with the rest of the family members I was responsible for. We finally did get to Topaz in March, 1943. ~~Th~~ My mother passed away the day after I arrived. My dad died from his heart ailment in January, 1944 and I was looking after him during the last few months that he had left. I was quite bitter because my father was so bed-ridden and this was caused by the Army moving him around so much. All of our friends were still at Poston and I think my parents would have been happier there instead of moving around like they

did.

"That was a terrific decision for me to arrive at. I thought that if I took my parents to Poston with me and something happened to them, the rest of the family would always condemn me. That's why I let my parents go to my brother that was a doctor who could take better for them. As things turned out they were moved around more than if they had come to Poston with me. They had to go to Sacramento, then to Tule Lake and later to Topaz. That was too much traveling for them to do. On top of that they were separated from the family and old friends and these things hastened their death. I never should have let them get away from me. My parents were separated from the younger children they were fond of. I really couldn't do anything about it as we put it to a family vote and everyone thought it would be better for them to be with the doctor brother. I was the only one who voted against it. They wanted all of us to go to Sacramento but we hadn't packed all our things together before things were frozen. We didn't see our families again for about a year and then it was too late because my mother didn't even recognize me when I saw her.

"I was pretty low and spirits the rest of the time in camp. I worked in a mimeograph building during the time I was in Topaz and took care of my father until his death. I began to think of resettlement after my brother was called for his physical. My camp experiences are all past now and I don't have fond memories of them. I had 2 orphan children to take care of. One was 18 years old and the other 16. They were Kibei girls and the sister of my foster brother. I tried to do everything I could for them in camp but they disillusioned me. Some of the older people in camp thought that I was too harsh on these girls. I had a soft spot in my heart

for orphans but these Kibei girls spoiled all of that. They were really selfish. When they walked out on me and got married, I decided never again to help other people. It bothered me quite a bit because I thought I had done something wrong. My life up to that time was always in terms on my family and those we took in so that I don't think I was the selfish one. Maybe ~~exxy~~ it was due to the terrible camp life. I know I got bitter about my folks passing away and I took it out on camp. There was no future in camp for me and I didn't have bright dreams when I came out here. It was all due to the war. I couldn't be for Japan exactly because I felt that an American with a Japanese face in the U.S. had more of a chance than a person who had a Japanese face with a U.S. culture going to Japan. That's why I dismissed all thoughts of the war from my mind.

"My Poston neighbors were not all such fine people either. We had our usual gripes and they condemned me for the way I handled my 2 Kibei foster sisters. I did everything possible for them and I gave them clothes and gifts. The only thing I objected to was when they got lazy around the house and I didn't think it was wise for them to stay half of the nights with fellows. They walked out and left everything I gave them. I got them back home with me and I took them to Topaz with me as I thought that a new start would straighten them out. After I got to Topaz I kept on having these struggles with my foster sisters. I was feeling pretty low myself because of the death of my mother and later my father. I didn't know what to do with myself and I wanted to get away from camp and re-settle. I thought I could ~~xxx~~ bring the Kibei girls with me and help them get a new start as they were getting into the same rut in Topaz. They didn't want to come because they had boy friends. That's when the final break came and they got married and that's

when I came with my brother. I don't think I failed those 2 girls. Maybe it's better that things happened that way because I certainly am in no position to give out advice to any young person. I'm very pessimistic about the future and I'm cynical about all this patriotism. I don't know what's going to happen to me. I think that all of the Nisei have the same worries that I do. [It looks rather hopeless. Sometimes I get so mad that I feel like making a Japanese flag and walk down the street waving it. They all treat us like we were foreigners anyway and we still haven't got out citizenship right. We are living in an American community and it's no use dreaming that this opportunity will come to us. The only thing that prevents me from waving a Japanese flag here is that I know that I can't live in Japan either. I'm in a worse position than a man without a country. If my health gives out I'll really be in a bad position. < Maybe I'll think different a few months from now and maybe I won't. I'm not quite as bitter as last fall because I don't hope for too many things. I know exactly about the housing conditions here and > I don't have false hopes about jobs. I struggle along on my income hoping to & live under a decent income but I keep going under every month. < My & leisure time isn't too satisfactory. > Actually I'm living a very drab life and I wouldn't be any happier if I were in a Japanese community out here. > When I realize all of these things, why should I be happy about my life out here. I don't feel like a bird that has been freed from its cage. I feel more like a confined prisoner than I ever did before and I don't see how things can get better. It might get progressively worse at times. Who know?]