

Interviewer's code
Hideo Hashimoto

Evacuation and Resettlement Study,
February, 1944 (Revised)

SCHEDULE FOR INDIVIDUAL RESETTLERS

Date of interview April, 1944 Interviewer C.K.

1. Case number #61 2. Sex, (M) F 3. Marital stat. M (S) D W O
Entered Left

4. Present address 4625 Greenwood Ave. Date Apr. '44

5. Later addresses
" " " " " " " " " " " "

6. Birthplace San Francisco 7. Birthdate 1-9-24

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

10. Addresses between Dec. 1, 1941 and evacuation

	Date	Entered	Left
(a) <u>Sacramento</u>	"	<u>Mar. '42</u>	<u>Apr. '42</u>
(b) _____	"	_____	_____
(c) _____	"	_____	_____
(d) _____	"	_____	_____
(e) _____	"	_____	_____

11. Assembly Center Walleria Date Apr. '42 May '42

12. Relocation Center Tule Lake Date June '42 Sept. '43

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

	Entered	Left
(a) <u>Topaz</u>	<u>Sept. '42</u>	<u>May '44</u>
(b) <u>3335 W. Adams St.</u>	<u>May '44</u>	<u>June '44</u>
(c) <u>406 S. Homan</u>	<u>July '44</u>	<u>July '44</u>
(d) _____	_____	_____
(e) _____	_____	_____
(f) _____	_____	_____
(g) _____	_____	_____

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

Relationship to Resettler	Age	Sex	Birthplace	Occupation	Religion
(a) <u>Father (int.)</u>	<u>65</u>	<u>M</u>	<u>Japan</u>	<u>Cook</u>	<u>Buddhist</u>
(b) <u>Step-mother</u>	<u>51</u>	<u>F</u>	<u>"</u>		<u>"</u>
(c) <u>Sister</u>	<u>34</u>	<u>F</u>	<u>S.F.</u>		<u>"</u>
(d) <u>Bro-in-law</u>	<u>42</u>	<u>M</u>			<u>"</u>
(e) <u>Brother</u>	<u>35</u>	<u>M</u>	<u>S.F.</u>	<u>Pharmacist</u>	<u>"</u>
(f) <u>Self</u>	<u>21</u>	<u>M</u>	<u>S.F.</u>	<u>Student</u>	<u>"</u>
(g) _____					
(h) _____					
(i) _____					
(j) _____					

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) Sister's family				
(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) Sister's family				
(b)				
(c)				
(d) All went to Topaz				
(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) Self							
(b)							
(c)							
(d)							
(e)							
(f)							
(g)							
(h)							

18. Educational history of resettler

Grammar schools (name and location)

Dates

Grade completed

Raphael Weill		
John Swett		

High schools (name and location)

Dates

Grade completed

Galileo, S.F.	1940-42	11th
Tule Lake High	1942	12th

Colleges, universities and vocational
schools, (name and location)

Dates

Grade
completed

Degree

Attendance at Japanese language
school, location

Dates

Soko gakuen	8 yrs.	
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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.

Dates		Nature of job	Type of industry	Location	Av. mo. wages	Reason for termination
From	To					
9/41	2/42	Delivery boy	Shumates	S.F.	25¢ hr.	fired & quit
3/42	4/42	Laborer		Clarksburg	40¢ hr.	
5/42	1943	Laborer		WCCA	\$12	
6/42	7/43	Warehouse worker		Tule	\$12	quit
8/42	9/43	Laborer (seasonal agric.)		Wash.	75¢ hr	end season
9/43	11/43	Agr. laborer	farming	Span. Fks Utah	65¢ hr	
12/43	2/44	Unemployed		Topaz		
2/44	5/44	Fireman		"	\$16	
5/44	6/44	Handyman	CR Millinery Co.	Chicago	70¢ hr.	quit
6/44	11/44	Laborer	Coral Springs Co.	"	75¢ hr.	quit
12/5/44	12/15/44	Laborer	Crown Welding Co.	"	85¢ hr.	fired
12/15/44	1/5/45	Unemployed		"		
1/5	15/45	Laborer	Diamond Precision Co.	"		
			Paper Container Co.	"	\$1.00 hr.	temp. job
1/15/45	2/15/45	Laborer	Diamond Precision Co.	"	80¢ hr.	quit
2/15	28/45	"	Morton Poster Co.	"	65¢ basic	quit
3/1/45	3/28/45	Unemployed				
3/28	31/45	Mech. helper	Main. Transp Co.	"	65¢ hr.	quit
4/3	4/45	Stock boy	Drug Co.	"	80¢ hr.	quit
4/5/45	to date	Unemployed				
4/11/45		left for Des Moines, Iowa (present plan)				

20. Political activities

Dates	Voted in what elections	For what party
	Never voted	

2. Tule Lake 6/22/42
3. Walerga, 5/14/42
4. 612 O St., Sacramento, Calif.; 1406 Buchanan St., S.F. (Perm.)
5. Hashimoto, Tsunejiro, Japan
Unknown, Midori Japan
- 5a. U.S. Cook
7. Grammar School, Raphael-Weill, S.F., Calif. 9/30 to 6/36
Junior high, John Swett, S.F. 9/36 to 6/39
High school, Galileo, S.F. 9/39 to 3/42
- 7a. H.S. General course
8. None
12. 68 143 lbs.
13. No major defects
18. Single
19. Son
20. 1/9/24
23. Yes
24. H.S. 3
25. Speaks Japanese
27. Farm hand, veg.
- 27a. Wood worker
28. 3/42 to 5/42 F. Sakata, Asparagus, Cut asparagus \$70 mo. rm.& bd.
Clarksburg, Calif.
9/41 to 3/42 Schumate Drug Store, SF Delivery boy 25¢ hr.
6/41 to 9/41 Oino-Fruit Orchard Fruit laborer-pick and 30-35¢ hr.
Suisun, Calif. laborer
29. OP. Warehouse worker
Skills: woodwork, carpentry, pattern-making (auto parts)
Hobbies: baseball, basketball
30. Buddhist
31. Sako Gakuen, San Francisco, Calif. 9 yrs.

Hideo's father, Tsunejiro Hashimoto

2. Same
3. Same
4. Same
5. Hashimoto, Yashichiro Japan
Takahashi, Noye Japan
- 5a. Abroad Farming
7. Grammar school, Shimbo, Toyama, Japan 4/87 to 3/91
8. Japan 10/79 to 7/02
12. 61 160 lbs.
13. No major defects. Wears glasses
18. Widowed
19. Head
20. 10/17/79
23. No
24. 4 yrs.
25. Speaks English
27. Cook 27a. Baker
28. 5/21 to 12/41 McLean Co. Delicatessen, S.F. Cook \$30 wk.
3/15 to 5/21 Francisco Club, S.F. Cook for 60 people \$90 mo. bd.
29. Skills: Baking
30. Buddhist

Evacuation & Resettlement Study
Chicago, Illinois

Charles Kikuchi
April 14, 1945

CH-61 Hirose Hashibana (psued.)
Cross reference: CH-31, CH-32

Hirose Hashiba, 21, is at present unemployed. He has been working as a laborer in various factories in Chicago during the year he has lived in Chicago. Hash is a member of Endo's group. Hashiba came from the Topaz center. Prior to the war he was living in San Francisco where he was still a student. He is not a zoot suiter even though he goes around with a group which is labeled as such. His position in the gang is near the fringe altho he has recently become a regular participant in the group activities as the regular members have been drafted into the Army one by one.

Hash is now considering a move to Des Moines, Iowa in order to join his married sister but the pending arrival of his father has interrupted this plan. He would still like to leave the city as he does not care for the life here. Follow-ups in this case will be obtained in the event Hash does not leave Chicago.

Hirose Hash Hashiba, 21, was born in San Francisco on January 9, 1924. ~~xxxxxxx~~ Prior to the war he was living with his father and step-mother. His two other brothers were living apart from the family and a married sister was also living elsewhere. At the outbreak of the war, Hash's father was interned for a short period but released just before the general evacuation. He was formally married to Hash's present stepmother while at Tule Lake. The family voluntarily evacuated to Sacramento in March, 1942 in order to keep the family unit together. The older brother was operating a drug store in that city. Hash was still a student at that time but he quit classes in order to go out and work on the farms in order to help support the family during the brief period before the evacuation in that area. Hash went to the Walleriga Assembly Center in April, 1942 and about a month later he was transferred up to Tule Lake. After a year in that center, Hash went out on a season work leave. It was during this period that the general segregation program started so that Hash's family decided to go to Topaz where they knew some San Francisco people.

Hash has completed his formal education by this time. He graduated from Tule Lake high school shortly after he arrived there. Prior to the war he was a student at the Galileo high school. His elementary education was obtained in the Raphael Weill and John Swett school in San Francisco. Hash had 8 years of attendance in the Soko Gakuen, Japanese language school in San Francisco. His only work experience prior to the war was as a delivery boy for the Shumate Drug Co. During his stay in the centers, he worked as a laborer.

In September, 1943, Hash went to Spanish Forks, Utah to take an agricultural job. Upon his return to Topaz in December, 1943, he was unemployed. In February, 1944, he began to work on the project

as a fireman. Hash resettled to Chicago in May, 1944.

His employment history since resettlement includes 8 separate jobs, mostly in the laborer category. During his first month in Chicago he worked as a handyman for a millinery company at 70¢ an hour but he quit this job to work as a laborer for the Coral Springs Co. at an increase in salary. He remained on this job until November, 1944, and then quit to take a job as a laborer at the Crown Welding Co. After a week he was fired. Hash remained unemployed from mid-December, 1944, until the first week of January. He then worked for 10 days as a laborer for a paper container company. This was a temporary position. From January 15 until February 15, 1945 Hash worked as a laborer at the Diamond Precision Co. at 80¢ an hour. He quit this job to take another similar position with the Morton Poster Co. with the wage to be paid on a piece-work basis. At the end of February he quit this position and he was unemployed until March 28, 1945. He worked for 3 days as a mechanic's helper in the Transportation Maintenance Corporation at 65¢ an hour but quit this job because of job dissatisfaction. On April 3 he was employed as a stock boy for a drug company at 80¢ an hour but he quit this job because of pending plans to leave for Des Moines, Iowa. He has not worked since then. (April 14, 1945)

Hash is a medium height individual, about 5 ft. 9 in. He does not have very expressive features and his personality is not very lively. However, he does have a serious disposition which he is careful to hide when he is among the gang. His plans for the future are not well worked out because he believes that he will eventually get drafted anyway. Hash's life goal is to become some sort of skilled worker, but he does not wish to be confined in a small space. He does not care to live in a large city. Hash's attitudes toward the war is neutral but he is "willing to go if drafted."

The following are excerpts from C.K. Diary:

April 2, 1945

.....Hash is living with Endo (CH-21) now. I went over to interview Hash for the first time, but after waiting around for an hour, I discovered that they had gone down to the station to see a friend off to camp.....Hash plans to go on to Des Moines next month. The departure of all these fellows from the gang will make Endo lonesome, but in a way it might be better for him...H.H

April 3, 1945

.....This evening I went over to start my interview with Hash. I was over there 4 or 5 hours and I managed to get a fairly good account even though Hash was most vague on his pre-war life. He is 21 years old and a rather average fellow. He is not too expressive but I wouldn't say that he was dull. Hash is about 5 ft. 8 in. and a fairly nice looking fellow. He has had 8 jobs since coming to Chicago a year ago. I haven't been able to find out the reason for his job restlessness yet. Apparently his chief goal is to make as much money as possible. He doesn't have any well defined goals in life because he feels that it isn't much use anyway. He just ~~xxx~~ started working on his eighth job a couple of days ago but he doesn't think he will stay there too long. He has held 5 different jobs in the past 3 months alone. Hash never had much of a home life since his mother died in 1939 and he lived mostly with his older married sister. His father has been married 3 times and Hash didn't even know where his older sister was born. Apparently there has not been too much of a close family relationship. His father is very old. He was interned the day after the outbreak of the war, but released in 3 months in time to be evacuated to the center. Hash's older brother

was a pharmacist in Sacramento prior to the war so that the whole family ~~want to move~~ moved up there so that they could be together. They were evacuated to the Walerga center and then up to Tule Lake. Hash went around with the Sacramento boys during his stay at Tule. All of this group answered "yes-yes" to the registration and the gang broke up as they were drafted one by one. Hash's family decided to go to Topaz when the segregation program was started. He found life at Topaz very monotonous since he didn't know too many fellows there. He went out immediately to work on the farm near Spanish Forks, Utah for a couple of months. Then he loafed around in camp for several months before taking a job as a fireman. Last May he decided to come out to Chicago but he has been extremely restless ever since.

Around 10:30 Sugar Mizuno dropped in. He complained that he had been out here for 2 months and he was satisfied that his curiosity about the place had been gratified. Sugar said he didn't like Chicago at all because it was too big and too dead. His older brother has returned to San Francisco since they own a home on Steiner St. This brother is going to find a defense job and call the whole family out. Prior to the war they had a tofu factory in the Japanese community. Sugar said he didn't want to go back there for another month or so yet as he was anxious to find a friend to go with him. He said that he was 4-C in the draft so that he didn't expect to be called at all. Sugar remarked that he had just seen Carl off to the Army induction station so that he wanted Endo to leave town with him immediately. Endo said he couldn't do it so Sugar asked Hash if he wanted to travel around a bit. Hash said that he wouldn't mind because he ~~wanted to go~~ was getting sick and tired of Chicago too. He remarked that he had a sister living in Des Moines. "Let's go there tomorrow," Sugar said. Hash wasn't enthusiastic about the

idea, but he said he started working 2 days ago and he had to save up enough money for train fare and repay some of his debts. They talked the situation over for a while and decided to leave Chicago permanently next week and go to Des Moines.....

When they started talking about going to Des Moines, I stopped my formal interview with Hash so that he could write a letter to his sister immediately that he was coming with a friend and ask her if she could find some sort of housing for them. Hash didn't know whether he would stay in Des Moines permanently or not but he didn't think he would ever come back to Chicago. Sugar said he was going to try to persuade him to go with him to San Francisco. I'll have to finish my interview with Hash this week. Afterwards we went over to the drug store for a coke. On the way we passed a couple of Caucasian girls and Hash made some remark to them even though he didn't know who they were. One of the girls got pretty sore and she started yelling at him. She called him a damn chink. Hash has been trying to get the redhead at the drug store to go out on a date with him for a long time, but she suddenly quit her job and moved further south so that he was rather disappointed.....

April 4, 1945

.....I went over to finish my interview with Hash but he had to go out and collect some of his debts so I postponed it until tomorrow night. I didn't see Hash again until about 10:30 and it was too late to do any ~~infx~~ formal interviewing. I did pick up a few bits of information from him while Blackie, Sugar, Hash and I were sitting around the apartment having a bull session until about 1:00 a.m.

Hash is now undecided about leaving Chicago for Des Moines early next week. There have been some new developments since I saw him

last night which create some conflict in his mind. Hash got a letter from his father saying that he would leave Topaz on the 10th to come to Chicago. Hash doesn't know what to do because he has a sense of obligation towards his father but he has a greater dislike of remaining in Chicago permanently. "I just can't tell my father nothing. I send him about 4 special delivery letters telling him not to come to Chicago because I don't plan to remain here. I don't like this city at all. I told him that there wasn't any housing here and that most of the places open to Nihonjin wasn't fit for pigs. My father is a stubborn cuss though and he wants to come out anyway. He won't listen to me. If I go off and he doesn't find me here he will bawl me out like anything. My dad is pretty old so I can't leave him here all alone. It would be too hard for him to work and support himself. He wants to come out here because he has a few friends who are already resettled here.

"I want to go to a smaller city because I think that it would be easier for us to get along. My father could probably get a job as a cook in some home and he wouldn't have such a hard time as in Chicago. I should know because I've been here a year. Money doesn't go very far here. I've been making about \$46 clear on most of the jobs I worked on but I think that if I made \$39 clear in Des Moines it would go a lot further. My sis wants me to go down there and I'm pretty sure that it would be better for me. But I don't know what to do now. I sent my dad a telegram today telling him not to come but I don't think he'll listen to it. I think I might go down to Des Moines anyway, but I'll have to come back here if my father leaves on April 10 as he said. Sugar's plans are shot to hell now because he isn't sure of what I am going to do. He decided that maybe he might as well go right out to Frisco as soon as he could in order to

join his brother. I went down to the WRA office today with him to see if he could get them to pay his transportation out there. They told Sugar that he couldn't get any money because nobody who left camp after the exclusion order was lifted would be eligible if they came out ~~last~~ first. Now Sugar doesn't know what to do. He said that his brother is trying to get into fishing out there and he'd like to do that too.

"I quit my job today. I didn't like it at all. It's the fifth job that I have had this year. I worked a lot steadier last year and I only changed jobs 3 times. I only worked 2 days on this job. If my old man comes out of camp I'll have to start working steady again. I'm looking through all the papers now to see if I can get a good lead because I know the WRA won't have anything to do with me anymore. A lot of the places won't take Nihonjin. It's waste time to go all the way out to find out so I usually look in the phone book and ask them right away if they will hire Japanese. If they say sure they will, then I go out right away and apply for it. I have to at least pay up my debts before I leave next week and I don't know how I will do that. Endo is the most steady guy in our bunch now. He's worked steady all the time out here and I bet he saved ~~closer~~ to \$1000 than \$500. He won't go to Frisco with Sugar because he don't want to leave his old lady out here alone." I will go over and finish my formal interview with Hash tomorrow night if he stays home. I can't depend on it though.

April 5, 1945

.....As soon as I finished dinner I went over to finish my interview with Hash. I wanted to be sure to catch him in. He was just getting ready to go out to the pool hall with Endo, Fred Omura and a

couple of other boys but I persuaded him to stay home for $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours while I interviewed him. The fellows hung around for a while. They had just heard the news over the radio that Moscow was not going to renew its neutrality treaty with Japan. They wondered how this was going to affect the outcome of the war.....The fellows teased Endo because of his 4-F status and they would probably be called into the Army in the next few months while Endo would have to stay behind and entertain the sad Nisei girls. While they were gone at the pool hall, I finished my interview with Hash. The fellows returned about 10:30 and Sugar brought some ice cream for us because he had won most of the bets playing pool. Then they began to reminisce a little about their job experiences and soon the topic turned to sex escapades. I was just an onlooker as I was pretending to read the newspaper so that the comments made by the fellows were not for my benefit at all. Endo began to talk about Blackie's girl.....

These stories continued for quite a while and then Mrs. Endo came into the room and asked me in Japanese if I knew any girl that Endo could marry. Hash interpreted this for me and then the fellows began to make a lot of comments in English about how Endo could find a wife for one night at Fairview Hotel for \$5. Mrs. Endo doesn't understand any of these things so that the fellows use very profane language in front of her all the time.

While they were at the pool hall, Hash told me a little of his relationships with the gang. He said that he had been a very innocent fellow when he first came out of camp a year ago but he had gotten a lot of experiences since knowing these fellows. Hash isn't a real member of the gang since he tends to be more of a lone wolf. He is able to get many more dates than the other fellows so that this gives him quite a prestige in the group. Hash has his own friends

whom he knew at Tule Lake but during the past 5 months he has been limiting himself more to Endo and his group. Hash is about 5 ft. 10 in. and fairly good looking. He has curly hair so that it is difficult for him to grow a pachute like the other fellows. He does not wear zoot suits. Hash seems to be a rather quiet fellow and there isn't anything basically bad about him. He is just a follower of the group and he does many things with them because he is bored with life in Chicago. He resents being classified as a zoot suiter because he believes that it limits his acquaintances with "nice Nisei girls." Hash attends the Chicago Buddhist Sunday School services occasionally to meet new people but he stressed he went primarily for the religious sermon. He said that he was not particularly inclined to be religious but he didn't think it would hurt him.

Hash was greatly upset because his father still insists upon coming out to Chicago. He doesn't want to live here at all because he believes this city is too dirty. He said that his father had worked as a cook for many years in Caucasian homes so that he was able to mix with them rather easily. He believes that this could be accomplished successfully in a small town. Hash has a strong sense of obligation towards his father and he doesn't want to leave him stranded here alone in the event he gets drafted soon. He believes that it would be better for the family to gather in Des Moines. Hash said he was rather anxious to get out of this environment because he was beginning to "play around too much." He said that he wanted to settle down and start making a steady living. Hash has held 8 different jobs in the year he has been out here but he was dissatisfied with most of them because of the low wages. His disorganization process seems to have been speeded up since joining Endo's group because he has held 5 jobs this year already and he is beginning to

developed a "don't care" attitude about the future. Hash feels that he has gained some valuable experience in achieving self-confidence in his work contacts. He said that he has never faced any direct discrimination from his co-workers altho he believes that many companies made it a practice to pay Nisei workers less than Caucasian workers for the same type of employment. Maybe it might be better for Hash to go to Des Moines because I think that he will probably settle down. Even though he does not have any definite ambitions for himself, outside of learning some sort of skilled work, he appears to be a rather steady type of individual and his present activities are largely due to an increase of restlessness. He feels that he has no roots in Chicago so he doesn't care to make an attempt to stabilize himself here. He figures that he might get drafted soon too, so that this might be a contributing factor to his present activities. Altho Hash is not too glib with words, he makes an honest attempt to present his problems as matter of factly as possible and he did not seem to exaggerate any of his statements. He is still planning to leave for Des Moines next week but he thought he might have to come back to Chicago later if his father still insists in resettling here.

April 9, 1945

.....Hash mentioned that he was now indefinite about leaving for Des Moines. He showed me a telegram which his father sent saying he was arriving this week. Hash is going to put him up in a hotel and try to get him to go on to Des Moines with him to join his married sister. "But if my old man stays stubborn, I guess I will have to stay on here as I can't very well run out on him." Hash is going to start looking for a job tomorrow. "No more fooling around now."

He got his hair cut short yesterday to indicate to the boys "that I am starting a new life." Sugar still said he was leaving for San Francisco on Wednesday. Blackie apparently made up with his wahine as he was off to see her this evening. The fellows wanted me to go to the pool hall with them but I declined the invitation. Hash was quite impressed with Bette "because I saw her going around with a Caucasian guy and she didn't act high hat. I think it's a good thing for loochies, to mix with Caucasians if they are able to do it."

Hash's life story follows:

"Hell, I don't know anything about my family. My old man is 65 now, so he's been in this country for a long time. He came from the Toyama clan. I think that he came to Frisco first but I don't know exactly when he first left Japan. He was already married when he came over here but his first wife died. Then my old man went to Hawaii and married my mother there. I think my oldest brother was born in Hawaii but I'm not sure. He's already over 40. My old man brought the family to Frisco and that's where I was born. My old lady died in 1939. My father got married again after he went to Tule Lake and that was in 1942. He never told me very much about his other wives because that was a closed chapter. He never talked much to me anyway because he figured that I was too young. I was never curious about it anyway before the war.

"My old man has been a cook in American homes all his life so that he knows English pretty good. He doesn't know it so good since he went to camp though. When I was in Frisco I hardly ever saw my old man because he always went to work real early in the morning and he went to bed as soon as he ate supper, after he came home. A lot of times he ate at the place where he worked so that he would just come home and go to bed. That's why I never knew him very well. I didn't get along too well with my father during the time we lived in Frisco but after we went to camp I got along swell with him. He's a carefree sort of guy and he never was strict with me.

"I was born in San Francisco in 1924. My older brother got married while I was still a little kid and he left home early so I never saw very much of him. That's why I didn't know him too well. He was a pharmacist and he went to Sacramento and opened up the Main Drug Store in the Japanese town. That's where all the guys

used to hang out. My sister is about 34 and she got married a long time ago too. Her husband was a sort of traveling salesman so they moved all around. A couple of years before the war they settled down in Frisco and they had a store on Grant Ave.

"My family lived right in Japanese town in San Francisco all the time. It wasn't any different from the other districts in the city except that there were more Japanese people around. It was only on Post and Geary Sts. that you could really tell that it was a Japanese town. We lived near the edge of the district and some Caucasian people lived pretty near us. My home-life was very simple and there wasn't any of this strict Japanese stuff in it. I didn't know nothing of that until some of the guys in camp told me how their homes were. We had a lot of Japanese stuff in our home but that was just like all the rest of them. We didn't have an Emperor's picture and all that stuff though. We just lived there and I was the only one home with my old lady when I was a kid because I didn't have any younger brothers or sisters. All I did was go out and play. My old lady stayed home most of the time. During the depression time she went out to work as a house cleaner so that I was left all alone most of the time. I just went to school and then came home and listened to the radio so there was nothing exciting about my life.

"At home we always talked Japanese and we ate Nihon-shoku (Japanese food) all the time too. I was supposed to go back to Japan to live with some of my father's relatives but the war came along. Hell, the way things are now, I'm sure glad I didn't go to Japan. Even then, I didn't want to go but my old man thought it was the thing to do for me to have a Japanese school education. I had another half-sister back in Nihon and she was married to a Japanese school teacher who wrote my old man and said that he would

see to my education. If I went to Japan, I would have had to study Japanese a lot.

"I went to Soko Gakuen (San Francisco Japanese language school) for 8 years but I didn't learn too much of the language. I went mostly to play basketball with the guys in the school yard. I didn't learn very much of the language because I wasn't interested in it. Hell, they wanted us to study too much. None of the guys liked that stuff. Jesus, they tried to teach us a lot of junk about the language but I didn't like it very much because the teacher was always standing over us to try and pound it into our heads. I always forgot all the hard words. None of those Japanese teachers let us fool around very much. They were strict as hell and they thought that we were going to a school in Japan the way they acted. It wasn't free and easy like in the American schools. They always impressed us with the fact that Nihonjin studied hard so that I had to sort of keep up with the girls who were setting the pace for the class. I never failed a grade at the Japanese school as my parents kept telling me all the time to learn the stuff. They said that I would have to go back to Japan with them some day. I never thought too much about it but I didn't like the idea of leaving Frisco to go to some small town in Japan. I wouldn't have mind it going to one of the big cities where they had movies and other modern things, but I didn't care to go to one of those small country towns. I heard that they didn't even have toilets over there and I didn't think I would like that. I never protested against my father on this because he probably would never have had the money to take the whole family anyway. He was just talking about it.

"Hell, in those days I didn't care about nothing. My old man said that I was a Japanese just like him so I didn't argue with him on that. I just thought I was Japanese but I was American too. I

thought that everyone had two nationalities like that. In those days we never thought much about those things because it wasn't important. I really didn't care for a lot of that Japanese stuff and that's the only time I made a kick at home. My father never would let me quit the Japanese school even when I told him that it was a waste of money. He was just paying the school fees and I wasn't learning anything. I had to go in order to please the old man. I don't think he expected to make me a banzai Japanese patriot or anything like that. He just thought that I should know all about his country real good because he figured that I would have to go there some day. He told me a few time that there wasn't too much chance for boochies to get good jobs in this country. He said I would have to know the language real well since I would have to depend on Nihon when it came to making a living. He didn't want me to be a cook like him. My old man was pretty proud of my older brother who went to college and became a pharmacist. He was always urging Dick to go to Japan and start up out there but my brother preferred to stick around California where he knew more people. He opened up a drug store in Sacramento and he was doing okay before the war.

"I went to the Raphael Weill school about 1920. It wasn't very bad there. The school was right in the middle of Japanese town but a lot of those other foreign kids used to go to that school too. I was a well mannered boy in school and I didn't know how to cuss or nothing. I didn't go around with any of those tough guys so I never got into any trouble. I didn't recite in class very much because I was one of those shy bastards. All the boochie kids from our district went to that school and they would all go to Japanese school right after classes were over. That's why we got griped. We never got to stick around and play basketball like the other kids.

If the language school didn't have a basketball courts up there, I bet none of the kids would have gone. At the Raphael Weill school I played around mostly with the boochie kids. I talked to a lot of those Caucasian kids and I didn't think I was any different from them. The first time I knew there was any difference in nationality was when some of those tough guys began to raise the kurombo kids. They never picked on the boochie kids at all because we outnumbered them. Besides, the boochie kids were the best athletes in school anyway.

"There were about 8 guys that I played around with all the time and I never paid much attention to the other guys. I didn't think they were bad though. It didn't make any difference to me because I didn't see any reason why I should wish I was a white person. most of the time it didn't make any difference what we were as none of the other guys ever called us Japs. I studied pretty hard when I was in my classes because I was scared of the teachers. My grades there weren't bad and I didn't mind going there at all. When I was in the fifth grade, my parents moved to Sacramento so I went to school up there. There were even more boochies in the school that I went to up there. I got along with them okay even though I didn't know very many of the guys.

"In 1936 I came back to Frisco and I finished the sixth grade at Raphael Weill. Then I went to John Swett junior high school for 3 years. Most of the boochie guys went there but some of them went to the other junior high school out in Marina. That school was really tough. I didn't get into any trouble because I just minded my own business. I graduated from there about 1939. A lot of those tough Caucasian guys at that school went around and snatched purses from ladies. I just went around with the Nisei kids and we were

pretty well behaved. It was natural for us guys to go around together as we all lived close to one another. Most of the parents of the guys were strict as hell so we never did anything bad. There were some boochie guys in that school who were pretty bad though.

"In 1929 I went out to Galileo high school and I liked it pretty good out there. It was close to the Bay and I always liked to go down and wander around. I had quite a bit of fun out there too. I just went around with a couple of boochie kids. There were a lot of Chinese guys in that school but I didn't like them so much as they thought there were too good. I liked the Italian kids okay because they were more friendly. I never got to know them too well though. There were a few Negro kids going to that school and they were okay. They were good athletes and musicians so that they got along good with everybody. There were a lot of Jewish kids going to that school and they were always competing with the boochie guys to be the smartest ones in the ~~xxx~~ class. I didn't dislike any of those groups but I thought the Chinamen weren't too friendly. They had their own groups and they wouldn't mix with nobody. Most of the Nisei kids stuck together out there too, but there were some who got along with Caucasians. The Nisei had a club out at that school but I didn't pay any attention to it.

"When I was going up to high school I didn't have any ambition at all. After I got to my senior year just before the ~~year~~^{war}, my old man kept telling me that I should study to be a pharmacist like my brother, but I didn't want to take after him. I didn't feel like being cooped up all the time in a little store. I wanted to do something like outdoor work. I thought that it would be fun to be a fisherman because all us guys were having that ambition. I didn't think that I would go to college at all because I was too dumb. My grades were very bad because I never studied very much.

"I never ~~did~~^{do} nothing much in Frisco. I just stayed home most of the time and I didn't get into any trouble. I didn't run around with any big Nisei gang. I just stayed home to listen to the radio, and I didn't fool around chasing any girls. I didn't know too many of the Nisei guys in Jap town because I just didn't care to go out much. I used to be a pretty moody guy and I did a lot of thinking. I was interested in baseball a lot so I always imagined that I was going to be a Big League star some day. I always listened to the baseball games on the radio when the San Francisco Seals were playing out of town. Every chance I got, I would go down to the Seals stadium to watch them play. I was quite a sports fan and I knew all about every player. I knew all of their batting averages and everything about them. I didn't care very much for football so I hardly ever went to any of the games. I didn't belong to any of the clubs in Japanese town except that I was a member of the Boy Scouts for a year. I joined them because it gave me a chance to go hiking out of town.

"I got along pretty good with my family and they never bothered me too much. After my mother died in 1939, I lived with my married sister for a while. After that I went to live with my old man, so I know him better than the rest of the family. We got along okay and my old man never tried to bully me too much. We never had any long conversations together. We didn't have anything to talk about. [My old man was just anxious for me to get educated in Japan after I got out of high school and that was about the biggest thing on his mind. Most of the Issei were that way.

"I remember in my last year in high school my old man used to talk~~ed~~^{ing} about it more and more. Before that I would just agree with him so that he would stop talking about it. When I saw that he was really serious about sending ~~him~~^{me} to Nihon, I told him that I didn't

want to go. I said that I didn't think I would like it very much over there. I would miss all those baseball games. Gee what fun to follow the Pacific Coast League all the time and I was a real fan. My old man didn't know very much about baseball so I couldn't talk with him much about that. The only time he ever talked to me much was in those serious discussions about why I would be better off in the old country. He said that I would have much more of a chance for a job afterwards but I said that I didn't care. I didn't have any ambition to be a great success in anything.] After we were evacuated my old man had a romance and he got married so he never bothered me much after that.

[Just before the war the only thing I ever thought much of was that I would like to travel around some day. I figured that I would be living in Frisco all of my life because I had made up my mind that I wasn't going to Japan to any school. I didn't even want to go to college in Frisco. For a while I was thinking that I might try to get in to a fishing boat but my old man didn't have enough pull. That's the way most Nisei got a job on a fishing boat. It was a good paying type of work and everyone wanted to get into it because there wasn't much percentage in working for the Japanese stores. They didn't pay enough.]

"All the time before the war my old man didn't belong to many Japanese clubs. He never had time for that sort of thing. About the only thing he ever did was to be pretty active in the Buddhist church. I guess that's why he was interned one day after Pearl Harbor. They never did tell him the reason why he was arrested. My father was released in March, 1942 because the FBI gave him a clearance. I don't know what he did except that he might have helped take up a collection of clothing to send to Japan. Everybody used to contribute to that. My father used to follow the Buddhist

teachings pretty closely. That's why I started to go to the Buddhist Sunday school. I don't know too much about the religion but I guess it's the same as any other religion. They just told us about Buddha and how to live a good life. We used to have a big Buddha shrine from Japan in our home and my old lady used to say prayers to it all the time. I never understood too much about what it was supposed to do for you. I didn't object to it though because I figured that Buddhism taught me a lot of good habits and I didn't mind going to the church on Sundays because I didn't have anything else to do.

"I was happy enough in my life before the war. I just went to school and there never was anything exciting about it. I was in my last year of high school just before Pearl Harbor. I didn't have no plans for the future and I didn't care. About a month before the war, I went out on a day job to pull weeds for a colonel. That guy used to come out in his uniform and one day he just asked me what I would do if Japan and the United States went to war. I couldn't say. I didn't know how to answer that. I just didn't have an exact answer as I didn't expect that kind of question. I was baffled by it. I was pretty young then and I didn't know nothing about politics. I just figured all along that I was a part of this country even though I knew I was Japanese too. I never figured about what I would do in case the two countries went to war. But I told the colonel that I felt that I was more of this country and I meant it. Then he wanted to know if all the other boobies felt the same way but I couldn't tell *him*. He said there might be a war between the two countries pretty soon but I didn't believe him.

"After I went home I remember I got to thinking about that question for the first time in my life. I figured out to myself that I didn't feel any loyalty for the Emperor and I didn't think that he was as sacred as some of those Japanese said. I didn't have

dual citizenship so I figured that I couldn't ever be a citizen of Japan even though I did feel I was Japanese to a certain extent. I just figured that if Japan didn't bother me, I wouldn't bother them. I just liked to be left alone. I didn't like to be asked about what country I would fight for because I wasn't too sure then even though I felt more sympathetic to this country. After all I had lived here all my life. I only got some doubts in my mind when my old man would say that I wasn't really American like the other white guys. Then sometimes I went to the Japanese movies and they would praise Japan sky high so I felt I was a little part of that. I guess I was pretty confused because I never thought too much about politics and I found that it was too concentrated for me. I forgot all about it right away because I was too interested in sports. I bet if that Army colonel asked me something about baseball I could have told him everything. I never thought anything about those deep subjects before.

"On December 7, 1941 I went to the Buddhist church in the morning like I had been doing for a long time. Then I went over to the YMCA to see some Nisei teams play basketball games. Nobody even mentioned about the war all that time. Then I went home and I noticed that a lot of people were acting sort of excited in the streets but I still didn't know what it was all about. As soon as I got in the house I heard the news over the radio. I felt pretty lousy then and I remembered right away what that colonel had asked me. It just didn't feel right that the two countries should be in a war. I wasn't exactly scared but I was hoping that it wasn't true. I didn't think that I would get mobbed or anything like that, but I had a peculiar feeling. I thought to myself that now everyone is going to ask me what country I was for and I would have to explain it every

time. It was a pretty lousy feeling though and I just wished that it didn't happen. For a while I thought it was a pretty dirty trick to make a sneak attack like that. At that time I was taking a limited program at high school because I only needed a few credits before graduating. But on December 8, I went to school all day long. I just stuck around to see how the guys would treat me. Everyone was excited and they didn't point the Nisei guys out as a lot of treacherous Japs. I was pretty worried all day long and I remember that afternoon I went down by the Bay and I kept thinking about everything. Then I began to wonder what was going to happen next. Jesus, I never thought about anything like the evacuation though. I had started work at Shumate Drug Store as a delivery boy about a week before that so I decided about 4:00 o'clock that I had better get out there. Nothing happened to me altho I didn't like some of those hakujins staring at me. I remember one time I got on the bus for a delivery and an old dame stopped me right in the aisle and called me a Jap. I felt like hell as that was the first time anything like that ever happened to me. I just told her that I wasn't a Jap at all. Then she apologized and said it was a good thing because she hated all the dirty Japs. She asked me if I were Chinese and I said yes because that was the only way I could get out of being embarrassed. I felt sort of ashamed though but I didn't have the nerve to tell her that I was an American because I thought she would laugh right in my face. It was no use trying to explain anything to people like that. I thought that the old dame had a helluva nerve and I began to get sore as hell afterwards but I just kept quiet. She had no business stopping me and saying right off the bat that I was a dirty s.o.b. Jap. Jesus, that's not being very much of a lady. She knew that I wouldn't take a swing at her so she was taking advantage of me. I saw then that a lot of those hakujins weren't

planning to give us much of a chance.

"I didn't see my old man at all before he was interned on December 8. He was surprised as hell when he was coming home from his night job as a cook in a home and picked up right away. When I got home from school, my sister was excited as hell and she told me that dad had been taken to jail. I didn't know whatta hell to make of that and for a while I thought they were taking every Issei in. The FBI man was still there and he searched the house from top to bottom to try and find some kind of evidence. My sister had been over on December 7 and she had helped burn most of the stuff like my father told her to do. I didn't know the reason for that but I thought it would be safer not to have too much Japanese things around because people were getting too suspicious of us and would blame us for things that we didn't do. That's why the FBI man couldn't find nothing around the house. I remember that my old man had given me a large silk Japanese flag once and I had it hanging in my room before the war. That was the first thing that I burned up. That summer my old man had brought a picture of the Emperor home but it wasn't hung up any place. My sister decided that we had better burn that up too. She burned all of my old man's Japanese letters. It was a good thing we did that because the FBI man would have made something of it and used that junk for evidence. My old man was innocent but everyone was excited then so that they wanted to pin something on all of us. A lot of the houses in the Japanese town had the picture of the emperor.

"After that we had a helluva time getting our old man released. They said something about him belonging to a Togo club but I didn't know what that was. I don't think that he belonged to any of those Japanese military societies because they let him go in March. The FBI man told us that they were checking up on him because he was

sending clothes and money to the Japanese Army but I didn't know nothing about that. There wasn't much that I could do so I didn't get too excited. I went out to the Salvation Army on Silver Ave. where they were holding all the interned Issei for a while in order to visit my old man. I didn't go to school much after that. There were too many things going on. That's the main reason why I had to finish up high school in Tule Lake. Whenever I went out to see my old man, I didn't say much to him but he kept wondering why he had been taken in. He couldn't understand it at all. I felt sorry for him because he was so scared. A lot of those old men out there thought that the soldiers were coming to shoot them any minute. That's the main reason why my old man is so nervous now. He believes all the rumors so that he really went to pieces. He still shakes all the time and he can't control it. The only thing I could do was to tell him not to worry as he would get out soon, but I was sort of worried myself. I didn't know what was going to happen to him and I began to listen to many of those rumors myself.

"My old man was sent up to Montana to be interned and it was right in the middle of winter. He wasn't released until March, 1942. My old man was sure glad as hell when he came home because he just couldn't stand the cold up there. I was pretty surprised when he came walking into the house one day. I thought he had made an escape or something. I was pretty relieved that he was back because everybody was talking about evacuation already and I didn't know what to do about the belongings in our house.

"Most of the time after the war I stayed home. There was a curfew put on us so that we couldn't go any place in the evening. Finally when they said that we would be evacuated, I started to run around a little bit but I didn't go wild. It's nothing like the way I've been living out here. I was still a good boy at that time and

I didn't want to break any laws.

"When my dad came home we decided right away to go up to Sacramento as we thought that we could escape the Frisco evacuation that everyone was talking about. My old man figured that it would be safer for the whole family to stick together. He told us that it was pretty hard to be all alone in an internment camp and he didn't want to take a chance. We figured that they might not evacuate Sacramento because it wasn't too near a harbor. My older brother was living out there and we thought it was safer for us to be near him since he knew more about these things. My sister's husband had to sell out his art store down on Grant Ave. right away. The Chinese man wouldn't give him very much for the stuff so that my brother-in-law sold most of it to a Jewish man. He got a pretty fair price but he was a little bitter about being forced to make such a sacrifice all of a sudden. He decided that it was no use to stick it out in Frisco because he would be kicked out anyway. My brother-in-law didn't lose out as much as some of the other Issei along Grant Ave. did because he was one of the first to sell out. When everybody had to sell out all of a sudden, the guys came around and always brought the prices way down because they knew they had the upper hand. When my brother^{-in-law} sold out a lot of his stock, he just held a big sale. I went down to help him that time. Even at that, the people came in and tried to gyp us by quoting lower prices. I was surprised as hell because my brother-in-law didn't get sore about that. He said that he made about 200% profit so that he could sell very cheaply and still make a little bit or profit. That's why he could afford to sell cheap and get some of his money back. Even at that he lost out a little bit.

"When we decided to go to Sacramento, my dad got a hakujin baker to store most of our belongings in his basement. We sold a

lot of our stuff. My sister was the one who had the big headache. She had a lot of new household goods which she left behind with friends. She was figuring that we would settle down around Sacramento so that she could send for her things later on. She got fooled though and a lot of her belongings got all mixed up so she doesn't know where they are now. A lot of her things are still out there and my sister is still trying to get them back. She resettled to Des Moines before I left camp and she is thinking of staying permanently out there. My old man and I don't have hardly anything left back in Frisco now.

"Anyway, in March, 1942 we went up to Sacramento and we moved in with my sister-in-law's parents. It was sure crowded with all our relatives staying there. A lot of those Nisei guys who used to hang around the Main Drug Store of my brother's, didn't figure that Sacramento would be evacuated. That's why they asked me if I wanted to go out and cutasparagus with them up around Clarksburg. I didn't have nothing to do so I went along. I worked up there for about a month and a half. It was pretty tough work but nobody bothered us much. We didn't fool around at all because everybody was afraid the Filipinos would go on a rampage. We heard all kinds of stories about how they were going around killing Nihonjin around Sacramento and Stockton. That's why us guys had big clubs near our beds in case we were attacked some night. None of us guys went into town very much as it wasn't too safe. We heard so damn many rumors about what the Filipinos were doing. A lot of it was true too. There was a case down in Stockton where a Filipino guy shot a Japanese man in a garage who wasn't even expecting anything. None of us trusted the Filipinos at all. There were a few working around Clarksburg but they didn't bother us even though they were giving us the dirty look all the time.

"Then one day us guys took a day off from work and we went into Sacramento to visit our folks. We saw some of those Army posters saying that the zone would be evacuated and I was surprised as hell. I hadn't been following the news at all so I didn't expect nothing like this. I had figured that Sacramento would be in the free zone all the time. When I got home my whole family decided that we would move up to Clarksburg. My brother had to get rid of his business and that took quite a while so that we were frozen. That's why we didn't get out at the last minute. My old man didn't want to go to a camp at all because he had enough of that experience up in Montana.

"After that there was nothing I could do but sit around and wait for the exact day to move. I just hung around with some of those boochie guys and they were pretty bitter. They felt that this country had double-crossed us and I felt the same way too. All the Issei were saying that our American citizenship didn't mean nothing so that was the first time I felt sort of wished that I had dual citizenship. But then I wasn't for Japan at all even though some of the guys tried to argue me into it. Our bunch was more for this country even though they were pretty sore about what was happening. Near the end of April we were all sent to the Walerge Assembly Center.

"When we were evacuated, we didn't have very far to move. The camp was located only about 25 miles from Sacramento. I never thought too much of the evacuation as I figured that it was just one of those things that was bound to happen. The thing I didn't like was when all those newspapers began to accuse us of being those treacherous Japs. I didn't think that was giving us much of a shooting chance. They just said we were guilty and we had to take it whether we wanted to or not. We just had to go to that damn stinking hole in Walerge as there was nothing we could do about it. I

didn't like it at all there.

"That was the first time that I began to feel that I was more of a Nihonjin than an American. I sort of knew before the war that the Nisei didn't have much of a chance on account of all the discrimination, but I never thought about it too much. When everything began to be taken from us, it was natural for me to think that we were being treated like Japanese citizens and not American citizens. I figured that if they were going to figure like that, to hell with them. They couldn't ask us to be loyal and everything when we were not even treated like the white man. That's why I began to feel neutral about the war and I wasn't so much for this country anymore. When I got to Wadega all the guys were thinking this way. I had thought about it for quite a while and I figured that I wasn't an exact part of either country so I wasn't going to be for either of them. That's why I didn't listen to those Issei and Kibei very much all the time I was in camp and that's also why I didn't listen to those hakujin much either. I just figured I couldn't trust them anymore after what they had done. I decided that I wasn't going to think very much about the war and that's the way I am right now. I still feel the same way now except that I'm not as sore as I was when I was in camp.

"I figure that if they are going to draft me, I will go without making a kick about it. Naturally I was sore as hell about being kicked in the pants and sent to camp but I didn't hold no grudge. I wasn't bitter like some of those Nisei in camp. A lot of those Japanese lost quite a bit of money and property on account of the evacuation but I didn't lose hardly anything. My brother was pretty griped because he got kicked out of a good business in Sacramento. He didn't think that was fair at all because it had taken him a long time to build up his business.

"My old man just didn't say very much about the way he felt because he didn't want to get sent off to a cold internment camp by himself. I wasn't exactly mad at all of the Caucasian people in California, but I didn't think much of Gen. DeWitt because he sure made the Army treat us like we weren't to be trusted. I thought that he was a lousy guy after he said 'a Jap's a Jap'. I bet every boochie in camp is going to hold that against him as long as they live. I really did feel that I was as loyal as any guy and all that stuff they said against us at evacuation made me feel differently and that's why I got neutral in my attitudes toward the war. I just didn't like it when they started to push us around when we were innocent. As soon as I got into camp I thought to hell with it and I didn't think much of those things after that. But there are some things that really get me puzzled. I still don't get it when the Navy and the Air Corps says that Nisei guys can't get in, but the Army says it is okay for us to go into a combat team or the intelligence school. Why in the hell don't they open up the whole service to us if they're going to trust us that much? Those boochie guys make good soldiers and they fight just as hard as any of those Caucasian guys. All they're asking for is a chance to prove that they can be trusted and it looks like the Navy and the Air Corps doesn't want to give them this chance. That's why I figure that the whole Army isn't like Gen. DeWitt. Jesus, I heard that there were over 15,000 boochies in the Army now and I notice that none of them are traitors.

"Walerga was the worst camp that I ever stayed in. It was a real dirty place and when we arrived we found that there were big cracks in the walls of the barracks. That's why we had plenty of ventilation. We weren't used to that kind of life so we all got diahhrea. At Walerga we only had those outhouses like they have in

the country and there wasn't any modern plumbing at all. It was pretty bad when everyone got diahhrea. The living conditions were lousy. They crowded us in like sardines there. I thought that it was one hell of a hole and I knew I wouldn't like it at all. It was a good thing that we only stayed there for about a month.

"All the time I was in Walerga I worked digging ditches like in the WPA and I got paid \$8 a month. I didn't have much ambition to work hard for that kind of a wage. The coochies in camp got active right away and they began to put on a lot of social life. I didn't take part in it as I didn't care much for that sort of stuff and I didn't know too many of the guys in camp because they were all strangers to me. I was in a sort of mood then so I went to listen to some of the speeches given because I still wanted to find out why all this had come about. I was just a dumb average guy so I just couldn't get it.

"My recreational life was pretty limited. I just went to church on Sundays and I behaved myself. I didn't get wild like some of those guys were already doing. I saw a lot of the Sacramento boys there, but I wasn't a real member of any of these gangs. I sure was glad to get out of Walerga to go to Tule Lake even if we had to move all over again. It sure was a lot of confusion when they started to close the camp up. It was hardest on the old folks. I didn't mind it too much because I figured that this was going to be a good chance to see the northern part of the state. I had never traveled that far before.

"When I got up to Tule Lake, the first thing I did was to get a job at the warehouse. We didn't get paid for 2 months so we couldn't even buy any cigarettes. The free zone people were in Tule first so they got all the good jobs and we had to take the left-overs. I was in Tule for a whole year. In between time, I went to the high school

and I finished up my work for the high school diploma.

"I was in Tule for a whole year. I worked as a swamper on a truck at first and later I got to be a store keeper. All of us working in the warehouse were Sacramento boys and that's how I got in with them. Our division was run by the Mikado Club boys of Sacramento and I became a member of the club after I got to know the guys real well. Most of them lived together and every night we would have bull sessions and other affairs together. They were the guys who went to the Tule Lake dances and raised hell with the northwesterners. I only went to two dances up there and both of them were sponsored by the Mikado Club. I was with these guys until they all got drafted. They were a pretty good bunch. Some of them were rough but they were loyal to the gang and they were pro-America too. Some of them were bitter though. Whenever one of them had a run-in with a northwestern boochie, all the gang would get together and look for revenge. I never got into any fights with the northwest bunch, but the Mikado guys used to argue with them all the time at first. The northwest guys were not very loud and they never tried to bother us much. A lot of them were country hick guys so we never mixed too much. I just stuck with the Sacto guys all the time w I was up in Tule.

"At the warehouse the guys used to swipe a lot of stuff to take home. We would have feasts over in their barracks all the time. At first I was afraid to take anything because I didn't want to get into any trouble. I just minded my own business. Later on I did take a few things to eat but I didn't go in for wholesale swiping like some of the other guys did. A couple of boys were even operating a black market of their own and they used to sell stuff they swiped from the warehouse to people in the camp. I didn't want no

part of that.

"Most of the time I just played baseball up there and I didn't have too much of a social life. I thought that Tule was a good camp after I got used to it and I didn't mind it at all. I was there for a whole year and I wasn't any more bored than the rest of the people. There wasn't anything else we could do about it anyway. I went to the Buddhist church up there almost every Sunday, but the Mikado boys didn't go to church very much. They weren't Buddhist anyway. I never mingled very much with the girls as I didn't know any of them. I was pretty shy and I was afraid to talk to them. I didn't care because I had more fun going around with the gang. Sometimes they got into pretty heavy poker sessions but I never gambled big or nothing like that. I just played for the small stake.

"When all that registration business came around in 1943, there was a big commotion in our camp and our whole block refused to register. A lot of guys were running around agitating like hell but I didn't know what they were sore about. Our block wasn't as bad as some of the others. Some of those Kibei even pulled out Japanese flags and marched around with them and they threatened to beat up anyone who registered. That's what made a lot of us guys sore because we didn't like the idea of them telling us what to do. There were quite a few Nisei guys who couldn't register as the block would bounce on the whole family and almost cause a riot. That's why so many of them were afraid to register. They were doing everything to stop the registration, so that's why a lot of us felt that we had to stick with the bunch at first.

"I didn't understand too much what it was all about, but I couldn't see why they were making all that fuss. I wasn't feeling so bitter that I was willing to say to hell with this country alto-

gether. I don't know nothing about politics, but I knew enough to figure that a lot of those Issei and Kibei guys were making a dumb move. Many Nisei guys were feeling bitter too so that they helped to raise hell. My old man told me that I had better go and register as he said that it was no use to be sent out to an internment camp. He felt like a lot of those Issei, but he didn't want to go around shooting his mouth off because he preferred to stick with the family. That's why I didn't have the trouble of my parents telling me not to register. A lot of my block never did register as long as I was there, but I didn't know why they kept holding out as I didn't stick around with them at all.

"About all of the Mikado boys registered and most of them were in the Army now. We talked it over one night and decided that it was the best thing to do. There was one guy who went to the University of California before the war and he told us that it would be a big mistake if we didn't stay loyal. We all felt that the guy was telling the truth even if few of the boys were bitter about being kicked around. We didn't see any percentage in not registering. There was a lawyer from Sacramento, Walter Tsukamoto, and he told all of the Sacramento bunch that it was better to put 'yes-yes' to that registration. I remember that there was one Kibei guy in our gang and he decided to stick with us. He caught hell from the rest of the Kibei in camp and they even threatened to beat him up, but they were afraid to mix it up with our gang. We all decided that we were all going to stick together and we didn't want to be split up.

"Afterwards they announced that the 'no-nos' were going to be segregated in Tule and the rest of the people would go to other camps. We thought that wasn't fair after we got all settled down

there but there wasn't much we could do about it. Some of the guys were pretty griped and that's why they answered 'no' on the registration just for spite. A lot of the people didn't want to go to other camps when the segregation came so they put 'no-no' but they got kicked out anyway. Some of the families had porches and even wall paper in their barracks and they didn't want to go to some other crummy camp and leave that all behind.

"I don't know how loyal a lot of those Issei and Kibei were to Japan. I didn't know very much about that kind of stuff at all as it was none of my business. Even in our group, some of the parents told the guys not to register but they decided to stick with us. There was a lot of agitation going on all the time and I think they even arrested some guys but I didn't pay much attention to that. I just didn't listen to any of those guys after I decided to register. I was willing enough to go into the Army if I were drafted, but I didn't even think of volunteering. We all figured there wasn't any percentage in doing that. We were evacuated weren't we?

"I kept on working in the warehouse all the time as there was nothing else to do. When the summer came around, all the Sacramento boys decided to go out on seasonal work near Walla Walla, Washington. It was a good chance to get away from the camp for a while so I went with them. We stayed out there doing seasonal work until about August (1942).

"Us guys had a contract to cut asparagus and peas for 3 months. It was tough work because we weren't too used to bending over all the time, but most of the guys were steady. I didn't spend all my money when I went to town so I had a pretty good sum saved up by the time I returned to camp. Every time we went into town, we didn't have any trouble because we didn't go around looking for it. It was only a little town because the cannery owned most of Dayton

(Wash.) anyway. The company supervisors told us boochie guys not to go into the beer parlors and pool halls as they said that the drunks might get tough with us and start a fight. Some of the stores in town were pretty prejudiced. They had signs saying, 'No Japs or Mexicans'. I felt that the Mexicans were filthy so I didn't care much for them. They never took a bath after work. I didn't think that those stores should discriminate against the boochies like that, but I just ignored it. I couldn't have done anything about it even if I wanted to because those hakujins would have gotten a gang together and tried to kill us. Hell, they just wanted the Japanese and Mexican workers up there to pick the crop anyway. That's why I didn't feel so good about them.

"While we were still up there doing seasonal work, we began to hear rumors about the segregation going on in camp. We found out that it was true from one of the Tule newspapers that we got. We decided that we had better beat it back to camp right away to see what our families were going to do. The WRA said that we could have 3 choices about what camp we wanted to go to. When my family talked it over, we decided that it was better for us to go to Topaz since most of the Frisco people were there. We didn't want to go to another camp where we didn't know nobody. We thought that it was better to leave as Tule was getting a lot of high fences built around it and there was a lot of trouble starting. It was a helluva lot of bother to pack our stuff and move out though. I didn't mind the train ride at all. We got to Topaz in September, 1943.

"When I first got into Topaz, I found the camp pretty dead and I didn't care for it at all. I didn't know hardly anyone there and there wasn't any activity going on. It seemed that all the young Nisei guys had already left camp to go out to Salt Lake and Denver.

They didn't have the social activities up there like we had at Tule. I just loafed around and went to a few of the dances. I began to meet a few of my friends from Frisco so it wasn't too bad after that.

"In October some of the guys in the fire station said that we should go out on a seasonal pass to have some fun so we all signed to go out to Spanish Forks, Utah. There were 4 guys who went out with me. We topped onions out there for 65¢ an hour and I made a name for myself as being the laziest guy in the whole camp. There were hundreds of Japanese guys working around there. Most of them worked for the Del Monte Co. My group worked on the Williams ranch. Mr. Williams' brother was the youngest major in the air corps. His brother didn't discriminate against us because we were Japanese even though his brother was fighting out in the Pacific. The only thing we got griped at Mr. Williams about was that he gypped us \$5 at the end of the season. I was upthere for about 1½ months but I didn't make much money out there as it was too cold and we couldn't work during the bad weather.

"Every time we had a day off we used to go into Spanish Fork just to fool around. It was only a small town so there wasn't much to do. They didn't discriminate against the Japanese out there. I never saw any of those 'No Japs Allowed' signs like there was up in Dayton. We just went to the pool hall and loafed around. Some of the guys were always running around looking for women and that's where they spent all of their money. I was still a greenhorn so I didn't do anything like that. I didn't learn all those things until I came out to Chicago.

"When the onion season was over, I didn't feel like going out to top beets so I went back to camp in December. I didn't have no money at all because we ended up by barely making expenses. Some

of those guys were in debt when they came back because they used to chase around the whore houses all the time. When I got back to Topaz I just loafed around until about February. I still had some money left from my seasonal work up in Washington so that I didn't care to work full time for \$16 a month. I didn't have very many things to buy as all I needed was cigarettes. I started to go to all of the dances up there as there was nothing else to do. It was okay, but I didn't have a steady girl friend yet. I just went around with some of the Sacramento boys who had come down from Tule Lake to Topaz with me.

"We all got pretty sick of the dead life in camp so we decided to resettle. I was planning to resettle with all the Sacramento guys to Chicago. That was my plan all along. They weren't in any rush about going out as they wanted to wait till they got reclassified to 1-A and then leave. As soon as they got their notice of reclassification they beat it out of camp. I was about the last guy to get reclassified so when I went to the office to ask for my indefinite release, I found that there were some delays. The WRA guys refused to give me a clearance because of some indefinite reason. They gave me the cross-examination about what kind of clubs my old man belonged to in Frisco. I didn't know nothing except that he was active in the Buddhist church. I told them that he wasn't an officer in the church though. They said I had to wait around until everything was cleared up so that griped me. It was May (1944) before everything was straightened out.

"While I was waiting around for my indefinite leave to come through, I got pretty bored as I didn't know too many guys after all my friends left. I decided to take a job as a fireman as there was nothing else to do. All my friends were out in Chicago already and

they kept writing me to hurry up and come out there so I could have fun with them. I was sick as hell of the damn camp because there just wasn't nothing to do. The first day I worked in the fire department there was a fire in the camp church but after that nothing much happened and we just sat around. I worked in the fire department for about 2 months.

"All this time I was bored as hell with Topaz. I had been out on seasonal leave 2 times before so I didn't like to be stuck in such a quiet camp. The only place I could go out to resettle permanently was Chicago. I had ideas in my head that I would go out there and make some dough. All of a sudden I got a call for the Army physical and I found out that I wouldn't be called for quite a while. They said some mistake had been made in my draft card so that I wasn't the right person. That's when I found out that I was still 4-C. I thought I would leave camp anyway because I figured that I wouldn't get called for quite a while. I was anxious to get out and see my Sacramento friends. I was a little curious to see what Chicago was like too. Those guys wrote and they were pretty disgusted with it, but they said that I could make good dough here.

"I didn't try to get a job at all before I left Topaz as my Sacto friends said that it was better to come and look for myself. I had no worries because they said they could find a job easily for me. I figured that I was going to get drafted sooner or later anyway so I might as well have some fun. When I left camp in May (1944) I wired my pal and he met me at the station. I didn't have no trouble at all getting settled down. My pal took me over to his apartment right away. There wasn't any room in the apartment where all the rest of the Sacto guys lived so I stayed with my pal. A Caucasian family had a flat there and this boochie guy and I stayed

with them. We got along good with these hakujins and they gave us some pretty good advice about how to find the best kind of jobs and they said that we should try and save our money. I stayed there for about 3 months but I began to think of moving because it was too expensive. I was eating out all the time since it was only a rooming place there and that made my expenses go way up.

"Then my Sacto friend told me that one of the guys had got drafted so that there was a vacancy for me to come in with them. They were living way out on the westside. There were 11 guys living in that house and we rented the whole place. We had the basement where we could cook for all of us. I paid 5 bucks a week for my room. I stayed in that place until about October. We got along good because we all knew each other. Every Saturday night we would all go to a show or else have a poker session. Most of the time we were running around trying to find girls to date out to the dances. All the other guys that we knew used to come over and visit us all the time because it was a pretty good hangout. None of us guys were extreme so we didn't get into any big trouble. All the guys were working pretty regular in the factories until they got called to the Army.

"We finally had to move out of that house and split up since the Brethren church bought the house and used it for their purposes. Five of the guys went into the Army about that time so the rest of us decided to split up into smaller apartments. I knew Ando(CH-31) from before as he was a Frisco boy and I had been going over to his apartment once in a while. He told me that Blackie was moving out to Minneapolis so I could move in with him. Raabi had a room upstairs so I stayed with him until Blackie left town and then I moved in with Ando after that. I've been living here ever since.

"I get along pretty good with Ando and we do everything together. I never get in any fights with the landlord here. He's a dirty guy though because he don't give us hot water and Ando caught him holding back on the mail once. That landlord never gives us our telephone message and sometimes when a boochie calls here he cuts them right off by saying it's too late. He's a dirty bastard. He tried to kick me out of here once because I gave him hell about the telephone messages. Blackie was the guy who got in the most fights with him. The landlord called the cops here one night and he said we were having a gambling house in Ando's apartment. We never worry about that bastard anymore as he can't kick us out as Ando has something on him.

"We never have any trouble with any of the neighbors around here and they don't give us any dirty look. We go up to the drug store on the corner all the time and they don't kick us out or nothing. People around here mind their own business and they don't seem to be prejudiced against us at all, but I don't know what they are thinking. The landlord of ours has filled the house with boochies now and he can't complain because we pay our rent regularly and I think that he is charging over ceiling prices for some of the apartments.

"There are some girls living upstairs, but they don't have much to do with us. I guess they think that we are too rowdy. Some of them are beginning to get a little more sociable though. They have their own group and we don't know any of the guys who come to see them. They have to talk to me sociable like because I'm the one who answers the telephone out in the hall most and I won't give them the messages if they get too snotty. People in this house just leave each other alone and I guess it's better that way.

"One thing I don't like about Chicago is that housing is lousy. It's too filthy here. I don't call our apartment much of a home but we can't get a better place. It doesn't feel like a real home when we have to sleep and eat right in the same room. We do all the laundry in the wash basin too. Another thing is that we never get any sunlight in the room and it's too dark. All those damn cockroaches run around the room all the time. They have bedbugs in the room upstairs but we haven't found any in our room yet. One thing I don't like about this city is that there's too much damn garbage flowing around in the streets.

"I'm trying to prevent my old man from coming out here because I think that it is too unhealthy for him. He'll never get to breathe clean air and he's sort of old so he wouldn't be able to stand this dirty city as good as I can. I wish my old man would listen to me and not come out here but he's so stubborn that he just goes ahead and does just what he pleases. He thinks I'm too young to give him any advice. I tried to tell him that I had a lot of months' experience out here but it's no use because he has his mind set on coming. I don't know where I can find housing for him. It's impossible for a boochie to get a decent place out here. A lot of apartments discriminate against us and they won't let us in. They are nice about it and they just tell us that there isn't any vacancy. Everybody has a tough time to find a place to sleep. When we do find one, it's expensive as hell. I don't think that this apartment is worth all the money we pay for it.

"My home out in Frisco was much better than it is here and we didn't pay as much. I think that if all the boochies moved into one district, they would keep it a lot cleaner because they don't like dirty places. But some of the Caucasians keep their places clean too so I don't mind living with them. I just don't like dirty people.

Right now my old man is the only one of the family that's in camp and I guess we will all end up in Des Moines permanently as that is what we have been thinking. I don't want my old man to come out here and have to work like a dog as he is too old. I would like to see him get some sort of a light job in a home. I think it's lousy for the WRA to kick all the people out by the end of the year. They got us into this mess so I don't think it's fair that they leave us stranded. It would be okay if we had plenty of money for resettlement but we don't have nothing. My old man thinks right now that he can make out by himself, but he's so old that in another year or so he would have to depend on me. I won't be able to help him too much because I'm just an ordinary working guy and I can't make too much money unless I work day and night. I'll probably get drafted pretty soon and then my old man would be left high and dry unless he went down and lived with my sister. He would have been happy going on his fishing trip in camp but the WRA is scaring all of them out. I bet those families with a lot of young kids are going to have one hell of a time. They don't have any place to go to and housing is too hard to find out here. There's nothing in California for most of them to return to. The war in Europe will be over pretty soon now according to the papers and there'll be a lot more prejudice against the Nihonjin.

"I don't see how all those camp people are going to get a start again when the WRA boots them all out. A lot of the people sold their property on account of the evacuation and they don't have a thing left to their name. They had to use their money up in camp so that they are in a tough sport. I know that my family won't be going back to California at all. We'll probably be around the middlewest all the time. I don't seem to be getting established at all. When all the other Japanese come out of camp it's going to be

hard for them to get decent jobs if they don't know English too good. It's hard enough for the Nisei to get started. We can get jobs okay but none of them look permanent. That's why most of us guys are just working for the dough. That's the way I just figure things.

"When I first came here to Chicago, I didn't have a hard time finding a job because my pal knew all the ropes and he got a job for me. I went down to work in the Loop at the C.R. Millinery Shops. I was just sort of a handy-man around the place because I had to deliver all the hats to the big stores downtown. It was one of those high toned shops and we were located right new the Loop. I thought that it wasn't such a bad job at first because I got paid 70¢ an hour and I didn't have to work as hard as I did when I was out on seasonal. I was with the company for about a month before I got wise to the set-up.

"My pal and I were the only Nisei working there. I thought that the Caucasian foreman couldn't take a joke and he didn't try to be a regular guy with the rest of us. The other workers were mostly 4-F's or old men so that they weren't in essential work at all. Most of them were sort of simple-minded and we didn't have any fun with them. One good thing was that there wasn't any discrimination. My pal and I wouldn't take any crap from anybody. None of the other guys at work got cocky with us and they never ^{asked} ~~asked~~ us any question about what nationality we were. When I first went down to work I thought everyone stared at me but this wasn't true as nobody paid any attention to us at all.

"It would have been a soft job to keep on doing but I decided to quit at the end of the month because I didn't get any overtime pay. I was only making \$29 a week and I wasn't able to live on that because I was eating out all that time. My expenses were so high that I never had any money left over. I thought at first that

I would be able to save money there but I was mistaken. Hell, the job was easy enough but I began to think that there was no future in it. I didn't want to do that all my life.

"One day I met another friend in the street and he said that he wasn't working but I could get a good job out at the Coral Springs Co. where he just quit. He said that he was going into the Army so he planned to take it easy but he recommended the job. I thought I needed a change in work so I took a chance and I went out there for an interview. They put me on piece work right away and it wasn't hard to learn about the job at all. Right away I started to clear about \$39 a week but that was because I put in a lot of extra hours. I was only working as a laborer, but they put me on the punch press machine after a while. I also had to learn how to set the springs. We made all kinds of springs.

"The job out there was pretty greasy and after a few weeks I decided that I didn't care for it too much. Every noon we used to go out and eat and we would meet the other workers from the plants around there. They all gave us the razz and said that we were suckers because we were working for the cheapest plant out that way. All those guys said that they were making 45 and 50 bucks a week. That made me pretty dissatisfied. Some of us went to the foreman and asked him for a raise but he said that we were getting the ceiling pay already. That's when I began to think of looking for another job.

"I got along pretty good with the other workers and they treated us boochies square. There were about 5 boochies working in that plant and I got to know all of them. I knew all of the 50 Caucasian guys in my plant pretty good too and none of them got nasty. It was always the bosses who looked upon us a little different. The workers

treated us as equals. One old man told me to phone up his daughter some time and ask for a date because I gave him a pack of cigarettes. I took him up on it and called her but she said that she had a date already. The other Nisei guys razed me for that so I didn't feel like phoning her and asking again. I bet she would have gone out though because a lot of the hakujin girls out here don't discriminate against boochie guys. All the time I was working at the spring company there wasn't any discrimination against me. Nobody called me a Jap in that place. The only time I felt bad was when I was on a street car one day when a working man from another company called me a Jap when he asked for a cigarette. Hell, I didn't feel like giving ^{him} ~~me~~ a smoke after he said that.

"I worked on at the Coral Springs Co. for six months and I was pretty steady. I went to work all the time and it wasn't until near the end that I decided to change jobs. I even saved a little money up. I had about 125 bucks put away in the bank and I was buying war bonds at the plant and I saved all that. It was a semi-defense plant so we were expected to have a certain amount of money deducted each week for war bonds. I didn't kick about that as I figured that it was a good savings and people couldn't say that we were not patriotic. You know how they are--just because you don't look like them, they think you're a foreigner. If you tell them you buy defense bonds then they don't raise such a kick about you. That's why I figured that it was sort of a protection for me to have those war bonds deducted.

"Last November, 1944, I finally quit that job. That was the time that I moved in with Ando. I found that I lived too far away from the job so that I never got home until about 8 o'clock. The plant was located way out on the westside and I lived way on the

south side. I was just about ready to quit anyway because I disliked the foreman there. We were on piece work and he made us lose about an hour a day just because he fooled around with the girls so much and didn't get the material to us. I figured that I could do better some other place if I worked for 75¢ an hour straight. I was getting tired of doing the same work every day anyway and I needed the change.

"I didn't have another job lined up so I went down to the USES and they sent me to another place right away. I worked for one week at the Crown Welding Co. and then I got fired. I didn't like the place anyway so I was thinking of quitting the very day that I got fired. It was right in the middle of winter time and it was too damn cold out there. Six of us guys had to load the trucks right out in the open. We would build a fire every time and let each guy stand by it for 10 minutes so we wouldn't freeze to death. Each time it came to my turn the boss would come walking around so that he thought I was loafing around all the time.

"There were about 19 boochies working in that place and only 3 Negroes and 2 Caucasians. I didn't get along with any of them. There were some boochie welders there and they thought that they were pretty hot stuff because they were making \$1.20 an hour. I think I got along best with the 2 Caucasian and the 3 Negro guys the best. I was just a laborer there so I didn't try to think I was better than anyone else. I used to get my lungs full of dust all the time so I didn't like that job at all even if it did pay 85¢ an hour. I was sort of glad that I got fired from that job because it was too cold to work anyway.

"I loafed around for a couple of weeks and it was January before I went to work again. I laid off during all that cold weather.

I hunted around for an inside job every once in a while, but I didn't look too hard. I was living off of my savings. Finally my money began to run low. So I had to look for another job. All the time I was figuring that I would be reclassified and called for the Army any day, but it just didn't come around. Finally I went out to the 63rd St. employment office. There was a Negro interviewer there and he wouldn't give the boochies a good job. He told me that I had better go to work at International Harvesters so I signed up for it. I figured that there were a lot of boochies working out there so it wouldn't be too tough. The Negro interviewer wouldn't tell me about any other kind of job. Just as I was walking out of the place I met one of my Sacto friends and he told me about a temporary job at the Paper Container Co. which paid a dollar an hour. I decided to take that job first. I worked out there for 10 days and we were in a warehouse so it wasn't so cold. There was no discrimination or nothing there. I got to thinking that I didn't like the idea of that kurombo interviewer forcing me to go out to Harvesters so I started to look around for another job. Some of the boochie guys I knew told me that it wasn't so good to work at Harvesters anyway. On January 10 I got myself a job at the Diamond Precision Co. One of the guys I knew was working out there and he told me to come on out if I wanted to work steady.

"The Diamond Precision Co. was a new plant and I was disappointed when I found out that we could work only 45 hours a week. They kept promising more hours but it didn't come. I figured that at 80¢ an hour, I couldn't make too much money. I kept on working in the hopes that they would give us more hours but it didn't come. I was just a laborer there anyway and it was a small place. There were about 10 boochies there, 5 Negroes and only 2 Caucasians in

laborers' department. Finally after 6 weeks I got pretty disgusted so I asked them for a job release and I quit the place.

"I heard that the Morton Poster Co. was taking on boochie guys and they were offering good money for piece work so I went over there and got a job about the middle of February. The first day wasn't bad, but after that I didn't like the job at all. I had to fold tents all day long. It wasn't too hard, but I lost a lot of weight. I guess that was because I wasn't used to doing a night shift job. I was disappointed again because I wasn't making much money either. All those other guys I knew kept telling me they were making 50 bucks or more but I was never able to find a job like that. I was getting paid only 65¢ an hour base pay and I was averaging only \$5.50 a day. After 2 weeks I thought to hell with it so I quit. After that I started to loaf around pretty regularly.

"I decided that the next job I took had to pay me at least 50 bucks a week but I wasn't able to locate any of those jobs. I didn't find anything that I liked. I wasn't too particular about the type of work, but I didn't feel like getting gypped on pay.

"On March 28 I took another job as I ran out of dough and I got tired of loafing around. I was put on as a mechanic's helper at the Transportation Maintenance Corp. at 65¢ an hour. After 3 days I quit that place. I just didn't like the job because it was too greasy. I wanted to work in a place that was cleaner and I wanted to make more dough. By that time I was getting pretty disgusted with Chicago and I was planning to go to Des Moines anyway. I told the company that it was no use for me to stay there and let them teach me the works as they would be losing money.

"On April 3, 1945, I went to work as a stock boy at the drug company. I told them that I only planned to remain there for a

short time as I was planning to leave the state. They said that it was no use for me to stay there in that case. Man, what a sad guy I am. I had 5 jobs in 3 months. I never liked any of the jobs I held this year.

"Right now I'm planning to leave for Des Moines next week. I don't know what kind of a job I will look for next. I would like to work in a place where I can get fresh air. None of my jobs have been very exciting so I get bored as hell. I guess I'll just keep on working all the time until I get drafted. If I don't get drafted I'll just keep on working in something. I don't care to do anything specialized altho I'd like to learn a good trade. I might have a better chance for a job after the war if I did that. I'm not exactly sure of what I want to do though.

"I guess a lot of Nisei guys will get fired from their jobs after the war, but the Caucasian guys will get fired too. I think most of the boochies will stay out here as they don't have anything to go back to on the coast. They would have less chance for jobs out there as in Chicago. I think that a lot of the Nisei are making pretty good progress out here. I know a couple of guys who have worked hard for almost 2 years out here and they are saving their dough for the rainy day ahead. I guess they're much smarter than us guys who want to have our fun right now. Most of my friends work pretty steady and they don't throw their dough away like I do. They have a good reputation in the places where they work. I only began to fool around a lot after I got to know Ando, Blackie and the guys but I am not blaming them at all because I would have started fooling around anyway.

"I don't think that I've done anything real bad so I don't have to feel disgraced. It's no shame to have a lot of different types

of jobs. A lot of the boochie guys out here don't like their jobs but they are afraid to go out on their own and look for another job so they stay on. I quit my job whenever I get sick and tired of it. And there's no harm in doing that because I am getting experienced. I think that I will be working pretty steady after I go down to Des Moines. Hell, I'm really optimistic about the future even though I know the boochie are going to have a helluva time in getting decent jobs. It's no use being pessimistic as that way I wouldn't be able to get so much jobs. I would be afraid to go out and try. A guy just has to go out and look for his own job because nobody is going to feel sorry for him if he stays home and cries. I feel nonchalant as hell when I go job hunting and I always figure that the next place will have an opening for me. I don't feel inferior at all when I get turned down because that would discourage me too much. It's no use being that way. Whatta hell, there will be plenty of guys looking for jobs after the war and I will be just one of them. Some of us are bound to get a job.

"I was doing pretty good financially until I started to loaf around. I even budgeted myself because I wanted to put away a little money in the bank. I ~~figured~~ figured that it cost me about \$5 a day for living expenses and I could save all the rest. The trouble is that I never did get one of those 50 bucks a week jobs. I had to pay a \$24 dentist bill once and that knocked quite a hole in my savings. I also loaned some money to my friends who were out of work and a few of them haven't thought to pay me back yet. Since I've been out here I haven't invested much money in clothes as I figured that I would get drafted soon so it was no use. I just bought a few things that I needed pretty badly.

"Right now it costs me about 25 bucks a week to live and I don't

have any income. Room and board costs me about 10 bucks a week and I have to spend about \$5 a month for cigarettes. Carfare also runs into money and I have to have about 10 bucks a week to go out on dates and other things like shows and the pool hall. I used to take out girls quite a bit but I can't do that much now as I haven't been working steady. I've gone about 20 bucks in debt but I'm all clear now. I've got about 45 bucks coming from friends that I have loaned money to.

"The thing I can't understand is that my draft status is still 4-C. I just figure that if they call me I'll go in but I'm not going to ask for it. I don't believe in this reserve business that they put the Nisei in. I want to go right in when I get 1-A instead of wasting time because it'll have to be sooner or later anyway. I won't have any choice but to go into the infantry. I'd like to go into the air corps but they wouldn't let me do that. I think I'd even volunteer if they gave me a choice of what I wanted to do in the Army. I don't think that I'll even apply for that boochie language school because I'll have to stay in the Army longer if I do that. I'm too dumb to learn all that boochie anyway.

"The way I look at the war right now is that I don't feel nothing about it. I'm just neutral like I have always been right along. I think that there's no doubt that this country will win the war but it's not going to be too easy for them to finish off boochie-land because those soldiers in Japan fight like hell and they never give up.

"I think that's the main reason why the Nisei in the Army here have made such a good name. They have that fighting spirit like the boochie soldiers in Japan only they are fighting on opposite side. Naturally I'm for the Nisei. The only thing is that I don't

think I'll be fighting for democracy when I go in. They say that we would all be fighting against discrimination, but that don't prevent the Army from putting us all in one unit. They act like they still don't trust us. This makes the Nisei soldiers griped and they fight even harder to show the generals that they should have more confidence in us. I guess it won't make much difference after the war because there won't be so much democracy as they claim. All the boobies here will still find it tough going even if they are war veterans.

"One thing I have learned out here is that I have to depend on myself most of the time. I've gone down to the USES for jobs, but I got my jobs mostly through my own contacts. I had to go down there just for the job releases. The WRA is doing the best it can, but it can't help me too much. When I first came out here the guys used to gripe like hell about the WRA but they don't say nothing any more because they don't even go down there for jobs any more. It's easier for me to get jobs on my own and I figure that the WRA is going out of business pretty soon anyway so it's no use depending upon it too much.

"I haven't had a very active social life out here. I don't belong to any clubs except the Hyde Park YMCA. I go to the Buddhist church and I am a member of it, but I haven't been attending regularly. I don't know nothing about the JACL but they sent me a letter once and asked me to be a member. My friends ^{any} to hell with the JACL so I didn't feel like joining. I heard too many rumors about what they done during the evacuation. I don't pay much attention to the JACL so I really don't know. I figure that it was for their own good of the Japanese to be evacuated, but the JACL should have tried to do something about it for the principal of the thing.

Instead, the JACL guys went around 'yessing' Gen. DeWitt all the time. I'm not much interested in politics anyway so I don't know if they could have done any more. All the guys I know don't think much of the JACL.

"I got more of an interest in the YMCA and I'd like to go out there even more than I have been doing. I go swimming and play basketball about 3 evenings a week with 3 of my friends. The rest of the night I go to the pool hall and other places with Ando and the guys or else I try to get a date. That YMCA life is more healthy for us and the guys I go with are clean cut. We play on teams with the Caucasian guys out there and we get along pretty good with them. Not too many boochies are members of that 'Y'. I think there are only about 5 at the most. My friends and I are the only boochies who go out there regularly. I don't see why more boochies don't come into the 'Y' as they are welcome. It's a pretty good organization and none of the guys hold a grudge against Nisei. They are all clean cut and they try to be friendly. We have some pretty good games out there and the Caucasian guys always want the boochies on their teams to play basketball because we're pretty good at it.

"I'm also a church attender at the Buddhist church. I go about one or 2 times a month. I've been too busy seeing my friends lately so I sort of neglected it. There are 2 Buddhist groups out here but I go to Rev. Kono's church the most. Rev. Kubose is the one the Nisei like the most as he talks in English. I've been listening to the Japanese sermons. Once in a while I change around and go to the other one. I'm not too religious but I get those thinking moods once in a while and I figure that church won't hurt me at all. I go out there to make friends too. That's what all those boochies go to church for.

"I think that I've gotten into a boochie sort of life more out here than I was back in Frisco. I've gone to all of the Nisei dances out here since last November. Those dances aren't bad but sometimes us guys have a sad time. They get fair crowds out for those dances which are held at the Viking Temple on Belmont Ave. I don't know who sponsors them but I've heard that the guy makes a pretty good profit on each dance. Hell, I don't blame them for that because who would be a sucker enough to put on dances for the Nisei out of the kindness of their heart? Quite a few of the dances I have gone to stag. I usually go in and cut in on strange girls and that frightens them. Their escorts don't like that very much but they can't do anything because us guys can take care of anyone. I haven't seen too many of the boochie guys get real drunk at the dances lately. I've seen a couple of fights though and they were pretty good. I don't go around looking for fights at all but some of the friends I have like to fight and there are always other cliques there that have a chip on their shoulders too. When the 2 of them meet there is usually a brawl. I'm more interested in meeting the girls but they don't seem to like the stag fellows too much.

"Usually I take my dates to the show downtown as there is too much competition at those boochie dances. All the guys go there to wolf. That's the best way to meet the girls. I wouldn't mind it if they organized some good clubs for boochies to meet in. I think that everybody would behave themselves a lot better if they didn't try to show off so much. That always starts a fight and it makes it bad. Those guys remember old grudges from back in LA and Denver and they are not willing to forget about it when they come together.

"A lot of girls don't like my friends as they call us zoot suiters but I don't do nothing bad. My pants are draped only a

little bit and I don't have a zoot suit at all. Those boochie dames are not such angels themselves and I know a lot of them with bad reputations. All I want to do is to be sociable. There's no sin in doing that, but all those girls take it the wrong way. That's why I think that sometimes it might be better not to have too large a boochie group because the cliques don't get along with each other anyway.

"I don't belong to any clubs with Caucasians in it except the 'Y'. I think it would be good for the boochies to join these 'Y' and other clubs like that as it's not so good to stick by ourselves every minute of the day. But it is hard to do that out here and we got used to sticking with our own guys in camp. It's easier for us to go look up our old friends because we don't know any Caucasians out here at all. Hell, we come out of camp with other boochie guys and we work with them and we live together so that it is natural for us to go play around together. Some people don't think much of that but it can't be helped. I don't know too many boochies anyway and I let them alone. I just know my own friends and we do things together.

"But there isn't many ways for us to meet new girls out here unless they hold boochie dances and have social clubs. Church is about the best place to meet dames as the nice girls go there. I think that it would be good if some clubs were organized out here with 50-50 membership so that we would get to know both Caucasian and Nisei. My friends say that Caucasians don't like us, but I don't find that true out at work. If we did mingle around a bit, we wouldn't have all that suspicion about us. That was the main trouble before the evacuation. I don't have any way of meeting Caucasians except at the 'Y' so I can't do much myself, but I don't condemn

others who do.

"I know about 25 boochies out here. I see them around now and then at their apartments and I see most of them at every dance. I have met some of them out here, but I knew most of them from camp. There are about 10 guys who come around here to this apartment pretty regular. They are mostly Ando's friends. We go play pool, go to shows, go bowling, go swimming and go to dances together. They're not all the rowdy guys either. They're just average guys like me. We like to exercise quite a bit and we want to have some fun once in a while. All those guys work hard all day so they have to relax once in a while.

"I don't go much to whore houses with Ando and the guys anymore. It's too expensive anyway. Every time we start making the rounds we spent about 25 bucks each. I guess I have had my share of the sex life and I'm not wild about it anymore like those guys who first come out of camp. I sure went around a lot out here for a while when I first met Ando and Blackie. That's why I didn't feel like working so much for a while.

"Most of the Nisei girls I know out here are nice but a couple of them have reputations. I took them to the park and laid them because they didn't give a damn. Most of the time I just take girls out for mild dates and I don't try to get funny with them if they are nice girls. Hell, those Nisei girls play hard to get sometimes, but some of them are pretty rugged. Other times I go to see the dames and I just sit around their apartments and we don't have nothing to say. We talk about camp life and how dead it is out here and then there's a big silence. They usually live with other dames so you can't start trying to nick with them. That's why it's pretty sad to go see these dames sometimes.

"I haven't any plans for getting married. I'd like to find a nice girl to marry but I've got to have some money to ^{back} ~~back~~ me up. A lot of those Nisei couples get hitched with only a couple of hundred bucks reserve and that's not enough to start out with. I don't think there is nothing wrong with intermmariage either if they like one another. I don't care if the Nisei mix a lot or not. But I've heard that maybe it would be better for them if they mingled a bit more. I just like to stay in a nice clean building and I don't dislike the Caucasians like some of my friends do. I really don't feel to different from them even if they've blamed us for a lot of things we didn't do. I figure that if they treat me decent I'll play ball with them. If they start calling me a Jap, I have no use for them.

"I've been having a lot of free time during the last 3 months, but I don't do much. Most evening I just take it easy and go shoot pool or see my friends or go to the 'Y'. We usually shoot pool for small bets to make it more interesting. We play for money in bowling too but I do lousy in that. I don't do much reading but I like sport stories and detective novels the best. Once in a while I read the comic books. I read the sports section in the newspaper every night but I don't have much use for the rest of the paper. I get most of the war news on the radio but it is on the blink right now. I don't gamble at all but the rest of the guys do. I don't care for it too much and I'd rather spend my money at the 'Y' to play basketball or go swimming. I don't condemn anyone for playing poker because I would go in for it myself if I were any good in it.

"I've been down to the Hawaiian Club a lot of times but I've only played once or twice. The reason I don't like to gamble is that I see a lot of those boochie guys who lose big amoun~~ts~~ and they start crying about it. I figure it's not worth it if it makes you

feel that way. It gets to be a habit and I won't be no good for nothing if I did it all the time. The other guys are always getting into poker or hana sessions but I go visit the girls instead. Then I get my money's worth. I've noticed that the guys who gamble a lot are always borrowing money so that the percentage is against them.

"I don't write many letters but I write to a couple of girls in camp and to my dad and sister mostly. I never know what to say in a letter anyway. I've been writing special delivery letters to my old man telling him to go to Des Moines but he still wants to come here and that's what gets me worried. I feel pretty responsible for my old man but he never listens to me as he wants his way all the time. I don't know how many times I've told him that it's not good to come to Chicago but he just sends a telegram telling that he's coming anyway.

"I think that it's better for my family to get together in Des Moines. It's a much smaller town and I've heard that it's cleaner. Every time I go down to the Loop I see those old Issei looking so sad and they look lost. I don't want my old man to feel that way. I figure it will be better for my old man to go to Des Moines as he will be able to meet more Caucasians. He's been meeting them all his life in his work so that he shouldn't miss the Nihonjin that much. Then if I get drafted, my old man will have my sister around yet to look after him. My step-mother will probably go to her daughter in Ogden. My old man might call her out here later on, but she's old and it's sort of risky.

"I know that I'll steady down after I get to Des Moines because I get along with my sister about the best and she won't let me be a bum. My older brother is in Heart Mt. yet but he's got his own family to look after. He was going to come out here, but I don't

know what he's going to do as we never write to each other. He don't have to worry at all because he has a profession and he shouldn't find it too tough. I don't think that he is planning to go to Des Moines at all. My brother-in-law down in Des Moines works in an office down there and he is doing pretty well.

"I won't be sad to leave this town even though I think my Chicago life has been a good experience. I've learned how to go around with girls now. I was always afraid to talk to them face to face in camp as I'm such a shy guy. When I started going around with the guys out here I got more confidence in myself. I have had some good experiences in working too so it hasn't hurt me. I've learned to go on my own and depend on myself and that is one of the main things in life that everyone has to do.

"I think that the boochies will all be able to settle down successfully as they have been doing fairly well so far. They should be able to keep on doing that all the way. There is a lot of discrimination in job pay, but the Nisei workers will be able to get by. A lot of times they don't give the boochies the same pay as the white man but we got to expect that until we get well known. I don't think that there is any discrimination in social life as we can go almost any place without anyone bothering us. A lot of the Nisei go to the big hotel dances and night clubs out here all the time and they are accepted well enough.

"I get along good enough with Caucasians that I have met and I wouldn't mind meeting a lot more, especially in sports. There isn't any group that I feel bad against. I don't have nothing against the Negroes as they have never done nothing to me. The Jews I have met are okay but some of the guys say they'll cheat you every time. I haven't met many Chinamen out here but I don't hold nothing against

them. I see a lot of Filipinos down on Clark St. but they are okay as long as they don't bother me. The Germans treat us pretty good too because they seem to understand us better. I think all nationalities are okay if they didn't go around thinking they were better than the other guy.

"I used to work with an Italian guy and he treated me pretty good. I don't see why the white people should have all this race prejudice if they believe in a democracy. I don't see why they don't let boobies into the Navy either. Hell, we could do good in it and I bet we could show a lot of those other Navy guys up if they gave us a chance. I don't think we are any different from the Germans and Italians born in this country but they are all able to get into the Navy while we aren't.

"I think that I'll be living in this country the rest of my life so it's no use for me to have a grudge against it. The only thing I don't like is to get forced into a slum. I think that I would have a chance if I went to Japan, but I don't want to go there because I don't know anyone out there. I don't think much of the war and I don't know how much longer it is going to last. The sooner it is over, the better I will like it. In a way, I should root for Japan because my old man invested some of my money in the Sumitomo Bank in Frisco and I lost out in that deal. But I feel that Japanese money wouldn't do me much good. The only thing that I gained out here is experience in looking for jobs and I probably will be better off if I had been able to remain back on the coast. I~~xx~~ have met all kinds of guys at the USES and I've got confidence in myself after being interviewed so many times. I won't stoop to anybody to ask for a job. Hell, I have my xpride.

My dearest Hash,

I was so happy to hear from you and glad to know that you are in fine condition.

Heard from nisan and he didn't say anything yet, but I wrote to him and told him that pa wants to relocate since Topaz is closing. Pa wrote to me and he says that he either wants to come to Chicago or Des Moines. Are you coming here in May to see us?

If pa relocates he says that he wants to work as a cook in an American home so he doesn't have to worry for a house. Whatever you have in mind please let me know. O.K.? The salary here may be little cheaper than Chicago.

Well, Hash, please write in detail to me and Takako wants to know whether you received her letter and the wallet for Christmas. Please answer me. Bye.

Your sis,

Mis

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Heart Mountain Wyo.

March 15, 1945

Dear Hash:

Well, I hope this letter find you in the best of health. I have not heard from you lately but I know you are fine and working hard. Jimmy Kozuma just wrote to me and he said you were working with Ziggy Akahoshi and doing well also he saw you play basketball. Hiroshi Sunahara wrote me a letter and told me he was sorry he could not see or talk to you on the phone as much as he tried but he said you were doing alright by yourself.

I have been thinking maybe I go out to Chicago by myself and get a job and work until WRA close this camp. When the camp close come back here and help pack everything. If I went to Chicago do you think I can get a job some place say where you work or where some of my friends work. I don't think our camp will close until the end of the year so I figure it will give me about 8 months to work.

Well, write to me and give me your opinion about me going there.

Always,

Jimmie

(brother)

My old man was just anxious for me to get educated in Japan after I got out of high school and that was about the biggest thing on his mind. Most of the Issei were that way.

I remember in my last year in high school my old man used to talk about it more and more. Before that I would just agree with him so that he would stop talking about it. When I saw that he was really serious about sending me to Nihon, I told him that I didn't want to go. I said that I didn't think I would like it very much over there. I would miss all those baseball games. Gee what fun to follow the Pacific Coast League all the time and I was a real fan. My old man didn't know very much about baseball so I couldn't talk with him much about that. The only time he ever talked to me much was in those serious discussions about why I would be better off in the old country. He said that I would have much more of a chance for a job afterwards but I said that I didn't care. I didn't have any ambition to be a great success in anything.

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Just before the war the only thing I ever thought much of was that I would like to travel around some day. I figured that I would be living in Frisco all of my life because I had made up my mind that I wasn't going to Japan to any school. I didn't even want to go to college in Frisco. For a while I was thinking that I might try to get into a fishing boat but my old man didn't have enough pull. That's the way most Nisei got a job on a fishing boat. It was a good paying type of work and everyone wanted to get into it.

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CH-61

because there wasn't much percentage in working for the
Japanese stores. They didn't pay enough. /

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