

September 29, 1943

Toshiko Mochizuki (pseun.)

This morning Tomi found that the glass on the front door was shattered. She became alarmed and said that she hoped that someone had not broken it because of our staying there. She recalled some threats that had been made to Toshiko's landlady. Toshiko said that she was moving:

"Our landlady gave us 1 weeks notice to move out. Some of the neighbors were threatening to break her windows and door glass unless she kicked us out. She's a bit hysterical anyway. I guess it's just as well that we move because she doesn't like us. When any of us are on the phone she just sits there and listens in. When any of the boys come over, she tells us all kinds of nasty things. I think she doesn't like my roommate. I can't say that I blame her too much for that. I think she tries to look over us so much that I think she must be suspicious or something. I know that it's against regulations of the government to kick people out but I don't want to stay there anyway. I don't want anyone to cause any trouble because I want her to forward our mail and everything. I think I'll be glad to move.

"I went to the University housing bureau and asked them about a new place. When I told them my story they called up a couple of places for me and told them the situation and we found one nice place in the basement with five rooms. The man who owns the place is very religious and he sounded awfully nice. I'm going over there to see the place this afternoon and if my roommate doesn't like it she can go look for a place of her own. She wants to move out to the northside where she works, but why should I go out there when I work on the southside?"

October 7, 1943

Toshiko Mochizuki (pseun.)

"My roommate disgusts me. She's so childish that she just can't see anything beyond what she wants herself. She wants everything her own way and if she can't get it she just yells. We fight all the time. Then she's so dependent on someone that I just can't kick her out. We came out of Jerome together, so I can't throw her out.

"The thing I can't understand is why she ever split from her parents. She broke away from them, you know. They were going to repatriate, so she just left. I don't know how she did it, but she left them. They are in Tule Lake now. She's out alone with her sister.

"It makes it tough on the other two girls because she's very religious. It's hard to understand though because she has some peculiar attitudes. She has a steady boy-friend now and she doesn't seem to mind necking him or anything. She hates jazz music for some reason, or no reason at all. She never does any work around the house. When it's her turn to cook we have to wait around and wait around, and the worst part of it all is that she buys the stuff that's most expensive both in points and money. She always tells me what to cook when it's my turn, but she'll never make it herself. I don't know what to do about her."

First Interview
Document CH-110
October 26, 1943
Shibutani

Toshiko Mochizuki (pseun.)
Fruit-stand operator

I was in Torrence at home when the war broke out. We had just finished lunch on Sunday when we received a telephone call from a friend of Dad's. He was very excited and told us that the war had started. Dad didn't believe it and we didn't either. We went to work out on the field as usual and took our radio along. My brother was home that week-end too and he went out on the field to work too. About 4:30 in the afternoon we suddenly heard it over the radio. I kind of suspected something when dad's friend phoned, but at that time I didn't feel anything. I just shrugged my shoulder and thought, well, that's the thing. / After I heard the broadcast, I felt a little uneasy. I told dad and he was more shocked than any of us. We felt that it just couldn't be possible, but it seemed more real after we had heard it on the radio. We spent the evening together thinking. We were fearful of what might happen in the future.

My brother Tosh was working in a defense factory and had a responsible position. Dad thought that they might blame him for some things that he didn't do because he had such a responsible position. He told Tosh not to go to work the next day. Ken was working in the War Department and was more secure. His job wasn't so important so on Monday he just went to work as usual. The brother who went to work came home and said that he didn't notice anything so the next day my other brother went to work too. He said that nothing happened so he kept right on working.

We didn't feel anything, but excitement. I think that was

because my father was level-headed. You see, I have no mother, and women are apt to take things more to heart. My sister was gone to school, and I'm the kind of person who doesn't show emotion. I may be excited but I don't show it. We didn't worry about my sister because we felt that a school was the best and safest place for her to be. People in schools are broadminded. She was well liked so we didn't fear anything. Dad never showed anything in the way of fear or anything. He never shows any emotions. For example, we know he loves us all, but he never shows it. It's just in his actions that we know. He probably felt something, but there was no way in which we could tell. I don't think we had any fears.

We didn't have many American (Caucasian) friends. We didn't have much contact with the hakujin in the neighborhood. But we did know plenty of Caucasians, though. I feared most for my father and not for myself. We lived in the area a long while. I think that the fact that we had all the things there for quite a while and all our friends were friends of long standing made us feel more secure.

I ran a little fruit stand, and all of us went to work as usual. My younger brother is the one in the defense plant. I think he felt the tension first. It wasn't the tension of the fellow workers. His employer felt the pressure of the customers, but my brother held on to his job until February. Mr. Halibarton, his boss, changed his business to Norwalk and transferred him to avoid the talk of the customers. My brother worked in Norwalk up to the time of evacuation.

At Christmas time we had our turkey as usual. Business went

on as usual so far as I could see. We didn't go out at nights any more. Before the war, when we went anywhere, we always took Dad along. After the war, we thought the people might notice him, and we feared for him mainly. Later on, we heard that others were going out and not having any trouble so we started going out too.

We didn't have any trouble with Filipinos. We hired a few and they worked with us to the end. They were good workers. They were older than average. One was 47 and had a brother attending a university. He was intellectual, I guess and unusual. He didn't look like the guys you see walking down the streets. He stayed to the very end.

I guess the firing of the Los Angeles civil service workers struck me first and the hardest. I think it hit me because I thought about my brother losing his job. I knew that when that happened Ken was going to lose his job. The War Department didn't fire him until two or three weeks after all the city workers were ousted. Those L.A. politicians hammered at him, but the senior officer refused to fire Ken. Finally, the politicians gauded him on, I guess, and Ken lost his job.

I expected evacuation in February. I had to renew the lease on the farm. We owned three-fourths of it and leased one-fourth. The lady hammered on me to lease it. I felt the evacuation. I don't know what told me, but I didn't lease it. She said it was preposterous that citizens would be evacuated. But I didn't take ~~she-lease~~ the lease. I really don't know why. At that time, Dad could have gone on planting but he never did. He planted things that grew fast. By that time, Long Beach was getting pretty prejudiced, despite the fact that we were going there for the past

twenty-seven years. They took our privileges away.

We were citizens but we were treated like aliens. I don't know why I felt the evacuation was coming, but I didn't lease the land. I really couldn't say what told me.

My brother volunteered for the army. He left on March 8. That was a Monday. On the 13th my Dad was picked up by the F.B.I. I don't know. That was really a period of turmoil. I had to sell the place. The whole thing didn't mean much to me because I was thinking of something else. The J.A.C.L. guys were running around and yelling, but I never paid much attention to them because I had problems of my own. I don't remember much but it sure was a period of turmoil.

About my Dad. We had expected him to be picked up. He was connected with Japanese language schools. He was a cabinet member of the Japanese language association. A lot of his friends were picked up after December seventh or soon afterwards. We packed a suitcase just in case they came for him. We had that suitcase packed for a long time. I tried to stay home just in case they came. That week end my sister came home on Thursday from school. I went down to the bank in Gardena. We transferred the bank account from Long Beach. I was away about an hour. When I came home I saw my sister crying. She was all alone. When I saw her I knew that something had happened. When I found out I got mad. I just got mad, that's all. I yelled at my sister to find out why they picked him up, but she didn't know. I called up Mr. Endo on the telephone. He was an old friend. He was the same man who phoned us when the war broke out. He was in the same activities with my father, and I thought that maybe he was picked up too. When I

phoned and found out that he wasn't picked up when my Dad was, I just got mad. He was home, and that made me mad as ever. My sister told me that Dad allowed them to enter only his room and wouldn't let them search the whole house. Since he didn't own the house, they didn't do a thing. They just told him to change and pack and to come along. The F.B.I. men who came were not harsh. I heard that some of them were pretty bad. My sister said that they went to the living room and looked at the picture of our family and asked where my mother was. They were in the living room. My sister told them she was dead, and they were very sympathetic. Dad told me later that they were very nice and sympathetic.

I didn't do anything that day. I knew he was going to the County Jail and then would be sent to the Terminal Island prison. The next day, I phoned and asked where my Dad was. They said they had taken him to Tuhanga and I knew how to get to him because I and helped other families before who were in the same fix. We went to see him on the first Sunday and saw him for three minutes. He was a changed man. He was haggard. He just wasn't the same person.

I was expecting it, but when it came I was just mad as hell. I told sis why she didn't asky why they were taking him. I guess everybody loves his parents. They think of parents as perfection. I felt that he couldn't escape, but I kept thinking why did they have to pick him? They were so many others who did the same thing. Besides, he couldn't do anything dangerous anyway.

I had two sisters who were married. Both had their own homes. The property was all in my brother's name. I had to get power of attorney and had to help other friends and neighbors who didn't

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know what to do. Then I had to tend to my own affairs. I had a years lease on my property across the street. It was all paid for and we had some pipes in the/re that made it more valuable. The landlord wouldn't let us take the pipes out. We tried to sell him the pipes but he kept jewing us down. We had two homes and a large garage. I didn't have too much, but that had to be disposed of before we evacuated. We had a beautiful home. The farm was in good condition. We rent that out furnished. We got an offer from the president of a dehydrated vegetable company. He first offered us \$750 for what was on the property with rent coming in every month. I went over to the office with my real estate agent, but he knew we were up against it and would give us the price his wife had given us. His secretary was there and thought it was O.K., but he wanted to pay only \$300 flat. I couldn't think of it. I was desperate. Here it was two days before leaving for camp. I used to always talk to my brother before making decisions. I never made my decisions alone before. But my brother wasn't there. I couldn't leave the property where it was. Then an old time friend of ours came over and offered to take over for the price we had been quoted originally. They wanted to take over the place. This was next to the last day. Then my brother came home from work. With the property mess settled we packed and settled the house. People brought over their furniture and stored them in a framehouse that we had and I worried because it was not enough protection. I feared for the furniture of other people much more than I did about ours because ours was being used by friends of ours. We left all of our things as is. We cleaned up a bit and put the China and unnecessary clothing in a bedroom. We were told at that

time by everybody that we were supposed to take only enough clothing that we needed immediately and not to take so much. We thought maybe we were going to Manzanar. I bought some wollens, some shacks and prepared for both hot and cold, but we didn't take too much.

We weren't supposed to evacuate with the group in the area. We didn't want to. All of our friends were in San Pedro. We asked the manager of the evacuation office if we could go with our friends. At first he said, No. We kept after him and on the second day, he just threw up his hands and said what did he care were--w where we went and signed us up. We went along with our friends and nobody even noticed it.

In our family we just had a common pool of money. We had a money box and each of us took as much as we wanted for our own purposes. In June, before the war, my father split up the money three ways and I was given the large account. My brothers had two shares. The money always was at Long Beach. My father was a respected oldtimer. Whenever I went to the bank, they used to ask about him all the time. After the war I switched my account to Gardena because Long Beach got pretty bad. I guess we felt it more than the people really felt it. We were oversensitive, I guess. The prejudice seemed pretty bad. I used to shop in Long Beach, but after the war I did everything in Gardena. It was about the first part of January that I transferred my account. It was more convenient to have my money nearby. When my brother became a soldier I transferred the major portion of the money to him because people were saying before evacuation that bank accounts would be taken away from evacuees. They were saying not to go to centers in cars be-

cause they would be taken away too. I thought if he were in the Army it would be harder for them to take the money away.

After Ken went to the Army I knew that my other brother wanted to join the Army too. I know that he really wanted to go. But Dad was gone and we had no mother. He thought it was his duty. I'm sure that duty held him back. He wanted to join up, but he didn't want to leave two girls alone when the evacuation came.

We just had four suitcases and one duffle bag. We didn't take much because we were told at the evacuation office not to take things we couldn't carry. We loved music. We had a radio and phonograph that my brother wanted to take along. My brother wanted to sneak in a radio, and stuck it in the back of the car. We talked to Hideo Endo who worked for the W.C.C.A. and he told us not to take a radio because it would be confiscated. The night before we left we phoned him about the radio and the records, but he said, No. That really got me.

Field Notes: Free Association
CH-110
Shibutani
~~Jan. 22~~-1944 Nov. 29, 1943

Toshiko Mochizuki

This guy Yoshida is a real Jap. I can't see why they let him out of Ellis Island. Gosh, what a sad looking bunch up there. They're so jealous of each other. The first thing they do when you walk in is to look you up and down with that funny look in their eyes. They want to see how much you know and each one thinks he knows more than the next guy.

Martha and Esther had a Big fight last night. Esther's brother was eating with us and he is paying only 15 cents a day. Sometimes he eats more than all three of us put together. Martha got sore and she wanted Esther to pay more for her brother's meals. I told him about the fight and he said that he didn't know anything about it, but he agreed that he should pay more. Last week-end was spoiled too. The girls were fighting as usual. They were so mad at each other that they wouldn't even speak. Esther puts on the northwest air of superiority and Martha keeps telling her that Seattle people are not so good.

Free Association:
CH-110
Shibutani
Dec. 2, 1943

Toshiko Mochizuki

We're not doing anything at all upstairs. I get sleepy as anything when loafing. I still think that Yoshida is a goddam Jap. Doi is very dirty. He's going through that stage of life and he sees everything that way. I don't know what I'm going to do up there. I can't get any romantic interests because the men are either too old or too young. One of the girls who is slightly ugly is really running wild.

Dec. 3, 1943

We're still wasting time. A couple of people do all the talking but they don't talk about teaching Japanese. Some of the people from Seattle get together and monopolize the conversation. I've learned all about Seattle but I don't know anything about Japanese yet. The Seattle people really love Seattle. I think it's a waste of time.

Field Notes: Free Association
October 26, 1943
Document CH-111
Shibutani

Esther Uchimura

I hear that Congress is considering repealing the Chinese Exclusion Act. I suppose that that's really progress now that the House of Representatives has passed it. I don't know what will happen in the Senate, but it sounds pretty good. Now I think that the Japanese are really discriminated against. We are now singled out as the only people who are excluded from naturalization in the United States. I suppose that we are victims of circumstance.

I never heard about the trouble in Tule Lake. I heard it was bad but I didn't realize what really happened. Minidoka was really a peaceful camp. I'm glad to hear that the Northwesterners behaved so well in Tule Lake.

Field Notes: Free Association
October 26, 1943
Document CH-112
Shibutani

Martha Mizoue

That Santa Anita riot was really something. I was scared. I lived near the place where it started and when I saw all those people running down I really got scared. I saw those police just run in all directions and run for the gates. I can understand why people felt that way, but I don't think the hakujin can. Those police just went to all the apartments and took whatever they wanted to. The people were really sore and they went after them.

Jerome was a dead center. I suppose I ought to be happy that I didn't go to Tule Lake, but then in a way it might have been more fun if we did have a little excitement.