

Ito, Harold Kay

CH - 204

"Karl H. Kito"

Men's Dormitory, Drake University  
Des Moines, Iowa

Remarks:

CH-204

ITO, HAROLD KAY

Karl H. Kito (fictitious name), is 22, single, a three-year student at the University of Oregon when war & evacuation cut his attendance short. His primary purpose in relocating from the Minidoka center to the midwest has been to finish his senior year of university work and receive his Bachelor of Arts degree.

Karl Kito arrived in Chicago, from Hunt, Idaho, via Madison, Wisconsin, early in March. He wanted to go on to New Jersey where a job had been promised him in a factory and there work for the summer months, saving enough to enroll in an eastern university to finish his last year in Journalism and Business Administration. Regulations prohibiting direct travel from a relocation camp into the Eastern Defense Area prevented his going east. He decided, after a round of consultation with W.R.A. officials and representatives of interested private agencies, to stay in Chicago. He left Chicago early in June, after approximately three months employment at the Agar's Manufacturing Company, to enroll at Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa. He had accomplished his objective of working full time at a factory job, and of saving over \$200 during that period.

B i o g r a p h i c a l : Karl Kito is a Nisei and almost typically collegiate in manners and appearance. He was born in Portland, Oregon, and attended public schools there. He received his Junior Certificate from the Multnomah College in Portland, majoring in Journalism, then enrolled at the University of Oregon in Eugene, in business Administra-

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tion. He worked summer vacations in the salmon and tuna cannery of the Columbia River Packers Association at Astoria, Oregon, earning an average of \$85 per month plus room and board. While attending classes, he also held part-time jobs, earning 35 cents an hour as a traffic checker for the Oregon State Highway Commission, a similar amount as dormitory janitor for the Portland Central Y.M.C.A., and later working at \$20 a week as an attendant there.

In his family relationships, Karl Kito appears to have been left very much on his own, despite the fact he is the youngest in the family. His school and work associations, according to his record, brought him into contact constantly with Caucasians. His references were all favorable in his application for relocation.

At the Minidoka Relocation Center, pursuing his interest in athletics and group activities, he took a job in the Recreation Department. He had occupied a similar post at the temporary North Portland Assembly Center.

The desire to be active took him to Rexburg, Idaho in October and November of 1942 when the opportunity to go out of camp to the sugar beet fields was opened. He worked in the fields topping and loading.

On his return from beet ~~work~~ furlough work, he applied immediately for relocation through the American Baptist Home Mission Society. In his application, he wrote his job preference as "war industry". He stated his desire to be able to finish his college work and obtain a degree. He attached to his application several letters of reference:

"Oregon State System of Higher Education

"December 18<sup>m</sup> 1942

"To whom it may concern:

"Karl Kito was a resident of Alpha Hall, Men's Residence Hall, for one year and a quarter, 1940-41. He was a good student, a good citizen of the hall and a good "mixer". The boys liked him, and the administration trusted him.

"Very truly yours,

s i g n e d  
(Mrs.) Genevieve Turnipseed"

\* \* \* \*

"PORTLAND PUBLIC SCHOOLS  
631 Northeast Clackamas  
Portland, Oregon

November 30, 1942

"Mr. Willis R. Jones  
Admission Counsellor  
Drake University  
Des Moines, Iowa

Dear Sir:

"I am writing to you concerning Karl Kito, whom I have known for the past eight years.

"Mr. Kito was a student at Franklin High School at the time I was teaching there. He came under my observation both as a student and an athlete.

"You will find Mr. Kito a very honest and trustworthy young man, a leader in student affairs and one of an unusually winning personality. I consider it a privilege and a pleasure to recommend Mr. Kito for any work that he is attempting to do, as I feel sure that it will result in a successful effort on his part.

Very truly yours,  
s i g n e d

CGK-sc

C. G. King, Principal

"M U L T N O M A H C O L L E G E

December 2, 1942

Willis R. Jones  
Admissions Counselor  
Drake University  
Des Moines, Iowa

Dear Sir:

Karl Kito attended Multnomah College from September 1939 to June 1941.

During that time he attended a number of my classes and had a great many contacts with our business office.

He is a high type young American, honorable and trustworthy and always mindful of the rights of others. If given the opportunity, he should become a very useful citizen.

Yours truly,  
s i g n e d  
A. H. Graper  
Business Manager"

AHG:bm

\* \* \* \*

"P O R T L A N D P U B L I C S C H O O L S  
Portland, Oregon

November 30, 1942

Mr. Willis R. Jones  
Admissions Counselor  
Drake University  
Des Moines, Iowa

Dear Mr. Jones:

Karl Kito, American-Japanese who is applying for admission to Drake University, has asked me to write you a letter of recommendation.

I have known Karl for the past five years both as a teacher and as a friend. That friendship has been most pleasant in spite of the present crisis. During this time he has kept in touch with me and I have followed his college career with considerable interest.

First as a reporter then as Sports Editor of our weekly high school paper, he worked under

my supervision and did fine work. Both at Junior College and at the State University, he continued his excellent record as a leader in journalism and in other activities. At one time Portland newspapers ran a picture and story of Harold and another Japanese boy at the University with a pledge of American-Japanese students to be loyal Americans and work for a quick victory over the enemy. I feel certain Karl is a true citizen in all respects and I'd "put my money" on his loyalty. His brother is a young doctor at Queens Hospital in Honolulu.

Karl has always been popular with all his classmates and teachers. His friendly ways, courteous manner, and sparkling wit endear him to those who know him. He is industrious, intelligent and loyal. His character, to my knowledge, is very fine.

I recommend most sincerely to your careful consideration his request. He is deserving but just wasting precious time in his present location.

Very truly yours,

s i g n e d

(Miss) Agatha Harding  
Instructor of Journalism"

\* \* \*

CHICAGO EXPERIENCES: KARL KITO SECURED ACCOMMODATIONS AT THE FRIENDS HOSTEL, 350 WEST BELDEN AVENUE, UPON HIS ARRIVAL IN CHICAGO. FOR SEVERAL DAYS HE MADE EFFORTS TO CONTINUE EASTWARD TO NEW JERSEY WHERE HE KNEW OF A DEFINITE JOB OFFER. "I WANT TO FINISH MY EDUCATION, BUT I'D LIKE TO WORK FOR THE SUMMER AND SAVE. IF I GET A GOOD ENOUGH JOB, MAYBE I'LL STICK AT IT PERMANENTLY." HE WAS ADVISED AGAINST THIS LAST BY ELMER SHIRRELL, RELOCATION SUPERVISOR OF THE CHICAGO W.R.A., WHOM HE WENT TO SEE ONE DAY. SHIRRELL SAID: "IF I WERE YOU, I'D GET AS MUCH EDUCATION UNDER

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MY BELT AS POSSIBLE. AFTER ALL, YOU'RE STILL PRETTY YOUNG AND IN GOOD HEALTH. YOU SHOULD BEAR IN MIND THAT YOU MAY BE DRAFTED. MOST OF THE COLLEGE MEN IN THE LAST WAR WHO WERE DRAFTED OR ENLISTED NEVER FINISHED THEIR UNIVERSITY WORK."

WITHIN THE WEEK, KITO HAD SECURED A JOB AT THE AGAR'S MANUFACTURING COMPANY PLANT IN CHICAGO. IT PAID HIM STARTING WAGES OF 60 CENTS PER HOUR, WITH TIME AND A HALF FOR OVERTIME. IN HIS SECOND WEEK, WITH TWO EVACUEE YOUNG MEN FRIENDS, HE SECURED AN APARTMENT, TWO AND A HALF ROOMS WITH KITCHENETTE ON WEST MAPLE STREET.

He made friends readily and seemed to adjust himself to new surroundings admirably.

He budgeted his expenses in order to save the maximum amount possible to be able to continue school. He was moderate in his recreation expenditures. With his two evacuee buddies, he shared the room rent. His share (one-third) was \$8 monthly, a remarkably low amount. The three likewise shared in food expenses. One of the trio worked in a butcher shop as a meat-cutter. The youths were able to obtain their meat at a discount. Kito's one-third share of the food bill for the month amounted to \$14.50. All told, his board and lodgings, "and I've been eating swell, I gained 10 pounds", were cut to a trim \$22.50 monthly. In addition to this, however, Kito said he spent about \$10 "here and there" to supplement the basic budget items.

His earnings averaged about \$33 weekly, with overtime. On June 5, 1943, Kito, after informing his employer that he would have to leave the plant in order to attend Drake University, left Chicago for Des Moines. He left behind him an excellent employment record at Agar's, where his superiors said they would re-hire him at any time when the need for new employees was felt as well as many new friends he had made in Chicago.

SECTION HEADINGS: TSUCHIYAMA REPORTS

1. Chronoglogical Account of the Poston Strike. pp. 1-35 & Addenda  
by Spencer.
2. Aftermath of the Strike. pp. 1-25.
3. History of the Central Executive Committee. pp. 1-26.
4. Visit of the Spanish Consul. pp. 1-26.
5. The Beating of Saburo Kido. pp. 1-15.
6. Notes on Selective Service Registration. pp. 1-52.
7. Excerpts from T. Tsuchiyama's Letter of March 27, 1943  
(Re: radio broadcasts).
8. The Firebreack Gang by "X". pp. 1-85 plus Appendix.

*Please let me know if you want  
any or all of this sent out.*

*J. M.*

Sakata, George

CH - 205

" Joe Sakai "  
Men's Dormitory, U. of Toledo,  
Toledo, Ohio.

Remarks:

CH-205

SAKATA, GEORGE

Joe Sakai is 21, studious, religious, single, formerly of Southern California, currently on student relocation, majoring in engineering at the University of Toledo, Ohio.

Joe is the older of two sons; he has no sisters. He grew up in Glendale, California, where his father alternated between landscape gardening and running a laundry. His mother helped in the latter undertaking. Joe graduated from elementary and high school and was in his last semester at Glendale Junior College as an engineering major when war broke out. In Junior College he seems to have mingled easily and well with Caucasian classmates. He took part in athletics and other extra-curricular activities, sang in the glee club. In out-of-school activities, he centered his interests around the Glendale Mikuni (Japanese) Christian Church where his parents were particularly active. About his school experiences, he says:

"I played football and pal-ed around with a lot of fellows at Jaysee. They all treated me swell. After Pearl Harbor at first, I wasn't so sure how I'd be treated. It was such a shock to me. But at school the fellows seemed to understand. They treated me better, if at all, it was like that. It made me feel good because it meant they looked on me as an American. You know, I wanted to sign up and enlist in the Army Air Corps. I even got a letter from the commanding officer at the Air Base at Santa Ana. Maybe they didn't know I was Japanese. But evacuation came along."

Joe is five feet four inches tall and weighs 130

pounds. He has a pleasant disposition and a ready smile, is described by friends as pleasant and friendly by nature, avoiding unpleasant things if at all possible. He is average in appearance, has a tendency to be shy at first meeting; he is neat in his habits. He speaks English fluently and without accent, except for a slight tendency, noticeable among many Nisei, to pronounce "the" as "de". References from his teachers at school rate him as "conscientious, hard-working" and of "superior intelligence."

Joe's father was not financially well off before evacuation. He says:

"We lived in a nice big, two-story frame house that Dad rented. It was on Central Avenue in Glendale. It was comfortable. I had a room all to myself, so did my brother; we were upstairs. We didn't have a lot of spending money. I worked on Saturdays as a gardener, taking over some of Dad's extra places. I earned enough to get along in school without draining any of the folks' money. Mother, who was very active in the Church (Glendale Mikuni Japanese Christian Church) helped out with the laundry. It was in the back of the house. We got the equipment for it all. My younger brother also helped out. We never had anything worth shouting about in the bank. I think we kinda lived hand to mouth. Dad's not so hot at figuring; he never could earn much money, and besides he's not much of a business man. Yeah, I guess we lived hard to mouth, never much, if anything, left over at the end of the month."

When mass evacuation was ordered, and instructions from

the Western Defense Command were posted on Glendale telephone poles, Joe's reactions were mingled. About the curfew regulations, he says:

"I didn't like 'em at all. I'm an American citizen. My classmates all treat me like one. I couldn't see why I should be singled out for such regulations. It made me feel that the government and everybody else was getting suspicious of me. It wasn't a good feeling. Certainly, I obeyed them just the same."

Evacuation--going to the first camp at Manzanar--came as a matter of course to Joe. His reactions to the final evacuation order were not so definite as his feeling of resentment against the curfew orders. He wasn't so sure that he would have preferred to have been separated at that time from his mother and father.

"Mom and Dad are enemy aliens. They're Issei. If the evacuation order meant that just they would go into a camp, leaving me and my brother, I don't know exactly how we would have made out. My brother was only 16 then too. I think if we'd had the choice, we'd probably gone--or at least my brother would have--maybe I wouldn't."

Both Joe and his brother had never been away from home. Parental ties appear to have been quite close in this family at the time of evacuation. Joe seems to be attached more closely to his Mother, his younger brother to his Father. Unlike many Issei parents, however, Joe's Mother and Father speak to the sons in English as well as Japanese, though primarily in the latter.

The Sakais appear to have had ample time to get

their affairs in order before going to the Manzanar Relocation Center on April 28, 1942. They stored their better furniture with Caucasian friends, employers of Mr. Sakai. Other belongings, including their laundry equipment, they placed in the building of the Japanese Church in Glendale. They sold their 1937 model sedan; & Joe packed his library of books which he had been building up through membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club and stored these at the Church. With a minimum amount of clothing and personal belongings packed in duffel bags, the Sakais--Father, Mother, two sons--boarded the Greyhound bus in the rain at Burbank on Tuesday morning, April 28, and headed for Manzanar. About the trip to Manzanar, he recalls:

"It started out with everybody in pretty good spirits. Of course, we were sorry to leave Glendale. We didn't lose an awful lot financially maybe. Besides, Dad and Mom are Christians and they kinda felt that this was in a way a testing of their Christianity. But as we got nearer to Manzanar, got out into the desert, things looked kinda bleak; we saw the pile of dust ahead, and boy did we sink low then. We managed, though, to survive somehow, and the folks kept pretty busy. Lots of our Glendale friends were with us on the same bus and we lived together on the same block."

The Sakais were fairly well known among the Japanese residents of Glendale. Some of these residents were in the habit of referring to the elder Sakais as "holy rollers" in a disparaging manner. The Sakais were said to be strongly

"missionary" in their relations with non-Christian Japanese.

At Manzanar, Joe lived with his parents and brother. He worked for a short while in the camouflage net factory, then transferred to the hospital where he was a clerk for the evacuee administrative assistant. His job was time-keeping. The family unit remained together more than the average family at Manzanar. The Sakais dined together at the mess hall together at least once- a week--on Sundays. Frequently the whole family was together on week days.

Joe's father became a block leader; his mother served as a volunteer social worker in the family relations department; his younger brother attended the center high school after being idle for the first five months when there was no school.

Joe kept busily occupied with his work, which he said he enjoyed "because I'm learning new things all the time" and on Sundays regularly attended Protestant Christian services. He sang in the choir for services in the "Church" ~~he~~ located in the recreation barrack of Block 6. He corresponded regularly with Caucasian friends "back home" in Glendale and received cheering messages which he showed to close friends in the Center. He continued membership in the Book-of-the-Month club and read at Manzanar, among other recent best-sellers: "They Were Expendable" by W. L. White, "Song of Bernadette", "Victory through Air Power". He also participated in sports activities, playing on a softball team, at the Center.

Alert to things around him, and sensitive to hap-

penings at Manzanar because his father was a block leader and frequently discussed things with his mother in the one-room quarters which the whole family shared, Joe watched with apprehension the increasing signs of disorder during October and November, 1942. He said at that time:

"You know, I'm getting sick of this life. I want to hurry up and get out of here. Dad doesn't agree with everything I say, and he's not encouraging me to relocate, but don't you think I should try to hurry and get to school again. I feel that we're all rotting in this dump. They say it's a jail, and maybe there's something to it. Dad thinks that if I go out, there'll be a lot of prejudice, discrimination, and I'll not be able to make a go of things. He's really concerned and says we ought to wait until the end of the war. I think that there's going to be more and more trouble in here, and it may become harder to get out. I've got a good friend in Glendale who says he'll help me finance my education. I used to take care of his lawn for him, and some of our furniture is stored in his garage. He's a big man, and I've got his letter saying he'll assist me financially any time I want to go out to continue my education."

In November, Joe entered into serious correspondence with this friend and filled out an application for Student Relocation. His Father did not approve, but did give his consent. His Mother secretly approved, he says, but didn't want his Father to know it so pretended not to.

During the preceding months, Joe had received an interesting letter from the commanding officer of the Army Air

Base at Santa Ana, California. At this time, talk was current in the Relocation Camp about possible reinstatement of the draft. Rumors said the Japanese American Citizens League conference in Salt Lake City, Utah, had resulted in government authorities in Washington deciding to draft Nisei from the camps. Latrine and washroom talk at Manzanar indicated opposition to the draft; most of this talk stemmed from older men, speaking in Japanese. Joe's enthusiasm for enlistment in the Air Corps had not dampened in the intervening months, but about the draft, he said:

"I don't care to be drafted. Shucks, after all, we've been stuck into camp like this, we've lost many things, we've been treated like aliens."

He admitted, however, that if he were drafted he would go willingly. "You know, we all beef I suppose and kick because we've been kinda kicked around, but underneath everything I think we'd respond when the time came."

When the Manzanar riot broke out on December 6, Joe appears to have been exposed to a series of conflicting attitudes and opinions. He felt instantly, through his father, where majority sentiment within the evacuee population lay; yet he was reluctant to identify himself with that majority, corresponding secretly without the knowledge of his father with individuals identified with the minority.

The tense atmosphere within the camp after the riot appears to have stimulated Joe's plans for relocation. He was notified of his acceptance at the University of Toledo; he applied for his clearance papers and waited anxiously. He was a little excited; it was his first break away from home. Through friends, he made the acquaintance of a Christian minister at Toledo, Ohio, who offered accommodations within ~~in~~ his home. This brought a note of reassurance to his father who was still mildly discouraging Joe

from going out, saying:

"You may become very bitter, Son. After all, you're Japanese in appearance, and there will be much discrimination, maybe physical violence. You ought to wait a little longer."

Joe came eastward, leaving Manzanar via Reno on February 12, 1943; he arrived in Chicago three days later on February 15 and entrained the same day for Toledo. He liked Toledo from the day of his arrival. "All the way across I had just pleasant experiences. No one went out of his way to insult me, or show prejudice at all," he recounted his journey on relocation.

He has now been "on the outside" five months and has completed his first semester on student relocation at the University of Toledo. About his life during that period, he says:

"I'm certainly glad I came out when I did. As a matter of fact, I even wish I had come sooner. I didn't take up Mr. Smith's offer to help finance me. He was willing to loan me up to \$500, with the amount to be repaid at 6 per cent interest. It was good of him to make that offer, but I decided to try supporting myself and paying as I went. See this book? In it I keep all my expense accounts and a running total on how much money I've got.

"When I came to Toledo I had \$95 cash plus \$50 in the bank in Glendale. Rev. Francis took me into his home. He was wonderful to me, and all the people around were also good. I got a job right away doing gardening work on the campus, also working in the cafeteria on the campus. Now I've got more money balance in the book than when I came. So you see I didn't need financial help.

"I've met a lot of nice people and had enjoyable times. I get enough recreation too. Right now, since Rev. Francis' death, I've been staying in the dormitory on the campus. I work for my room rent. The fell-

ows go swimming occasionally, and I go with them. I play tennis and get my exercise. I earn my board by working in the coffee shop. At night I'm earning .40 an hour drafting; this gets me my spending money. It's not bad at all, and on top of that, you know my grade point average for the first term was 2.3 (B plus) which is better than I've ever done.

"I've had just one case of discrimination. Yeah, some old lady made a fuss about a 'Jap' working in the cafeteria when I first got there. It made me feel awful, sure. But I wasn't going to hang around there. I quit right away and got a job just as quick in the coffee shop. There are plenty of jobs if you want any. Beside that, though, people have been really good.

"I write to the folks pretty regularly. I'd like to get my brother John out and have him attend a decent high school in Toledo. Dad writes pretty regularly too; sometimes I think he's turned into a pickelpuss, he's been so sour about relocating. But other times it looks like he's not too sure of what he's saying, and he gets curious and interested about possibilities on the outside. Mother is busy with Church activities in the Center, but she definitely wants to come out. You know, it's funny, but they write separately, and secretly from each other to me. Dada begins his letter by saying that Mother has just gone out to a block women's meeting, and he's all alone in the barrack room just now so he's going to write me. I don't know what Mother and Dad could do in relocating themselves to Cleveland; maybe they could start an laundry over again out this way; they certainly need laundries, there's such a shortage. We've got our equipment stored away in Glendale. Well, it's pretty hard to say, things are pretty uncertain.

"The draft may come along, I realize. but I've a feeling that I may be able to get deferment on account of being an engineering student. I

want to get in, though, before it's all over."

Joe is currently attending summer session, studying hard. He had come to Chicago for the Fourth of July week-end, splurging for the first time on a vacation and a date. With a friend from Manzanar who is now attending the Illinois Institute of Technology also as an engineering student, he dated a young lady acquaintance (evacuee) and spent the week-end at the Brookfield zoo, the Riverview Amusement Park, and visiting with friends.

"We had a swell time. We went to church Sunday morning and in the afternoon took two girls to the Riverview Park."

Joe dates very seldom, has no steady, although he corresponds with a young lady at Manzanar now and then. Brought up in a church environment and by parents of conservative leaning, Joe believes in chastity for young men before marriage. He hasn't thought at all about marriage seriously, he says:

"I feel right now as if I ought to be going right on to school even after graduation--and after the war. I like campus life."

Joe Sakai (pseudonym), attending the University of Toledo, Ohio, was recently asked in a letter from the American Association of Junior Colleges to write his reactions and experiences in evacuation.

Joe wrote the interviewer from Toledo, enclosing a copy of his letter which expresses something of his own attitudes and opinions. In his accompanying letter, Joe indicated that he was doing quite well, that he was looking forward with some anticipation to the arrival of a young lady acquaintance of his from Manzanar, that he had been hearing regularly from his parents, who, he said, "seem to be getting in a rut." Joe is anxious to have his younger brother come out on relocation, probably to Toledo and have him work for his living so that he will realize that there are "some serious things in life too."

Some increasing concern seemed to be held by Joe regarding the likelihood of his getting into the Air Corps. He has a feeling the draft is coming anyway and he wants to be ahead of it in order to get into the branch of service he has "always dreamt about." He had heard about a nisei getting in the Air Corps recently, asked for information about this individual. His thinking along these lines has also been influenced by his reading the Pacific Citizen, in which exploits of a Sergeant Ben Kuroki, gunner on a Liberator Flying Fortress in Europe, have been published.

Joe is also facing the possible need on his part of securing a full-time job. He feels that the engineering courses left at The University may not be adequate, and he may have to look elsewhere. His letter to the Jr. College Ass'n follows:

2072 Campus Road  
Toledo 6, Ohio  
August 8, 1943

American Association of Junior Colleges  
Junior College Journal  
730 Jackson Place  
Washington 6, D. C.

Attention: Walter C. Wells

Dear Sir:

I was asked by the director of the Junior College here at the University of Toledo to prepare this statement in compliance to your request. I am not in the Junior College here on this campus, but before evacuation I was attending Glendale Junior College so Director Raymond L. Carter asked me to write you. I hope that it is just what you were expecting.

I will go back a little further than the date of my evacuation from the city I used to call "home". The disastrous day, December 7th, 1941 is the beginning of my little episode. Up to that time, like many of my nisei friends, and I dare say like many of my Caucasian friends, I took for granted all that our great nation had to offer us under the Declaration of Independence, Constitution, and Bill of Rights as symbolized by the red, white and blue of Old Glory.

When hostilities were declared, we were awakened to the fact that all we held dear to us could be swept away.

My home life fortunately very much the same as my Caucasian friends, and I was not ever ashamed to have them over for visits and occasional dinners. The father and son--mother and son relationships were very intimate as few families had. In this environment I was taught to give loyalty to whom loyalty was due.... and the other so-called principles of "Bushido."

Father always told me that there was good points in the American mode of life; likewise there was bad points in both. I was in a peculiar yet fortunate position to take the best of two opposite customs. But when Pearl Harbor was attacked, much of the esteem I had for Japan was obliterated. My loyalty was for this country alone.

Another date that will be outstanding in the milestones of my memories will be April 28th 1942. It was on this date that we were ordered to move out of the defense zone to the bleak, God forsaken desert. I do not question if it was a military necessity or whether it was not.... or if it was constitutional or not; but I was grievously sorry that there were those among us whom the government could not

rely as to our loyalty. The circumstances under which we found ourselves was partly due to the fact that many of us never had a clear cut viewpoint on the loyalty question. This was due, in most part, to the fact that the California industries were reluctant to hire us in fields in which we liked and were qualified.

Those with whom I was closely associated were sorry to see us be moved inland and were very considerate and helpful in many ways. We were very greatly thankful for all their thoughtfulness. But there was another group of people who bid us farewell by a "Sorry to see you leave--have a good 'vacation'". This was aggravating to hear. Going to a concentration camp was no idea of any kind of a vacation for me.

No sooner had I gotten to camp I became disgusted with the life of leisure and so I took up correspondence with my friends back in Glendale to see if there were any chances of relocating. As soon as the National Japanese American Student Relocation Council was set up I started to press my case in order to continue my education in the field of engineering which had been cut short by the evacuation. I had some of my text books with me at camp, but the environment there handicapped any extensive study. The furthest I got in studies in camp was tutoring a class in mathematics and social studies, and some night school.

After several months of pressing my case and writing letters here and there, my release from camp came on February 9th to come to the University of Toledo. My school life began on February 15th. I was a little bit afraid that I wouldn't do so well after being away from my books and any formal studying for over ten months, but on the contrary I was able to get right down to business and get my studies done without much trouble.

I don't know for sure that there was any difficulty in making any adjustments at the University at all or not. I was able to get work at school to pay my school expenses through the help of one of the upper-class men I had met the first day I was at school etc. The one thing that I miss a little is my social life here on the campus, in that, where ever I go I go "stag". The faculty has been very cordial and understanding to me. My stay here for the last semester and for this summer session has been very enjoyable and well spent.

My folks do not have the funds to send me to school so I am earning my expenses, by doing odd jobs and helping around the school. This experience by working for my education has made me appreciate my continuing my schooling more than ever. This was a great factor in my being able to get at my studies easily last semester.

My belief in democracy is enveloped in the Bill of Rights, principles which have always been the primary spiritual forces in the life of the American people--the principle

of liberty, equality, fraternity, and justice.

Our president Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt reiterated the same primary spiritual forces of democracy on January 7, 1941. "In the future days which we seek to make secure we look forward to a world founded upon four essential freedoms."

"The first is freedom of speech and expression... freedom of every person to worship God in his own way... freedom from want... freedom from fear..." I would like to see the day when these principles will be in full sway throughout the world, but I think we should practise them at home. We should first do as we say, before we try to tell others to do as we say.

I rejoice every time I receive correspondence from my friends in camp telling me of people who are relocating to different places in the east to positions that they were qualified to handle without prejudice or animosity. In a way I am sort of glad that we were forced to move out of the environment on the Pacific Coast to the several camps, for if it weren't for the evacuation, we would have stayed in the same old rut and gotten nowhere. I am sorry for those who insist in staying in camp, because they are only robbing themselves.

When I came out to go to school, my intentions were to never go back to the west coast. My only promise I had to make with my folks was to first fulfill the objective that I was relocating for.. to finish my education. These plans may be cut short again by my call to service for my country, and I will go willingly to my share for a better world. In short my plans for the future is not to lose my faith in God and Country.... "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God and are called according to His purpose."

I hope that these ramblings is to your satisfaction. I have tried to answer the several topics that you suggested to elaborate on.

Sincerely yours,

University of Toledo  
College of Engineering