

ENA OKONOGI SAKAMOTO

MRS. HASEGAWA: Today is September 6, 1980. Masako Inada and I, Helen Hasegawa, have the privilege to be in the home of Mrs. James Sakamoto, 1541 West Barstow, Fresno, California, 93711.

Before we get into the interview proper, I would like to have you give us your full name, place and date of birth, and your place of longest residence.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: You mean like Ena Okonogi Sakamoto? Born in Fresno, August 18, 1906.

MRS. HASEGAWA: And your place of longest residence is?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Fresno.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Would you like to tell us a little bit about your early school days? Do you recall what school you went to?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Oh my, yes! It's always Lincoln School, right? Lincoln School. I don't know how many years, then Edison School which was extension of Lincoln School.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Like a junior high school?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: I only went up to the eighth grade there, then from then on it was Fresno High School.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Oh, way out on Echo.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Where it is now.

MRS. HASEGAWA: You finished Fresno High School in what year?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: 1924.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Then after that where did you go?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: I went to Cal for a year, then I went to Illinois Women's College in Jacksonville, Illinois for three years, and then two years of graduate work at Wellesley College in Wellesley, Massachusetts.

MRS. HASEGAWA: During your elementary school years, can you tell us a little bit about your relationship with your classmates, or your neighbors with whom you played, or the area in West Fresno where you lived--describe a little bit about it?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Lincoln School. I guess we lived next door to the hospital on "F" Street, then we got a home on the 746, 738 both were next door on "A" Street. That was the extent, I guess. I guess it was 746 "A" Street when I went to high school.

MRS. HASEGAWA: What about the neighbors or the children you played with, or your classmates?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: It was that era when you ran around mostly with Nihonjin, but our neighbors were Kaufman? You remember Kaufman who

played football? I went to a Japanese dance and Marty Kaufman was there. He was six foot something-- football player, and he's dancing with me and he was drunk and says, "When I was little you always protected me; you always took care of me." This guy way up there, you know, and he's crying because I was good to him when he was little.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Was this when you were in high school or college?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: I don't remember. But we were both grown up, and he was a football player--when was that?

MRS. HASEGAWA: I thought maybe he was attending college at Fresno State. 1

You mentioned the hospital on "F" Street. That was the hospital that your father started?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: He built this hospital. Well, first he opened up a little one where Kimura Soda Works was, that was his first office, I think. And then "F" Street, and then he built this one on "E" Street, 708. We lived at the one on "F" Street, but Dad lived at the hospital, although he had his home on "A" Street.

MRS. HASEGAWA: So your dad spent most of his time at the hospital, in other words.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Yes.

MRS. HASEGAWA: That's understandable. I'm sure the patients were more comfortable knowing that a doctor was nearby.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: And then Mr. Katsura had this house on Mayor Avenue. Do you remember that house? He built it himself. And then he moved out. He couldn't afford it or something, and he begged Daddy to buy it; or, if not to buy it, at least live in it, so he sent me to live in it. And at that time I was teaching English to Nihonjin, and I'd talk to Mr. Katsura in the morning, and then I'd go to teach Mrs. Kakebe. Do you remember her? She used to cook, and she married this younger man? She had on this wig, backside, the donut was in the front so I looked at her and I said, "Mrs. Katsura," and she looked at me and I said, "Oh, excuse me! I've just been talking to Mr. Katsura at home," so it turned out all right, because it's an unusual name.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Katsura means "wig," doesn't it?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Yes. And she had the donut in front. And she says, "Why do you paint your nails? That's not natural. You should always be natural. Be yourself." And I thought, "Look at her, what's she talking about?"

MRS. HASEGAWA: Now we're jumping way ahead, because you're teaching Japanese to quite a few Issei women--after you finished Wellesley and came back. Was it in between?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Must have been in between. No, it must have been after Wellesley, if I had all that time to be running around. After college.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Do you recall any of your Fresno High School friends?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Well, I know one who married a garageman in Fowler. And after she died, I understand he gambled away everything.

MRS. HASEGAWA: What did you study in Berkeley? That was unusual to have someone from Fresno, and a woman at that, go to a university.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Well, I was one of the older ones who first were old enough to go to college, wasn't that it? In time, everybody did.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Well, the Depression came along, and so many couldn't go. But then your father having been a surgeon was able to provide you with -

MRS. SAKAMOTO: It was tough, and I didn't realize it. Because some of the people didn't get paid for a while. In the meantime I needed a car, I needed a dress for a dance, or something. All that selfish stuff college kids need, me especially! I was a spoiled brat!

MRS. HASEGAWA: So what made you change to Illinois?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Well, I wasn't doing so well, as a matter of fact. But this catalog had a PE Department, you know horseback, tennis, baseball swimming; all that sort of thing. Shows how dedicated I am to science and things, so it sounded like a lot of fun.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Well, you were quite outstanding as a young student.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Well, I wasn't very bright, but they liked me. I guess because I was different. I was the only Japanese and "Why did you come east to go to school?" The other friend of mine from New Jersey says, "Well, I came west to go to the same school."

MRS. HASEGAWA: Before you went east to this Women's College you had interest in various sports, did you not?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Well, it was fun, right?

MRS. HASEGAWA: Yes, but still, people make careers—become professional golfers and tennis players these days.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: These days, yes. All that money.

MRS. HASEGAWA: But for that era, you were able to devote quite a bit of time to various sports, weren't you?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Well, it's part of this college.

MRS. HASEGAWA: But before you went to this college? While you were still a young person in Fresno, did you spend much time in sports?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Tennis and baseball. A little swimming.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Various sports.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: That sounds kind of conceited.

MRS. HASEGAWA: No, it's very interesting background material. Off the record you said you were the best -

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Swimming, dancer, tennis -

MRS. HASEGAWA: This was in college? Very interesting. And you have this yearbook from the Women's College, is it?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: This is the year we -- swimming champion, tennis champion --

MRS. HASEGAWA: What kind of dance was it? Oh, look at this--nice picture!

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Dancing, it was tap dancing; anything you had in PE. But any time you had a Senior Prom, Sophomore Prom, something prom, Ena Okonogi gave a special event. I make it up every time. I don't practice anything. They play the music, and I make up whatever it is. Nerve, huh?

MRS. HASEGAWA: You were uninhibited. While the rest of us were inhibited.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: And if you say, "Ena will speak to you, then I get cold sweat and I can't say a thing. But if I get on the stage, I can make it. There was a time this girl and I were supposed to do a dance together. We got lost when the music didn't get started, so we're dancing along and I says "Go around to my left, stick your foot out, take my left hand," making up this dance as we go along. All the way through. And when we get through, we get a lot of claps; they want an encore. So then the music starts right, and we do the dance we practiced for. So it turned out all right. And the kids were saying, "Did you notice anything?" "Ya, you were doing a lot of talking." "Well, we were making up the dance." Instead of standing there saying oops, we forgot--that would have been simpler, and they would have liked that, but, no, we were bluffing it through.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Great style, huh?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Ya, great style. Takes nerve.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Yes, but it also takes lots of imagination to continue on like that.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Well, since most of my dances were impromptu anyway! Didn't you hear Fred Astaire? He said it takes hours and hours of practice, and you think a man like that could make it up, but he says no. And I think, gee, it takes guts. Me, I never practiced for anything.

MRS. HASEGAWA: That's delightful! Did you get a degree in PE then?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: I did in health education. That's what they called it.

MRS. HASEGAWA: That sounds very impressive. Then what did you take up at Wellesley?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Same thing, PE. Hygiene and health education. Do you know that after two years at Wellesley College I came back to Fresno State College and asked for a job. Who was the head of the department?

MRS. HASEGAWA: Margaret Swift, I believe.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: She says, "Ena, you must remember, you're Japanese." I can't change that. So I didn't try. "Oh, perhaps you can get a place in Edison School." And then YMCA offered a place, dancing and swimming instructor or counselor. "Well, Miss Okonogi, since you have had no experience, there'll be no pay, but we won't charge you for the experience." Do you think I took that job? Not with all that responsibility around swimming and whatnot? And they won't charge me-- they're doing me a favor by hiring me!

MRS. HASEGAWA: And this was after all the educational background.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Yes, and two years of graduate work.

MRS. HASEGAWA: That gives a picture of the things that the Nisei had to face in those days. Then what did you do after that since jobs were not open as far as teaching?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Mooching on my father! Then I got a job in Japan at the Tokyo Christian College. To head the PE Department, and I was all packed and ready to go and my mother got sick, so that I canceled. So it was mostly night school work teaching cooking and English to Japanese women.

MRS. HASEGAWA: This night school work, was it part of Adult Education, would you say?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Yes, it was Adult Education. And Mr. Dunshee says you're the best teacher we've got and all that sort of thing. And then when the war came, and we got sent to camp, he said, "You're an enemy, what else do you expect?" And I thought he, of all people, would understand because I'd worked with him for years. So after that, Dunshee was nothing to me. But Mrs. Forkner, she wrote me a letter. I didn't know her at all, and she said, "This is most unfair. And it hurts me a lot, and if there's anything at all I can do for you, please don't hesitate to write." Now that could have come from Dunshee, but it didn't. It came from Mrs. Forkner, whom I didn't know.

MRS. HASEGAWA: I wonder how she singled you out. She must have read about you.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Yes, because I didn't write, to her or anything. I must have written her to thank her, I don't know. Do you know Allen Lew's sister? She used to come to my place during that time when we couldn't go out at night--curfew. She'd come over and take me out and she'd say, "You're not Japanese, you're Chinese. You're one of us. Let's go to a show, go out and eat." And we were supposed to be staying home. And when we went to camp, she went out and got a lot of clothes for me from Roos Brothers--I must have paid for them--but, anyway, she did all of this for me. She kept sending food and stuff. She was a good friend.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Those touches of kindness really warm our hearts.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: But when I came back from camp, before Pinedale, to go
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MRS. HASEGAWA: Oh, you were in Pinedale. Mrs. Forkner wrote to you in

Pinedale, and Allen Lew's sister did all this shopping and sent all this food to Pinedale? Then you went to Poston?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Hot! And I jumped off the truck when we got there, and they said, "Which is your luggage?" and I pointed to my trunk and "This," and do you know I got a big blister just from saying "this" because the thing was so hot. It was a hell hole. And people there said, "Hey, you are the first one that jumped off the truck. The rest of them had to be helped off." I said, "I come from a hot place. What do you expect!" From one hell hole to another! I guess the others were from someplace cooler, huh. They couldn't stand the heat. They gave us a lot of salt pills.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Which camp in Poston did you go to?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Poston II.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Oh, I was there for a little while, but I never saw you there.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: How come a little while?

MRS. HASEGAWA: Well, I was sent out to Smith College in Massachusetts. Now, would you tell us something about your experience in Poston after that? You were telling us earlier in our informal conversation about being interviewed or questioned by the FBI. Would you like to tell us about that?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Well, the FBI said, "Did you go to Japanese school?" "Yes." "I didn't care about learning. And they said, "Would you spit on Tojo's picture?" I said, "That's a test of loyalty?" "Yes." "Well, I wouldn't spit on anybody's picture." You couldn't hate anybody to lower yourself that much. And that was that. I don't remember much more about the questions. They must have lasted a while, but I can't remember.

MRS. HASEGAWA: That gives us an idea of the caliber of the questioning, of people sitting in government, too.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: That's about all I remember. Actually, I had fun in camp, in Poston. I had my own room in the barracks, and not only that but the barrack next door was a honeymoon cottage, so anybody that got married went there. And whenever anyone got married, you should see the visitors I had. "You want to play bridge tonight?"

MRS. HASEGAWA: Goodness, there was not much privacy, was there?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: No. And "Could I have something for break tonight?" "What do you want, cheese or something?" And they gave me a whole round of cheese. Didn't you get a lot of bread? Everybody leaving the mess hall got a loaf of bread. Everybody! So if you had 10 children, you got 12 loaves of bread. Now what are you going to do with all that bread? So they tried to dry it, to save it. Then the dust storms come and bread is all ruined, right? Then an article comes out, "Japs hoarding bread!" They gave us so much we didn't know what to do with it. I went over to Camp I once, and they showed me a bill for the meat that was sent to the camp. I think something like \$7 for the meat and \$15 for transportation. And we'd be eating, and my father would neigh like a horse, and the

people looked at him and they put down their forks--horse meat we were eating! When the transportation costs more than the meat, it must have been awful stuff, huh?

MRS. HASEGAWA: Some of the thing that went on in camp--well, in spite of all that you could still see a lot of humor in it.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Yes. Me, I could just see the fun of it. And some of my friends were so-called gangsters in camp, from Sacramento. And they'd say, "Ena, any time you want me to beat up anybody or scalp anybody, you let me know, and I'll take care of them for you." Lucky for me I was on the right side! How they happened to like me, I don't know. It was fun! Then they built a swimming pool in the dirt, so we swam and had fun.

MRS. HASEGAWA: How long were you in camp?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Well, I didn't stay to the end, because I did get out. I think my father was offered as a hostage exchange with somebody in Japan, and he didn't take that. My brother got out because he did a good job of re--something the Merced Hospital. For instance, it was so terrible, so filthy, no mopping, no cleaning, they didn't dress up, they had to stand in line for food and so forth, and my brother went over and he did over the hospital.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Now when was this?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: This was when he was in Pinedale, and he got transferred to Merced, where he reorganized the hospital and after that the doctors and nurses didn't have to stand in line for food or anything. Everything was much more sanitary. And so they gave my brother the chance to get into the Army if he wanted to, which he did after signing a release that he would not sue the government if he had any trouble with the gas mask because he had asthma. So he got in with the 442nd.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Oh, so, he was in camp also? And your brother was a doctor when he went to camp? Then you stayed in camp and later went to Massachusetts.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Yes. Because I had gone to school at Wellesley, Poston was a little more familiar than other part of the country.

MRS. HASEGAWA: So how did you get released? Did you apply for a release? Was there a job there to which you could go?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Did you have to have a job to get out?

MRS. HASEGAWA: I don't know. Many people did have jobs earlier, or they were released to go to school.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: It might have been that I could have had a job at a Japanese gift shop or art shop, or something. I went to work there and Mrs. Abo said to me, oh she kept bragging about how she sent packages and sweaters to Tojo and his men, which was all right, you see, except us Japs in camp should have been thrown there because we were Japs. That doesn't make sense.

MRS. HASEGAWA: But she was Japanese herself?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Not only Japanese but sent gifts to Tojo. And then I used to go to lunch with a girl, we "dined" at Woolworth counter every day. One day she says to me, "You know the Wong?" "'No." "Lees?" "No. I'm not Chinese." "What are you?" "I'm Japanese-American." "Oh, my God, to think I've been eating lunch with a God damn Jap after all the blood we gave!" I said, "How much blood did you give?" She says, "I didn't give any, but the Americans did." I said, "What are you?" "I'm German-Italian," and I said, "Well, that's enemy just like the Japs, and we had no part in it, we couldn't help what we were born, right?" So we never ate together after that, because I was a God damn Jap. And one day I was picking up a six-pack of soda at the grocery store, and as I came out a man asked me if I knew so-and-so Wong, and he says, "What are you, a God damn Tojo lover?" And do you know a tax man comes out and puts him in the taxi and takes him way and he comes back and apologizes for what the man said. He listened to him and apologized for what the man did. It wasn't his fault. It was something I'd learn to expect anyway, but there are some nice people. didn't get his name or taxi number to thank him, but that was the sort of thing that went on in Boston. I understand that one of the Harvard art instructors destroyed many of his Japanese things he had gotten from Japan, so there was that kind of feeling. God damn Jap! That was the worst insult you could give to friends in camp. huh? When they were fighting, "Oh, shut up, you God damn Jap," they'd call each other. The worst thing they could say.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Then did you get married in Massachusetts?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Yes.

MRS. HASEGAWA: How did you meet Jim, or did you know him before?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Oh, I never knew him. There was a Japanese room house where I used to go to get Japanese food. And, of course, most of the people there were cooks and butlers, people like that, but they had Japanese food. And one day this man comes and I say, "Do you play bridge?" So it turned out, at that stage of life, first of all a man has to be a good dancer before I'd be interested, at that stage he had to be able to play bridge--and he did, he played well. He played better than me, so I was interested. Right now, if I was going to marry somebody, he gotta have money, to heck with all that -

MRS. HASEGAWA: So you got married in Boston. What year was that?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: 1944.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Then you came back to Fresno from Massachusetts.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Yes, and I told Jimmy if you don't like it in two years, I promise I'll come back to Boston, but he's still here. And, as a matter of fact, it was kind of sneaky.

I came back for my father's funeral or something, and I buy a house. He's trapped. So when he called me I say, "I bought a house."

MRS. HASEGAWA: So you just bought a house in Fresno, then you went back to Massachusetts?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: To pack up.

MRS. HASEGAWA: By the way, where was Jimmy born?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: He was born in Sacramento, but he was also Kibei. So before I married him, I asked him a vital question: "Are you no, no or yes, yes?" What is it--"No, no" was a loyal American, pro America, whichever it was. "You're not on the fence?" That was an important question for me. I worked in the camouflage in Poston. All that cheap nets, sack stuff, and they weren't very happy in my block because they were Japanese--pro Japan. And I had trouble getting my lunches. So I talked to the FBI about it, so I got my lunch. Then there was this Smiles Kinoshita. She worked for the Hakujuin manager in camp, and they didn't like her because she was pro-American. So if she came back late from work, she wouldn't get any meals. They wouldn't give her any food. So I go in there and got her some food. Okay, they didn't like that so they had a camp meeting. My father says, "I see you don't like my daughter. It's not her fault, it's mine. I sent her east to school, and all her friends were Hakujuins. She's born here and she's American. And if you don't like her, you don't like me!! I'll have to move out." "Oh, no, Doctor, we love your daughter!" Only doctor there, huh, and he lived in their block and they liked that. They could wake him up at 3:00 in the morning "shirigakaii" what shall I do? "Kai inara Kaitaraii." So I had no trouble after he threatened to move out. "Oh, no, we love you, we love your daughter!"
Oh, why wake up a doctor at 3:00 in the morning just because your ass itches!

MRS. HASEGAWA: That was like him, though, to give that kind of an answer.

When you and Jimmy came back to Fresno, did you do anything special other than keeping house? I'm sure keeping house wasn't your main interest.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: No, I didn't do anything. He got a job with Inabas, and was there for 17 years.

MRS. HASEGAWA: In the meantime, you were at the state college, weren't you, as a librarian, I believe.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: I worked at the Chinese Bazaar for a while, then they offered me a job at the state college to mend books, and the qualification was one: you had to be Japanese, Oriental; I qualified. The other was: clever with your hands; I didn't know about that one. And they offered me this stupendous salary of \$250 a month which was good at the time and was more than I was getting at Chinese Bazaar. And so I took the job mending books, and then they offered me a job upstairs at the library--intermediate typist. I never took a test. I bet I'm the only intermediate typist who never took a test. But I got it and hung onto it. Then a librarian came; hated everybody, hated libraries, hated Fresno, hated the boss, hated me. So if the librarian does not like you, you move, huh? So I went to lab school. I hated that. She was a bitch. Mrs. Berry, do you know her? She hated me. If a student came up and talked to me, I'd say, "Please don't talk to me." "Why?" "Because Mrs. Berry doesn't like it." "Oh, you're kidding!" So I said turn around and look at her and she's glaring. "Oh, my God! I'm sorry!" Or a kindergarten child comes in and Mrs. Berry is talking to a substitute teacher about San Francisco and shopping--which you know is very professional--and the kid is standing there saying, "I gotta go!" So she comes over and says, "Mrs. Sakamoto, please may I go to the bathroom?" Of course, run!" "Helen, come to me! You don't talk to Mrs. Sakamoto!

You talk to the teacher or to me." I said, "She has to go," so she gives permission for her to go. That is the kind of woman she was.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Then how long did you stay at the lab school?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Seven years. Seven years, because I hoped to go back to the library. So, finally, I give up. You can't fight the boss. I go on vacation, she said, "You did not put down the time for a vacation, you just took off." "I did not. It's all there. Check on me." I even worked one day extra, a Saturday or something with her. I look at the thing and she's worked three hours more than I have, and she couldn't have because she came after me and left the same time I did. So she did things like that I didn't like. Okay, I said, "I broke my glasses, can I go?" She said, "I didn't even have mine regulated." Well, that's beside the point! So she says, "Well if you must go, you can go for two hours." Well, I found out later you could have taken your sick leave anytime that it is necessary. So I leave. I quit. So what happens. A few months after that they close the lab school, and she retired. If I'd known that, I'd have stuck to it.

MRS. HASEGAWA: After that did you go into anything else?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: No, I retired. I was 62. And they say after six months retirement you go crazy, you want to do something. Well, if you're crazy to start with, it makes no difference! Same thing with Jimmy. He doesn't mind sitting there playing rummy by the hour.

MRS. HASEGAWA: So you found enjoyment in your hobby and -

MRS. SAKAMOTO: I don't even have hobbies.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Well, wouldn't you say bridge playing is a hobby?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Yea, just a pasttime, right?

MRS. HASEGAWA: But it's a hobby.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: And when they call you for a fourth, they appreciate it when you come. They don't have to call anybody else. I played yesterday. I said, "I'm kinda booked up. People are coming, and I have to clean the house." She says, "Oh, thank you dear, thank you," so you have the feeling you have to go. That's how I got through college. "Come on! Play bridge." "I got a book report." "What's the book?" I tell her-- "I'll write it." She sits down and writes it. I said, "I'm not an "A" student." She was, see. "Give me a B- or maybe a C+ so that's how she writes it. Or "I have math to do." The other one was a math student. "What is it?" Okay, so I got through college on my bridge, because they would do my reports. And in here I've got one signed by the dean for forgetting my class. I didn't tell him I was busy playing bridge. And this commencement speaker, Robert Milliken, physicist. He spoke to our college graduation because he made a mistake. He thought he was speaking at Illinois College in the same town, and turns out he's speaking at Illinois Women's College. Speech was kind of deep and we didn't understand it anyhow, but it was a big name! He made a mistake.

MRS. HASEGAWA: How interesting! Now I'd like to have you go back and tell us a little bit about your mother--or probably we should start with your father. That seems the

traditional way to start. Where was he born?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: I think he was born in Fukushima, Japan, which is up north, huh? And he must have been the last son, number nine Bunkuro. He was very, very Japanese. There's no getting on his lap, kissing. My classmates up north, Koike used to get on Daddy's lap, and so did Enid Okawara. I never did that.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Well, Enid is almost third generation.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Well, my mother was second generation. But my father was first. But I was surprised when Mr. Omata came and said, "How about your daughter marrying such and such." And Daddy says, "Are they in love?" "No." "Well, then, why bother! She knows who she wants." That surprised me. I thought he wanted me to marry somebody who was a somebody, a name, education, you know. But he said he did not care. Whatever I wanted,- I could have. I was happy to hear that.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Yes, it really shows -

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Well, he's so Japanese that do you know all my life I thought my father loved my brother, but he didn't like me. All my life I felt that. Okay, some years ago my brother comes here and he says, "You know, Father loved you! He loved you, but he didn't care for me." I said how sad that we both felt that he loved us, but we didn't know. So when I mentioned to his wife, she said that's what Hugo said, that my father loved my sister. All my life I thought he loved him and not me. And people said, "Your father was proud of you." And I said, "How come?" And they said they would call from Biola and ask for Okonogo-sensei, and he would say "Yes?" and they would say, "No, not you, your daughter." He was quite impressed.

MRS. HASEGAWA: This was when you were teaching Japanese to all the Isseis?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Yes. And when I go to Biola, school is out, and they all come out to the front of the school.

MRS. HASEGAWA: They all bow with great respect to you.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Yes. And I told this to my father, and he seemed quite pleased. "You demo sensei da na" he says.

MRS. HASEGAWA: I can just see that twinkle in his eye as he said that! Was he a doctor in Japan? Did he get his training in Japan?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Yes, I think so

MRS. HASEGAWA: And he came to the United States approximately when? Fortunately, you have Heritage Fresno, put out by the American Association of University Women, and it tells--and it has pictures of early homes in Fresno and something about the people. The Okonogi home which was at 746 "A" Street is one of the homes which is included in this collection. It tells something about Dr. Bunkuro Okonogi, "Remembered as one of the most respected and beloved members of the Fresno Japanese community. Dr. Okonogi born in 1872 in Fukushima, Japan, was the ninth son of a doctor." Oh, so your grandfather was a doctor?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Oh, yeah, we have Okonogo Byoin in Japan. Do you know we had a doctor who married Okonogi, and then after he got the name, he divorced her. He wanted the name so he could be a Dr. Okonogi, too. So, apparently, it meant something in Japan.

MRS. HASEGAWA: "Having attended medical school in Tokyo. Dr. Okonogi came to Fresno in the 1890's to serve the area's Japanese community. He started his first hospital in 1901 in a frame building at 736 "E" Street." I think it must have been "F" Street.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: It was "F" Street. It was by Kimura Soda Works.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Twenty-five years later he built a 38-room full-service brick hospital at 703 "E" Street on the corner of Mono, site of the present-day Danish Creamery. Known as the Okonogi Sanitarium, the hospital ministered to sick of all races. In 1902 Dr. Okonogi married Kiyo Akiyama, a second-generation Japanese-American of Menlo Park, California. During the years before World War II, Dr. Okonogi served a term as president of the Japanese Association of Fresno and was president of the now defunct Industrial Bank of Fresno. With the onset of World War II, the entire Okonogi Sanitarium was moved to the Pinedale Assembly Center. Included with other personnel was Dr. Hugo Okonogi, the doctor's son, who had joined him in his Fresno practice. Mrs. Okonogi had died at the age of 53 in 1936, but their daughter Ena was also sent to the Pinedale Center. In time Dr. Hugo was sent to the Merced Assembly Center to render badly needed medical services there. From this assignment, he volunteered for military service and joined other native Americans of Japanese descent in the 442nd Infantry, a combat team which served out the course of the war in the European theater." Did you notice recently in the paper the reunion that the 442nd had in Texas? Our Fresno Shim Hiraoka organized this reunion, and the 442nd met with the Lost Battalion that they rescued in Italy. This was Labor Day weekend, and this article was in The Bee.

The elder Dr. Okonogi and Ena went from Pinedale to Internment at Poston, Arizona, Camp III, where he remained in practice as camp physician until the war ended. Ena was subsequently relocated to a Boston Internment Camp.

That is false information.

"Following the war, he returned to Fresno to practice for a few years until his illness and death in 1950 at the age of 78. True to his humanitarian spirit, he provided in his will that all debts of his patients be canceled."

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Well, I didn't know that!

MRS. HASEGAWA: "Dr. Hugo remained in the United States Army as a career officer and now is in retirement at Wellfleet, Massachusetts." He was practicing, and he died in 1978.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: He had a military funeral with 21 gun salute and all. The funny thing is, when the minister or priest said, "Ashes to ashes" a sudden storm, the wind blew up; blew some hats off, and the soldiers had to dash down and hold the flag on the coffin. And several people said, "That must be the Japanese Kamikaze when they come to get his soul." So people asked me and I went to the library and checked out dozens of books and couldn't find a thing about that, coming to get his spirit. And so they said, "Why don't you

go ask the Buddhist priest?" And I said,- "I don't speak enough Japanese to ask, and if they gave me an answer I would not understand." So I wrote and said I checked the libraries but I couldn't find anything. Have you ever heard anything like that?

MRS. HASEGAWA: Oh, no. I think their imaginations were running wild. But very interesting, very dramatic!

Ena, a graduate of Illinois Women's College, who had done two years of graduate work at Wellesley, returned to Fresno and worked at the Fresno State College Library. Now Mrs. Ena Okonogi Sakamoto, she still resides in Fresno.

Now this tells about your home on "A" Street.

It's located in a residential neighborhood of tree-lined streets, around the corner from the neighborhood school and across the street from the city playground.

That must be the Frank Ito Ball Playground.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: When I bought that house on Martin Avenue, the contract said "not to be sold to Orientals." But I bought it from a Chinaman. I sold it to a black. "No Orientals, or blacks."

MRS. HASEGAWA: Did you see the article in the Bee not too long ago about Huntington Boulevard. And then on the next page it did state that it wasn't always beautiful in Fresno because they had these restrictions, Real Estate Restrictions, and one of them was that this area was closed to Orientals.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: I used to belong to that International Institute, you know. And they said, "Where do you live?" and I said, "I live on the west side." "Oh, oh, she's on the west side but not on the West Side-- it's near the Kearney Extension." God, you had to make excuses for where you lived.

MRS. HASEGAWA: The article from that collection by the AAUW filled in quite a bit for us. That brings it up to date about your father, unless you can tell us any more anecdotes about your father. Like the story of how you thought he loved your brother best, and your brother felt he loved you; that type of thing.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Yes. I was so surprised to hear that, because I was positive I was nothing, you know. That he was proud of his son, but turns out my brother thought the same thing; he loved my sister but not me. Which is sad. After the funeral a lot of people said, "Your father was proud of you!" I wish I had known that! Well, I was no great source of comfort or anything to him, I was just a selfish brat.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Oh, I don't know. I think you made life very interesting for your parents.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: I didn't know that. Depression time, and no money. And I want a car, have to have a car to go teach. I have to have a new dress to go to the--when was that Prince and Princess Takamatsu came to Boston. And, of course, all the students got invitations, so I dashed home, and I got dressed in 12 minutes, including a bath. Okay, so the Princess asks me, "What are you learning in school?" And I said, "Daiku" and turns out it's supposed to be "Taiku," which is PE. "Carpentry, very interesting!" So I'm backing away, trip on my skirts, almost fall down, oh very, very impressive! She asked me several times and I

repeated "Daiku." Ya, my Japanese very bad! I was teaching English at Mrs. Ito's house, the one that had the store on the corner, and her husband was sick and I said "Daijobu" meaning "take care of yourself, " so she gets excited and comes over and says, "Is my husband in a bad way?" Is he worse than you'll admit?" "Oh, no, he's fine. Why?" Daijobu desu, so he asks me and I say "take care of yourself." Oh, daiji, huh? And then I'm teaching English to Buddhist priests, no I'm teaching it to ladies, Mrs. Kuwamoto, and I said, "This word is an adjective." Keyoshi whatever it is. That's supposed to mean an adjective, and they all got red. "Oh, no No! Go ask your father!" So I look it up in the dictionary, and it means "lust, want of woman." So I accused the priest of teaching me that because I wouldn't know a word like that anyway! And then my illustration was "big" "red"!

MRS. HASEGAWA: What was the word you really wanted?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Kayoshi is the word I wanted, but the way it came out was lust! Those ladies just said, "Ask your father." They wouldn't tell me what it meant!

MRS. HASEGAWA: You know, so many of the women who arrived in Fresno in the 19--well, the teens, '11 and '12 on until '20, early 20's, remember your mother as one who helped them.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: You know I figured she must have been hurt, because she never went out. She didn't go outside at all when I knew her. But, apparently, she was in the Fujinkai or something and helped with the cemetery or something, so she must have been outgoing at one time. But I figured she had to be hurt not to go out at all.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Well, several of the Issei women whom I interviewed said, "Oh, Mrs. Okonogi taught me to do this, or taught me to do that." Particularly cooking.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Yes, she could have, because she loved it and was good. And when she went to Boston Cooking School on her vacation, they put her in the advanced class instead of beginning or intermediate or whatnot.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Now, she was born in Menlo?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Yes.

MRS. HASEGAWA: And went to school there?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Uh-huh. Or San Francisco. And when they moved to Fresno, my uncle sat in the Courthouse Park--you remember my fat Uncle Akiyama--he was younger. But, anyway, he sat in the Courthouse Park and cried all day, "I don't want to live in this burg." So they came from San Francisco which was so much bigger. But it didn't help any, he was stuck here the rest of his life.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Did her whole family come or did he just come with your mother?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Well, my mother's folks, I think, had a restaurant on Van Ness Avenue.

MRS. HASEGAWA: So then she met your dad here in Fresno.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: I don't think it was any love affair, because her mother or somebody says, "She's marrying a so-called doctor," speaking like a quack doctor or something, "a so-called doctor." And, apparently, he didn't have much money because Sumi had a little perfume bottle which was in the house which I used to have. Mother said, "He used up the toilet water in it and gave me the bottle," so he was either stingy or hard up! So he gave her the empty bottle, and so that I would like to have.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Sumi Suda?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Ya. It wouldn't be anything to her.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Do you know that she still has it?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Well, the last time I was there--haven't been there for years--she still had it. I have a complaint to make. When your mama scolds you or your kids have a fight, you don't raise your voice; I can't hear what you're fighting about.

MRS. HASEGAWA: That was describing your mother?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Yes. And everything we had, she wanted. So she wanted that cut glass bowl like that, and at that time she said it was \$150. What is it now? Thousands? And that marble thing I have there to hold the plants,- she wanted that, too.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Oh, this is your neighbor.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Yes. That was also \$50, so she couldn't afford that.

MRS. HASEGAWA: If it was that much at that time, imagine what it would be now!

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Yes. Like that watch and chain of mine. About five years ago, it was appraised at \$1,000; \$1,000 for the watch and \$1,000 for the chain. And I said to somebody, I bet he only paid \$15, "No, I think he had to pay at least \$150 at that time, \$190, or something."

MRS. INADA: What ever happened to the brooch?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: I still have it. Only reason I have it was because it was pinned on a dress in the closet. Everything else in the jewelry box was taken.

MRS. HASEGAWA: When was this? After you moved here?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Yes. And a lot of silver dollars. I had about a dozen which I thought was worth \$12, now it's worth \$11 or \$12 each, huh? Yea, the cop says, it's students around here who want money for dope and gasoline. The West Side is something different, huh? They took everything!

MRS. HASEGAWA: You mean you have been robbed several times.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: West Side we had match marks all over the house where

they lit a match to look around. All the drawers turned over, all the purses emptied and on the floor, so when this place was done I said, "Look at it!" It looked like that most of the time, you know! On the West Side they didn't pay any attention. At the time there was a policeman killed in a robbery, so when I went to report my robbery I said, "Don't you want a description of the things I lost?" because it was my sterling silver things. Sterling silver was \$200 for a whole set, you know, and now it's over \$500 for one place setting. I said, "Let me give it to you in case you find such-and-such a pattern in International-- and it was monogrammed." "It wouldn't make any difference if you had Sakamoto written on the thing, you'll never get it back." What a feeling! They weren't interested. So I never did get anything back.

MRS. HASEGAWA: We were talking about your mother and what a good cook she was and helped many of the young brides from Japan to cook some of the American dishes.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: I never knew that!

MRS. HASEGAWA: Yes. Because they said my mother was there, too, so it had to be way back.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: I didn't know she ever had anything to do with people. She was afraid of them.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Then you said that she went to Boston Cooking School? That was after the children were born?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Oh, yeah. We were about 12, something like that.

MRS. HASEGAWA: How did she happen to go to Boston?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: She took this vacation. And she took this Mrs. Miyano who didn't speak English, and they put Mrs. Miyano in a beginner's class. And she couldn't understand a word, so they put her in my mother's class so she could translate for her. But she came back making chocolate sandwiches and stuff like that that she learned to make in Boston. They'd ask her, "How do you sew up a chicken?" She said, "Like a baseball!" And she loved it! And these Fresno women would say, "Imagine, learning to cook!" like it was low-class, sneered at her. Then pretty soon she sends me a picture at school of a cooking class, women wearing overcoat with fur on it in a cooking class. It became fashionable after that.

MRS. HASEGAWA: You just mentioned Mrs. Miyano. She was another old-timer.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Yes, she was the widow of a banker. He was working at the Industrial Bank.

MRS. HASEGAWA: They were childless, weren't they?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Yes. And she says, "Fumi-chan," she liked me. Everybody wants her recipes. She was a cook, see. "I will show you." And she brings out pictures of cake, pictures of turkey--she couldn't read. All her recipes were pictures of cakes in her famous recipe book. And she gave me a piece of cake once, and it was all right except it had a

piece of nail in it, fingernail. I hope it was fingernail, not toenail!

MRS. HASEGAWA: Do you remember anything about the relationship between your mother and you, or your mother and your brother?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: We were as close as we would be with a feeling of Issei, Nisei. She was Nisei. She spoke English and wrote better than I did. Anyway, she worked crossword puzzles faster than I did. But to me she was still mother. And coming home from college one day I got a dozen roses, gave them to her, and she just stood there; "Thank you." No hugging, no kissing, no nothing; I missed that. My friends up north, they were Japanese, but they still had that close affection. But even with my mother there was no hugging and kissing. But, she spoiled me. Anything I wanted. I got. Always the first day of school, the last day of school, we both had new outfits. She was always sending me things at school. She'd see a pretty pajama in the window. "What size is that one in the window with the lace on it?" "I think it's a 12; what size do you want?" A 12--oh, I think she wears a 14." "Ya, that's a 14!" What kind of business is that, right? But, anyway, she sent me a lot of things. She sent me a dozen compacts to give to my friends, things like that. And she didn't have any money. All she got to spend was grocery money, but whatever was left she spent on us. And she says, "Here, here's a letter from your brother. He says he needs an overcoat. I just sent him money for that. He's forgotten that, so he asks for money for an overcoat." But she saw to it that we got anything we wanted.

MRS. HASEGAWA: You spoke in English all the time between you and your mother?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Uh-huh. I remember once we were on a vacation when we were still young, jabbering away, jabbering away. And my father says, "Always speaking English!. Why don't you speak Japanese? Any tramp can speak English!" "Japanese tramps can't!" So, it was English all the time, and we'd try to speak Japanese.

MRS. HASEGAWA: You didn't go to Japanese school?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Oh, yes, I did. Yes, I did! To play baseball! And I had a race with some kid to see who could read the fastest, so that spurred me. It wasn't the idea of learning anything.

MRS. INADA: Your mother always used to make your obento for you, remember?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Ya. Let's go swimming or something, then I'd call my boyfriends, and she'd have plenty of food. Can you make musubi? I can't. Oh, it's better than it used to be, but remember Tosato Kawai. Did you ever eat one of her omusubis? Shaped like this, see. Points came through her finger. It was the most unappetizing thing I ever saw. She squeezed it, and the points came out up here. Mine's better than that!

MRS. HASEGAWA: Did your father or your mother ever go to Japan--your father going back and your mother for the first time?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Ya. I think she did, because she would talk about hanging up your diapers and they'd always be stolen. She took me as a baby.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Well, that's interesting, because people always commented on feeling so safe in Japan; that things were never stolen. Did your father go back ever after that?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Not that I know of. I don't know of his ever having gone to Japan after he came.

MRS. HASEGAWA: And your mother? That was the only time?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: I suspect so.

MRS. HASEGAWA: To meet his family, I guess, huh?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: I don't know that she even had any family herself, back there.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Now, her own mother and father were here from quite a number of years back?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Yes. So they must have been gone, too, so there probably wouldn't be anyone--Oh, yes, there was. I think she had a brother, besides Bob, and the son Fuji was killed in the earthquake, so I don't think there is anybody.

MRS. HASEGAWA: You were going to go to Japan and work. Did you ever go?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: No, I never did.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Did you travel any other place outside of the United States? Have you been to Europe?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: I would except Jimmy doesn't want to travel. He wants to see America first. We used to do that, but not any more, with gasoline -

MRS. HASEGAWA: That's right. Now you have told us many incidents of how people did show prejudice, show their feelings. Do you find the climate different now?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Oh, yes. There's no feeling at all. When I went to the 50th reunion of my college last year, in Illinois, 80 percent of my classmates were there. When you figure they are all 70 something, that's pretty good. And I wouldn't have gone except that three people called and about four or five people wrote. "We want you there!" and I said, "I can't imagine anyone wanting to see me!" so one writes back and says she thought it was because of the prejudice towards Japanese, which didn't hurt me at all. "We want you there, we love you!" But the business of prejudice, I was too conceited to remember that. But prejudice there was. When I came back I was director of swimming in Illinois and did a lot of swimming, and go to this plunge and "You can come back after 10:00." They losed at 10:00! That's prejudice. Well, that was the feeling before the war. And they wouldn't even take you in the YMCA. So when my brother went there they wouldn't take him. A Nihonji guy says, "His father's a doctor." "Oh, I didn't know that." So right after Tom Sakamoto goes and he's welcomed into the YMCA. But they had to have a talking to before they accepted him.

MRS. HASEGAWA: I thought the YM and YW were supposed to promote international understanding!

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Nope. There was that prejudice.

MRS. HASEGAWA: I don't think the Sansei realize that the Nisei had to ever face this type of thing.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Do you know most of the prejudice for the Niseis was in their own mind. Fifty percent to 75 percent. And they're always having a meeting at the JAACL about, "How do we get to mix in with Hakujins," give sukiyaki dinners and so forth. You didn't need that. Well, I remember when I came back from Wellesley, I went to Fresno State taking swimming, dancing, anything intellectual, and I would run around with my classmates at Fresno State. I was criticized by the Japanese kids because I would run around with them or sit in the library with them. To me, I wasn't thinking of Japs or whites or anything like that. So I thought that this prejudice business is in their own minds. "She's too good to run around with Nihonji" and I didn't think that at all. If you are going to play baseball, swim, things like that, you are going to run around with kids who do that. So I thought, what's the use, Japanese always sat together in libraries, anyplace.

MRS. HASEGAWA: They did, didn't they? Gathered around together around cars, wherever. Maybe they had heard of some rebuffs and things and didn't want to open themselves up to that kind of treatment. Could we pick up your brother Hugo's life now.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: He was born the day before Fourth of July. He always got firecrackers for his birthday, and I never did. 1905, in Fresno.

MRS. HASEGAWA: He went to local schools?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Yes. He was more sickly than I. I was never sick. Remember this Matsumoto printing? He says, - "You kids have a fight. Whoever wins, I'll take you out to dinner." Horrible thing for a man to say. So we had a big fight, and I beat up my brother. "What shall I wear, what shall I wear?" He's crying in the meantime, and I don't care because I get to go out to dinner with this guy. So he was kind of puny as a child. I never had a sick day in my life.

MRS. HASEGAWA: He studied to be a doctor. Where did he get his -

MRS. SAKAMOTO: I don't know. Some school in Massachusetts. He even went to high school in Boston.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Oh! How did that happen?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: I would suspect that most boys, at a certain age, are hard to handle. So my mother was thinking of sending him to a military academy, but he decided to go to Boston himself; some boys' school. And then he went to medical school in Boston, too. I don't know what school it was. Then he practiced there and came back to Fresno for a while to help his dad. Then went back to Boston again and bought this beautiful estate in Wellfleet--Cape Cod--Massachusetts.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Did he get married in the meantime?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: I think he got married in Japan.

MRS. HASEGAWA: That was his first marriage?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: No, his second one. His first one was in Boston. I didn't know about it until he says, "Ya, I'm married." "Ya?" "I got a kid." "Ya?"

MRS. HASEGAWA: The child's name was very interesting, I recall.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Osler. After a very famous doctor. Dr. William Osler.

MRS. HASEGAWA: It was a girl, wasn't it?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Yes, a girl. That's why it was such an unusual name. She was such a beautiful child. And then when he married in Tokyo they--the parents--said, "Good, he finally married a Nihonjin." I says, "No, German. He met her in Germany, and they came to Japan and got married."

MRS. HASEGAWA: How did it happen that he was in Japan?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Could be the military. He did a lot of traveling.

MRS. INADA: He married Audrey in between there; when he came home to help Dad.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Oh, that's right.

MRS. INADA: Then he went to Japan and he married Nina, the German girl.

MRS. HASEGAWA: So, all these marriages were non-Japanese. So he was a bit ahead of his time marrying someone outside of his race.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: I said, "Why don't you marry a Nihonji?" He had no interest in a Nihonji. They talk too much or something.

MRS. HASEGAWA: I would think it would be the other way around.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Ya, that's right. They don't talk enough! But they were all very attractive women.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Yes, they were. So you have several nieces and nephews of mixed marriages. How many are there?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: First marriage was one girl. Second one was a Junior, this last one had four poodles. No children.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Just two children?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: That's two more than I have.

MRS. HASEGAWA: And do you keep in touch with them?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: No. All my family and all Jimmy's family after so long they say, "If you want to hear from Jimmy and Ena, telephone," because we never wrote. They even sent us cards "Check, I am fine," I didn't even bother to send that. So if they want anything, they'll telephone.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Where do Jimmy's family live? Are they in California?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: No. Well, the only ones in California are his teaching brother and his dentist brother who are in Kensington, which is above Berkeley. The teaching brother is in Sacramento, next door to where Mama and Papa used to live. They built a little bitty house. And then there is Tiger, Terao, he's a career Army man who retired a couple of years ago. He's in Sacramento. And one more brother Kenny who never got married. Papa and Mama tried so hard to get him married, but he never got married; neither did Terao. So the two of them live together. Then his two sisters are in the East married to Hakujins. So any kids or relatives are half Hakujin.

MRS. HASEGAWA: That was interesting. It shows a change of time. People are getting away from writing.

MRS. INADA: Do you notice that you don't get letters like you used to, because of the convenience of the telephone?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: No. But when I owed 323 letters, they quit writing! They would write three or four times, those that wanted to hear from me, but I didn't answer; so they quit.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Have you noticed changes in the treatment of Japanese people?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Ya. There's no more prejudice that I can see. You're just one of them, whether it's bridge or what. When I started bridge there was. Do you remember Rosebud McCarkle. She was in a wheelchair. She was in the bridge club, and I sat down at a table and she asked her mother and both of them moved away. So later I said, "I hope you didn't move on account of us." And other people saw it. "We don't want people like that. We want you, we love to have you." She asked the director to fix it so they didn't have to play with us, Sakamotos. So they fixed it so they had to play with us twice. You know in these movements you don't play with the same people twice, but they worked it so we played with Rosebud twice. But as far as the others were concerned, they were with us. They don't want her kind around. Of course, I haven't been to duplicate bridge for 15, 20 years.

MRS. HASEGAWA: I'm sure they welcome Japanese there.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: We used to go to JAACL all the time, but that wasn't for anything political. It was for the dances, the socials. All my life I've been very high minded!!

MRS. HASEGAWA: You're just a great one to have around!

MRS. SAKAMOTO: It was fun. I remember once Grace Sakai came and asked my father, "Where's your daughter?" "She's either in San Francisco, Berkeley, Los Angeles, or Seattle." So when I came back she says, "Where were you?" I said, "Well, I was in Los Angeles, I was in Berkeley, I went up to Seattle -- " "He was right in guessing like he did." So, apparently I just was a run-around kid.

MRS. HASEGAWA: You had many friends, didn't you?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Well, I had my own car.

MRS. HASEGAWA: You mean you drove to all those places?

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Ya.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Well, that's another unusual thing to have to been able to do, to have felt free enough to do so!

MRS. SAKAMOTO: In Seattle I had the reputation of "If you see a car going around on two wheels, that's Ena!" I don't think I drove that badly, but that's the reputation I had in Seattle.

MRS. HASEGAWA: Many interesting anecdotes.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Sumi Suda introduced me to someone in bridge once, and she said, "You think Ena's kind of nuts but shewas an ojosan'..!" Who's gonna stop to think what that meant, huh?

MRS. HASEGAWA: I think she meant that you have a great sense of humor, but that you are from fine family background and upbringing.

MRS. SAKAMOTO: Well, I'd have to, to take that kind of deal, huh?

MRS. HASEGAWA: Thank you very much, Ena, for a most entertaining but informative afternoon. You really took us back to the early 20's and 30's. Thank you for your time.