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1927 No. Church St.
Rockford, Illinois

July 4, 1943

Dear Ken,

Had hoped to have a double holiday over the Fourth, but got crossed up on that, so I'm spending a quiet day writing letters.

How are things back home? I hope that you are all well, and that things are running along smoother than ever. Really, Ken, for me, it was the grandest experience working on the project, working with fellows like you and others on the staff. I know that my incessant calls up you way must have been a nuisance, but it was fun.

Frankly, the work, as I said, was grand experience. It was work which I would never have had the opportunity to do were it not for the evacuation. At least, I got that much out of it. On the other hand, I got lazy and kept my own hours, and developed other bad work habits which I'll have devil of a time overcoming.

And now, again as a result of the evacuation and the subsequent relocation program, I'm back here in Rockford, working in the offices of a firm of certified public accountants, I have to keep my nose pretty much to the grindstone, reviewing and studying, and I find that, after a year in the center, it is hard to really apply myself. This is something that I wish could be impressed on the minds of those youngsters who are working in the offices of the project now. They gain invaluable experience, but, if they do not watch themselves, they develop work habits which are definitely not good and which will be hard to overcome should they go out and get a job. This is especially true of those just out of school, doing their first office work on the project.

Rockford is a nice town of about 100,000 people, mostly Swedish. It is quite a machine tool center, and of course, now, has been converted into a defense center. Five miles away is Camp Grant, so that, with the two forces present, housing is a problem. We are rooming with A Mr. and Mrs. Lake who have been very kind to us. We get the run of the house and quite a number of our meals for \$7.00 a week. The neighbors and those at the office have all been very nice. The boss too--my first pay check was at a higher rate of pay than that which was agreed upon. It's all very encouraging.

Our first few days here were terrible. It was HOT!!! A sticky

uncomfortable heat that just wilted me. I can't take it. But after the first few days, it has been grand. Of course, I bragged about how the Pacific Northwest was God's country, and they kid me now of bringing the mild weather here.

There are quite a number of nisei here, but they are mostly from California. Many are wives of soldiers stationed at Camp Grant. However, there are only a few that we know. It's not bad for me as I'm at work, but I think that my wife may be a bit lonely at times.

We have experienced nothing unpleasant here. People who do know of the evacuation of our people from their homes on the coast and the relocation program now in progress have been very sympathetic and understanding. On the other hand, it is surprising to note that many people do not know of, and are unaware of the whole episode. They ask why I came out here when, out of the coast, they are clamoring for workers. A groderyman asked me whether I were a Japanese or Chinese, saying that it was just his curiosity in being unable to differentiate between the two peoples. It doesn't make a damned bit of difference to me, he said, and meant no offense. Neighbors are friendly and cheerful. One fellow gave me a ride to work one morning as I was waiting for the bus--I didn't know him, had just passed his house once or twice on the way to the grocery store.

It's not all a bed of roses. Prices are high. We expect to experience considerable diffuclty in finding an aprtment. But it is so much better than being in the center.

Not much else for now. Please give my regards to Mr. Mann, Mr. Bigelow and Mr. Beason, and to Jimmie, Mits, and Dorothy of your staff.

Sincerely yours,

(signed) Kats

Kats Takakoshi