

RESETTLEMENT BULLETIN

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EVACUEES SPEAK ON RESETTLEMENT

EMMETT, Idaho.

by Ken Maekawa.

It is really hard to express in words the thrilling, exhilarating feeling one gets upon leaving the gates of a Relocation Center. Freedom at last is like having fresh air pumped into a drowning man. One will never forget the feeling of leaving camp for the rest of his life.

In writing this article I hope I will be able to show those who are still in camp the really great mistake they are making in staying there for the duration, but after the war how will they be able to readjust themselves. Will the attitude of the American public be any different towards us after the war? Sooner or later everyone, both young or old, will have to realize that in order to make a livelihood he must associate with the American public.

Although I have been living in Idaho for almost a year now I have yet to encounter anyone that is unfriendly. In fact, after getting acquainted with various people I find that most of them are very sympathetic towards us. People here in Emmett are very democratic and have gone out of their way to help us. Merchants here are most friendly and welcome our trade.

I worked on a farm topping beets and doing other odd jobs for two months but found that a ramshackle house without running water or electricity was too much for me, so I accepted a job in the hospital here in Emmett. At the hospital I was fortunate enough in having an opportunity to meet the public. At first I could feel the people staring at me but gradually the inferiority complex left me and I found that everyone instead of being hostile towards me was very friendly.

My wife, daughter and I lived at the hospital with the staff of about twenty Caucasians. We ate our meals at the same table with them and were taken in by them from the first. Not one employee complained to the supervisor because of our presence and after a few days we were being complimented on our work by the staff. I only hope that all evacuees are fortunate

in getting employment with such a really democratic group of people. Many of the staff were married to service men and one even had her fiancé killed at Pearl Harbor. One of the nurses married a navy man just back from Guadalcanal where he had undergone seventy-eight bombings. Despite all this the staff always had a big happy family feeling towards us.

Doctor Carver, the owner of the hospital and one of the leading citizens of Emmett, is a very staunch supporter of Japanese here. He and Mrs. Carver are trying to get a maid to work in their beautiful home. They also have a nisei nurse employed now and also a bookkeeper. One incident which will always live with me concerning Doctor Carver which is worth relating. It seems that a beer tavern owner in town here was afraid of trouble from the town "drunks" so put a "Japanese trade not solicited" sign in his window. When Doctor Carver heard of this he immediately dashed up town to the tavern demanding an explanation for this unfriendly sign. He even called the tavern owner a Nazi. Doctor Carver went to the sheriff and other leading citizens immediately and the next day the newspaper came out with a scorching editorial denouncing the tavern owner. I passed the tavern a few weeks later and found not only the sign gone but the tavern closed for the duration. On becoming acquainted with the people here one realizes that this war is really worth fighting to preserve the "democratic way of life". There must be many hundreds of small towns in America similar to Emmett ready and willing to let us evacuees make a permanent home.

Looking back from the time I left the gates of Tulelake camp I find that I never have regretted leaving there. After living out of camp one really wonders how it is possible people can still continue to live there when it is possible to be out. No matter how hard the job, how hot the weather, or how lonesome we feel, freedom is really something to appreciate.

In presenting the stories of resettlement in the evacuees' own words, we wish to make it clear that the writers were asked to tell whatever their experiences had been, favorable or otherwise. The absence of any mention of unpleasant incidents seems universally characteristic; exceptions (Twin Falls) exist, but they are rare. With evidence such as this, the resettlement program should be greatly accelerated. - Editor.

Milwaukee, Wis.

by Henry Sakemi

From the very first day in Milwaukee, my fears and tenseness disappeared. The people have treated me royally. I feel more at home here now than I did in my original home town. The courtesy and understanding extended to me to date have been of the highest order. Everywhere, in public places and in private homes, I have been received as one of them. The only question has been: Are you an American citizen? After the affirmative answer, the ice has been broken completely.

The friendliness and understanding of the people here are genuine and deep-rooted. I attribute this to their past ancestry. Most of them are of German or Polish descent and still remember World War I and their difficulties during that time.

The people of Milwaukee take great pride in their city, its achievements and natural beauty. The state is also very beautiful and could well be called the "Sportsman's Paradise." It has many sources of income. It is, in fact, one of the richest states in the Union. Agriculture and manufacturing seem to predominate. Wisconsin dairy products are known the world over.

With many work opportunities, unemployment is relatively unknown. There is a great shortage for all types of skilled and unskilled workers. Wages range from a low of about 50 cents to \$1.75 per hour depending upon ability. A recent survey discloses that the average wage per capita is about \$37.00 per week. It is in line with living costs.

Housing is more or less at a premium with the influx of war workers, much as in any other large city of this size. Apartments and flats run from about \$35.00 to \$75.00 per month. Single rooms may be had for as little as \$25.00 a month. No racial barrier has been experienced by the writer in finding an apartment.

Transportation facilities are good. An

efficient network of street cars, motorless trolleys, and motor buses covers the city. There are a half dozen major rail and bus lines leading into Milwaukee.

So far, I believe there has been the least trouble for Americans of Japanese ancestry in Milwaukee than in any other city. This is due mainly to the understanding nature of the people, born of their experience during World War I.

To others who contemplate relocating here, my advice is to make contacts through the various agencies now at their disposal. Once out of the relocation centers, do not congregate in groups but do everything on personal initiative. Make contacts, talk to people so that they may understand. A cheery "Hello" to a stranger in a public place, or in conveyances, and acts of courtesy often break the ice and start worthwhile friendships.

Above all, each one must remember that he or she is an ambassador for the scores who are still in camps. Those of us of Japanese ancestry are on trial as never before. The thing now is to prove to the general public that it is not a matter of race, that people are the same regardless of their origins, that those of Japanese ancestry are not "different." We must keep in mind that a war is going on between the former country of our fathers and forefathers and our country.

In the Milwaukee area and in Wisconsin in general, there is room for several hundred more citizens of Japanese ancestry. To those who come:

Make all the friends you can, cultivate those friendships, and prove to the people that you, that all of us, are good Americans.

Local resettlement committees in major mid-western cities are helping evacuees meet their problems. Committees are in process of formation in a number of eastern cities. For their addresses, write to this Committee. (Our address is on page 8.)

J O B O F F E R SWRA - Milwaukee

July 7, 1943

MAY, 1943

Domestics	-	61%
Dressmakers	-	5%
Bakers	-	8%
Chemists	-	16%
Skilled laundry help	-	5%
Agricultural workers	-	5%

JUNE, 1943

Domestics	-	25%
Trained medical workers, including nurses, orderlies, laboratory assistants -	-	7%
Agricultural workers	-	9%
Skilled mechanics	-	12%
Recreational leaders, trained	-	1%
Dry cleaners	-	5%
Beauty operators	-	2%
Clerical help	-	5%
Electricians	-	2%
Power machine operators	-	9%
Unskilled workers in various classifications -	-	23%

W.R.A. comments:

It is our belief that the evacuees who have come to Milwaukee have adjusted themselves well to the community and are taking active part, as individuals, in various clubs and churches. Those who come to the W.R.A. office state they like not only the physical aspects of the city but, more important, the conservative, broadminded character of its people.

"A person somehow has the feeling that he can put down long-time 'roots' here" -- seems to be the consensus.

- E.E. Ketchpaw
Relocation Officer.

WRA - Kansas City.
July 17, 1943.

Domestic (50% single - 50% couple)	-	45%
Industrial	-	25%
Farm Labor	-	25%
Professional	-	5%

Our Great Dedication

That relocating in Milwaukee has been personally pleasant is little to me beside my belief that relocation, whether pleasant or unpleasant, is imperative for the older Americans of Japanese ancestry.

This can be our great dedication--not only for our own younger brothers and sisters but for all 'teen age second generation everywhere:

To give democracy a fair trial and to keep alive our faith and theirs that most human beings in person-to-person contacts are understanding, intelligent, and kind.

We grew up in this faith, secure in the comforts of home and the lifelong affection of our neighbors, and, because of it, nothing that happens can disrupt us utterly. This is the birthright also of the younger second generation. Upon us is the responsibility of preserving it for them.

Relocation is a job we must do, a rewarding one if we do it well.

To have saved the faith of a whole generation in the essential integrity of democracy is not a little thing.

-Anonymous.

Democracy Thrives on Personal
Contacts.

-Hiroshi Neeno

The hospitality of Milwaukee has been much more warm than I expected. My first impressions of being "on the outside" are so enjoyable that I do highly recommend everyone who is interested in relocating to do so.

However, one must remember to conduct himself at all times as an American citizen and to make every effort to get along with his next-door neighbor. Democracy thrives on personal contacts.

Loyalty cannot develop properly in an atmosphere of fear and discrimination behind barbed wire. It grows best in an atmosphere of freedom and trust.

- from Resettlement pamphlet.

Cincinnati, Ohio

Henry J. Ishikawa

During the past three months, I have been enjoying the hospitality of Cincinnati, and already feel myself a part of the community. Now that the excitement and anticipation of being relocated has worn off, I can give an accurate account of my experiences here and at the same time try to dispel some of the rumors which are prevalent in the camps in regards to relocation.

For myself, resettlement has been far more successful than I had ever anticipated. Through relocation, I have had an opportunity to come East and settle in a section of the United States which I probably never would have seen otherwise, and have found employment in a field which might never have been opened to persons of Japanese ancestry. I have met many Caucasian people and have made many friends among them. To me, the most gratifying thing is the way that we have been accepted socially by the community. In this respect, Mr. Booth, the local W.R.A. director has done a marvelous job in laying the proper groundwork, securing favorable publicity, and breaking down any possible resistance before it had a chance to form.

In the matter of housing, I have found that they do not have discriminatory restrictions that we encountered on the Pacific Coast. In fact, I can truthfully say that our treatment here, even in wartime, has been as good or better than that accorded us on the Pacific Coast before the war.

While in camp, I was warned that due to the high cost of living, and because of rationing, we would get insufficient food, if we were relocated. I would most certainly like to spike this rumor, which is very prevalent in camp. While it is true that the cost of living has risen far above what we encountered on the Coast prior to the war, salaries and wages are high enough to offset this increased cost. As for rationing, the Government allows us more than enough to maintain a balanced diet, and we are able to eat more and better food than we ever received in camp.

Another misleading rumor is that under this new pay-as-you-go tax plan, the Government deducts 20% of your salary for income tax purposes. Contrary to what many persons

believe in camp, the 20% is not taken on your whole salary, but rather on the balance remaining after certain deductions are made for dependents. In most cases, this tax will actually be closer to about 10% of the total salary, which is not excessive in a nation at war.

Finally, relocation has given us an opportunity to make ourselves and our talents known. I think the main complaint of many Niseis has been that, while they had been trained and equipped to do many things, their talents were not recognized, and that opportunities had been closed to them. Now through the W.R.A. relocation program, they are being given an opportunity, and they should take advantage of the situation to help themselves as well as the nation's war effort.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Alice Goda

Suddenly finding myself among Caucasians and the normal civilian life after eleven months in the center, for some time I imagined people staring and saying behind my back, "A Jap". One month later -- "nonsense". At public places, at your place of employment, and in your neighborhood, when your face gets to be familiar and when your manners and personal appearance are favorable, they can't help but accept you as just another "American". Of course there are a few Caucasians who are not quite so willing, but by your grit, your stick-to-it-iveness, and whatever all you can put into your way of showing that you're an American, you will eventually prove to them what you really are.

My first job here in this city was with a huge art instructing company. I was in the secretarial pool with some 80-odd Caucasian girls. We worked, ate, took noon walks together and one couldn't help but feel "definitely in".

After three weeks there, a position as private secretary to the superintendent of a well known institution was offered me. There being so much "talk" of Niseis quitting their jobs one right after another and leaving unfavorable impressions, I was afraid of doing the same (perhaps hurting another Nisei's

chance for a position). But after a long and serious talk with the personnel manager, she told me herself that this opportunity was too good to pass by and so to accept it. She even gave me her blessing and sent me away with a clear conscience. Today I received letters from the girls of the department and the manager wishing me luck in my new job.

My second day at this society -- a private office with all the "trimmings" and my work consisting of receiving callers and visitors, correspondence, interviewing and other different and interesting things. This job is really one that comes in a million and I am grateful for the chance and to the people, and I will try my best to live up to the standards.

Cleveland, Ohio

Marie Kyogoku

I had thought that because before evacuation, I had adjusted myself rather well in a Caucasian society, I would go right back into my former frame of mind. I have found, however, that though the center became unreal and was as if it had never existed as soon as I got on the train at Delta, I was never so self-conscious in all my life. It was amazing to see so many men and women in uniform. It felt strange to sit in the diner at a table where there was clean linen on it and a complete set of silver.

I felt a diffidence at facing all these people and things, which was most unusual. Slowly things have come to seem natural, though I am still excited by the sounds of the busy city and thrilled every time I see a street lined with trees, I no longer feel that I am the cynosure of all eyes.

Cincinnati - No. 2

Myron Yoshimura

We came to Cincinnati by a devious route, having first worked in Denver since last October until May, as domestics in the home of Dr. Heber R. Harper, Regional Director of Social Security.

When we attempted to rent either a house or an apartment in Denver after leaving the Harpers, there was none available. In

desperation we decided to leave and go to Des Moines, Iowa, where we had friends who told us that at least there would be housing. While visiting them there we came across an old copy of the "Heart Mountain Sentinel" which had reprinted a letter by Mr. Booth and also a column by "Cincinnati" of the "Cincinnati Post", both speaking of giving the Japanese Americans a chance to prove themselves rather than prejudging them. This seemed to us like a heaven-sent opportunity, and as long as we were yet undecided we departed for Cincinnati the following day to try our luck there.

All this and even more have been made manifest to us. Our contacts with Caucasian residents have been very pleasant. We spent the first two days sight-seeing, and on the third day my husband secured employment in a steel and die works company.

We are now renting a furnished home from an Army officer's wife who told us that it was her belief that the American Japanese were the ones who needed help and understanding at this time more than any other group. She is now living with her parents in the house next door, and they have all been exceedingly kind to us.

We are sharing the expense of housekeeping with another Nisei couple and their baby, managing it all beautifully -- working during the day, raising a grand victory garden, and 100 chickens on the side, and above all, enjoying the pleasures of a home life once more.

It is difficult to express adequately our indebtedness and appreciation to all those who have made us feel at home in this new community, but we hope that in some measure this feeling of gratitude has been conveyed in this letter.

J O B O F F E R S

WRA - Cleveland, May 1 - July 15, 1943.

Factory (Machinists, lathe operators, etc.)	- 6
Shoe Repairing	- 2
Nursing, Dietetics	- 2
Printing	- 2
Pharmacy, Chemistry	- 3
Auto Service	- 6
Truck Drivers, Apprentices, etc.	- 8
Laborers	- 20
Domestic	- 75
Agriculture	- 8
Clerical	- 12

Peoria, Illinois

Chiye Horiuchi

I am happy to write to you so that others may know of the experiences of us Japanese Americans in Peoria.

There are about thirty of us here from all parts of the Pacific Coast and from about five different relocation centers. We are employed in various capacities. Several, both men and women, are employed at St. Francis Hospital as nurse's aides, an orderly, a boiler room attendant, supply room clerk and farmers and gardeners. A few girls are working as domestics in private homes. There are two men working in an optical company and two girls are stenographers. There are also a few attending the horology school at Bradley College.

The churches and other similar organizations have been cordial to us Nisei. Through these contacts, we have made many, many friends and they are sincere friends who go out of their way to make us feel at home. There is a local committee on Relocation which is doing very good work to find us employment and housing. This committee also sees that we meet people and make friends. They have made us feel very welcome.

We have been accepted as one of them in our work, in different clubs and organizations. In my work here at the Y.W.C.A. I am very happy. Everyone has made me feel that I am one of them--the Staff, Board Members, Residence Girls, and others who come and go for the activities here. They are all just grand. My room-mate, Shirley Kajikawa, who is a secretary for Mrs. Herbert W. Crowe, Business Manager of the "Church Woman", and Miss Nelle Gilmore, Religious Education Director of the First Presbyterian Church, says the same thing. She has made many friends through her work. So far, I believe, that no one has had any unpleasant experiences here in Peoria, except for one incident at the Hospital. The girls who were to enter training in June were asked to wait until the September class and are now working as nurse's aides for the present.

We have given many talks to different organizations in town about Relocation. The people have been very interested and very sympathetic. I am sure that we have in our small way educated some people here. A group of us girls were invited to a small town about ten miles from here and gave a panel discussion with Miss Helen Hudson, the General Secretary of the Peoria Y.W.C.A., as the leader. This group was the Y.W.C.A. at Pekin. We were well received and

the comments were very favorable afterwards.

In the short time that I have been out of a Relocation Center (four months), I can see that thinking Americans realize the great need that all loyal Japanese Americans be relocated in friendly communities. The sooner it is done the better. People are afraid of the unknown. When they do not know us, they are afraid of us. We have found this to be a fact. So many people have commented "Why you are no different from us!". So the sooner we become an integral part of a community, the better it will be for all of us as a whole. It will, I think, alleviate to some extent one of the post-war problems--the race question.

Another thing that we have to do is to make friends. We have to go out of our way to do this. I don't mean to force ourselves on people, not by any means. I mean cultivate your acquaintances so that they may become friends. The Nisei do have the reputation of being reserved. We should overcome this so that we meet people at least half-way.

In communities where there are several Nisei they are congregating together again, they are forming clubs and churches composed wholly of Nisei. This, I think, is a great mistake. Many, many of us are beginning from the bottom in strange communities. Why make the same mistakes we did in our former communities on the Coast? We have had a year and a half to review the errors we made. We should profit by our mistakes, not make them over again.

New York City

Andrew Morimoto

The name, "New York City," undoubtedly brings to the mind of any American youth, such as the average Nisei, pictures and impressions of a glamorous metropolis, which were impressed upon his mind through the media of books, magazines, newspapers, movies, and the radio. It all seems extremely fantastic and exciting, and because of this very fact, it holds a particular appeal for an evacuated Nisei seeking relocation.

Ever since my first days of evacuation, my one dream was to relocate in New York City, and all my efforts were devoted towards making that dream come true. Many idle hours were whiled away in dreaming of that city of seven million, that city of my destiny. I hungrily pored over newspapers, magazines and books which had items and news about New York. The idea of going there became an obsession with me and despite all the red tape and rigamarole that a clearance to the East Coast required, I was not satisfied to relocate elsewhere. Finally, in January, I received a student-relocation release to go to my dream-city, and in the latter part of January I came to New York, a wide-eyed country "hick," loaded down with baggage.

My first few days (daze) were spent in gaping at this and marvelling at that. It was quite a jump from the sagebrush of Idaho to the sky-scrappers of New York; it was a dream come true. I remember the first time I walked by the Empire State Building: I went up to it and touched it with both my hands and said to myself: "So this is the Empire State Building!"

I've been in New York for about six months now, and I love it! Strange as it may seem, I shan't rave about the glamour and "bright-lights stuff" of this city. Certainly, glamour still exists; it isn't unusual to see such names as Harry James, Benny Goodman, Frankie Sinatra, etc., in lights, being starred at this theatre or that night club. However, that's merely on the surface; that's superficial New York; that isn't what makes New York tick. Real New York is found in its people; its teeming millions which I've come to love. For it is the people of New York which make it tick; they are its heart!

Firstly, New York is the living America, a melting pot of different nationalities and races, each contributing its share toward the making of a greater New York and a greater America. It represents a melting pot of people who have seen hard times, and who know how it feels to be "kicked around." Immigrants from all over Europe, refugees from Germany and the occupied countries, Jews, Negroes, Italians, Germans and Chinese, all are ingredients of this large melting pot. Therefore, one will find that the people as a whole are relatively tolerant and broad-minded. If one is willing to go half way to show that one is just as American as they, they'll come the other half.

Secondly, because New York has such a large and varied population of nationalities and races, a Japanese remains unnoticed. One can walk down the streets without feeling inquisitive eyes looking at him. Half of the time they wouldn't know your nationality, and the other half of the time they wouldn't even see you. Any self-consciousness that a person might have would soon be lost in the "bigness" of New York. In my six months here I have yet to come across an unpleasant experience.

Thirdly, New York's varied population of different nationalities, cultures, and skills has brought or helped to bring a diversified field of endeavor which can't be equalled by any other single city. For example, many of the largest clothing industries, other industries of all natures, banking institutions, life insurance companies, advertising firms, shipping companies, etc., have their roots buried deep in this city. Then again, educational institutions of all fields are here, and many of them maintain night classes, thus enabling a person to work and go to school at the same time. Opportunities that one would never have come across back on the West Coast exist here. New York is the city of opportunities, as America is the land of opportunities. These, then, are the distinctive features of New York, as I have felt them.

Otherwise, New York is the same as any other city. Life goes on as usual. Its streets aren't paved with gold, and things do not come any easier. Despite all its glamour, one has to work and work hard to get anywhere. It isn't a "boom-town," and unemployment is still existent. The average wage scale is not high, and is on the lower side. The prices are quite high, as is the case in the whole country, but are relatively reasonable as compared with the prices in "boom-towns." A person making a moderate income should be able to get along comfortably if he isn't extravagant, and "batching" with another person or other persons would help a great deal.

Everything taken into consideration, I feel that New York is a grand place for relocation. If one is fairly intelligent, ambitious, unafraid to meet people, unafraid to work, and unafraid to go after things, then I'd say, by all means, "Come East, young man, come East!" The Japanese in New York are genuinely concerned about the relocation problem, as are many Caucasian friends, and one can be assured of a warm welcome upon arrival here.

I'm certain that New York can take quite a

few more evacuees without feeling it, but care should be taken by the evacuee not to integrate himself too much with the Japanese groups and organizations in New York. By all means one's contacts with Japanese friends and with the organizations should be maintained, but one's energies should be devoted towards the development of Caucasian contacts and friends, whether at school, at work, or at church. Only in that way can a really long-range, healthful relocation program be carried out.

Twin Falls, Idaho.

Florence Yoshitake

The three months that I have worked in Twin Falls has given me a great pride in the fact that I am an American.

The everyday contact with my neighbors made me realize that the Niseis have a real job ahead of them -- that of convincing our Caucasian friends that we are as American, if not more so, as they are.

My employer had been confined in the local hospital for a serious operation and I was responsible for the care of an infant, three months old, and a five year old boy. My neighbors were a constant help to me, and without their moral support, I do not know what I would have done.

The community sentiment in Twin Falls is rather favorable, although there are a few establishments which politely refuse to serve Japanese. A friend of mine, a volunteer waiting for induction in the Combat Unit, was refused entrance in a certain restaurant, because, as they politely said, "We serve only Caucasians."

The Niseis here have gained a favorable reputation for themselves, and I believe that there will be quite a few Japanese families settling in this Magic Valley after this war is over.

OUR NEW PAMPHLET -- SEND YOUR ORDER NOW.

Planning Resettlement of Americans

Exiles in Their Native Land . . .

70,000 American-born citizens whose only crime is their racial visibility have been forcibly removed from their homes and deprived of their freedom. They are living behind barbed wire, exiles in their native land.

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