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No one has a copy of the Wyoming Eagle with George Ishikawa's letter on front page, and no one can remember seeing it. Ishikawa doesn't even have one. He doesn't remember seeing it. Ishikawa might make it down. His son in Sacramento gave him a pair of plane tickets to attend the LA event. It's his wife. I talked to her on the phone, a loud, flat and nasal sounding voice with a hint of whine. I wound up interviewing him on the phone from Oakland in the lobby of the Parc Oakland while a black lounge pianist was warming up for a black-tie social.

Ishikawa remembers his letter had already been printed in the Sentinel and Denver Post, where they had "called me immature, misguided individual. I asked them (Eagle) to print it in its entirety. He thinks it WAS printed in the Eagle because "I remember walking to the courthouse....a lot of white spectators en route ... from their looks and smiles, they were not hostile." He thinks it was because they had read his article. "The deputy marshal terrific guy...never had to undergo handcuffs... as far as he was concerned, some of us didn't even have a traffic ticket." But he has no clipping. He was saving a package of information to show his kids so they could "form their own opinion." But he "lost all files," was cleaning out a trunk and set it on top of a chest, and next thing he knew it was gone. You know what I think? I think his wife tossed it. He excuses her. "Our wives are ones who suffered because while we were together in friends (in jail) they stayed back in camp. My wife and my mother took an awful lot" of "cold stares, snide remarks. On a lot of her letters I could see the teardrops on the paper." I had him repeat that to make sure I understood the raw pain of what he lived.

More stories from George. "I always admired James Omura." He came to SAN Jose because "I wanted to meet him." Didn't get a chance to really talk with him but if he could, what's one question he would ask him. "Why did he do it? when he had so much at stake.. risk his career?...He paid an awful big price."

"Four brothers in my family, two brothers-in-law. All 3 of my brothers said we'll back you up."

"Did I tell you the tactics they employed to break our movement?" Early on he says out of every 10 called, "9 didn't go and one went....people see something going to work, they got brave... fencesitters afraid to come in with us." So the government "called a moratorium, stopped draft calls," while it figured out "whether we prevail or they come up with next" plan. They "conferred with D.A. We wondered what next. Next call, second time, San Jose territory, included the Zebras." The San Jose Zebras were the top athletes in the Buddhist Church group. I would see their framed team photos in the glass display case in the basketball auditorium they built next to the Buddhist Church, skinny-armed Nisei boys huddled around a basketball or a baseball. "We were hoping they (the Zebra's) would come in with us. But they reported and were all classified 4-F." The fix was on. If the Zebras were classified 4-F, then EVERYONE would be

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assured of getting 4-F. "So I walked into mess hall, my friend said 'over my dead body they'll drag me to my physical.' But he went. Later I saw him, his face turned red. I told him what you do is none of my business. He said 'after I see those Zebra's all got classified 4-F, I thought why not me too. I got classified 4-F. I'm not kind of guy to confront a situation if I can slide around it some way.' He took the chance and got the 4-F. But I warned him he would be reclassified later..." like they did when Nisei were first classified as enemy aliens. And sure enough, everyone got changed later to 1-A. "They did it to break our movement."

Before that, George says that in the early stages, "10 or 11 would be drafted for exam" as a group, and that "out of 10, one wouldn't go." "Came my turn, I didn't go." On the day of his exam, "at 7:30, came a knock on my door...I shouldn't say his name... He came all dressed up, suitcase in hand. I was in bed. He asked me 'George, are you going to go?' I didn't want to influence anybody..." so George wouldn't say. Later he found out that "instead of reporting, he had gone home. I asked him why did you do that? He said it was ten to 8, I was still in bed, he knew I had to get dressed and walk to exam, he said 'George, I figured you'd never make it." He was honest. He said he didn't want to go but 'I couldn't do it alone. When I saw you, I got enough courage to go back home.' He and I were the first two." The other guy, "didn't have the nerve to do it alone."

His mother in camp said, "I had a visitor today." It was a well-known figure in camp. He came and said "please talk to your boys... they could get 20 years to life in prison. At your age you may never be with them again." She said, "Their father raised them to think for themselves. They're adults with wives and families. I'll accept whatever they do.' Then they came after my wife because they figure they could break the backs..." of the resistance that way.

George showed your letter to his son, Glenn Ishikawa of Sacramento. (916) 428-4694. "He didn't say anything," but on Christmas "the kids handed us 2 round trip tickets (to Los Angeles)." His kids want him to go. But "my wife just doesn't want me to go... don't want to go will upset her." I could hear her talking in background so I asked to put her on the line. "Welllll I read that letter we got. I told George I don't mind him gooiing to reeead an article ((ie, his letter)). I don't mind him going for that reason, you knocow (flat, nasal, really tense and held-in), but George is so outspoken, makes me worry, what is he going to talk about next? You know people gossip they say George said this and that." Well, listen, that's why we're recording this, so one can misquote him, it'll be on tape. There's nothing to be afraid of. There are a lot of people who think what he did was very brave. People don't think the way they used to. "Welllll, I am for him. I just don't want people talking you know. People will point at your children and say your father was in jail and this and that and that. I don't want to remember, rather forgive and forget. And now don't you go get

Glenn involved in this." Uhh, by the way how old is Glenn? "He's fifty." I kept myself from exploding over the telephone. I wanted to scream at her and ask her what she thought she was protecting her 50-year old son from? I'd love to get her on videotape. If I didn't strangle her first.